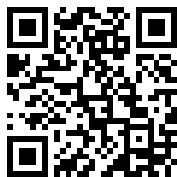
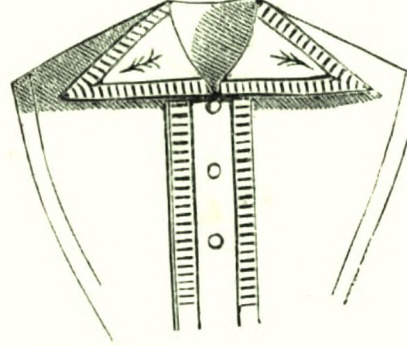

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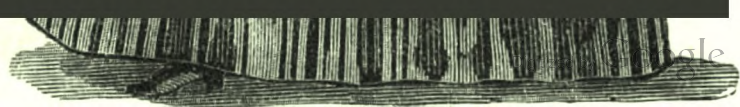
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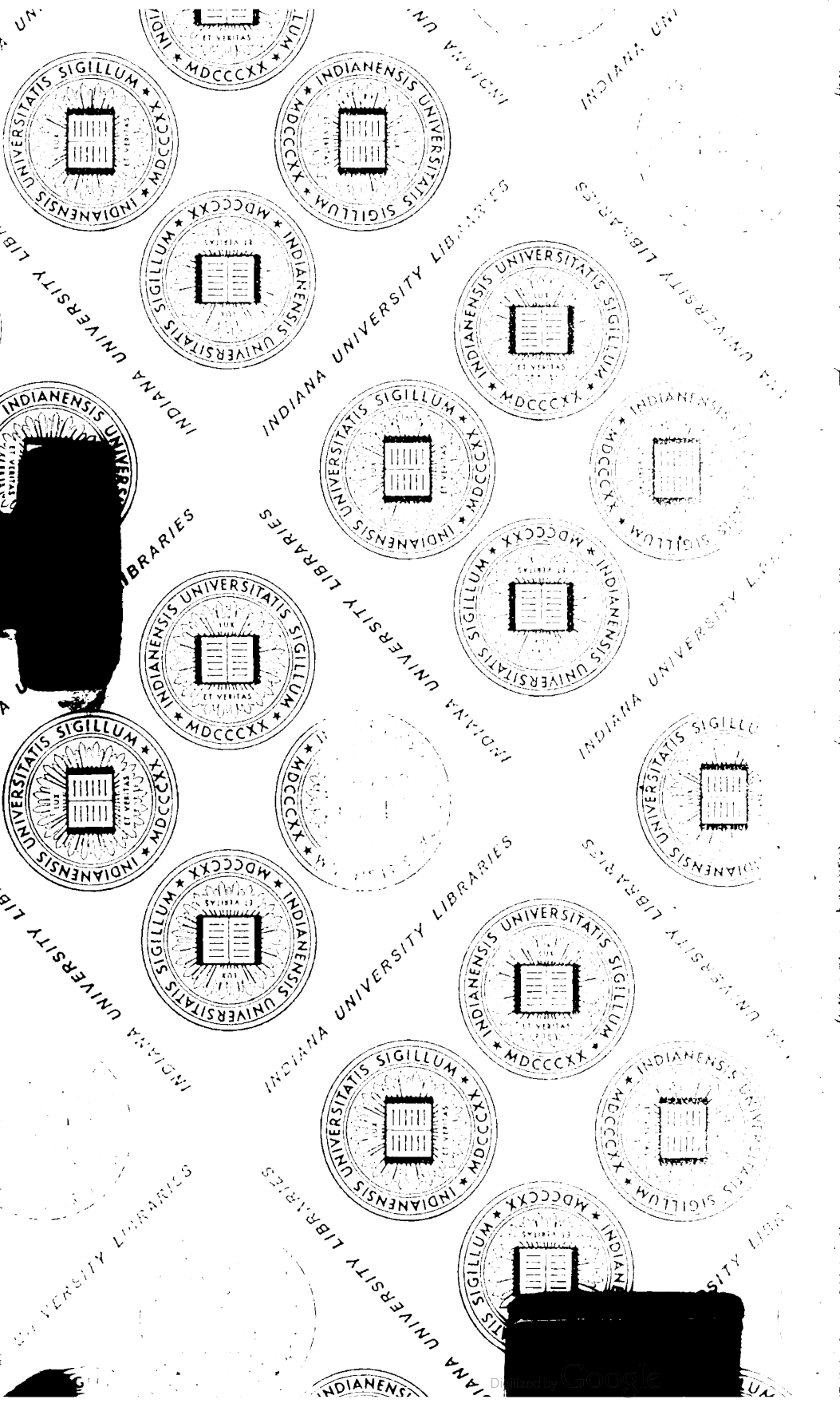
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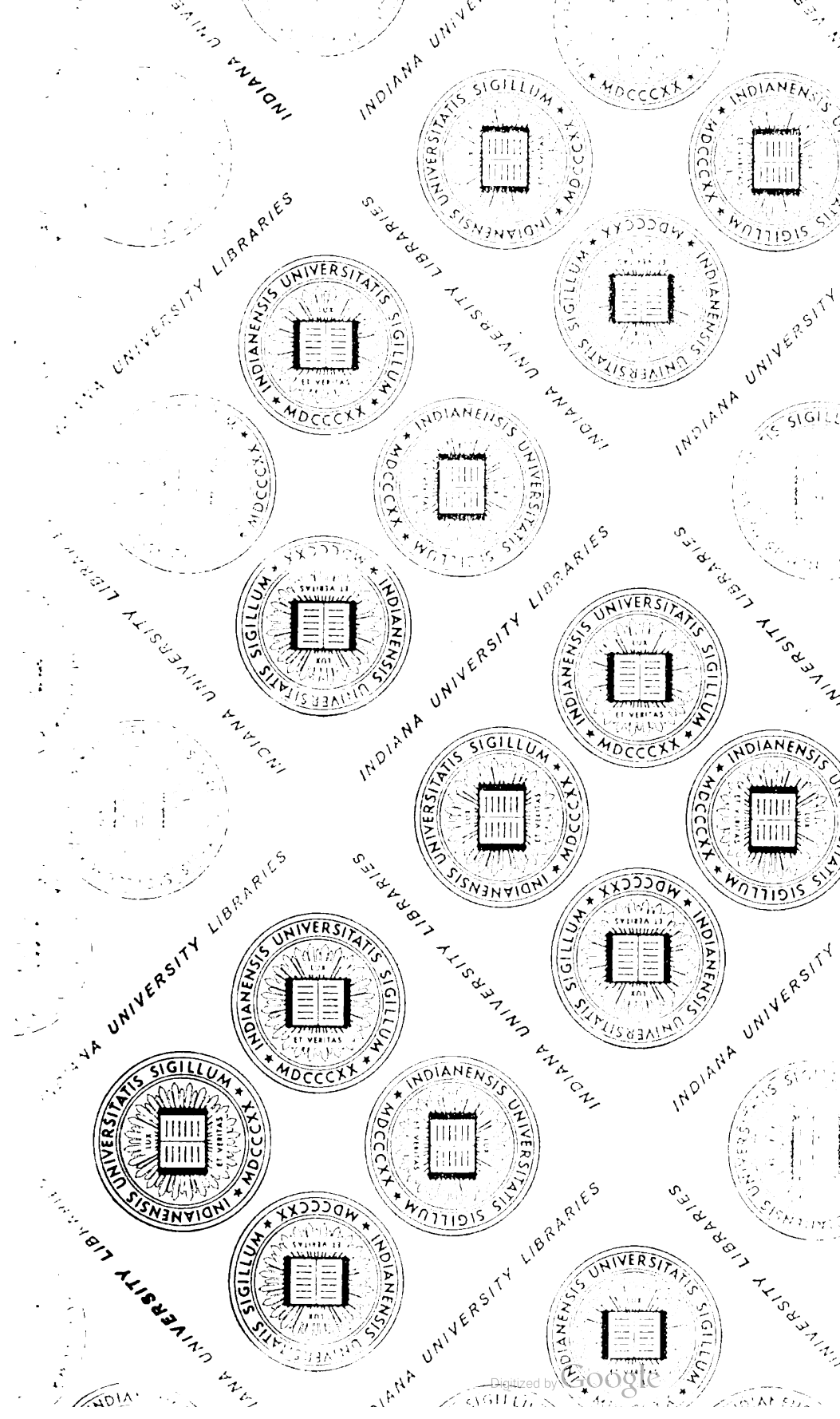




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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Parted By Fate.
 Fashions for January, colored.
 "A Bitter Morning."
 The Burial of the Pet Bird.
 Fashions for February, colored.
 The Morning Kiss.
 Fashions for March, colored.
 "Eyes Front."
 Fashions for April, colored.
 Going A-Maying.
 Fashions for May, colored.
 Something Of A Flirt.
 Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Group of Roses, and Two Corners
 for Sofa-Pillow, etc.
 Pattern for Tidy, on Java Canvas.
 Cross-Over Shawl. (Knitting.)
 Muff-Bag. (Crochet.)
 Baby's Afghan in Crochet.
 Lady's Slipper. Crimson on White
 Cloth or Cashmere.
 Tidy in Square Crochet or Darned
 Netting. Border in Solae.

FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

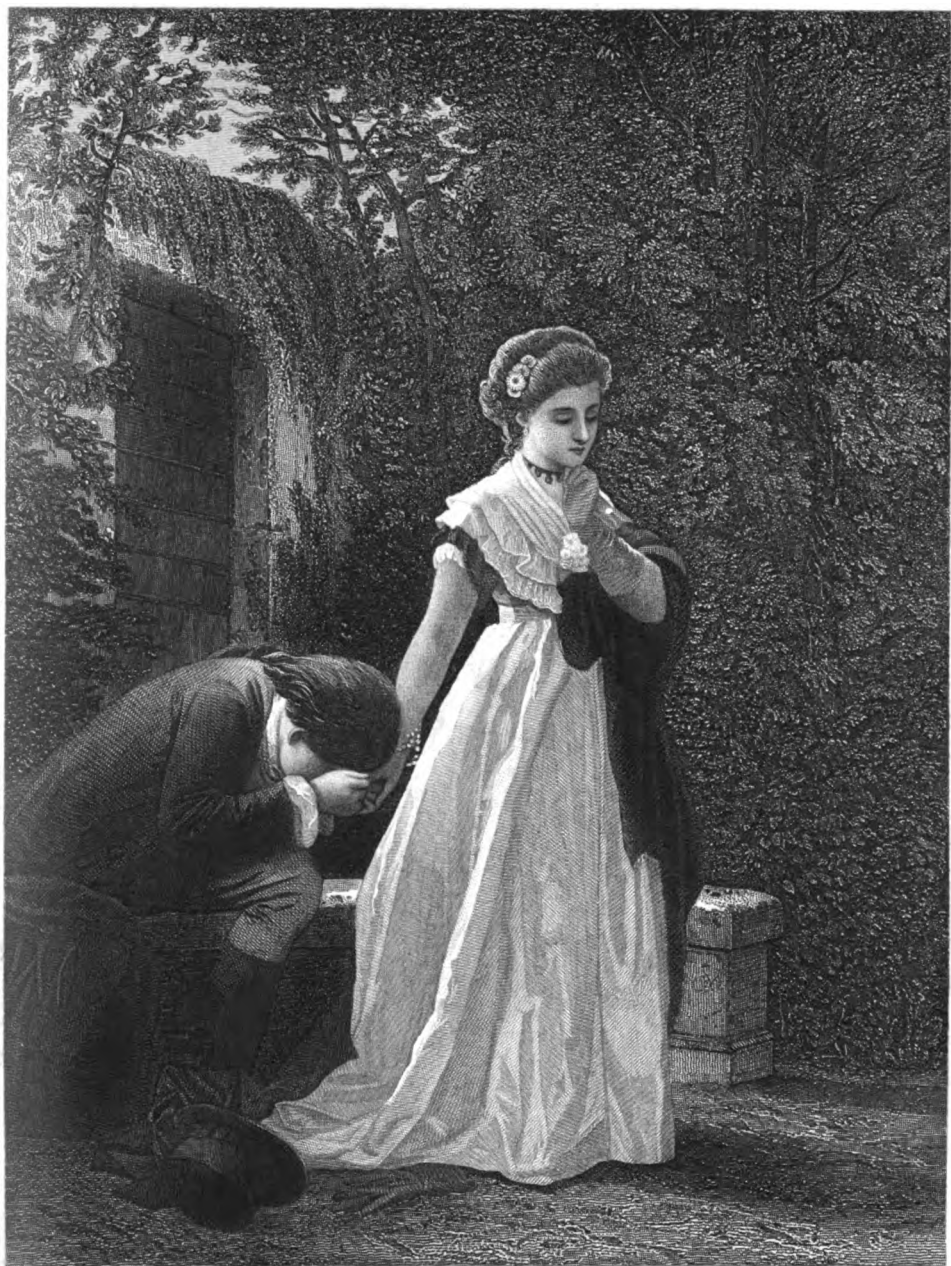
New-Year's Eve: The Father's Return.
 "Knee Deep."
 "My Opposite Neighbor."
 Home After All Those Years.
 "Promise Me This," He Said, Eagerly.
 The Absent Father's Portrait.

MUSIC.

The Bower Schottische.
 Arcadia Galop.
 We Have Met, Love, and Parted.
 When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear.
 Little Maggie May.
 German Polka.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January Number, Sixty-Seven Engravings.
 February Number, Eighty-Five Engravings.
 March Number, Sixty-Seven Engravings.
 April Number, Fifty-Three Engravings.
 May Number, Fifty-Seven Engravings.
 June Number, Seventy-One Engravings.



Painted by George Elton.

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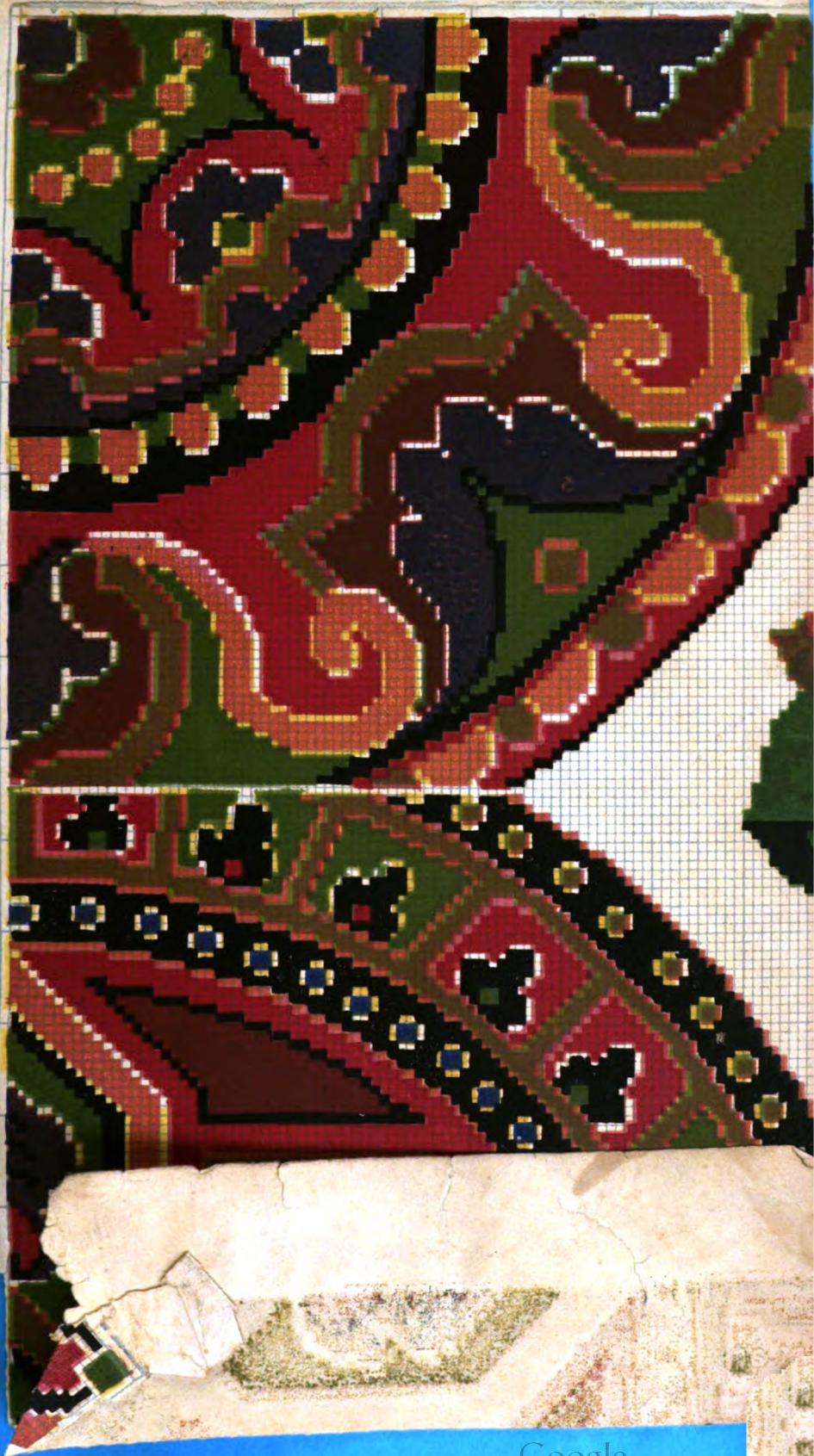
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THE LITTLE HUNTER

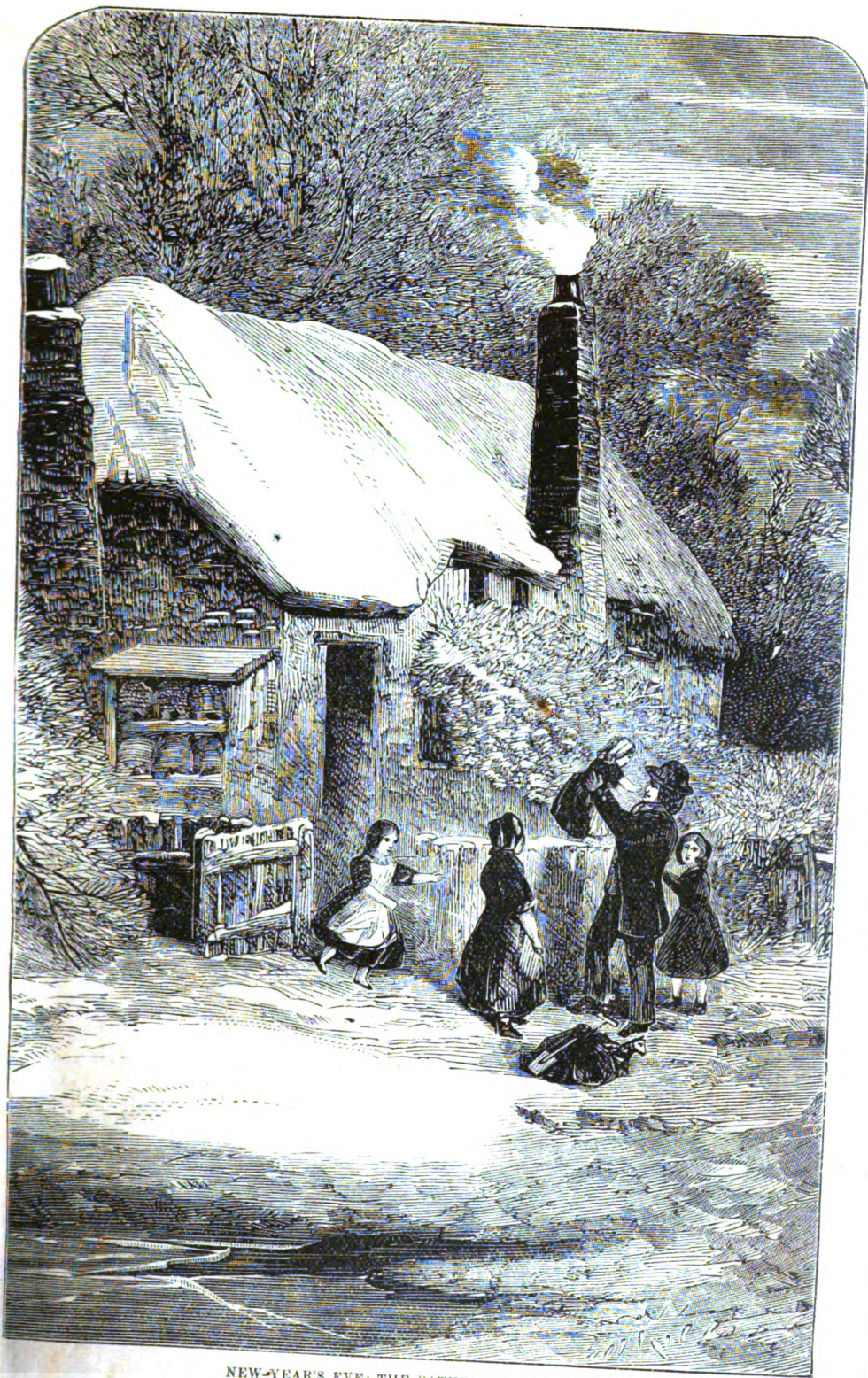
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Group of Roses and two Corners for
Sofa Pillow etc.





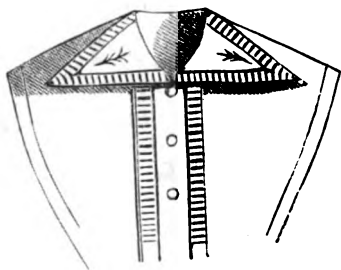


NEW-YEAR'S EVE: THE FATHER'S RETURN.

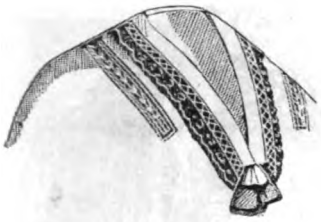
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



WALKING-DRESS. HAT. CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.



CARRIAGE-DRESS. HAT. INSIDE CAPE FOR LOW-NECKED BODY.



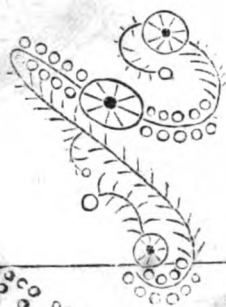
THE NEW STYLES FOR BONNETS AND HATS.



THE NEW STYLES OF WEARING THE HAIR.

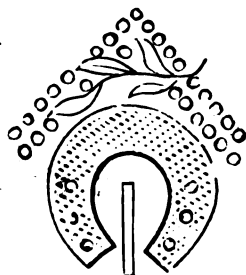
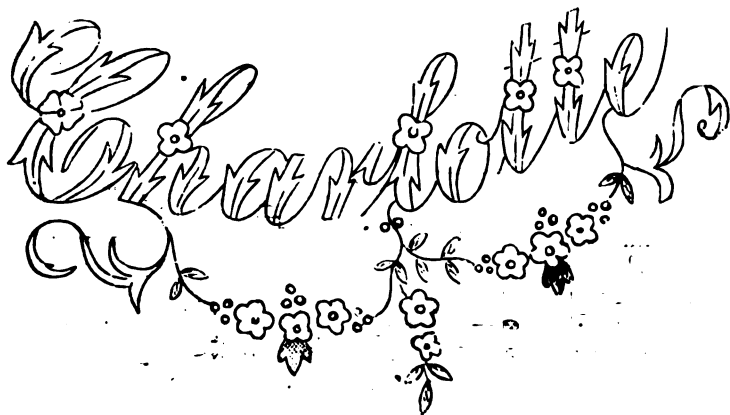
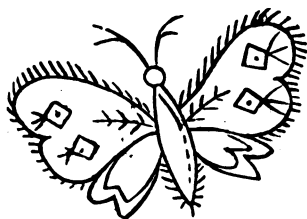
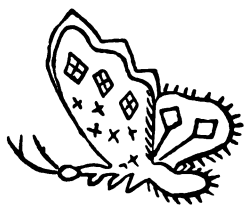
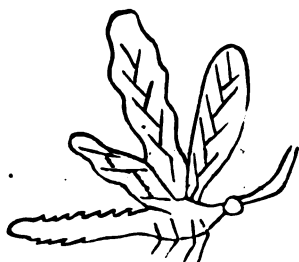
Amie

Paul



Fanny

COLLAR AND CUFF. NAMES FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERIES. NAMES FOR MARKING.

To Prof. John Bower.

THE BOWER SCHOTTISCHE.

BY SEP. WINNER.

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Moderato.
8va.....

PIANO.

8va.....

8va.....

Marcato.

8va.....

THE BOWER SCHOTTISCHE.

8va.....

p *f*

8va.....loco.

p *f*

TRIO. L.H. Dolce. 8va.....loco.

p *cres.* *f*

8va.....loco.

p *cres.* *f*

8va.....

Ped. *** *f*

8va.....

Ped. *** *f* *Fine.*



LADY'S AFTERNOON DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS. HAT. BONNET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1870.

No. 1.

JANET'S NEW-YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS DERWENT'S DIAMONDS," ETC., ETC.

JANET ARBUTHNOT put by the little frock she had been striving so hard to finish.

"It is almost dark," she said, glancing toward the window with a little, shuddering sigh. "I suppose I shall have to go, mother."

"I suppose so, dear," replied the invalid, raising herself to a sitting posture; "but they might have spared you to me to-night."

"Yes, mother; but Mrs. Draper thought they would never get on with the dresses for the tableaux without my help."

"And my new frock, Janet," piped a curly-headed little thing from the corner, "who will finish that?"

"Never fear, Alice," replied the sister, pleasantly. "I shall be at home bright and early to-morrow, and you shall have it in good time."

"But what's the use," continued the child, petulantly. "I might as well have no new frock, I've no place to go to; and we shan't have even a doughnut for New-Year—shall we, mother?"

The mother sighed, and fell back upon her pillow, pressing her thin hands to her face to hide the tears she could not keep back.

Janet stood, for a moment, with her hand on the door-knob; then she re-crossed the room to her mother's bed.

"Don't fret, mother," she said, tenderly, kissing the wan and sunken cheeks. "Keep a brave heart, and the sun will shine again some day, despite all this darkness. I think," she added, adjusting her worn shawl, "that I'll come home to-night, if it isn't too late, after the party; and I'll ask Mrs. Draper for part of my monthly pay. You shall have a New-Year's yet, Alice."

She kissed them both, and left, closing the door softly behind her. But instead of going directly to the street, she went into her bedroom. Taking a key from her pocket, she unlocked a small, rose-wood case that stood upon

the table, and drew forth a tiny, ebony casket. Her hands trembled nervously as she unclasped it, and lifted a string of emeralds it contained. Rare and brilliant gems they were, most daintily set, and looking strangely out of place in that humble, little chamber. Janet held them tenderly, pressing them caressingly to her lips, and letting them slip through her fingers like a stream of living light. There was a spray of heliotrope in the bottom of the casket, and its sweet, subtle odor filled the little chamber like the breath of incense; and with that strange power which odors alone possess, carried the heart of the sad-faced governess away back to the dewy dawn of her girlhood.

Only five years ago, and this self-same Janet had been the daughter of a wealthy and indulgent father, with every comfort and luxury at her command, and crowds of suitors at her feet. But only one of all these met with any favor from the shy, little beauty; and he was in every respect worthy of her. On the eve of a voyage to Calcutta, he had made his declaration, and been accepted; and the string of emeralds had been his betrothal-gift.

For months after his departure, Janet lived in a dream of bliss, and then the great trouble of her life came. Her father, who held a high position in the mercantile world, failed utterly, and finding himself a beggar, died of a broken heart. Then their beautiful dwelling, and everything went, and his poor wife sank into despairing helplessness; and there was no one left to breast the bitter, bitter storm but pretty, little Janet.

Bravely enough she did it, for the girl was a hero, despite her slender form and lily face. She removed her invalid mother and little sister to a city far distant from the scene of their recent troubles, procured humble lodgings, and then cast about her for employment.

With much difficulty, she obtained a situation as governess, a position for which her fine education and natural abilities rendered her eminently qualified. Thus the years wore on, Janet hearing nothing from her lover. He was, probably, dead, she thought; or he might have heard of her father's failure, and resolved to quietly ignore her. She did not know, and she was too proud to inquire.

Now, standing there in the gathering gloom, with the rush and roar of the great city in her ears, she asked herself, "Why not sell the emeralds?" They would bring a good price, enough to make her poor mother and little Alice comfortable through many a dreary month. And yet she could hardly bring herself to part from them. They were the one link that bound her to the happy past. The shadows thickened round her, and the dreamy odor of the heliotrope wrapt her, like a trance, in memories of the long-ago. She could see the green, summer-garden, hear the plash of the fountain, and catch the twitter of the canaries from their gilded cages. His face was bending over her, his kisses burned upon her brow, his very words seemed sounding in her ear again. "A quaint affair for a betrothal-gift, darling," he said, "but they are very precious, and they were my mother's wedding jewels. I hold them dearer than anything else I possess, hence I give them to you."

Could she part from them? Sell them for a few paltry shillings? Her bosom rose and fell with great throbs of agony. She could not! She was coiling them into the case again, when her mother's hollow cough broke on her ear.

"For her sake," she murmured, her face whitening in the gloom. "Yes, God help me, for her sake I must!"

She closed the casket resolutely, and slipping it in her pocket, hurried out into the darkening streets. Only a block or two from Mrs. Draper's was a fashionable jewelry establishment, every window a blaze of light. With her heart in her mouth Janet entered, and glanced down the long line of gayly-dressed customers. It would be half an hour at least, she saw, before she could be waited on, and that would be too late. And after all, perhaps, Mrs. Draper might let her have part of her monthly pay, and she would not be forced to sell the emeralds just yet. Glad of any pretext or excuse for keeping her precious gems, she hurried from the shop; but thoughts of her mother and poor, disappointed little Alice brought the blinding tears to her eyes. Life was very desolate. Alas! what would the New-

Year bring to her? She ran along briskly, with a dreadful aching at her heart, till she reached the stylish residence of her employer.

"Oh, Miss Arbuthnot! here you are," cried Mrs. Draper, as Janet tapped at the door of the dressing-room. "Come in, we're in dreadful need of help. Agnes is in despair; no one can do her hair to suit her; will you have the goodness to try?"

Janet laid aside her wraps, and approaching the superb beauty, who sat in an arm-chair opposite the mirror, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk, began the task of arranging the lustrous, raven hair.

"And now," asked Janet, when her task was done, and every braid was perfect, "what ornaments shall you wear?"

"Emeralds, of course. Green and gold are his favorite colors, you know, mother," replied Agnes, smiling and blushing. "There is the jewel-case, Miss Arbuthnot."

Janet opened it, and clasped the glittering gems on neck and wrists, and hung the gleaming pendants from the beauty's ears.

"And what for your hair?" she asked.

"Who knows?" replied the beauty, discontentedly. "Flowers, I suppose. If only I had emeralds to match my necklace. Pshaw!" she continued, as Janet held a wreath of rose-buds against her jetty braids, "take them away. They spoil everything else. Nothing but emeralds will do."

"Won't your pearls answer?" suggested her mother.

"Pearls mixed with emeralds! You would make a fright of me, mamma. Oh, dear! I shall have to take off the dress, and wear something else."

Janet hesitated a moment, and then drew the little casket from her pocket.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Draper," she said, timidly, flashing open the case; "but if these would suit, I should be so pleased."

"Why, Janet," cried the heiress, lifting the glittering string from the case, "are you another Cinderella? But where," she added, in surprise, "did you get these costly gems?"

"They were the gift of a dear friend," replied Janet, quietly. "I meant to sell them this evening, but my heart failed me."

"Why, I'll buy them, if they are for sale," kindly said the heiress. "Oh, mother, do look here! Was ever anything so magnificent?" she cried, excitedly, twining the gorgeous string round her raven braids. "May I wear them to-night, Janet?"

"In welcome," said Janet.

"Well, well," continued Agnes, with a sigh of satisfaction, "there never was such a god-send; my dress is perfect now. I shall not forget your kindness, Miss Arbuthnot."

And she swept down to the parlors, the emeralds encircling her brow like an aureola of light. Janet looked after her with an odd sensation of mingled pain and pleasure, and half regretted the impulsive generosity, that had prompted her to proffer her precious emeralds, even for so short a time.

The tableaux were over, and the waltzing had begun. Mr. Willoughby, the lion of the season, who had just come from Calcutta, a millionaire, approached to seek Miss Draper for his first partner.

"You have surpassed yourself, to-night, Miss Agnes," he said, his eyes full of admiration, as they rested on her queenly face.

Agnes flushed with pleasure. The music struck up, and he turned to lead her off, but suddenly stopped, staring like one petrified.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, at last, "they are the same! Miss Draper, excuse me! But I cannot be mistaken: where did you get those emeralds?"

Agnes grew scarlet to her very finger-tips, and drew back haughtily.

"A strange question, Mr. Willoughby," she said.

"I know, Miss Draper; and I beg pardon for my rudeness; but those gems were my gift to the dearest friend I ever had. You can understand my solicitude to know how they came into your possession."

"They are not mine, Mr. Willoughby," was the surprised answer; "they belong to my mother's governess."

"And her name?" he said, breathlessly

"Janet Arbuthnot."

Mr. Willoughby's travel-bronzed face grew absolutely radiant.

"One other favor, Miss Agnes," he said.

"Can I see your mother's governess?"

For an instant Agnes struggled with wounded vanity and self-love, and then said, frankly, her better nature triumphing,

"I see, Mr. Willoughby, that there is a grand denouement at hand, the finale for our tableaux. Come with me."

He followed her from the parlors, and into a little ante-room, where the young governess sat. One glance at the quiet figure in its robe of brown; at the pallid, sorrow-worn face; and Eustace Willoughby rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Janet! Janet!" he cried, "have I found you at last?"

Agnes disengaged the emeralds from her hair, and, dropping them softly into Janet's lap, left the room, blinded by really genuine tears.

"It is quite as well as if I had won him myself," she said.

"Why did you leave our dear old city?" said Eustace Willoughby, when he and Janet were alone together. "I can understand something of your reasons, of course: you shrank from old associations; but it has led to this apparent desertion on my part. I had to go up the country from Calcutta, on important business, fell sick, and was detained for months. When I returned to America, all trace of you was lost. I have been in search of you for months. But now we will never part again."

So, after all, gladness and rejoicing came to Janet, and to the friends she loved, with the dawning of that happy NEW-YEAR.

AT NIGHTFALL.

BY GEORGIANA MERVINE.

WHEN will he come again—to-night—to-morrow?

When will he come—my heart's true love, my own?

When will he come to soothe this restless sorrow,
And comfort me with love's delightful tone?

When will he come, and why this weary parting?

Why stays the darling of my life away?

The foolish tears into mine eyes are starting,
And night draws on—he will not come to-day.

Can he be ill? Oh! what if he be stricken

With some dread fever, and his reason fled?

The thought is agony, my pulses quicken;

What if he comes no more—if he be dead?

It cannot be. Perchance I am forsaken

For some one nearer, dearer to his heart;

Has he forgotten me? Must I awaken

To this sad fate—and is it thus we part?

Alas! I only know that I am keeping

Unceasing vigil, and I watch in vain;

I only know my eyes are hot with weeping;

I only know my heart is full of pain.

And still he comes not; yet, whate'er betideth,

May all good angels have him in their care,

And strew his path, wherever he abideth,

With blessings limitless as my despair.

THE SECRET AT BARTRAM'S HOLME.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

"If Walton only would be more punctual," remarked aunt Matilda, with a sigh, as the dinner-bell rang for the second time with all the vehemence of an injured cook's indignation vibrating through its tones; and, traveling once more from her sewing-chair to the front window, aunt Matilda looked earnestly down the street and saw Walton coming. Her face cleared in a moment, and ejaculating,

"Dear, handsome fellow!" she stood watching, with all a woman's fond admiration, the stalwart young Saxon who came striding down the street, carrying his blonde head with such stately pride, and yet glancing so good-humoredly to right and left out of the bright, blue eyes, equally capable of expressing warmest love or keenest anger. Seeing his aunt at the window, Walton smiled, showing the magnificent teeth which belonged to his splendid physique, touched his hat, and came bounding up the steps.

"Ten minutes to wash my hands, aunt Matty, and I will join you at the table," cried he, opening the door a moment late; and Miss Matilda went meekly down stairs, deprecating Katy's silent wrath with the announcement that "Mr. Percival would be ready in one moment," and she might put dinner upon the table.

For in this modest little home one Katy performed all the service, and the dinner of two courses was principally put upon the table at once.

Miss Percival's "one minute" had barely added itself to her nephew's ten, when that young gentleman appeared, fresh and ruddy from his hurried ablutions, and with an air of preoccupation at once apparent to the anxious eyes of the woman, who loved him as she had never loved any other human being.

"What has happened, Walton?" asked she, the moment they were alone.

"Dear aunt! Let me eat my dinner, please, before you begin to unreel the long yarn. I have to spin," pleaded Walton, with the first mouthful of mutton upon his fork. Miss Matilda smiled.

"Then there is a yarn? Well, having justified my own suspicions, or rather penetration, I will be patient."

"And I will be rapid," conceded Walton, already through the first slice of mutton. His aunt held up a warning hand, her knife in it.

"Don't you do it, Walton! Dyspepsia, my dear boy, dyspepsia! I had rather wait a week."

"Don't mention it, aunt! By the end of the second day I should no longer have an aunt—and what should I do then?"

"Get a wife, Walton, as you will some day, at any rate."

"No! No wife for me, aunty; I like you better."

"Nonsense, child!" But Miss Matilda looked pleased, for all that, and considerably began a long account of some domestic event which occupied the whole remaining dinner-hour.

"Now, then, aunty—Katy, take coffee up into the library in half an hour," said Mr. Walton Percival, rising, and opening the door for his aunt, who timidly glanced at Katy, knowing that she much preferred serving coffee upon the dinner-table, and "having done with it," as she said. But Walton Percival was one of the men who take their own way in their own houses, as a matter of course, and do it so good-naturedly, that the most savage of Katys will generally concede it without a growl.

"And now, aunt Mat," said Mr. Percival, making himself comfortable in his own favorite chair, "here it is—my aunt Bartram is dead."

"Really! Well, I never saw her, or heard very much about her, except that she was your mother's eldest sister, and was very rich. Has she left you all her money?"

"That is precisely the tale which I am about to unfold," remarked Mr. Percival, lighting the mild cheroot which his aunt always sanctioned after dinner.

"Blodgett was her man of business," resumed he, in the abrupt and fragmentary style inseparable from smoking. "Or rather his father was, and young Blodgett inherited the position, but never saw the client. He's executor of the will, however—one of them, and her doctor was the other; but he, it seems, died before her. Blodgett came up to me this morning, and we went down to the Probate Office, and proved the old lady's will. All the money was left to me straight enough, but

there was a letter accompanying it, addressed to me personally, which complicates matters. Blodgett gave me the letter, and after reading I showed it to him. He thinks as I do, that it is a confoundedly queer affair."

"Walton!"

"Oh! Did I say confounded? Well, I didn't mean to, and I'll be a good boy, and never do so any more. Where was I? Oh, yes! at the letter of instructions. I'll show it to you, and you shall judge for yourself."

And holding the cheroot, now nearly burned up, between his teeth, wrinkling his forehead, elevating his eyebrows, and puffing in the spasmodic and painful manner incident to the smoking of a short stump of segar, while both hands are engaged in another occupation, Mr. Percival fumbled in his breast-pocket, found, and opened his note-case, and extracted a letter, while his aunt severely remarked,

"What the pleasure of strangling yourself, and burning your lips, and putting out your eyes with that nasty smoke, can be, I, for one, cannot imagine. Why don't you take the thing out of your mouth, and lay it down while——"

"There, aunty, there's the letter. Read it aloud, if you please."

And Walton, tossing the letter upon the table, leaned far back in his chair, with an air of exhaustion, and quietly lighted another cheroot from the stump of the old one. Aunt Matilda put up her double eye-glass, and opened the letter.

"To my nephew, Walton Percival, these," began she, and, with a little flush, interrupted herself to say, "It seems very strange to see somebody else calling you her nephew—don't it, Walty?"

"Don't be jealous, you darling," mumbled Mr. Percival, struggling with the new and reluctant segar; and aunt Matilda, smiling, continued.

"I have never seen you, Walton Percival, and your mother was so much younger than myself, that she hardly seemed my sister; but so far as I know, you are the only male relation whom I possess; and I, therefore, choose you as my heir, but upon conditions.

"I wish that, immediately upon my decease, you should go down to my old house of Bartram's Holme, and should make it your constant residence for the next three months; and I wish that you should invite your cousin Rosamond, the daughter of your mother's nephew, John Thorne, to become your guest, with her adopted sister, Delia Thorne, and whatever matron you and she may find agreeable for the

same length of time. Your aunt, Miss Matilda Percival, will be as suitable as any person I can suggest, and, I suppose, as agreeable to you. My old servant and housekeeper, who will remain in the house, is not to be disturbed in her privileges, or her apartment, and will superintend the domestic arrangements.

"And, in the event of Miss Thorne's accepting this invitation, I bequeath to her, through you, the contents of the mahogany wardrobe, in the north-west chamber of Bartram's Holme, and my thanks; and, if she refuses, I leave her as a legacy the assurance that she has bitterly disappointed and injured a woman who never injured her, and whose life has been one long sorrow.

ANNA BARTRAM."

Thus abruptly ended this singular letter; and aunt Matilda, dropping it upon her knee, looked up at her nephew with startled eyes.

"Rosamond Thorne!" exclaimed she. "Why it was her grandmother who——"

"Who what, aunt Mat?"

"Why, she was the mother of Rosamond Thorne's father," replied aunt Matilda, in much confusion.

"Very singular conduct on her part. Did she do anything else as remarkable as that?" gravely inquired her nephew.

"Nonsense, Walton! Mrs. Thorne the elder, Rosamond's grandmother, was sister to your mother and Mrs. Bartram."

"Yes—what next?"

"Well, it is rather a painful subject, Walton, but I suppose you ought to know it; the fact is, that Mrs. Thorne was—not quite correct, you understand."

Mr. Percival nodded, and through his half-closed lids watched his maiden aunt's crimsoning face with amused scrutiny.

"She was considerably younger than Mrs. Bartram; and when she was left a widow, with one little boy, she came to live at Bartram's Holme, and for awhile everything went very well; but after that—— Well, in short, Walton, she and Mr. Bartram went away together very suddenly."

"Eloped?" inquired Walton, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes. It was a very dreadful affair, and every one was glad to hush it up as soon as possible. Mrs. Bartram sent the little boy to his father's family, and shut herself up in her old house, with only one servant—and so she lived ever since. Some people say she went mad—and certainly she was very peculiar. Your father never permitted your mother to hold any intercourse either with her or the

Thornes, although John Thorne grew up a nice boy, married well, and left a very pretty daughter, your cousin Rosamond. To be sure, there was a little talk about that adopted child of his—but people are so censorious.”

“Mr. John Thorne, my cousin, had two children, then,” remarked Walton Percival, making a note in his memorandum-book, “Rosamond, his acknowledged daughter, and—what is the name of the unacknowledged one, aunt Matilda?”

“Why, Walton Percival! I never said, and I’m sure I never thought—— Well, the girl’s name is Delia; and people did think it rather queer when he took her home soon after his wife’s death, and brought her up in his own house; but I’m sure I know nothing about it, and don’t want to.”

“Rosamond, acknowledged daughter and heiress, and Delia, unacknowledged and dependent daughter,” muttered Mr. Percival, reading his notes. “Well, aunty, what next?”

“Why, I believe that is all. Of course, John Thorne is as much Mrs. Bartram’s nephew as you are; but he is dead, and if he was not, Mrs. Bartram would hardly like to leave her property, or any portion of it, to the son of a person who had so wronged her, even though it was her own sister.”

“Being a woman, she probably would not,” coolly replied Mr. Percival. “What became of Mr. Bartram, and my incorrect aunt, Mrs. Thorne?”

“It never was known. From the night of their elopement nothing was ever heard of them—that is, by the public. If your aunt Bartram ever heard anything, she kept it to herself.”

“Poor woman! She and her skeleton must have had a jolly life of it down at Bartram’s Holme. Did ever you see the place, aunt Mat?”

“No. Of course I knew nothing about it until my brother married your mother, and as I say, he never allowed any communication between her and her family,” said Miss Matilda, rather coldly; and her nephew smiled to himself, having long ago discovered that in Miss Percival’s opinion his mother had been the merest appendage and adjunct of the brother whom she adored.

“Well then,” said he, “I suppose the next thing to be done is to look up my cousin Rosamond, give her this invitation, and if she accepts, for all of us to go down to Bartram’s Holme, and spend our three months as pleasantly as may be. It is fortunate that my aunt died in the spring instead of the autumn.”

“Rosamond Thorne and Delia—I believe Mr. Thorne gave her his name legally at last—board in the family of Mr. Stephen Westerfeldt, Miss Thorne’s guardian, although she is now of age. I will call there with you, if you like, as I am slightly acquainted with Mrs. Westerfeldt.”

“If you would only call there without me, aunt Mat,” said Percival, with a weary grimace. “It is such an awful bore to face a whole family of new people. I don’t mind the young lady herself, of course; but the Westerfeldts’ represents an unknown and appalling quantity. Go by yourself, that’s a precious darling.”

“Very well; but you will have to see Mr. Westerfeldt at his office, and show him the letter, and tell the story, you know.”

“That I can do. One man does not terrify me particularly, but a family—when will you go?”

“To-morrow, before dinner. Perhaps, I will bring Rosamond home with me.”

“And the other—we must not be rude to my cousin’s adopted daughter, aunt Mat; and it would be neither delicate nor just to insist upon parading our knowledge of the scandal, if any, that is attached to her origin.”

“Of course not. I will write Miss Delia Thorne also,” replied aunt Matilda, with an air of grim concession.

CHAPTER II.

THE next evening Mr. Percival arrived at home full fifteen minutes earlier than his usual time, and was rewarded upon his descent to the drawing-room by the sight of two pretty girls seated upon the sofa, to whom his aunt Matilda was talking with more fluency and ease than she often exhibited toward strangers.

“Ah, Walton! have you got home so early!” exclaimed she, gayly. “My nephew, Mr. Percival; Miss Thorne, and Miss Delia Thorne,” she continued.

Both young ladies bowed, both young ladies smiled, and murmured the indefinite phrase with which persons generally acknowledge an introduction; and Mr. Percival performing the same ceremony, wondered how he was to find out which young lady was Miss Thorne, and which Miss Delia; and while the lively but commonplace chat, which his entrance had interrupted, went on, he occupied himself in examining the faces of the two girls, and trying to decide which he should prefer to claim as his cousin, and which to consider as Mr. Thorne’s adopted daughter.

Both were pretty, but in the most diverse styles, for one was slight and small, with a pure white skin, like the leaf of a calla lily, red only in the sensitive lips, which continually displayed her beautifully small teeth, with light gray eyes, deeply shadowed by dark locks and brows, and with a wonderful profusion of reddish, golden hair, wound round and round in a massive coil at the back of the head, but breaking into a thousand tiny spirals about the forehead, low, and wide, and smooth as that of Venus.

"A piquant little darling—I hope she is Rosamond," mused Mr. Percival, turning almost reluctantly toward her companion, a tall, slender girl, with the lithe and virginal form of a young Diana, with a haughty head, a dark, glowing face, full of color, and fire centering in the great, passionate eyes, dark as a pansy's nether petal, slumbrous and vivid as the flames half hidden, half revealed, in the deep crater of a volcano. As if in contempt of the fashion which ordained that the hair should be carried away from the face and massed at the top of the head, this proud brunette had arranged hers in drooping folds and braids, defining the tempting oval of the cheek, and making a dusky background, into which the rich colors of the face blended with an effect truly artistic. Below the lowest line of shadowy hair appeared the tip of a little ear, and the gleam of a great garnet, whose deep heart seemed to catch and hold the sun's own light and fire.

"A splendid creature!" thought he. "If she is Rosamond, I wonder if my aunt Bartram schemed for us to marry."

"Don't you hope so, Mr. Percival?" suddenly inquired the object of his reverie, turning her bewildering eyes full upon his.

"Indeed, I do," replied he, answering his own thought, and caring very little what the question might have been. But Miss Matilda, coloring scarlet with surprise and horror, soon recalled him to his senses.

"Why, Walton Percival, do you know what you are saying? Miss Thorne asked if you did not hope she and her sister would tire of the seclusion of Bartram's Holme, and return to town before the three months are over."

A general laugh followed the explanation, and shielded Walton's embarrassment; but one idea joyfully shaped itself in the young man's mind, and remained there.

"She is Miss Thorne, then. I am very glad."

The dinner-bell cut short the somewhat confused explanation to which nobody listened; and Percival gladly hastened to offer his arm

to the object of his apology, and continue it in a lower voice. Miss Matilda and the companion followed—and the dinner passed as gayly and pleasantly as possible. Later in the evening, Percival made the charming discovery that his cousin could sing, and that she liked his favorite music, and that she knew much more of it than he did, and that her voice harmonized perfectly with his own; and, altogether, it is no matter for surprise that, in arranging a music-book upon the rack before her, our hero took occasion to whisper,

"I am so glad, so very glad, that you are my cousin, Rosamond—may I call you Rosamond?"

Miss Thorne finished the prelude she was playing, sang the first verse of her song, and then, her fingers still busy with the keys, flashed up a look half defiant, half imploring,

"I am not Rosamond," said she. "I thought you knew—and now you will not care anything about me."

The trifling fingers quickened their motion upon the keys, and broke into a wild fantasia. It finished, and Miss Delia Thorne rose from the piano, and returned to the sofa, where still sat her cousin, who met her with a smile.

"What freak was that, Delia?" asked she.

"Oh! I found I was not in the mood for singing, so finished with something else," said the young lady, carelessly; and from that moment, although the brilliancy of her wit, and the sparkling flow of her conversation were the life of the whole party, Percival could not gain one moment's especial attention, not even so much as a look; nor could he continue in any manner to express the regret he really felt at having made so mortifying a blunder. Mr. Westerfeldt's carriage came for the young ladies at ten o'clock, and Percival handing them in, was just beginning a low-toned apology to her whose hand he lingeringly clasped, when it was interrupted by,

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Percival, but will you be so kind as to say to Miss Percival that I will bring her that book to-morrow."

"Certainly. At what hour shall I tell her?"

"I can hardly say. Rosamond, at what hour shall we call upon Miss Percival to-morrow?"

"About twelve, I think."

"Yes; or, perhaps, a little later—at almost any time between eleven and six; but she must not stay in a moment on our account, must she, Rosamond? We can leave the book, you know."

"Certainly. Pray, beg your aunt not to alter her engagements in the least on our account, cousin Walton," said Miss Thorne; and Walton

gratefully wished it had been Delia who called him cousin so sweetly.

"Poor little thing!" thought he, as the carriage drove away. "How her sister extinguishes her. She might be quite attractive by herself; but when one sees that splendid Delia, he cannot remember poor, little Rose."

And Rose, nestling into the corner of the carriage, was making much the same mental remark to herself, while a few unbidden tears forced themselves into her pathetic gray eyes, and quietly rolled down her cheeks.

"You are tired, poor little Rosamond," said Delia, as she noticed the movement, but not the tears. "That formal Miss Percival was too much for you, was she not?"

"Oh, no! I liked her exceedingly."

"Really? And how do you like your cousin?"

"Very well, I believe. He is handsome, is he not?"

"Well enough. I do not admire blonde men. Do you know he was so stupid as to mistake me for Miss Thorne, the heiress, and his kinswoman?"

"I do not think it stupid. You look much more like it than I do, and talk and act it yet more than you look it."

"You mean that I am too forward, and forget my position; forget my doubtful, or disgraceful birth, my poverty, and the fact that I am only your companion, not equal——"

"Oh, hush! hush, Delia! You have no right to speak so; it is most cruel, most unjust, both to me and to my father, who was also your adopted father, and treated you, both in his life and in his death, as his own child."

"Well, well, Rosamond, we won't quarrel again over that. I am sorry if I have injured your feelings; but mine were cruelly hurt to-night as I read the look of consternation upon that splendid puppy's face, when he discovered that he had been paying court to the poor dependent, instead of his wealthy kinswoman."

"You wrong my cousin, and you are not in a happy humor to-night, Delia," began Rosamond, coldly; but was stopped by Delia, who, breaking into a passion of tears, threw herself upon the floor of the carriage, her head in Rosamond's lap, and there sobbed out the bitterness aroused in her morbidly sensitive feelings by Percival's most unfortunate mistake.

Rosamond soothed her tenderly, but thoughtfully. Already the shadow of coming sorrow and perplexity darkened her heart, and gave her a feeling of undefined uneasiness.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later, a handsome, open carriage, drawn by a pair of powerful black horses, rolled over the leafy and secluded road leading from the little town of Glynn to the estate of Bartram's Holme. Its occupants were Miss Percival, the two Miss Thornes, and Capt. Royal Page, a gentleman whom Walton Percival had invited at the last moment, to be company for his aunt, as he mischievously remarked, much to Miss Matilda's indignation, although, as she hesitatingly added, Capt. Page was a very estimable gentleman, and not ill-looking for his time of life, which might be about fifty. Percival, himself, sat upon the driver's seat, beside a shrewd, hard-featured Scotch-Yankee coachman, Ichabod Macpherson by name, who had been for many years a retainer of the Percival family, sometimes in one capacity, and sometimes in another. Sitting half turned upon the seat, so that his arm rested upon the back of the adjoining one, in close proximity to Rosamond's shoulder, while he faced Delia, who sat with Miss Matilda upon the back seat, Walton Percival was repeating such particulars of his late aunt's mode of life, as he had picked up from the talkative landlord of the village inn, where they had just dined.

"It seems," said he, "that she lived absolutely alone, with an old woman as servant. Such small supplies as they needed were carried to them by a lad from a neighboring farm, who called every morning for orders. He saw sometimes an old woman, and sometimes two, until one morning the one who came to the door to take in his marketing, remarked,

"My mistress is dead. Send a woman."

"The boy, frightened out of his wits, ran headlong home, and his father and mother went immediately over to the 'great house,' as they call it, and there, to be sure, lay Miss Bartram ready dressed for the grave, with her old servant sitting at her feet. They brought a doctor, and a coroner, who decided that she had died from natural causes, a sort of general decay, I should imagine: and so she was buried. The old woman still remains in the house, and I suppose we must let her remain."

"Certainly, poor thing! I dare say she has no other home," replied aunt Matilda.

"I wonder how long she has lived there," said Rosamond.

"I have always heard that Mrs. Bartram had an old servant with her, and I dare say this is the same one she retained when she dismissed all the others and closed her house," said aunt

Matilda, glancing uneasily at Rosamond, who, pale and still, looked at the bare, wide fields they were skirting, and said nothing.

"This must be the place—turn in at this gateway, Ichabod," said Mr. Percival, pointing to a gap between two high posts ornamented with carved wooden urns at the top.

"You are ingenious to have discovered a gateway at all, Mr. Percival," said Delia Thorne, laughing, as they rolled over a little bridge, and up a long avenue of elms, so untrimmed and luxuriant that their branches swept into the carriage as it passed.

"A happy instinct," replied Walton, gayly. "But see, here we have a view of the house. I did not suppose it was so large."

Every one eagerly looked as he pointed, and saw a massive, square building, three stories in height, and built like most American houses of its age, however important, of the wood so abundant in a new country. It was painted of a dark-gray color, even the four tall chimneys presenting the same sombre tint, which seemed deepened, rather than relieved, by the dark-green blinds closed over nearly every window. A row of Lombardy poplars stood mournful sentinels before the principal entrance, and weeping-willows waved at the side. Overgrown shrubs and vines crowded and clambered upon the old house, as if striving to hide its stern decay, and rank grasses lay tangled and matted upon the untrodden terrace, to which a flight of shallow steps of red sandstone led from the carriage-way. Between two of these steps a willow shoot had forced its way, and with the slow persistence of its soft and flexible growth had gradually upheaved the upper stone, until the whole was shaken and disarranged. Pointing at it as the carriage slowly passed, Delia murmured in Rosamond's ear,

"See! That is what you gentle little creatures do."

"An iron bar would have done it much more quickly, and with less harm to itself," replied Rosamond, with a meaning smile.

"Am I iron? I wish I were," replied Delia; and just then Walton Percival opened the carriage-door, and gave his hand first to his aunt.

"We have to content ourselves with the side entrance," said he. "Mine host warned me that the front door opened to no one. Even my aunt's funeral-train passed out at the side entrance."

"Don't talk of funerals any more, please," said Rosamond, nervously, as her cousin helped

her from the carriage. "Everything is so lugubrious here—even the sky is gray."

"Some gray things are very pretty—eyes, for instance," said Walton, gayly; and Rosamond raised the gray eyes gravely to his face, then dropped them without a smile.

"She has never forgiven my selecting Delia as Miss Thorne," thought Walton, as he followed his aunt up the steps to the porched door, where she was already knocking.

"Do you hear any one within?" asked she.

"Hush! Yes—don't you?" replied Miss Matilda, bending her ear to catch the feeble and hesitating steps which came slowly down the passage within. An uncertain hand withdrew the bolts and raised the latch, and then the door swinging slowly open, showed the upright figure of an old woman, her white and solemn face seamed with wrinkles, from among which looked two stern, sad eyes, dark and sombre as the gray old house, and forming a vivid contrast with the white hair folded away beneath a close muslin cap. Without greeting of any sort, this strange figure stood there mute and motionless as the sphynx, until Walton Percival, politely uncovering, said, in his pleasant voice,

"You, I presume, are Mrs. Bartram's old companion and friend, of whom I have often heard. I am her nephew, Mr. Percival, and this is my aunt, Miss Percival. Will you show us to a sitting-room?"

"My name is Nancy. Come this way," And with no further greeting, the old woman led the way through a small lobby to a lofty, dark parlor, its walls wainscoted with native wood, its floor spread with an antique Turkey carpet, its two wide windows opening upon the tangled shrubbery at the eastern side of the house. The one cheerful thing in the room was a fire, built of maple-logs in the great cavernous chimney.

"Ah! this is comfortable!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, going toward it; and then turning to look at the old woman, who stood beside the door, waiting until the rest of the party should enter.

"It was very kind of you to make us a fire," said she, pleasantly, "the evenings are still quite chilly. Our servants and baggage will be here presently; and, perhaps, you will be so kind as to show us to our rooms, and see about some tea. We are all very tired."

With no reply, save a nod of the head, the old woman passed through the room, and out of a door at the further end.

"I suppose we are to follow, my dears," remarked Miss Matilda, with a scared smile; and

passing through the door, the ladies found themselves in a long, dark hall, the bowed front door at one end, and at the other a flight of stairs, starting from the center of the hall and dividing near the top into two branches, each of which led to a gallery running round the hall, and giving entrance to the chambers. At the front of the hall both galleries ended in a deep bay-window extending over the front door. A similar one at the back of the house overlooked the old orchard and flower-garden, and was reached by a short flight of steps starting from the same landing as the gallery-stairs; but as the dark, outside blinds were closed over both windows, the hall remained in dense shadow.

"Ugh!" said Delia, shuddering. "This is frightful, is it not?"

"Do you think so?" replied Rose, casting eager glances down the galleries, and into the dim recesses of the side corridors as they passed along. "I like it; there seems so much romance and mystery about the house. I shall spend much of my time in exploring these dark passages and closed rooms."

As she said these words, the old woman, who preceded the party, paused, with her hand upon the latch of a door, and fixing her stern, dark eyes upon the young girl's joyous face, said, impressively,

"You had better not do it, Miss; there's them that uses these rooms that you wouldn't like to meet."

"What! Is the place haunted?" asked Rosamond, with breathless interest, while Miss Matilda, deadly pale, clung to the carved balustrade of the gallery for support, and Delia fixed her dark eyes upon the old woman with half-contemptuous, half-wondering attention. But Nancy heeded none of them; throwing open the door, she turned to Miss Percival with the brief remark,

"That's for you!"

Aunt Matilda obediently entered, and the others looked into the chamber with some curiosity; it was large, dark, hung with old-fashioned green moreen window and bed-curtains, and was enlivened by some old family portraits, painted in the stiff and sombre style of the last century. Aunt Matilda looked forlornly about her, then turned to the old housekeeper.

"Does anybody sleep near me? I am a little timid in a strange place."

"This next room is for the young man; and there can be another bed put in it for the gentleman you have brought with you. They

sleep in there," replied Nancy, pointing to the door which they had just passed.

"I am glad my nephew is close at hand," murmured Miss Matilda. "And where will the young ladies be?"

"The other front room is for Miss Thorne—which is she?" asked Nancy, surveying the two girls from head to foot.

"I am Miss Thorne, and this is my sister, Miss Delia Thorne," said Rosamond, gently; "and we shall prefer sleeping together—we are accustomed to it."

"Your sister! I didn't know John Thorne had more than one child," replied the old woman, staring at Delia, who flushed an angry red, while Rosamond hastily said,

"My adopted sister—my father's adopted child."

"That is different. Yes, I know all about that," muttered Nancy, dryly; and proceeding along the gallery and past the deep recess of the oriel-window, she opened the door of a large, front chamber, answering in position to that assigned to Miss Percival. The furniture was, however, lighter in style, the hangings of a gay-flowered, although old-fashioned, chintz, and a few bits of bright china scattered here and there, some colored engravings against the wall, and a vase of flowers upon the dressing-table, gave the apartment an air of cheerfulness and welcome which the other entirely lacked.

"This is the pleasantest room I have yet seen in the house," said Rosamond, surveying it with pleasure. "And you would rather share it with me than to sleep by yourself, would you not, Delia?"

"She will have to," harshly interposed Nancy, before Delia could reply; "there is no other, except servants' rooms."

"In this great house!" exclaimed Delia, rather haughtily. "Why, who sleeps in the fourth room on this floor, the one answering in position to Mr. Percival's?"

"I do. I always did; and Mrs. Bartram left it in her will that I should always have that room, and what is in it, for my own," replied Nancy, doggedly.

"And the third story?" asked Delia.

"That is not used at all—it is not safe," replied Nancy, in the same tone.

"Where do the servants sleep, then?"

"In the wing-chambers, over the kitchen and laundry. The entry between my chamber and this leads to that part of the house," replied the old woman, and opening a door, she showed a dark and narrow passage bounding that side

of the room, and finished at the lower end by a green-baize door.

"You may go and look at the servants' rooms if you choose," said she, harshly.

"Come, then, Mrs. Bluebeard," replied Rosamond, gayly; and then the two tripped down the passage, and throwing open the green door, and a heavy wooden one behind it, found themselves in a large, half-finished chamber, with a servants' stair-case coming up at one side, and a door at the further end. Crossing the room, Nancy opened the door, and showed a short passage, with doors at either side.

"These are the servants' rooms, and this unfinished chamber is the laundry drying-room," said she, briefly; and the two girls, after glancing about them a little, were glad to return to their own warm and cheerful apartment.

Leaving them there, old Nancy went down the back stairs, muttering something about tea, and the trouble of visitors.

"What a cross-grained old creature," remarked Delia, looking into the mirror, and taking off her hat. "She evidently intends to rule us all as she did her late mistress."

"Yes," replied Rosamond, absently. "Do look at this wardrobe, Delia."

"Wardrobe? Why, yes, that is curious." And Delia examined with interest the massive structure, built of rich, dark mahogany, and mounted with brass mouldings, which occupied one corner of the room. The front was divided into four doors, two meeting in the middle, and two more at the side of them, denoting three compartments; but those doors were not only locked, but the keyholes were covered with wax, sealed with a crest and the initials A. B. It was this circumstance which had drawn forth Rosamond's exclamation of surprise. Delia looked, and suddenly said,

"I suppose this is the wardrobe you are to inherit if you stay here the three months out, Rosamond; and it is sealed, so that you shall not pick the locks and help yourself to the treasure before it is lawfully yours."

"They need not have taken so much trouble; of course, I should not have pryed into anything which was purposely kept from me," said Rosamond, rather indignantly; and Delia, laughing, returned to the mirror.

"Shouldn't you? Well, I am more curious; and I would give sixpence at this very moment for a chance of ransacking that grim old wardrobe."

"So would I give sixpence; but I could not pick locks, or break seals, or abuse confidence," replied Rose.

CHAPTER. IV.

THE next morning broke cloudlessly, and the rising sun, streaming through the open window into Rosamond's eyes, roused her from her light slumbers, and drew her from the bed to the window, where she beheld a view so lovely and so attractive that, making a hasty toilet, she stole quietly from the room and the house, and finding her way to the overgrown and tangled shrubbery, and through that to the garden, she paced up and down, inhaling the fragrance of the early blossoms, admiring the fresh, young verdure, and listening with delight to the songs of the birds, who crowded the mystic old trees, and welcomed the summer and the morning with fullest-throated praise.

Suddenly, in rounding a thicket of rose-trees, she encountered Mr. Percival, walking slowly along, his hands behind him, and his head bowed in deep thought. At sight of his cousin he hesitated a moment, then turned and walked along beside her.

"I was thinking of you," said he, abruptly, "and wondering why you dislike me."

"A modest wonder! You had thought no one could fail to like you, then," replied Rosamond.

"Your sarcasm, and your scornful carelessness, only prove my accusation correct. You do dislike me, cousin," said Percival.

"Do I? Well, then, why do I?"

"Nay, that is for you to tell," said Percival, earnestly; but Rosamond lightly answered,

"No, you shall be special pleader, advocate, judge, jury, and all, in this case."

"And the accused does not care enough for the accusation even to plead, 'Not guilty,'" said Percival.

"The accusation is so fanciful that it is not worth pleading for or against," replied Rosamond, in the same careless tone she had hitherto used. Percival did not reply for some moments, but at last he said,

"I wish you would be my friend and cousin; I want one very much, especially to-day."

"And why especially to-day?"

"I have a confidence to make, and you are the person to whom I wish to make it—or I shall make it to no one."

"A confidence? And why to me, Mr. Percival?"

"Don't say Mr. Percival, Rosamond. We are, at least, cousins, and you should call me by my name."

"Well, then, cousin Walton, why to me?"

"Because you are the only suitable person. My aunt Matilda would be frightened out of

her senses; your sister, I could not tell her; and as for Capt. Page, it does not in the least concern him, and you would not wish that he should know it."

"You have at last aroused my curiosity," said Rosamond, raising her lovely gray eyes curiously to his face, "and now you must gratify it."

"Last night, after you had all retired, I sat reading," he began, "and I became so interested that I did not think of the time until the failure of my lamp suggested that it must be growing late—a suspicion confirmed by my watch, which showed the quarter past one. The fire had long been dead, and the glimmer which showed the hands of my watch was the expiring effort of the lamp, so that I was left in total darkness. I groped upon the mantleshelf for a candle, or even a match, but found none, and was presently satisfied that I could expect no help from the sense of sight in making my way up stairs. Leaving the library, I navigated the length of the great hall with tolerable success, and reached the foot of the stair-case. You remember that there is a window about half-way up, with a short flight of steps leading to it, and a seat beneath it."

"Yes, I remember that."

"And you remember that the blinds of that window are closed, for you or Delia remarked upon the sombre shadow of the hall."

"Yes, I remember that also."

"Well, Rosamond, as I went up that stair-case, and reached the landing, I saw a woman standing in the window recess just at the top of the short flight of steps—saw her as distinctly as I now see you."

"Saw her by what light?" inquired Rosamond, incredulously.

"I do not know. I understand your tone, and I cannot combat its doubt, except by the simple assertion of my perfect sanity and truthfulness. A moment before, the darkness of the place had been so intense that I could not discern the position of the stairs, or even see my own hand as I held it up before me, and yet, when I raised my eyes, I beheld this woman's face, figure, dress, as distinctly as I now see yours, and, were I an artist, could reproduce them with the most minute distinctness."

"I must believe you, cousin, when you speak so earnestly," said Rosamond, more gently. "What sort of woman was she?"

"Young, not more than five-and-twenty, slight in figure, and—I will not say what I thought of her face, Rosamond, for it was yours."

"Mine!"

"Yes, precisely. So completely yours that I supposed it to be you, and spoke your name. No answer came, but the eyes of the apparition, for I now call it such, fixed themselves upon mine so mournfully, and so earnestly, that I sprang up the stairs to the window, fully impressed with the belief that you had met with some terrible misfortune, and were imploring me for help, or redress. As I reached the top of the stairs, the figure retreated to the depth of the bay-window, and then gliding around the side, and down the stairs, turned upon the landing, and looking back at me with those terribly imploring eyes, seemed waiting for me to follow."

"What is it? What shall I do? Rosamond, is it you?" I exclaimed, for the first time beginning to doubt your bodily presence. Still there was no reply; but the figure, gliding swiftly up the remaining stairs leading to the gallery, paused at the entrance of the passage between your room and that used by the old housekeeper. Half shrinking, yet unable to turn back, I followed. At the door of your chamber it paused, and extending both hands with a caressing motion, seemed to hesitate as if about to enter, but finally kept on, and disappeared through the green door at the end of the entry. I followed as fast as I could, but on arriving at the door found it fastened upon my side by a strong brass hook. I opened it, and the wooden one which it screened, and found myself in utter darkness, the mysterious light that had hitherto led me having totally disappeared. After waiting for a moment without seeing or hearing anything, I closed the two doors, hooked the inner one, and felt my way to my own chamber, where I slept for a few hours; but rising with the first daylight, returned to the spot where I had lost sight of the figure upon the preceding night. I found the door fastened as I had left it, and opening both, passed through into a large, unfinished chamber, with a stair-case in one corner, apparently connecting with the kitchen region—"

"I have seen that room," interposed Rose; "the servants' rooms lie beyond it, and it is possible—"

"That I mistook some Bridget, or Katy, or Molly, for my cousin Rosamond?" asked Percival, ironically. "Nor was I dreaming, as, perhaps, you will next suggest, for, close beside the door, in the unfinished room, I picked up this." And Mr. Percival showed a handkerchief marked with his own name.

Rosamond examined, and returned it thoughtfully.

"And she looked like me?" said she.

"Almost exactly, except for the fashion of the hair, which was worn flowing down the back in a great rippling mass of shining curls."

"Do you remember the dress?"

"Perfectly, for it was very peculiar, the material being silk, which rustled and crackled as it moved, as if very thick and stiff; in color it was white, embroidered or brocaded with a running pattern of moss rose-buds. It was cut square upon the neck, and had sleeves ending at the elbows, with deep lace ruffles. At the bosom was a bow of soft-blue ribbon, with a few lilies-of-the-valley knotted in it."

"The dress is that of fifty years ago."

"Is it? That surprises me."

"Yes; and I, of course, have nothing of the sort in my wardrobe. Cousin Walton, tell me, once for all, are you actually serious? Did this really happen, and are not you jesting with my simplicity?"

"I feel a little hurt at such a question, Miss Thorne. I should be incapable of so ungentlemanly and puerile a jest, and——"

"Forgive my doubt," interrupted Rosamond, hastily. "But it is all so strange!"

"Excessively strange!" assented Walton, his brow clearing immediately. "I cannot wonder at your incredulity. Now the reason I have told the story to you is, that from the close resemblance of the apparition to yourself, I cannot but believe that its visit referred in some manner to you, and it is with you I wish to consult upon the use that shall be made of it."

"The use?"

"Yes; these things mean something, although it is not possible for us at present to understand what; and I do not hesitate to say that I believe the appearance I saw last night was a supernatural one, and made itself visible to us for

a purpose. What that purpose is we are now to attempt to discover."

"Do you expect to see it again?"

"How can I tell? But, yes, I do so expect, for, as yet, it has affected nothing; and I have just said I believe it comes with a purpose. Will you help me discover it?"

"Yes, certainly, if I can, and if it is really something worth serious attention."

"Still a little incredulous, I see; but wait," replied Percival, with a smile. "Now, how are we to contrive the matter. Will you watch with me to-night?"

"How can I without speaking to your aunt, or—— It would be so odd," suggested Rosamond, blushing a little, and smiling more.

"Would it? Well, will you wait in your own room until I call you? I will tap gently on the door at a little after twelve."

"I—I hardly like to make such an arrangement," stammered Rosamond, confused.

"Remember that I am your cousin, and that this is a matter in which we are only involved, as seeking the explanation of strange phenomena."

"Yes, but—— Well, I will meet you on the stair-case at a little after twelve. You need not call me, for I shall not go to sleep before that."

"Thank you, Rosamond, both for your consent, and for the sacrifice of the young lady-like scruples, which came near negating it. You are a sensible girl!"

And taking his cousin's hand in his, Mr. Percival playfully kissed it; then putting it under his arm, turned to retrace their steps. In doing so they came face to face with Delia, who, forcing a smile, which could not quite cover the frown upon her face, exclaimed,

"What, romancing so early in the morning? They say that breakfast is ready, and I am sent to call you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BACK FROM SEA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

BIRD, on the branches swinging,
Sing me some glad, blithe song,
That shall set the echoes ringing
The listening hills along.

And bee, in the browsy clover,
As you gather a luscious store,
Oh! whisper that he, my lover,
Is home again once more.

Bloom, rose, for the dew-drops woo you,
Open your heart of musk;
Let the dream of your life come to you,
Born of the dew and the dusk.

Oh! winds, sing a jubilant chorus,
In your concert with the stars;
Let your song be written before us,
On the yellow moonlight's bars.

Back from the stormy ocean,
Back to the heart so true;
Love, in its sweet emotion,
Stirs all my being through.

And I whisper over and over,
Like a glad and sweet refrain,
"Heart, be blithe! for your lover
Has come to you again!"

PARTED BY FATE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I.

THE heavy gates clanged behind them, the carriage rolled swiftly up the winding avenue, and presently the mansion-house appeared among the great trees, the setting sun lighting its casements like an illumination over this return that was to make the old house so joyous.

"We are home, Agatha; you had not forgotten how it looked?"

Agatha Bourne did not answer her father; she was leaning out of the window, gazing about in search of familiar objects, wondering that there should be no trace of change during this term of absence, which had brought her back as unlike her former self as if she had been transformed into a new being.

The suns of eighty summers have shone, and their roses bloomed, since the time of which I write, weaving no romance, only a history, gathered from faded letters and journals, that have outlived the hands which penned them.

Agatha Bourne had been gone two years; and from eighteen to twenty life passes so rapidly that one marvels to revisit the quiet haunts of childhood, and find that while existence has deepened into feverish unrest they have suffered no change.

"Does it look like home, Agatha?" her father kept questioning.

Agatha leaned back in her seat, and allowed her veil to fall over her face as she answered,

"Not a leaf is changed! It might be the enchanted castle in old nurse's fairy story, for any alteration there is."

She had returned! Often, during the first year of her stay in that foreign land, Agatha had dreamed of coming back, and had fancied the perfect content that would fill her heart as the familiar hill and dwelling came in sight. She had returned; the clang of the heavy gates had sounded like the shutting of a tomb, and her soul seemed to read, on the gray front of the house, the dreary line from the old Italian poet, that only a few months before she had dreamed over under the orange-trees of his beautiful land.

The carriage stopped at the great entrance. Agatha was assisted out by her father, and stood for an instant gazing down upon the landscape spread beneath the height on which

the mansion stood. The Hudson gleamed a golden scroll in the evening light; the mountains were misty with the purple haze of early summer, and the wild, picturesque scene were its fullest beauty.

Only a moment, then her father claimed her attention again; and out of the house, roused by the sound of the carriage-wheels, came stately aunt Dorothy to fold her in an embrace of chilly delight; and old nurse, with as hearty a burst of weeping as if it had been the saddest, instead of the most joyful day of her life, as she felt and pronounced it. A whole troop of servants and dogs to welcome back the young mistress, and she knew that she ought to be glad to see them, to be grateful for the affection, and was, only there was no warmth in her heart; and it was dreadful to feel that even this moment could not bring the brightness and zest back to her life.

A beautiful old place that stands to-day scarcely changed, which even then had no chilling appearance of newness, for, more than a quarter of a century before, Agatha's father had built the house in the midst of that stately wood, as a summer-home for his young wife. Children had been born and died there; and last of all, the wife and mother had been carried out to sleep in the family-vault, and Roger Bourne was left alone with the helpless babe, whose little life had cost him so dearly.

Two years before, Mr. Bourne had consented that Agatha should be taken abroad by a maternal relative to finish her studies, and have a glimpse of the great world beyond seas. How hard a trial it was to give her up the old man never told; the state of his health did not permit any thought of his accompanying her, but whatever seemed best for the child must be done; and it was feared that she inherited the delicate constitution of her mother, whom late in life Roger Bourne had married while she was still a young girl—so every way the necessity of the separation was forced upon him.

But she was at home now—his Agatha, his one priceless treasure—not a child or girl any longer, but developed into a woman more beautiful even than the child had promised, yet perplexing and troubling him a little by the difference.

He led her into the house, and aunt Dorothy followed as primly as if she had been the goddess of Propriety; though nurse somewhat disturbed the stateliness of the scene by making unexpected dashes at her former charge, with such doleful sobs of delight that the very dogs howled as if it had been a funeral.

Agatha knew that her father was watching every look, and tried by affectionate words to make amends for the lack of joy that she feared was in her face. Years before, the heavy carved furniture that decorated the rooms had been brought from across seas, and everything was so rich and picturesque that Agatha might have fancied herself standing in some old world mansion in the sunny land of France. But all this was only another pang. She would rather have come back to the humblest dwelling, in which there should be no object to remind her of that life which had come so suddenly to an end, between which and her present the ocean shut out all hope of restoration as completely as if it had been the eternal gulf.

"You are sure you are glad to be at home, Agatha?" her father questioned, with the restless eagerness of affection.

"I am glad to be anywhere with you, papa," she answered.

"And you'll not regret France, and all its vanities?"

"I was glad to come away," she said, with energy; "very glad."

"Ah, ha, Dorothy!" cried the delighted old man, "you see foreign ways haven't spoiled her, after all."

"I never supposed they would, brother," returned the spinster, severely; "Agatha had been too thoroughly grounded in her catechism and ethics to be injured by the frivolity of French manners, or those of her cousin, either, for that matter."

"You see, your aunt doesn't forgive her old enemy yet," Mr. Bourne said, laughing.

"I feel no enmity toward any one," answered Miss Dorothy, with increased dignity. "I trust my mind is too well disciplined to entertain any such dreadful sentiment. I don't think about Mrs. Masterton when I can help it; she seems to have done Agatha no harm, so let us be thankful and forget her till she comes to upset the house by one of her summer visits."

"Thankful enough I am to get her back," said Mr. Bourne; and Agatha felt a more ungrateful wretch than ever.

Aunt Dorothy bustled away, beset by some housewifely care—for, like most women of that generation, she gave herself and those about

her no more rest than if they had all been machines, that must run without stopping until they broke down.

That night, as she sat alone in her room, Agatha Bourne looked back over the events of the past, which had so utterly come to an end, that she felt as a ghost might while reviewing the scene of its earthly mistakes and suffering.

I have read, in the faded records kept in her own dainty penmanship, the history of that lost past, but I shall give it to you in my own words. Even at this distance of time there seems something coarse and cruel in laying bare to the glance of the indifferent the entire secrets of that girlish soul, written with all the impulsiveness and passion of her age, never meant to be intrusted to any human eye, but which by some chance have so long outlasted the misery and wounded pride that gave them birth.

The first eighteen months of Agatha's sojourn had been spent in study or traveling about Italy; but when only half a year of her stay was left, and Mr. Bourne would not hear of her absence being prolonged a day after the appointed time, Mrs. Masterton took her niece back to France, that she might have a glance at the gorgeous court, where, in spite of gathering troubles, Marie Antoinette ruled more potently by the spells of her beauty and grace than ever the great conqueror who followed did in the fullness of his success.

Agatha's season of gayety was a very bright one, and she was so much sought after, that silly little Mrs. Masterton began to dream, as so many American women of our day do, of a crown prince, at least, for her charge. But Agatha would have laughed scornfully at the vision of a royal highness, if it had been confided to her, for she was living in one of those marvelous cloud-castles which most of us have built somewhere in our youth, and deemed so secure that they would resist the combined attacks of time and fate.

Once every week Agatha went to the house of an old French lady, whose mild entertainments Mrs. Masterton abhorred, though she was anxious not to offend her for the sake of certain relatives the ancient dame possessed, who did give invitations worth accepting; so she was glad to allow Agatha to do double duty on madame's evenings, and as the girl was a great favorite, Mrs. Masterton might have been astonished to discover how seldom she herself was missed.

Agatha met the hero of her dream there, and for months that sombre old saloon was the most beautiful spot on earth to her. She had gone

to dine with madame, as was frequently her habit on the days of the receptions—but she did not find her friend, as usual, alone.

"Come in, my dear," the old lady said, as Agatha paused involuntarily on the threshold. "You are astonished that I do not play solitary as usual. But here is another kind heart besides your own that comes to see how the old lady fares, and I have promised if he is good that we will give him some dinner. Miss Bourne, this is my nephew, Mr. Cairn—*ma foi*, it is grand-nephew that I should say, but that makes me seem too ancient."

And madame rattled on with her pretty French eagerness, while Robert Cairn rose from his seat, and Agatha returned his salute, glancing with a shyness that she did not often feel toward the pale, handsome face, whose every change was soon to become so familiar to her.

"Yes, my grand-nephew; think of that, my little Agatha—it makes me seem like one of the fossils, does it not? But my pretty niece would marry a solemn Scotchman; and not content with that bit of insanity, she followed him off to America, and they are both dead, and only this great boy left to come back once in awhile and remind me of what is gone."

"That is giving you my family history in very few words, Miss Bourne," Cairn said, in English.

"And you are an American?" Agatha asked, in surprise.

"I understand," cried madame; "do not think to cheat my old ears with the English. Of course, he is American—all that there is of most so," she said, in broken idiom.

"Miss Bourne does not seem inclined to acknowledge me as a countryman," Cairn said, with a grave smile.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Only it is unusual to meet Americans of your age here—generally they are too much occupied at home."

His face altered so quickly that she thought her heedless speech had annoyed him; but as it was difficult to know what to say, she was dropping into an awkward silence, when madame interposed volubly in her own tongue, not venturing to attempt the harsh English consonants, though she comprehended the language when spoken.

"He must come sometimes to see the old aunt," she said. "I am Robert's nearest kin; he is to live in Europe, hey, my boy?"

He bowed, and reverently kissed the hand which she extended to him, so dainty and white yet, in spite of her age.

"Have you lately left America, Mr. Cairn?" Agatha asked, in hopes to make amends for her former speech.

"I have not been there since I was a boy. I was not quite eighteen when I came away," he replied, so stiffly that again she felt as if she had been guilty of an unwarrantable liberty, and had three minds to take an aversion to the stately young man without delay.

"It is years since," added madame, looking fondly at him. "He seems so young, one would not take him for past seven-and-twenty, eh, Agatha?"

Agatha made no answer at all, she would not incur another forbidding glance from the solemn, gray eyes. She was just a little spoiled by the flattery of the past months, and began to wish herself at home instead of being doomed to conversation with this man, who seemed to disapprove of everything she said.

But her pouting mood did not last long; for, without the slightest warning, Robert Cairn warmed into a sunny, genial demeanor, and talked so pleasantly that the dinner passed off in the most charming way, and Agatha was quite vexed when it was over, and the guests began to arrive. But even then she did not lose Robert Cairn's society. Madame's elderly friends played trictrac, and he staid by her; but they were all too busy with their game to notice the pair.

From that time she saw him almost daily, and her dream grew into full beauty with the rapidity natural to her age. There was much about the man that she could not understand; a reticence which made her feel that there was a secret in his life that troubled him; strange alternations of manner, for which she could not account; but all these things did not weigh heavily enough to dispel the brightness of her vision.

The day came when with her womanly intuitions she knew that he loved her, and, in spite of her pride, she was glad to let her heart repeat the words. Yet he did not speak. There was the most delicate interest and attention—he showed plainly enough that his chief pleasure at this time was to arrange his days so that he might be most in her society; every glance of his sad eyes uttered his secret—but he did not speak.

The time for Agatha's departure was drawing near. It had not been mentioned in Cairn's presence, until one day when he came in and found her sitting with madame, the old lady said, abruptly,

"What will we do, Robert, when she is gone?"

"Gone?" he repeated. "Where is she going?"

"Home, of course—to that dreadful America, a whole world off over the seas, and among the savages."

Robert Cairn muttered some unintelligible reply, and moved to the window; but Agatha caught sight of his face as he turned away. If he had been dead and cold, it could not have looked whiter and more ghastly.

Madame was busy with her netting, and her dim eyes did not see what was plain enough to Agatha, and she chattered on about her grief and desolation until, fond as she was of her, the girl felt an insane desire to choke her like a croaking blackbird.

"Is not this very sudden?" he asked, at length, still keeping his stand by the window.

"Of course not," returned madame. "You heard from the first that she had only three months to stay. I have the heart broken."

But, grieved as she was, she could not be oblivious to the fact that she needed some silk of a peculiar tint of blue, and if she sent her maid to look for it, she would bring back a dozen sorts, and neither of them the right color; so she must go into her bed-room and search for herself, and not disturb Manon, who was nearly as old as her mistress, and much blinder, with a temper which madame dreaded.

"This is very sudden to me," Robert Cairn said, approaching Agatha, as his ancient relative trotted nimbly away with some apology that neither heard.

"The time was set before I came from Italy," Agatha replied, without looking up. "I have been away a long while, and my father cannot spare me any longer."

"But we are to spare you, it seems," he said, sharply. "Is no one but him to feel?"

There was no answer possible to that speech, so Agatha sat quite still.

"I am going away to-morrow for a few days," he said, abruptly; "so I shall have a foretaste of what it is like to lose you."

It was an odd thing to say; it made Agatha shiver with wounded pride, and fear lest she might have betrayed something of the agitation which stirred her very soul. She forced herself to speak then, and made her voice quiet and careless.

"Perhaps you will wander over to America, some time," she said, "and we may chance to meet."

"I shall never go back to America," he answered, in the hard tone that his voice sometimes took.

Was that said to make her understand that the story of the past weeks had come to an end? The very cruelty of the words helped to bring back her strength. The recollection of every blush that his searching glance had ever brought into her face; the half-confessions that her eyes had uttered in response to the passionate tenderness in his, rushed up and overwhelmed her with maidenly shame. But she would betray no weakness, if she died there in her seat; she should be no sign of the agony which began to darken her soul like the gathering blackness that precedes a tempest.

"I had thought it might be different," he went on, after a brief pause, "but I have my life mapped out for me now."

"Since you have done it, you must be satisfied," Agatha said; and through the whirl in her brain she could hear that her voice sounded cold and unconcerned—and she was glad.

"At all events it is done," he said; "whether by my own will or not, can make no difference now."

If madame, in her secret heart, wished the pair ever so much to fall in love, her rigid French ideas of propriety, where young ladies were concerned, would not permit her to leave them longer alone; so she came trotting out of her bed-room, with the blue silk in her hand, talking as fast as ever.

In a little while Mrs. Masterton called to take Agatha home, and as her name was announced Robert Cairn took his leave, with no other farewell for Agatha than that odd conversation they had held during the moment of madame's absence.

II.

AGATHA got home and away from her frivolous relative, and alone in her own room could review the events of the past months, and through her trouble and cruel mortification, see how her beautiful cloud-palace was falling in ruins at her feet.

They only met twice after that, both times at little entertainments given Mrs. Masterton before her departure, and there was no word or look that the most ordinary acquaintance might not have bestowed. He said farewell to her when others were doing it—held her hand for an instant in his own, and added, gravely,

"Such a parting makes me understand what death is like. You will have a prosperous voyage, I am sure of that; may a long and happy life follow."

He was gone; and as Agatha Bourne watched

him pass down the room, she knew that they had parted forever.

Then came the tedious voyage, the solitary hours, the long days and nights in which, having nothing to occupy her thoughts, they dwelt with wearisome persistence upon one theme, and nearly drove her mad with shame and anguish.

She had given her heart to this man—she had loved him; and she asked herself bitterly, from what encouragement? A few tender looks; idle words of compliment, that had seemed to her fraught with deeper meaning; from the sort of mystery and romance which her girlish fancy had imagined invested his life. It had been all the vainest, most empty gallantry on his part; she had shown that she was pleased by his attentions; it had gratified his miserable man's vanity to lure her deeper into her beautiful dreams, to see that his coming made her eyes brighten, that his whispered words could move her to the very heart; and, to add to the bitterness of her lesson, he had felt it necessary to let her see plainly at the last how she had deceived herself.

It was horrible suffering to a proud woman. When the tiresome weeks were over, and they landed in America, it seemed to Agatha Bourne that she had lived years during that season. Terrible as it was to bear the ceaseless ache at her heart, the shame and humiliation were worse. Every recollection of that time must be wrenched from her soul, or she should go mad outright—that was the work before her.

So she took up life in the home of her childhood, and bore her burden as best she could. There were seasons when even her father's affection and aunt's kindness were insupportable torture; when the friends that came about her were odious, with their expressions of interest; when the earth was a prison-house, and the blue heavens only a pitiless roof that shut out all hope.

This was her inner life; outwardly it showed fair enough, and Agatha allowed no evidence of her unrest to be visible. There were numerous visitors at the house—Mrs. Masterton and her train of idle friends, many of the most prominent people of the period—and Agatha was the center of attraction, with her beauty and wit, while every pleasure was tasteless as ashes.

There was one man oftener a guest than any other—a son of Mr. Bourne's old friend, and formerly his ward. Hugh Morland was past thirty, now; and he had lived during a period that made men develop and age rapidly.

Agatha had known him all her life, and he had seemed almost like an elder brother to her. Even now his society was more agreeable than that of any human being; and though he could not have the slightest suspicion of the story which made her days one round of regret and humiliation, he seemed, oddly enough, as she often thought, to have a faculty of showing her a little light in her darkness, and through his wise, gentle counsels she came at last to understand that, however ruinous the trouble which scathed her heart, the world had not yet come to an end.

Events culminated rapidly in Agatha's life at this period. In less than four months after her return she was an orphan—her father died of a brief illness, which was hardly considered serious until a few hours before his death.

She spent the winter in the old house with aunt Dorothy, and Hugh Morland's visits were the only break in the monotony. They were pleasant to Agatha; and she grew to lean more and more upon his friendship and sympathy. She was a great heiress for those days, and when she chose to emerge from her seclusion, there would be a brilliant career before her. But the flower of enjoyment was gone out of her nature—she only longed to be quiet. Any thought of returning to Europe was abhorrent to her. The slightest reference from aunt Dorothy to the season she had spent there made Agatha feel so wicked and cross that it was difficult to conceal it; and she took herself often severely to task for finding the amiable old spinster such a wearing and tiresome companion.

One night that Hugh Morland staid there, aunt Dorothy went early to bed, in hopes of forgetting a nervous headache, and the two young people were left together in the library that Agatha made her usual abiding place of an evening, in preference to the great wilderness of a drawing-room, which she pronounced unendurable, unless filled with people.

Sitting there in the stillness, Hugh Morland told her his story—the secret which he had kept in his heart so long, which he had hardly meant to tell then, though it had lain close to his lips during these months, which he knew had pressed so hardly upon her.

She was startled; the words brought her a kind of pain, too, yet it was pleasant to think there was one human being in the world who held her so dear.

"Have I frightened you?" he asked, quickly. "Was I too abrupt?"

"I had not thought of this," she answered;

"you have been so good to me, like a kind, elder brother."

"And that is all?"

"I never thought of you in any other way," she said. "Don't be vexed with me, Hugh—I don't mean to be unkind."

"I know that, Agatha. But I have loved you so long; I think no man will ever love you better."

"I think in the whole world there can be no man whose love would be better worth having," she answered.

"Take care!" he said, tremulously; "that is almost a hope, Agatha."

"I believe I mean it for one," she said, honestly. "But I must be just to you—I must take time to think."

"And you shall have it—I will not tease you. When may I come back for my answer? See, I have to be here again in a week—will you answer me then?"

She bowed her head in sign of assent—and for the rest of the evening he was the gentle, patient friend she had always found him.

Then followed a week of solitude for Agatha, but before it ended her mind was made up. She would marry Hugh Morland; her life was so dreary and empty, and in his love she should find new hopes and interests. She haughtily shut out of her soul every thought of the past; shuddered with abhorrence at the recollection of her own weakness and self-deception, and marvelled that she could have allowed herself to waste regrets over a man who had proved so mean and empty a trifier.

Hugh Morland came back to the old house, and on the evening of his arrival, when they chanced to be alone, he said, quietly,

"How is it to be, Agatha?"

She laid her hand shyly in his extended palm, and the next instant she felt herself strained to his heart with passionate tenderness.

"I thank God for giving me this new blessing," he said, solemnly. "I will try to make you happy, Agatha. I am odd and reticent, but I shall not be so with you; and you will tell me when I am wrong—we will help each other."

"You are only too good to me, Hugh," she answered. "It is I who have a host of faults to be cured of. But there is something else I ought to tell you."

She hesitated a little, but she had decided that it was right to tell him everything about her poor little dream, and its effects upon her mind, though it was humiliating to confess that

she had been duped by her own vanity, if the blame was not thrown upon the object of her romance. But Hugh listened so patiently, and helped her out in her confession so kindly, that, after all, it was not half so bitter to tell the story to him as it was sometimes to think about it. He treated the whole matter lightly—not her pain—he was gentle and sympathizing there; but he proved so convincingly that it was only a bit of girlish romance, that Agatha believed so, too, for the time, put the whole weary history out of her mind, and hoped that she had done with it forever.

Aunt Dorothy was delighted in her prim, proper way, when she was informed of their engagement; and there was no one else whom Agatha considered it her duty to consult, never having been able to give into the prevalent idea that every human being able to claim the slightest relationship has a right to meddle in one's private affairs.

The winter softened into spring, and outwardly Agatha's existence passed in its old unvarying routine. But there was a great change perceptible to herself; there was a feeling of rest and peace in the consciousness of Hugh's loving care, that kept the loneliness and coldness out of her days. What her own feelings were she found it difficult to analyze; indeed, during that season she gave herself little opportunity to do so, content to float passively on, afraid of anything which might disturb her repose. But as the months glided by, Hugh began at last to plead for an end to his term of probation.

"I want you—I need you so much," he said. "My darling, I have tried to be good and patient; I would not distress you for the world, but I shall never have rest or peace until you are my wife."

He had his way; the time for their marriage was set, but from that hour the quiet that had surrounded Agatha like a charmed atmosphere was broken up, and the old fears and unrest came back. Seldom in his society, she could banish thought then, and find repose and strength in his tenderness; but there were many days when she was alone with her troubled fancies, and the darkness grew so heavy that she was at a loss how to turn. It was difficult to talk to Hugh of her feelings—not easy to explain them to herself. She could not bring her pride to admit that the old dream still held her in its thrall—it seemed such shame to her womanhood, that she shrunk from it as from some degrading thought.

The days passed into weeks; summer blos-

somed and died; the earth came—a year had elapsed since her death.

It was at the close of a beautiful September day that Agatha Bourne stood in her chamber gazing at her own image reflected in the mirror—looking with a sort of wonder at the unfamiliar white raiment, and the shining pearls upon her neck and arms. She was to be married that night, yet it all seemed like a dream. She had shut out aunt Dorothy and her old nurse, and dressed without assistance—she wanted to be alone. There she stood and stared at herself, and wondered if it could all be real, and grew afraid of the sudden tempest that billowed within her soul.

It was early yet, the sun was just setting; she should have a full hour to herself before Hugh, or the few guests invited would arrive. She took up a silk mantle that lay on the bed, wrapped it about her, and went down by a private stair-case which led from her room into the old-fashioned garden.

It was a lovely spot, the high wall covered by flowering vines, the autumn blossoms exhaling a faint perfume, like the breath of summer, and a solemn stillness all about, which subdued the tumult in Agatha's mind.

As she stood there, she heard her name pronounced. She could not believe that she had heard aright—often her senses had mocked her with the sound of that voice; again she heard it call,

"Agatha! Agatha!"

The next instant Robert Cairn was by her side, holding her hands in his, pouring out a torrent of incoherent words, while she stood there white as a ghost, the solid earth seeming to reel beneath her feet like a ship at sea.

"Don't you know me, Agatha?" he cried. "Didn't you believe that I would ever come? Agatha! Agatha! Say that you are glad to see me! Say that you forgive what seemed my coldness and tacit falsehood. I could not speak then, I was bound hand and foot. I have come to tell you the truth now."

The heavens seemed settling down in an awful night, through which Agatha could alone see that face; but in the midst of her despair she knew that whatever he had come to say, it was too late—she must not hear.

His head was bowed upon her hand. She could catch his tumultuous breathing as he tried to regain composure enough to speak. She had no strength to withdraw her hand—the other clutched the necklace that encircled her throat; the long mantle fell off, trailing over the ground, and displaying her white attire.

"Are you glad to see me, Agatha?" he repeated. "Let me say at once what I came to tell you—I love you—I love you——"

She drew her hand quickly away; she heard her voice, cold and stony, as if she had been dead.

"Hush!" it groaned. "Whatever you came for, it is too late—in an hour I am to be married."

Cairn started to his feet, gazed for an instant into her eyes with an agony that was like the pangs of death; then, without a word, he rushed away, not casting a single glance back.

III.

Through the mist and whirl which blurred her sight Agatha Bourne saw him go—she knew that it was forever. Never again in this world to hear his voice, to see his face! She could not bear it. Fate and heaven were too cruel upon her. The gates of Paradise had opened for an instant and closed, only to leave her in a darkness more complete and terrible than that which had surrounded her during the most poignant suffering of the past.

He must go, she had no right to call him back; amid the confusion of her senses she could realize that. Yet some inarticulate words broke from her lips as she sank upon the stone bench, and shut the light out with her shuddering hands.

Robert Cairn turned; there was such confession in the drooping, despairing attitude, that he would have been more than human if he could have found strength to go. She heard his step close beside her again, and looked up to meet his troubled eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I ought to have gone; just a moment longer—only to hear you speak once more."

Agatha's hands dropped into her lap; she sat quiet, looking up at him with a ghost of a smile on her lips.

"It is good-by," she said, faintly.

"I can't believe it!" he exclaimed, passionately. "It must be some horrible dream."

"Only dreams come to an end," Agatha murmured, "and life goes on—goes on."

"Didn't you know that I would come?" he cried out, with a man's impatience and recklessness. "Didn't you understand that I loved you, and would come if Fate ever set me free?"

"I mustn't hear," she answered, in a voice so cold and hollow that it might have proceeded from a stone image; "you must not tell me."

"For my sake, Agatha, let me be selfish enough to set myself right in your eyes! If

we were dead and meeting in another world, I should be free to tell you—this is like death, I must speak."

She could have borne her own pain, but not his. She would do anything to soften the despair that whitened his face.

"God remembers the living and the dead," she whispered; "try to think of that."

"I won't ask you about yourself, Agatha, I have no right; but I can't have you think me so utterly heartless and mean as I have been forced to appear. Did you believe me so, Agatha?"

"I tried," she said. "I may speak the truth now—I did try."

"But you felt that there was some reason back—some secret which would make me seem less heartless, if I could explain?"

"Yes; I felt that," she replied; "but I had no right to think! You had never told me that—that—"

"That I loved you? No; I did not dare, though it used to seem that the silence would drive me mad! I did not put it in words, but every word and look showed it; you had a right to expect that I would speak—it was more despicable than if I had broken the most solemn engagement."

"No," returned she, unable to bear that even his lips should utter such reproach of her old idol. "I was a foolish girl, unused to the world—"

"Don't!" he broke in. "I can't bear it! I say if I had done this wantonly, it would have been a meaner sin than a lie openly uttered; but I was not wicked, Agatha, only very weak! I ought never to have seen you after that first meeting, for when I left you that morning I knew already what you would be to me. But I could not stay away. Impassible as the barrier was between us, I could not deprive myself of the happiness of being near you, of hearing you speak. Oh! those weeks, those weeks!"

The very words that Agatha's aching heart had so often repeated; as she looked back through the after darkness upon that season, they found an echo in her soul now, but she shut her lips firmly and did not trust herself even to glance toward his face. She could not refuse him this opportunity of clearing himself; they must part forever: in all their lives to come there would be no second meeting; but she must let him speak now. She did not remember how much harder her burden would be to bear when his memory was freed from every doubt; she did not think of herself at all, only of him and his pain, and at any cost of suffering she would have listened.

"Do you remember them, Agatha?" he cried. "How bright they were! I would not think. I just dreamed on and shut my eyes to the end, that I knew must come."

It might have been the voice of her own heart lamenting over its beautiful vision—so many times it had uttered the same complaint. She could not speak yet, could not look at him; could only breathe a silent prayer for strength, for mercy upon them both.

"You didn't know it, Agatha," he went on, "but your own lips spoke the words that doomed me to go from you without even clearing up the secret that darkened my life."

She looked toward him now with a sort of despairing wonder in her face. Through the trouble in her brain there came the thought that, if she had done or said that which had made him believe she did not care for him, would it not be better if she could send him away now with the same belief? He might suffer less in thinking her coquettish and false than in knowing that her pain equaled his. But she could not do it; he must see the whole truth—as if they were both dead, she repeated to herself. She remembered the thrall that bound her; Hugh's patient, tender face rose before her; she would be true to her promise; but she could have no concealments from this man now.

"What did I say?" she asked. "What did I do?"

"I could not have asked your love—I would not have wronged you by asking you to share my fate—nameless, disgraced exile that I was; but at least I could have told you the whole truth."

"And my words kept you from it? I don't understand—I don't understand."

The sharp pain in her voice would have revealed her share in his suffering, if she had hoped to conceal it—but she had no care to do so.

"Do you recollect what you said one day about our country—of the war—the fate that any man deserved upon whom even a suspicion rested of having proved false to his duty?"

"Yes, I recollect."

"That sealed my lips."

"You don't mean that it applied to you?" she exclaimed. "I don't believe it—I will not believe it."

"Ah! thank you," returned he, in a tone that was fuller of pathos than any tears could have been; "do not believe it! But then I was powerless to bring the slightest proof to aid my word, and in men's eyes I was guilty."

"I should have known you were not," she cried, as eagerly as if she were defending his fair fame against some unjust accuser; "you might have trusted me."

"It could have changed nothing," he answered; "I must have seen you go just the same. If I had told you my poor story—if you had believed that I was innocent, it could not have broken down the barrier that separated me from you. I should have had no right to ask you to link your life with that of a man under suspicion and disgrace. If you had been willing, it would have been cowardly to accept such a sacrifice at your hands."

"But you came to tell me now," she said.

"Because now I have the right! Don't you understand, Agatha? My name has been cleared from the stain that covered it—I may claim it again. But when we first met, if you had heard me called Robert Rothsay, would you not have shrunk from me, and remembered the history attached to it?"

She comprehended everything now connected with his past, save the name by which his innocence had been established.

"No wonder you start, Agatha; no wonder, if you are afraid yet to believe in my honesty when I speak that name."

"I was not afraid—I do believe," she said, quickly. She was stretching forth her hand to lay it in his in token of assurance, but she remembered that she had no right; another man's kisses yet tingled on the palm: it was not hers to offer.

"I used to think nobody could," he went on, with a mournful calmness, "so I called myself by a name that belonged to my father's family, and at least was spared the shame of being denounced and spurned by any of my countrymen that I might chance to meet. It has been a long, long time to bear the load, Agatha—more than nine years that I have not heard my own name spoken; have wandered about the old world in a dreary exile, which I thought in this life could have no end."

"Robert," she murmured, softly, unconsciously. She had uttered the name that had been so familiar to her lips long before.

"It was hard enough, Agatha; but, oh, my God! I did not know what pain was till now! To stand cleared before the world; to be able to speak, to find it too late!"

He broke off with a shudder, and buried his face in his hands; and Agatha crouched lower upon the bench where she had seated herself, not venturing to watch his anguish. Presently she heard his voice again, speaking with the

despairing calmness which had steadied it when he began his story.

"I did not mean to say that, Agatha—I'll not complain! As the dead might talk together, that was what I told you—I shall not forget again. I want to tell you myself—you will hear it from others; but let me tell you."

"Yes, yes—go on; let me hear it from you."

"You know the bare details as the world knew them. It was said that a young lieutenant, Robert Rothsay, in the last year of the war, was believed to have held a traitorous correspondence with some of Cornwallis' officers, and to have gone over to the British lines when his scheme fell through."

"Yes, I knew that. I was always sorry for him, because the whole story seemed so vague and unlikely."

"Good, kind Agatha! Ah! I might think it was Fate that had softened your heart toward me in advance, only Fate has been so cruel to us since."

He stopped suddenly—this was but a repetition of the complaint with which he had vowed not to disturb her.

"This was the whole story," he said, when he could control himself again. "Sullivan was the colonel of my regiment, and my cousin. He hated me, because a mutual uncle, whose fortune he hoped to inherit, had quarreled with him for some misconduct, and openly avowed his intention of making me his heir."

"But he professed to be my best friend, and I, boy-like, was easily induced to trust him. He was made colonel soon after I joined the regiment, and treated me like an elder brother. He confided to me a plan by which he believed a great success might be given to our forces. But it was necessary to find some one who, for a time, would be willing to bear the odium of having deserted to the English. I can't tell you—it would be too long. I believed in his plans—I carried them out. I discovered almost at once the utter hopelessness of them, and saw clearly enough that it had only been his intention to ruin me. I succeeded in escaping to France. Sullivan wrote to me that while the war lasted he could not set me right, because of the bad effect it might have if any similar effort needed to be attempted. That was all—I lived on under the shame. The war ended. Years passed; my uncle died believing in my guilt, and leaving his fortune to my cousin. I could not come back here; could not claim my name; could only struggle on without even a hope that the future would bring any change."

Agatha was leaning forward, her hands clasped in her lap, her very soul in the gaze she fastened on his face. As he paused, she motioned him to proceed, but did not speak.

"You came, Agatha, and went from me—but I lived! Five months ago I met Sullivan in France. I helped him when he was in great danger, but I could not save his life. When he was dying he told the truth—at least as much as would serve to leave me free from reproach. ~~He was a sufferer~~ to leading men here, telling them that he had believed me dead, and so had neglected to do his duty before; screening his conduct as best he might; but I was glad to have him do that. There is nothing more, Agatha. I came at once to America; I landed in New York last night. I am here, and it is too late. Oh, Agatha! if you had only waited."

"I think heaven would not have it so," she answered, with a piteous quiver in her voice.

"I ~~have~~ tried to do right—I must try still. I had to put every thought of the past from my mind—to leave it alone as I would a grave."

"But now, now!"

"Nothing is changed—don't you see? Fate has decided for us. I think we must not even talk any more—never any more in this world."

"Oh! what have I done!" he groaned, "that I should be treated so much more hardly than other men!"

"Hush! don't say that! Some time we shall know. I can't see—I can't think; but up yonder we shall understand! Try to remember that—it will help me to believe that you try."

"I will try," he said; "I promise you! If only I could have come a few months ago—only a few months. I believe you are doing right, Agatha, and yet—to save this man pain, however good and noble he may be, you break two hearts."

"They are waiting for me by this time—may come in search of me. Oh! go away—go! I am as powerless to change anything as if you had not come for a year hence."

"I see—I must go."

They stood for a little gazing in each other's face. He took her hands, held them in his own, but did not even press his lips upon them. She heard a few broken words of farewell; then once more he moved away. This time he did not look back; he passed out of a gate that led directly into the fields and disappeared.

When he had gone, Agatha walked toward the house; the ground rocked as if shaken by an earthquake; the very heavens seemed to

bow, and an awful blackness gathered slowly about her, but she walked on.

She reached the steps—she was ascending them; there was a terrible rush and roar in her brain, as if the whole world had fallen into sudden ruin. She knew only that she was caught in Hugh Morland's arms, then an insensibility, that was like the blank of death, settled upon her senses.

IV.

WHEN Agatha Bourne's soul came back from that long trance, it was deep in the night. She lay upon her bed, a shaded lamp was burning in the room; her bewildered eyes caught the outlines of two figures standing at a little distance—she recognized her aunt and Hugh. Whether moments or hours had elapsed she could not tell; she remembered everything; called out some words which brought Morland to the bed.

"You must lie quiet," he whispered. "The people are all gone—I have sent them away."

"Gone?" she repeated. "Gone?"

"Yes; try to understand—you were taken ill. The doctor is here—please, see him."

Agatha was conscious that another figure stood by the bed, conscious that Hugh lifted and supported her as she made some desperate effort for breath; then everything once more faded slowly from her sight.

When Agatha's faculties again took hold of rational, reasoning life, more than a month had elapsed. The trouble and excitement of long weeks had ended in a brain-fever, from which, during many terrible days and nights, there seemed no hope that she could recover.

But consciousness came back at length, and though she was wasted and weak, the fever had left her, and the physician pronounced that her restoration to health was now only a work of time. On the day she woke, as she opened her eyes, she fancied she saw Hugh Morland rise from his chair and disappear.

"Hugh," she said.

But it was aunt Dorothy's voice that answered.

"I thought Hugh was here," continued Agatha.

"There is nobody here but me, dear," replied her aunt.

Agatha asked for a drink. Her aunt brought it. She complained of hunger, and was allowed to eat. From that time she began to recover rapidly, and was soon able to have her bed wheeled to the window, and sit propped up among the pillows, looking out at the land-

scape which had lost the last trace of summer, and showed bare and gray.

Hugh did not appear again, and at length Agatha asked for him.

"Where is he? I'm sure he was here while I was ill. Why doesn't he come?"

"He is down stairs," aunt Dorothy said. "He has hardly left the house since you were sick."

"Tell him to come up, I want to see him."

Aunt Dorothy went away, and presently Hugh came into the room. Agatha could see that he looked pale and thin, but his face was bright and cheerful, nevertheless.

"This begins to seem like getting well," he said, taking the wasted hand she held out to him. "This does us all so much good after these dreary weeks."

"I know how good you have been to me, Hugh," she said. "Lately I have known what was going on, though I could not speak—good, kind Hugh."

"Of course I am," he replied, smiling. "But you are not to be a bit sentimental; we are to laugh and grow fat, and be oysters at present."

She did laugh at that, though her lips quivered still.

"You see I kept them from cutting off your hair," he said, softly stroking the brown tresses that hung about her shoulders. "The doctor was crazy to get rid of all these curls."

"He always remembers everything," cried Agatha, and had to sob a little; but he talked playfully, and soon restored her composure.

For two or three days after he was in her room a good deal, but never unless she sent for him. He read to her, talked cheerfully of the slight things that would serve to interest an invalid, kept her thoughts pleasantly occupied, but never spoke a word of the old hopes, the old dreams.

She could think when alone—she had forgotten nothing. It seemed to her that she had been dead and brought back to life. She tried to shut out the past; but in spite of her efforts, her prayers for aid, the miserable unrest kept strength from coming back.

They allowed her to sit up one day, and after she was comfortably established in a great easy-chair, she wanted nurse to send Hugh. He came at once at her summons.

"Hush!" she said. "I want to talk to you."

"I thought you had been talking, every day, a good deal," he answered, smiling.

"Yes—but not that! I haven't forgotten, Hugh—you don't speak of it, you are afraid of

troubling me; but I remember what was to have been the evening I was taken ill."

"We won't talk about those things yet," he said, kindly; "you are not strong enough."

"Yes, I am," she replied. "This silence worries me."

"Nothing must worry you, Agatha," returned he, tenderly; "nothing! Come, what crotchet of that busy brain must we set at rest?"

"It isn't that! Only I wanted to tell you how I appreciate all your goodness and patience, and to say that—that I have forgotten nothing—that I take back nothing."

His fingers played softly with a ring on one of her hands.

"Such a brave, true Agatha!" he murmured.

"I want to be, Hugh—indeed, I do! You'll help me, won't you?"

"With all my power, in every way that I can—you may be sure of that."

"And I shall tell you just what I think?"

"Now and always, little one."

She sat still for a moment with her face turned away; but presently she looked back, trying to smile—to be his brave, true Agatha.

"I think we must not wait, unless you are tired of me," she said, slowly. "I am very fanciful, and very silly. I don't think I ought to be here by myself. I—I would rather you took me away, Hugh."

His hand lay quiet on hers. Once more she heard him murmur, softly,

"Such a brave, true Agatha!"

"A poor, weak, useless Agatha," she said, with a few quiet tears; "but I'll do my best—you'll help me, Hugh?"

"We'll both do our best, dear—be sure of that. But are you certain you are strong enough to talk about all these things?"

"Quite. I must, Hugh. I shall never get well till everything is settled. It won't harm me; see how quiet I am."

"Wait a minute," he said. He laid her hand down, and went out of the room. Presently he came back, and sat down by her again, holding her hand fast once more. She looked at him in a strange wonder; he was very pale, but there was a look on his face such as she had never seen there, which heightened it into something higher and better than beauty.

"I am going to tell you a story," he said.

She leaned back, looking at him wonderingly.

"Yes," she said, as he seemed waiting for her to speak, "a story."

"Once upon a time, to begin as you used to

like the fairy stories to," he went on, "there was a dull enough old student loved a young girl. He had loved her for a long time, and held his peace; but at last the time came when he thought that she might find more content in his care and tenderness than she could by herself—for she was not a happy girl, he knew that, though he could not understand what caused her trouble."

Agatha sat quiet, shading her eyes with one hand, the other still clasped in Hugh's.

"So he told her of his love, and she was willing to listen; she was patient and kind, and so brave! She meant to do right, and the man that she knew she would be helped. So she ~~was~~, but not as either of them expected. Are you listening, Agatha?"

She pressed his hand as a sign.

"You see human beings are very blind—and both the man and the woman were wrong, for all they wanted to be just and true to each other. The days and the weeks went on, and the time came when they were to be married—yes, almost up to the very hour; but there was a wisdom higher than their's yet to interpose. Then came back the true prince—the man she had really loved—a noble prince, worthy of her affection. Don't stir, Agatha—I am almost through now.

"He came, this poor prince, and told her what had kept him from her; but they both thought it was too late now to claim their happiness. In their true greatness they were ready to sacrifice it to that of the dull, old student who was better fitted to be the girl's faithful brother than her husband. So they parted, but strong as the dear princess thought herself, her heart broke, and——"

"No, Hugh, no!" she interrupted. "How did you know? I am glad you ~~do~~! Try to believe me—I will do right——"

"Hush, dear! Didn't I say that you should. Let me tell my story out. The student came into the garden, and was forced to listen. After the first he knew that he ought to stay and hear it all—that God had sent him, lest

he should be guilty of a great wickedness. Do you know what the end was, Agatha?"

"Yes," she gasped. "The girl kept her word—in time she would come to think of the past as the dead do——"

"That would not have been true bravery," he interrupted, gently, "though she would have meant it to be. That was not the end, little one. The prince was found, brought back to his lost idol; and it was the old student who gained a higher happiness than anything else could have given him, in bringing the pair face to face. Agatha, look up!"

The door opened. Like one in a dream she watched Robert Rothsay enter. She saw Hugh lead him toward her, felt him join their hands, heard his voice again,

"God bless you both! and God be praised for the end!"

Smiling to the last, he went away and left them together—the fairy story had become reality.

Hugh Morland lived almost up to the time in which I write; and I ~~shall~~ never heard of a more quietly happy life than his was. God seemed to ask nothing but that one act of renunciation on his part to make him fit for a peace and rest such as few souls are worthy to attain this side heaven.

Robert Rothsay and his wife lived long to enjoy their happiness, their wealth, their position, the love of beautiful children: and always the most welcome visitor at their hearth was Hugh Morland.

When they did go away to the life beyond this, they were happy to the last in being permitted to depart so nearly together, that one could fancy Rothsay's soul waiting a few hours on the threshold of its new existence till hers was ready to follow. Hugh Morland remained, but the children of the pair for whom he had given up his youth, were left, too; and their devotion brightened his great age with a loving solicitude, such as is granted to few who are forced to linger on beyond the narrow span of years mercifully appointed to most men.

CHASTENED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THE griefs that visit me
Are blessings yet to be.
Oh, Lord! prepare my heart,
Thy chastening rod to meet!
While lowly at Thy feet
To me Thy grace impart.

And when Thy hand distills
O'er me these seeming ills,
Oh! fill my soul with prayer,
That Thou hast power to heal,
Oh! give me faith to feel,
And help my heart to bear.

CLEMENT MOORE'S VOCATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

From the time Clement Moore put off short dresses and pantalettes, she was set apart by her family as a genius—a genius and eccentric! She was still young, only about seventeen, when she began, as her maiden aunt expressed it, to carve out her own life; that is to say, she came to the town of Carrville, took boarding with this aforesaid aunt, converted a little shanty in the garden into a studio, and there moulded in clay and painted in oils.

There were other traits, which to women who have always run in the New York, or Philadelphia grooves, might set her apart as more noticeable than these. She could not but see for herself that she was unlike all other women that she had known. There were passions, trances, which it shamed and cowed her to name, so different were they from the thoughts of those around her. Joys and pains unutterable throbbed in her blood and racked her brain alternately; and in these joys and pains, no one, of all those she knew, could sympathize. They came to her in music, or at the sudden sight of a beautiful landscape, or through the hearing of a noble word or deed. Could she but make real these vague dreams: could she but create the beauty that moved and pained her so—give to the world something to make it glad that she had lived! The girl was wretched, or in ecstasy, by turns. To-day, her models and her pictures were lumps of clay, or meaningless daubs of paint to her; to-morrow, she could discern faint flashes of the infinite beauty gleaming through them. In her former mood, in her fits of self-abasement her manner was haughty, sullen, defiant; but in these later moods, and when sure of her God-given power, no one could be more winning or humble.

Clement was only seventeen, but she was older in some respects, and had a fuller career to look back upon than many a woman of twenty-five. There were one or two trunks full of love-letters and billet-deux in the back part of her studio; there was a disorderly mass of ball-dresses, all ripped and soiled, relics of two winters' campaign in the capital. Her flirting and waltzing had been fast and furious. "One must press the grape hard to know what

the juice is worth," she was wont to say. But all this was passed and gone. She lived now as recluse as a nun.

When she walked up the village street, the women passed her superciliously. Whether she danced, painted, or studied book-keeping, her red-hot energy made her intolerable and aggressive to others of her sex. "She was like an engine," the girls said, "with a full head of steam on and the valves down." The men, on the contrary, found her exhilarating: perhaps, because they admired the moulding and pose of the large, almost majestic figure; and found mellow tints and effects which they liked in her warm skin and jet black eyes.

At the door of her studio, one evening, a man sat waiting for her. There was a wooden bench on either side of the broad flag-stone. The afternoon sun shone on it pleasantly, and a great, black walnut rustled overhead. The man, who rose to meet her, toned in well with the rich, warm picture. Clement's artist eye contracted, as it did when it was satisfied.

"Sit down, sit down, colonel," she said. "It is a relief to look at you, after three months' experience of the men here."

"They are not of your kin nor kind? I am glad, my darling." He spoke with luscious tenderness of manner.

She paused a moment; then answered, "They're lean and sallow as a rule, that is what I mean. It may be that their lineage is more scholarly than ours, or it may be the limestone water here about—I don't know."

Col. Ashby laughed, and seated himself opposite to her on the bench, the gold head of his cane to his lips, looking critically at her.

Her whims of speech never broke the summer calm of his temper. He was of a different type from the cold, careful-mannered men of Carrville. Young; with a florid, altogether masculine beauty; with easy, careless dress and manners; a good-humored smile; military walk and whiskers; thin, red skin, that hinted at choice wines in his cellar; and the air of one accustomed to command, and to give favors—Col. Ashby, the representative of one of the oldest families of Kentucky, rich, popular, a Congressman, who, young as he was, carried weight—this was exactly the man, one would have

thought, to become Clement Moore's husband. Their world had said so long ago, at any rate; and his manner said so now, with the least bit, perhaps, of offensive fervor.

He put it into words presently: "You know why I have come, Clement?"

"Yes."

"You are my betrothed wife. For three months I have not heard of, nor from you. Even your eccentricity must have its limit."

She laughed. "I believe your good-humor has none," she said. Then she grew violently hot, and sat silent.

He would not speak, but waited.

"I knew this day would come," she said, at last. "Give me an hour to myself, and you shall have my answer. No! Not a word!" lifting her hand when he began to speak. "Nothing you can say will plead for you as my own heart does."

Clement rose, as he spoke, and walked with him to the gate, her hat in her hand, her black hair uncoiled, as usual, and hanging untidily down her neck, keeping step with his long strides. Ashby noted the mannishness and untidiness with annoyance. But it would right itself, he thought; she was a grand creature, physically, and her blood was good. None better! He was very fond of Clement, as he knew her.

"Where do you stop?" she said; for they chatted as they went, as one man would with another.

"With Shober, the judge. You know him?"

"Yes, I know him," her eyes losing expression. They lightened or dimmed, as she talked, with her passions, like a bird's or a dog's. "I hate the man."

"Yes. Shober was born antagonistic to you, Clement. I fancy he was sour, ascetic, cold in his cradle. Women can't like such men. Marriage was a mistake for him: and those four, uncouth, gangling boys live to prove it. It is a dreary house."

"It is a dreary house! The air is like a burying vault."

When Ashby had left her, he smiled at her vehemence. If she should carry that heat into her love for him!

Clement, when alone, locked her door, pushed the chairs out of her way, and seated herself heavily on the floor to think. Could she marry George Ashby? Once she had thought she loved him. But she was younger then. She feared now that she loved her art more. And yet a home, husband, children: she thought of it all. Custom (an iron code for most women)

had its weight. All Kentucky girls of good family became engaged, and married.

On the other hand, any home, even the magnificence of George Ashby's, would, she knew, be but a jail for her. As for children, they were nothing to her but annoying animals. And, her art? She looked about her. Yet what was here that she should unwomanize herself for the love of it? People began already to stand off from her: it would not be long before she would be left ~~alone~~—alone! And, perhaps, after all, her art would come to nothing.

She sat a good while with her chin in her hand, the tears oozing into her large, black eyes. Then she thought of her art again. She got up, going from picture to bust, touching one now and then, even kissing them, exactly as a mother would her children. They were the only things which had ever wakened the mother-instinct in her. Her mind was made up. She would not marry, she would live for her art.

She went out of the room, just when the pleasant evening light was changing into melancholy shadows, looking tired and faded. There were no such things as calm emotions to this girl, nor trifles; they were all matters of life and death to her.

She met George Ashby outside, and told him what she had resolved. "I shall live for my art," she said. "I think God has given me a talent, and I will not bury it in the earth."

There was honest love on Ashby's side, so far as his nature was capable of it, but he bore his disappointment like the manly fellow that he was.

"I suppose you are right, Clement," he said, bravely. "You're always right. It don't matter about me. I never knew a woman who was so fit to stand alone as you."

When he was gone, she went back and worked all night. She thought the trial of her life was past; the pain of it came afterward, perhaps.

A year or two went by. The people of Carrville saw little of Clement. No day-laborer worked harder than she. She painted steadily. "If it is to be my work for life, I must be an apprentice, not an amateur," she said, and began with the rudiments again.

I remember how we children used to hurry to one side as we met her on our way to school; how big and awkward she seemed, sweeping along with her voluminous skirt, and man's corduroy sacque; so blind to all about her, that she walked over, or literally upset us sometimes, picking us up with a "Lord bless me!" and gur-r of a laugh, in her rich, but unmodulated voice. Yet we always felt oddly

akin to her; probably from her overgrown, unfinished look and manner, like a child suddenly developed into a woman.

She grew very pale and thin before the second winter was over, but remained always just as headlong and good-humored. Then a rumor came that a picture, or sketch, she had made, had been sent to her uncle in Baltimore, and by him submitted to some foreign artist, at that time visiting the States: who I do not know; but the authority was high and decisive. He thought the picture worth notice; so much, indeed, that he determined in his tour through the States to go down to Carrville to meet the young aspirant, and decide what course would be best for her, and whether her promise of power would warrant her giving up her life to the profession. Her uncle, old Dr. Cranmer, accompanied him, and brought him, when they arrived at Carrville, straight to Judge Shober, who had been a pupil of the doctor's in his youth.

They came at night. Early the next morning I saw Clement going up to the judge's—a bald, staring, brick house in the midst of an acre of ground. She looked sallow and ill; wore her corduroy sacque, (I noticed that), and a brown silk skirt, with one or two tears in it, stitched with white thread. Her portfolio had been sent on before. She had a long interview with her uncle and the artist; the carriage waiting at the door, meanwhile, to take the latter to the train.

Everybody in the village, in some way, knew that her fate was to be decided in that hour; and when the two men came out, stepped into the carriage, and were driven off, we looked after the dust of their wheels with an awe-struck wonder. Art and its mysteries belonged to a world so far away from ours!

It was a bright morning in May. The sunshine fell pleasantly through the dusty, uncurtained window of the judge's parlor, where Clement stood—but it was all that was pleasant in the room—the ceiling was high, the room wide; but they offered only a larger field for the dirt and discomfort. The wall-paper was stained, the paint yellow, the carpet ragged; two or three chairs, and a stiff sofa, covered with haircloth, with the stuffing oozing out at every corner, were ranged about a square mahogany table, greasy and inky, on which lay her portfolio. There were some bookshelves, piles of newspapers, and a pair of muddy shoes on the mantle-shelf, between two vases of dirty wax-flowers. A rocking-chair, with a broken cane-seat, rocked to and

fro, some one having touched it; and it gave a forlorn life to the scene. Outside was the square acre of ground, surrounded by a high, broad fence, the grass trying vainly to force its way through the clay; a heap of ashes in one corner. House and lot were the dreary camping-ground where Judge Shober, and his four sons, had lived, for the last fifteen years, without a woman to make it a home.

The door behind Clement opened, and Judge Shober came in. He went straight to the window and stood beside her, quite silent, looking out at the trodden clay and ash-heap. A tall, hardworked-looking man, with a singularly cold, staid manner.

"Have you nothing to tell me, Miss Moore?" he said, at last, speaking as a teacher might to a pupil.

Clement went to the table and took up her sketches. One might have fancied she meant, in some way, to protect herself against him by them.

"It is all over," she said.

"How?"

"I am to go to Rome. He promises me his aid there, and friends."

"Nothing more?"

"Success!"

The triumph that rose into her face, as she said this, spiritualized it, for the moment, and made it beautiful. He was silent, looking at her with a smile that grew each moment more cynical and bitter.

"In a word, you subjected yourself to this fellow to be weighed and judged for life; and after a quarter of an hour's inspection, he records his verdict as final. I have known you for years. I tell you that these pictures," laying his hand on them gravely, "are worthless—worthless."

"So did he."

"I tell you," angry heat rising in his thin face, "that they are crude, faulty in execution, and the idea tawdry."

"He saw it all. He was more savage in his criticism than you."

She waited for him to speak, but he stood looking at her with the same absorbing cold eyes. Her own rested on them—some secret meaning passing between them with an electric flash. Whatever it was, it shook her as with a spasm of pain. She crumpled the papers up slowly in her large hands, as they lay on the table.

"No, not so cruel as you," she said, quietly. "He tells me that I have power. God did not make a mistake when he made me. This man

gives me a chance for happiness and fame. But you——"

"I? Well, what have I given you?"

She wiped the cold sweat from her forehead. When she spoke, her voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

"You have weighed me in your balance for years, and found me wanting. I dare to speak the truth to you at last. You have been kind to me; in your pity you have given me advice and friendship, as you gave a crust of dry bread to the beggar at your gate. Pity!" She spoke with intense scorn. "I know what I am in your eyes."

"What are you?"

"A poor creature," rising now to headlong passion. "A poor attempt of Nature that has failed; with neither the attractive body of a woman, nor the mind of a man. Oh!" she suddenly sobbed, throwing her hands up over her face. "Do you think I do not know what I am?"

He made a step toward her, and then drew back into the recess of the window, and stood silent until her passion had sobbed itself quiet. The atmosphere of dead coldness about him had long maddened the girl with what she called hate. To him she was apparently always a child, always faulty, worthy of pity.

No one in the world was barred from her by distance so impregnable.

And yet——

One time, long ago, when he had touched her hand, once when she had found his eyes fixed on her in a crowd, no one in the world had seemed so near. She had been mad—mad enough to see a real man concealed behind the quiet cynic, and to fancy that she first had discovered, and known him. If these passionate dreams came back to her now, his cool, common sense speedily banished them.

"Miss Moore!"

She dried her eyes hastily with sudden shame. To everybody else she was "Clement," to be loved, laughed at, disliked; to him she was "Miss Moore," in utter indifference. His wife had always been to him only Mrs. Shober.

"You forget the difference there is between us, when you accuse me so bitterly," he went on, speaking in his calmest, most dispassionate manner. "You are young, wealthy;" he hesitated; "other men have found you fair. You have a brilliant path before you. I did but jest when I questioned this stranger's verdict. I knew it to be just. Few women have as great strength given to them, or see as clearly how to use it."

Clement was as calm as he, as she answered, "You have drawn my life—now for your own?"

"It is patent to all men," he answered, hastily. "A man, old enough to be your father; a poor lawyer, in a poor village; for my sole duty and ambition, four sons to clothe, feed, and rear into the image of God as best I can. If life brings to you tropic fruits, she has begrudged me even the dry husks," and he ended with a bitter laugh.

Clement buttoned her corduroy coat, leisurely, before she answered him. But her fingers, which he watched with eager eyes, shook.

"Life gives us what food we choose," she said. "You offer to your friends and neighbors the dry husks, and they give them to you in exchange. You have their respect. But you are a man with whom no man, and certainly no woman, has ever walked in company."

He made no reply. He turned and looked quietly out at the sun shining on the clay-yard and ashes. When she was ready to go, he opened the door for her, following her through the ante-room into the broad hall, and out on the porch.

The house had been stately in its day—now it was shabby, commonplace, and vulgar. His boys came in from school, awkward, overgrown fellows, with cowed, slouching glances at their father as they passed him, which betrayed how stern his rule was. The eldest was about Clement's age; a warm throb came into her heart for them, perhaps some feeling which would have spent itself elsewhere, if it had not been thrust back and stifled. She would like to be a chum of theirs, she thought; a good fellow in company. They had never known a mother, never been petted, or loved. A sudden blush dyed her face. Oddly enough she was conscious, for the first time to-day, of her unclean, slovenly dress.

John Shober looked after his boys with a sorrowful tenderness, which Clement was sure he had never suffered them to see. But he said nothing. He stopped at the gate and held it open for her, standing bareheaded; the wind blew back his hair. She looked beyond him, through the gate to the barren yard and dreary house, from which came the sound of the boys squabbling.

He read her thoughts. "In Rome," he said, "there is beauty, the work for which you were born—and success. Your way lies there; here is mine."

Clement Moore went back to her studio and began to work with feverish energy. Before

sundown pictures, sketches, outline-books, were ashes alike in the grate. "He called them worthless. I will do something worthy of his praise," she said, forcing back the tears. She packed her clothes, for she meant now to leave Carrville the next morning, although the friend whom she would accompany to Italy would not sail for a month.

"What does this haste mean, Clement?" said her aunt, standing aghast. "You had no thought this morning of going to-morrow."

"No. But I cannot stay in Carrville. I must burn my ships behind me."

Clement's words were usually enigmas to the old lady; she asked no explanation. When the little house, in which she had been so happy, was dismantled, she went into the woods beyond the meadow, and sat down by the creek.

She had pushed her corduroy sacque and torn skirt into the fire with as vehement haste as though they had been living things which had injured her. "Other men *did* think me fair," she had said again and again to herself; and she had chosen out a dress of some maroon-colored, gauzy fabric, which some one had told her once was becoming to her. "But it's too late," she said, with dry eyes. "I have been blind, blind." She put on the dress, however, and her large arms and shoulders gleamed white under it as through brown vapor. Her hair, yet wet and curly from the bath, she had gathered up in a heavy knot.

She could have cried for herself as she sat there. This little effort to be like other women seemed so pitiful to her, and so vain.

The evening grew late; the reddish color of the sky began to purple overhead; the midges thickened in the air, about the dark, sedgy banks of the creek beside her. From the village came the slow tolling of the sundown bell. The trunks of the trees were in shadow, but the branches a-top rustled green and glistening in the sunset. Clement was quite alone. She was going in the morning forever, yet nobody cared to stay with her to say good-by. Yet she was an honest creature, full of common sense, wholesome, genuine to the core; there was not an atom of sham, of caprice, of ill-nature in her; no mean little traits morticing the larger ones.

Perhaps she felt her desertion. It costs the strongest woman a wrench at heart to be alone. It may have been that which brought the strange look into her face, which never had been there before. "It is not my fault," she whispered to herself.

Presently she got up and turned through the woods homeward, crunching the bushes beneath her heavy steps. Suddenly she saw John Shober before her. He was on his way from the village, and had taken this short cut through the woods. He stood still. She stopped a moment, and then went on. Why should she not meet him? They were strangers, as they had always been.

"You are going in the morning, Miss Moore?" he said, with a smile of apparent satisfaction.

"Yes."

"Then I can bid you farewell now?"

He came up to her close, closer, and, for the second time in his life, took her hand in his.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by." But he held her still, looking in her eyes steadily. "You told me," he said, "that I gave you advice and friendship. You were right. Nothing more, Clement," dropping her hand. "Nothing more."

"What more?" she cried.

"Shall I tell you?" turning on her. "Did I ever mean to tell you? Do you think I was mad enough to ask a beautiful, brilliant girl, who might be my daughter, to come into that filthy den yonder, to spend her life in kitchen and housework, and slaving for my boys, because I have been fool enough to love her? No. I am a middle-aged man. I have learned common sense. I am a boy no longer." He stood motionless, and did not let her go. "But, oh! my darling, I have loved you so long!" he cried, with a sudden outburst; and somehow his arms were about her, and her warm mouth was pressed to his, which is hardly the course which common sense would have advised in such a case.

He pushed her from him at last.

"God forgive me. I never meant to trouble you. Go now."

"But if I do not want to go?" whispered Clement. The unmodulated voice was suddenly grown sweet with joy and pathos.

His passionate frenzy was over, and he was himself again—a man who knew the world, and looked at it in a stern and matter-of-fact fashion. He held his love, and this one chance of great happiness away from him, and viewed it in the same way. Yet he trembled, in his forced coolness.

"You do not know what you say. You are but a child. People would say I had cheated you into marriage in your ignorance. I am a poor man, Clement, you are wealthy."

She nodded.

"My wife's life would be a hard one. My

first duty is to my boys, and she should not tempt me from it."

"I don't think you know your duty to your boys," in a whisper.

"Eh? I do not hear you. Do not jest, girl! This is no light matter to me. You said no woman ever had loved me; you spoke the truth more bitterly than you knew. My wife loved another man. She is dead now. But I have been alone—alone always. I thought God made you for me. But I do not forget circumstances; I am not mad."

Clement kept one hand on his arm. Her eyes sparkled with tears and mischief. "One does not wish to plead one's cause too hotly," she said, with a shy blush.

But Shober did not smile. "I do not fear the world," he cried. "But some day you may say that my passion hurried you to your ruin. You have been called to a great work, your art—"

"I think I see my work," she said, gently. "Let us walk on and talk the matter over."

One knows the end of all such reasonable conferences. Let us be rational as we will about the work of woman, and the fields suited for that work, but when love comes in, the best laid schemes will "gang aft agley."

Of course, Clement married John Shober, and to this hour has never seen Rome. But she has had no time, I fancy, to fold any of her talents comfortably away in a napkin. I remember the Shober house, a few years after she entered it; especially the ground which was added to it, and which blossomed into the quaint, oddest fashioned of orchards and gardens. There were always the shadiest walks, the crimsonest plum-trees, and absolute thickets of roses. You generally met two or three toddling babies there—for Clement was the doting mother of half a dozen. It was the happiest house to visit in, the young people all assid—and everybody visited there. The missing link, which was needed to fasten Clement to her human brothers and sisters came to her through her husband. There was no half-way

measures with her, as you know. She was energetically loveable, the prudentest wife, the merriest, most tender mother, the most tactful friend. The boys, growing up to be young men, were never tired of bringing their school-mates to the house to introduce them to "mother," who had jolly little suppers for them, tableaux, charades, sudden picnics, which were something to remember for life.

John Shober grew almost into a genial companion and active citizen, after a few years of the dew and sunshine of his new life. But he never was popular as his wife was. He lived behind her, as it were; put her between himself and the outside world, showed his secret-self only to her eye.

But what did Clement do? She had been called to so high a mission, somebody questions. Did she teach her babies merely to make kites, and dress dolls?

I am afraid she spent a good deal of time at just such work. But she did something more, taught the Shober boys Latin and drawing—fitted Ben for college, in fact. They have grown up manly, high-bred fellows, with a curious reverence for God and women, which, I think, was one of Clement's old-fashioned, chivalric notions, with which she inoculated them. When her husband died, she managed the estate herself, planted and ploughed, sold and bought. "No work is unwomanly, if one is a true woman," she said.

She is content now with the work her daughters give her: they have no nearer friend than she. They suffer in comparison with her, too; for she is one of the fairest, most loveable, attractive, yet stately of matrons; her rare sense of color always shown in her beautiful dress. Now and then, a genial bit of brusquerie breaks out, and shows the old Clement.

"But your art?" was said to her, one day.

"The talent was buried, after all."

Her face shone suddenly.

"My Alice has it all," putting her hand on a little fair head beside her. "It is better so. I had other work to do."

AT REST.

BY CATMARINE ALLAN.

Thy weary strife is o'er.

The days of anxious care,

The nights of black despair,

Thank God! shall come no more.

At last, at last at rest!

From toil, and grief, and pain,

And every earthly stain,
In heav'n, among the blest.

Hushed are the tears we shed:

The face, so full of peace,

Tells of the glad release:

Rev'rent, we kiss the dead.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

A MAN came riding along the highway which led from Paris to the palace of St. Cloud, where the royal family of France had taken up its abode. A lady, stationed in one of the upper windows of the palace, seemed to be watching, for she leaned from the open window and looked keenly after the man, as if trying to recognize him with certainty. The horseman was looking earnestly toward the building, and she saw his face clearly. There was no mistaking those features after seeing them once. The great leonine head, with its shock of heavy hair; the seamed cheeks, and massive jaw, could only belong to one man, Count Mirabeau.

The Duchess de Polignac, for it was no less a person who had been placed on the watch, drew slowly away from the window, that the man who searched the house so closely might not see her. Then she stole from the room, and crossing some intervening apartments, entered the presence of Marie Antoinette, whose friend and confidential lady she had been for some dangerous years.

The queen was walking up and down the room in a state of unusual agitation. You could see by the light in her fine eyes, and the compression of her mouth, that she was about to undertake some task utterly distasteful to her. She turned sharply as the duchess came in, and said, with unusual imperiousness,

"Well!"

"He is here, your highness. He has just passed."

"Alone?"

"On horseback, and quite alone!"

"Look again, and tell me which way he goes."

The duchess left the room, and Marie Antoinette resumed her impatient walk, now folding her arms, then tearing them apart, and resting them on her bosom for a moment, as if to hold back the fierce swelling of her heart. There had been a terrible struggle before that proud woman and brave queen could prevail upon herself to give the reprobate count the meeting which he had come to St. Cloud that day to

claim from her promise. She had been reasoned with by her friends, persuaded by the king, and at last had given a reluctant consent to see this man, who had always been persistently denied access to her presence. Now, in the sore strait to which royalty, in France, was driven, she had come to this sad humiliation, and was about to meet Count Mirabeau, the renegade from his class, the coarse noble, the eloquent leader of a riotous people, in private, and utterly alone.

But time wore on, and Polignac did not return. Had she been mistaken? Had the man passed them, in the coarse mockery so natural to his character, thus flinging back years of contempt upon her, and scoffing at the concessions she had been compelled to make? The proud blood of Marie Therese burned in her veins as the thought flashed across her brain. She clenched her hand in an agony of shame, and stood in the centre of the room, listening with the breathless eagerness of a girl waiting for her lover. Yet she hated this man with a thorough revolt of her whole nature. He was utterly disgusting to her taste as a woman, and she thoroughly despised the means by which he had obtained the power she dreaded, and was ready to conciliate.

The duchess came at last. She had gone to one of the topmost windows of the palace, and from thence had seen the count ride along the highway toward a distant grove, where he had evidently left his horse; for directly he came forth again, and passed into the Park, where he was now loitering, apparently, but making quiet progress toward the place of rendezvous.

Marie Antoinette drew a deep breath; at least she had escaped a possible insult from the man she loathed. He had been faithful to his appointment. She must go and meet him.

The beautiful woman and the proud queen went hand-in-hand with Marie Antoinette. It was not enough that she could command homage by her state; in order to make it perfect, she must win it by those womanly charms, which few men had ever resisted. In order to bind this man to her chariot-wheels, she must win

him to her side, body and soul. There must be no appearance of dislike in her manner to him. All the force of her beauty and genius must be brought against him. He was not to be convinced by argument, but won in spite of himself.

No woman that ever lived—save, perhaps, Mary, of Scotland, who was not more lovely in her person than this unhappy Queen of France—could better have performed the task before her. She was still beautiful. What she had lost of youth came back to her in the dignity and assured grace of ripe womanhood. The necessities of her life had brought tact and keen perception with them. But she knew that all these qualities would be taxed to their utmost. The man she had to deal with was brilliant, keen, unprincipled; but she knew that with such men there is sometimes a feeling of chivalric devotion where women are concerned, which, once enlisted, amounts almost to honor. These were the thoughts that made Marie Antoinette so earnest and so restless. She hated the task allotted her, but for that reason was the more resolved to accomplish it. Her dignity as a queen, and her supremacy with the sex, demanded it.

"Yes, I must go now," she said, drawing a shawl of black lace, which Polignac brought, over her head and shoulders. "It will not do to keep this man waiting. Ah! it is hard when a Queen of France is brought to this, my Polignac. Wait for me, and watch that no one follows."

"How beautiful you are!" said the duchess, as she arranged a fold of the shawl. "I never saw a finer flush of roses on your cheeks!"

"It is the shame breaking out from my heart, duchess—shame that my mother's child should be so humbled."

Perhaps it was; but the woman was triumphing in her talent and her beauty all the time, else why had she put on that exquisite robe, with its silken shimmer of greenish gold, or held the black lace, that fell over it like a shadow, so exquisitely over the red roses in her bosom? She had made many conquests in her life; but never that of a human animal, so brilliant in his coarseness as this Count Mirabeau. Away in the Park was a little temple, or a summer-house, in which members of the royal family, sometimes, rested themselves after a fatiguing walk. It had been arranged that the count should await the royal lady in this pretty building. Marie Antoinette walked away from the palace so quietly that no one of her household heeded her departure, for it had

always been her habit to walk alone, or with attendants, in the Park of Versailles, or St. Cloud, as the caprice might come upon her. So she sauntered on quietly enough while the palace was in sight; but the moment it was shut out by the trees, her step became rapid, and her breath came quickly, and she moved forward in vivid excitement, as if preparing herself for an encounter with some splendid wild animal.

She reached the summer-house just as the sun was pouring a flood of crimson and gold into the violet shadows that lay among the trees which sheltered the little temple. The windows, where they were visible through the clustering ivy and flowers, blazed with the arrowy light that broke against them, and the soft grass that lay around grew ruddy in the rich light.

This seemed a good omen to the queen, who stepped lightly over the turf and entered the temple where Mirabeau was standing, so swiftly that he had hardly time to turn from the window, where he had been watching for her, before she stood face to face with him.

Marie Antoinette had never been within speaking distance of this magnificent demagogue before. She was astonished by the wonderful power that lay in supreme ugliness. His face had the fascination which some wild animals possess, and his deep-set eyes dwelt upon her with the half-sleepy, half-pleading look which these animals have when but half aroused.

She came forward, radiant from her walk, fresh from the soft breeze that had swept over her, but a little shyly, as a woman of pure modesty meets a stranger. When Mirabeau saw her face, and the light that shone in those splendid eyes, he sunk upon one knee, and bent his head, but not so low as to conceal the smile that transfigured all his face.

"Ah, madame! how long I have pined and prayed for this hour," he said, lifting his eyes to her face with an expression that made her breath come fast, for it changed the whole aspect of that face like a miracle, and drew her toward him with a fascination that troubled her; for hatred of the man had been to her a sure safeguard, and she began to tremble lest it should pass away from her. She expected audacity, but looked down upon a strong, powerful man, who had thrown himself at her feet with the docility of a Newfoundland dog.

"Arise, Monsieur Count," she said, smiling upon him; and she was astonished to find how naturally the smile came to her lips. "If we

have not been friends before, it is rather our misfortune than yours."

"Ah! if your highness could have thought so! But my enemies prevailed against me until it is now almost too late."

"Nothing is too late for a man like Mirabeau," said the queen again, motioning that he should arise. "You, who have taught the people of France to hate their king, can, with the same powers of eloquence, convince them that he is their best friend."

Mirabeau arose to his feet, and again that smile flashed over the woman, who could not turn her eyes from the marvelous brightness that transfigured his face.

"Ah! if I had the power your highness awards me, and you would deign to use it, no slave of the thousands who have knelt at your feet would be so grateful as Mirabeau."

The queen seated herself on a divan that curved in with the walls of the temple. Mirabeau followed, and stood near her; but she swept the folds of her dress together, and motioned that he should take the place by her side.

"This is honor, better still, happiness," he said, accepting the seat. "How often, fair queen, have I wondered why you kept me from you. Never in the world had sovereign a more devoted subject."

Marie Antoinette sighed heavily; she began to comprehend how much power had been flung away in keeping this man from the court. She could appreciate now the wonderful influence he possessed with the people.

"But now," she said, sweetly, "cannot the past, with all its mistakes, be forgotten? Of all people in the world, a sovereign is most likely to be deceived with regard to those who surround him. We were led——"

Mirabeau forgot that it was the queen who spoke, and with the same impetuous roughness which made his popularity with the people, broke in upon her half-finished sentence.

"You were led to believe me wild, unprincipled, selfish; a man who belonged to the people only because he was rejected by his own class. Part of this is true, but more false. Had you deigned to call me to your aid, madame, a more devoted slave would not have lived."

Marie Antoinette sat in supreme astonishment. How was she to reach this man—through his greatness or through his sins?

For the first time in her queenly life Marie Antoinette doubted herself. In Mirabeau she saw the two contending elements which already distracted France—the refinements of the court and the fierce strength of its antagonists, inordi-

nate self-love and ready self-abasement. She knew at once that her intellect, clear and acute as it was, could not cope with his; but in those soft flatteries of look and speech, that undermine and persuade, she was more than a match for any man or woman of France. Men who do not like to be convinced are the most easily persuaded.

"They have, indeed, misled us," she answered, leaning gently toward the man, who turned upon her for the instant with the gleam of a wild beast in his eyes; but the look softened down beneath her glance, and the upright form bent imperceptibly toward her. "I will not say how many cruel things have poisoned the ear of my august husband, or wounded my own self-love."

Here Mirabeau started to his feet.

"Have they dared to hint that I ever whispered one word against your highness as a queen, and the loveliest woman in Europe?"

"Perhaps I have heard worse than that."

"Worse than that? Nay, then, I should have been the brute they call me. But tell me who my traducers are?"

"Forgive me if I withhold all such knowledge. If Count Mirabeau is to be our friend, he must not exhaust himself in private quarrels."

"If I am to be your friend, madame? Who ever knew Mirabeau war against a woman?"

"But when that woman is a queen, the wife of a king, and the daughter of an empress, the weight of her royalty may overpower everything else."

Marie Antoinette said this in a tone of apology, as if she longed to make some excuse for the thrice royal power that might weigh against her loveliness.

Mirabeau was struck by this sweet humility; a soft protesting smile stole over his face as the queen lifted her eyes to his, and held her gaze in fascination.

"Madame, turn those eyes away. Ah! I was told truly; a man must be brave to audacity who could refuse anything to that glance. I am your slave already; only tell me how I can best begin my service."

The heart in Marie Antoinette's bosom leaped to her lips, and broke over it in a bright smile; but no look of the triumph she felt came to her eyes, they were moist with sweet thankfulness, nothing more.

"It is not for me to say how you can best serve us. The genius that has struck us so deeply will know how to reassert itself. In the Assembly, no voice has been so eloquent against royalty as that of Count Mirabeau."

"I know it! I know it! But how am I to unsay that which the people have accepted as gospel?"

"Tell them that they are mistaken in their belief about the king. Oh, monsieur! you have no true knowledge of that brave and good man. You heap the sins of all the previous kings of France upon his head. You have made him odious with the people, when they have no better friend on earth. Tell the people this; as you alone can express a noble truth. Wing it with your eloquence. Enforce it by the profound respect which you must feel when the heart of Louis the Sixteenth is really known to you. I say to you, monsieur, there is not a man in all France who has the good of his people so close at heart. Has he not forgiven much—granted more? Do the people who malign him never think of the great outrages that have been perpetrated against him? Are not the ruins of the Bastille before their eyes? A kingly fortress so completely identified with the royalty of France that it was like tearing out the jewels of her crown when the people razed it to the ground. Yet no man has yet been punished for the traitorous deed. The king forgave what was an insult to his power, and a wrong against himself. Nay, since then, has he not heaped concession on concession; opened the very barriers of royalty, that the people may rush in; changed his ministers, and disgraced his best friends at their insolent bidding——"

Marie Antoinette stopped suddenly. The passion in her voice, and the quick flash of her eyes was fast undoing the sweet impression she had made upon this singular man. She saw this by the changed expression of his face, and made haste to retrieve herself.

"It is of my husband, I speak," she said; "and that makes me forget myself. A kinder sovereign never lived, or one more willing to make all reasonable concessions. If I am earnest in saying this, it is because those who wish to serve Louis must understand all his goodness, all that he is willing to grant and to suffer. Believe me, monsieur, I do not speak thus because he is my husband—that would be a weak reason, when dealing with a statesman of France; but in this I only think of him as a sovereign and a Frenchman, loving his country and people with more than the affection of a father."

Mirabeau looked upon that animated, beautiful face with kindling admiration. He could appreciate the bright intellect which broke out through all her sweetest and most feminine wiles. She was, in fact, a woman above all

others to seize upon his imagination, and touch his wayward heart.

"I would rather tell the people of France of their queen," he said.

Tears rushed into Marie Antoinette's eyes. She clasped her hands in her lap.

"Ah! they will never, never believe anything good of me; and I loved them so well—so well!" she said.

"They shall be made to think everything that is good of you, and Mirabeau will have lost his power to carry the people with him," cried the count, with enthusiasm. "Henceforth the man who does not worship Marie Antoinette, is to me a repulsive enemy."

"Oh! I do not ask worship, monsieur; only a little justice. Why will they distort everything I say or do?"

She was weeping in a soft, womanly way, that touched the heart of that man like the innocent cry of a child.

"Why will the people of France not look upon their queen as a French woman. I came among them so young, so earnest to make them love me; but it is always the Austrian! the Austrian! As if it were a sin to be the daughter of Marie Therese!"

"Sweet lady! the people do not know you; their leaders do not know you. Up to this hour I have myself looked upon Marie Antoinette as the enemy of liberty—a stranger to France and her people."

"How can I help this? How can I undeceive a people who are determined to think ill of me?" cried the queen.

"By letting them see their queen as I do; by granting all that can reasonably be conceded to them."

"But concession belongs to the king."

Mirabeau smiled more broadly than was becoming in the presence of his sovereign; but, during this whole interview, there had been so little of courtly ceremony, that the queen scarcely heeded it. The very act of her meeting any man in the solitude of that place, put court etiquette completely aside.

"The king must be unlike inferior men, if he were not guided in most things by so fair and sweet a counsellor."

"That is hard," answered the queen. "I can no more control the monarch of France, than I can make the people love me."

"The people shall love you, or hate me!" exclaimed Mirabeau, with enthusiasm. "Do not speak so sadly; do not despair of a just appreciation. When Mirabeau says to the people, I have seen this lady whom you call

the Austrian; she is fair, she is wise, her heart yearns toward the people of France, they will believe me."

"Heaven grant it!" said the queen, clasping her hands more firmly, while her tears dropped upon them. "Give us back to the love of our people, and there is no honor, no influence that shall not be yours. Ah! I remember so well when I first came to France, so young, so trusting—a child given up to them wholly by an imperial mother. How they loved me then. When I entered the theatre, they arose in one body and filled the air with joyous salutations. If I drove through the streets, they cast flowers in my path. Oh, monsieur! what have I done? What have I done that they should change so terribly, now that I have lived so long among them, and am a mother to the children of France—the wife of the best king they ever knew? What have I done?"

Mirabeau reached forth his hand to take hers; in her tears and her helpless sorrow she was only a woman to him; but he bethought himself and drew back with a heavy sigh. Had he, indeed, the power he had boasted of? Could he, with all the force of his wonderful eloquence, bring back the popularity which had once followed this woman, as if she had been a goddess? Would not the people question his motives, and ask a reason for his change of opinion? Dare he arise in his place, and say to the world that he had just come from an interview with the Queen of France, and was henceforth her friend and advocate? That even his glowing ideas of liberty had yielded to the tears and reasonings of a beautiful woman? Yes, he dared do even that—the people would still have faith in their leader; that which he had taught with such ardor could be softened, moulded into new forms. He would bring the royalty of France into favor with its subjects by apparent concessions, which should all seem to spring from the queen.

Marie Antoinette read his thoughts, and her face grew anxious. "Had she humbled herself for nothing? Was this man's power already exhausted against her? Would the people listen when he came out in favor of a court which his eloquence had done so much to destroy?"

He read her face also, and answered it as if she had spoken.

"That which I have pledged myself to accomplish shall be done, if it cost Mirabeau his fame, and his own life. Have no fear, madame; these people are like children, they want strong men to think and act for them. Who among all

their leaders has my strength, or has ever so thoroughly controlled them? With my pen, with my voice, with every power of my soul, I will work to bring these people in harmony with the court. Can you trust in me, lady?"

"I do trust in you, and I thank you for myself and for the king. Nay, in time the people of France will look upon you as their saviour also. But what can we offer in return?"

A flush of hot-red came into Mirabeau's face. He remembered thoughts that had clung to him as he rode along—terms he had intended to make, and advantages that would relieve the necessities that were ever following the lavish extravagance of his habits. All these he had absolutely forgotten; and when the queen, in her gratitude, brought them back upon him, all the pride of his manhood recoiled. Why was he forced to be so grand, and so mean at the same moment? He cast his eyes on the ground, while the swarthy color surged in and out of his face. At last he looked up so suddenly that the thick hair was tossed back from his forehead, like the play of a lion's main.

"Nothing," he said, with the proud air of a Roman Senator. "When we have saved France and her king, the consciousness that Mirabeau has done it for Marie Antoinette, will sometimes win a smile from her, and that shall be his reward."

The queen was greatly moved. She had seen the struggle in his mind, and partially understood it. The same thoughts had occupied her before leaving the palace. She had heard of Mirabeau's extravagance, and of his proportionate greed. It had seemed to her an easy thing to purchase his help with gold, which, in the terrible difficulties that had fallen upon her, she had learned how to use as a sure political agent. But there was more in the man than she had been led to believe; and the hot flush of shame that rose to his face, when she spoke of reward, made her shrink from what might seem an offered insult.

"Those who help the king are the king's friends always," she said, with deep feeling, for this strange man had won his way to her gratitude. "But those who help us must have the means of helping."

Again Mirabeau's face flushed; but it was with pleasure that the queen had found an excuse for accepting some future bounty which had escaped him.

"One thing," he said, with touching earnestness, "one thing there is which Mirabeau may accept from the Queen of France, and be exalted by the favor."

"Name it," answered Marie Antoinette, gently.

"Favored courtiers are permitted to kiss the queen's hand when they give their lives to her service."

The queen smiled, blushed, and reached forth her hand. Mirabeau took it, bent his knee to the ground, and pressed his lips upon it.

"Madame," he said, standing erect, with the hand in his clasp, "madame, the monarchy is saved."

"God grant it!" said the queen, with solemn emphasis.

"The monarchy is saved, or Mirabeau's life will pay the forfeit," he said, with solemnity.

The queen believed him, for there was no doubting his sincerity in the matter. Never in her life had this beautiful woman made so great a conquest, not only over the man himself, but over her own prejudices. She had come to the summer-house detesting this man; she left it impressed with his genius, flattered by his homage.

Mirabeau still held her hand. To approach this lovely woman, and win her into admiration of his genius, had been the ambition of this erratic man for many a year. It was accomplished now. He knew by the light in those magnificent eyes how great his conquest was. She was still Queen of France—even his fierce eloquence had so far failed to bring her down from that sublime height. He saw in her the only woman he had ever meet whose intellect reached his own, and whose position, at the same time, taught him to look up. Henceforth it would be his supreme object to keep her firmly on the throne; to enhance her influence, and guide it for the benefit of the people. It was a delicate task; but nothing seemed impossible to that proud, audacious man while that splendid woman stood with her hand in his.

"Now, farewell," she said. "I need not tell you to keep this interview a secret; it would be misunderstood, and might do much harm."

"It would be my glory that the whole world should know of this condescension, and of the grateful respect it has inspired; but those who lead a people must know how to be secret, and when to speak. That you have done me this honor, madame, shall be the one secret that will go with me to the grave."

With these words, the count bent low with a lofty grace that might have befitted the state-chamber at Versailles, and walked backward to the door, where he bowed again and disappeared, moving swiftly through the glowing purple of the twilight.

Marie Antoinette seated herself in the stillness of the temple, and fell into a strange reverie. The presence of this man, so high in his intellect, so strong in his brute force, had lifted her out of the despondency which the gathering discontent of the nation threw upon the court, and her natural energies were all aroused once more. In gaining this man she felt that the court was strengthened.

Marie Antoinette remained in this reverie until the new moon dropped down among the purplish whiteness of the clouds, from which all the scarlet and gold had died softly out, and hung there like a golden sickle, waiting for a harvest of stars. Then she remembered the hour, and how far she was from the palace, with a little thrill of fear. She gathered the shawl over her head, and, holding its shadowy lace to her bosom with one hand, went out into the Park and walked swiftly away.

Everything was still as death; the birds had ceased their soft fluttering among the leaves; and all the pretty animals had crept away to their coverts among the ferns and undergrowth.

All at once the queen paused, and stepped back with a faint shriek. The shadow of a man fell across her path—the man himself stood in her way. The moon had just traveled through an amethystine cloud, and came out clear as crystal, illuminating that strange face, the bright, blue eyes, the ivory forehead, and that long, white beard, which waved down the man's bosom like curves of rippling silver.

"Lady," he said, "you look kind and good; tell me how I can gain access to the daughter of Marie Therese."

The voice was low and broken, but sweet with humility. There was nothing to fear from a man who spoke like that.

"You speak of the queen?" said Marie Antoinette, with gentle dignity.

"Yes, I speak of the queen; that fair, brave woman, whose mother, a saint in heaven, was once my friend."

"You have seen my mother?" cried Marie Antoinette, surprised out of all prudence.

"Your mother? Oh! that I do not know. It was Marie Therese, the good Empress of Austria, of whom I was speaking; and it is her child, the young Queen of France, I wish to see."

"The young Queen of France! Alas! she is no longer young," said Marie Antoinette, with a pathetic remembrance of the silver threads that were creeping into her hair.

The man shook his head, and lifted one hand to it with an air of bewilderment.

"You mistake, lady; I saw her twice, and

she was young and fair, like the lilies—so fair, so fair!"

"Was that in Austria, old man?"

"Yes, it was in Austria. She stood by the side of her mother, a grand, princely woman, dauntless as a lion—but I saw her tremble. It is awful to see such terror in the eyes of a brave woman; but it was there, and I had done it. Ah, me! there is a power beyond that of monarchy—a fearful power. They wrested it from me—they wrested it from me; and I am only a poor, weak old man."

"Who are you? I cannot make out by the tones of your voice to what nation you belong; they carry the accent of no country with them that I can discern."

"That is because I have been born again; buried, you know, and risen from the grave."

Marie Antoinette looked anxiously about her. This was the talk of a madman. How had he come there? By what device could she escape him?

"You cannot understand me," persisted the man, plaintively. "You are afraid of a poor, helpless old man, who has but one wish in the world."

"And what is that?" inquired the queen, reassured by his meek earnestness.

"To see Marie Antoinette, to take the serpent from her hand, and the curse from her destiny."

Again the queen recoiled; these words seemed to her the wild talk of a madman.

"Can you tell me how to reach her, lady?"

"That is impossible. The queen admits no strangers to her presence."

"Ah, me! and I am a stranger to every one now. My own child did not know me, lady. The wife of my bosom was afraid of the creature she had dragged up from his grave. She is not the same woman I left—yet she is my wife."

"And who is your wife?"

"No matter; you would not care to know, for she does not love the queen; and I think you are something to the daughter of Marie Therese, or you would not be in this place. It is strange, but at first I thought it was the queen walking by herself—as if she ever did! It would be dangerous, I can tell her that—very dangerous; for there exist people over yonder who hate this fair young queen. But I pity her; oh, yes! I pity her from the depths of my heart!"

"Why—why do you pity her?"

"Because I know. Because they have taken the good from me and turned it to evil for her.

Ah! if I could see her; if she would only believe me!"

"Believe you in what?"

"In the thing I would ask of her."

"What would that be?"

"No matter. I can tell no one but herself."

"Tell me, and if the thing you want is reasonable, I will ask it of her."

"Do you see her? Are you one of her ladies? You should be, else how came you here?"

"How came you here?" demanded the queen.

"Oh! I accomplished it at last. Days and days I have waited and watched; but this morning I saw a man go warily through a gate. He left it unlocked. I dared not follow, but lingered near, for the temptation was strong upon me. I waited patiently. Oh, lady! I have learned to be patient; to wait, and wait, and wait——"

The man broke off dreamily. His hand waved to and fro in the air, as if he grasped the moonbeams.

"But you have not told me?"

"Told you about what?"

"About the man."

"Oh! He came back with his face ablaze with some great joy, and while I was thinking to speak with him, strode away with such grand, rapid steps, that they took my breath away. Then he was lost in a grove beyond the highway; and directly he came out again, mounted on a horse, which went rushing toward Paris like the wind. I knew the horseman."

"You?"

"Yes. It is not strange. I know a great many people, in a way; and they all talk before me, thinking that I, most of any one, must hate the man they call Louis Capet, and his wife. Poor thing! Poor thing! Why should I hate her or him? He was not to blame for the cruel acts of his grandfather. I often say that; but no one cares to listen. So I saw the horseman, and knowing him to be bitter as death against the people up yonder, watched till he came forth and rode away. Then I opened the gate, which he had left ajar, and came in. What was he doing here? These walls should shut out all enemies to the king, for he is not a bad man. Tell me, lady—what was the Count Mirabeau doing here? Did he come to spy upon the queen, or murder the king?"

Marie Antoinette started, and turned pale in the moonlight. Was her secret known to this man? How long had he been in the grounds? She controlled herself, and turned to him kindly.

"Are you quite certain the person you saw was Count Mirabeau?"

"Certain? Yes. One does not forget a face like his; besides, I have seen it often—too often! too often! What was he doing here? I tell you again he is the enemy of your king; he hates the queen."

"Well, no harm is done," said the queen.

"Not yet; but, lady, if you see the queen, warn her of this man. I would, but that my business with her is so much more important."

"I will warn her," said the queen."

"That is kind. Oh! if I could only see her, and undo the evil thing which is sure to carry a curse with it, when a minute could turn it into a blessing. You could not ask her?"

His great, wistful eyes were turned on her face imploringly; he grasped the lace of her shawl with his eager hand. She stepped back nervously, and wrenched the lace from his grasp. In doing this her hand flashed out from its covering; the moonlight struck the great star-like diamonds on her fingers, and dimly revealed a serpent of twisted gold, with a green beetle in its coils, which twined around one finger.

The old man uttered a cry so sharp and wild that it rang through the Park.

"Give it me! Give it me! It is mine! It is mine!" he cried, snatching at the hand on which he had seen the serpent-ring. "Oh, my God! it shall not escape me again! All the fiends themselves shall not keep it from me!"

The old man caught the hand, which again buried itself in the black lace; but he trembled so violently that the lace tore in his grasp, and the queen broke from him in extreme terror. This insane violence convinced her that the man was mad. She darted away, and ran for her very life, not daring to cry out, but rushing on, and on, till the very breath left her body.

The old man followed the flying woman, calling after her with pathetic cries, and beseeching her to stop. She looked back, a hand grasped at her shoulder, but she swerved aside quickly, and the old man fell headlong.

The queen uttered a quick cry of thankfulness, and sped on, and on, till she came in sight of the palace.

The old man, who had fallen headlong on the turf, lay insensible for a few minutes; but after a little he lifted himself up, and looked around for the lady who had escaped him.

"Gone! gone! gone!" he cried out, with pathetic mournfulness. "How near I was! My hand touched it! I felt the thrill and the power flash through me like an arrow, and then it was gone! Who was the lady? How did that ring come on her finger? Does she know that to her it will bring nothing but curses, to me power, strength, the blessedness of youth. Ah! why did she escape me!"

He stood awhile with his clasped hands uplifted, his eyes full of tears. The agony of his disappointment quivered in every mild feature. Then he turned away, muttering to himself,

"Oh! how they baffle me! How long am I to wait? Are the fiends forever to have mastery? Oh, me! I could bear it if no evil came to others, while good is withheld from me. How long am I to wait?"

There was no madness in the old man's voice, but unutterable disappointment, the very mournfulness of despair. He turned his steps toward the gate, which Mirabeau had left open; his step was slow and feeble; tears dropped from his eyes, and fell upon his beard, where they trembled like jewels. His lips quivered, and gave out soft murmurs of distress. Thus the old man passed through the gate, and into the highway, along which he toiled on to Paris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FALSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

My love is dead. By your hand was it slain,
When flushed with joy it nestled to your breast;
You come too late, repentance now is vain;
Oh! leave me then at rest!

Your power is o'er. No tinge of faintest red
Shall flush my face, evoked by tender speech
From your false, mocking lips. The dream has fled—
My height you cannot reach

There was a time did I your fond look meet;
With joy I trembled; if, perchance, you spoke
Of love, my heart throbbed fast with rapture sweet;
Alas! your faith you broke!

You met my ample trust with icy scorn,
When once the dove was snared within the net;
You recked not that my heart was left forlorn;
Can I such wrongs forget?

I suffered long. Strength came by slow degrees;
And pride upheld a spirit never meek;
And though I fiercely wrestled, dear-bought peace
To win, I was not weak.

Again, oh, spoiler! do you think to wake
The love that lies all pale and deathly cold?
You waste your labor; twice you cannot break
My heart. The tale is told.

A FALSE MOVE.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

I.

A YOUNG man of fair appearance and good manners is a valuable personage anywhere; but never more so than in a little country town. This truth was fully acknowledged and acted on by the girls in Milford; and young Edgar Holden, the head clerk in Mr. Mitchell's dry-goods store, was a lion in his way. Nature had been kind to him in the matter of personal endowments, bestowing a broad, white forehead, bright, dark eyes, and various pleasing et cetera. Perhaps her liberality in these outward adornings drove her to something like parsimoniousness in the interior plenishing. His head was well enough, not lacking in sense, or shrewdness; but his heart had been fashioned after a very contracted pattern. It was large enough to accommodate comfortably just one individual—Mr. Holden himself.

The girls, however, did not suspect this, nor was he aware of the fact. He enjoyed his popularity, his invitations, and the smiles of the fair, without dreaming that he was other than an honorable, high-minded young fellow. Nor did his care for the leading numeral at once develop itself; for he fell in love, as deeply as it was in him to do, with Helen Lyndsay, the oldest daughter of a large, and by no means prosperous family.

There were two fine drygoods stores in Milford, rivals in show and business, and several minor establishments. Over the very least of these presided Mr. Lyndsay, Helen's father, assisted by an intermittent clerk. Poor man! It was pitiful to see him, year after year, growing gray and bent among his slender stock; his serious face brightening at sight of an infrequent customer, and his slow speech essaying the blandishments that should induce a purchase. But the pathos of the affair was lost on the Milfordites, among whom his store was a jest and by-word. Some sort of sales must have been made there, at intervals, to somebody, however, for Mr. Lyndsay occasionally got in a new piece of goods, and the family lived along, they hardly knew how.

As Helen grew up, affairs improved a little. She developed an unusual taste for music, cultivated by many turns and stratagems, but reaching, at least, a considerable degree of

excellence. Her voice, especially, was beautiful, and went straight to the listener's heart. She was promoted to playing the organ, with a modest stipend therefor; she began to give lessons, and to be somewhat prominent in the youthful circles from her musical attainments. About this time, too, her attire was visibly brightened.

"How Helen Lyndsay has improved in her looks!" exclaimed Mary Eames, to her devoted friend, Matilda Mitchell. "In that new garnet merino she is almost handsome!"

"I don't know whether her looks have improved, or only her clothing," replied Matilda. "She would always have been pretty if she had been dressed like other people."

"Yes," said Mary, "I know. When any old, forsaken piece of lead-color, or washed-out green, had lain in the store long enough, Helen used to have a dress made from it. I wonder who selected Mr. Lyndsay's goods in the beginning!"

"Couldn't say," replied Matilda, laughing. "You must go to the oldest inhabitant for that."

But Matilda did not laugh when it became apparent that the garnet merino, or the pretty loops which it set off, had made an impression on Edgar Holden's heart. She was thought, among the girls, to be very well disposed toward her father's handsome clerk. It happened, naturally enough, that he saw her often and familiarly; accompanied her to lectures and evening meetings; and Matilda had not taken these attentions as mere matters of course. Though by no means ill-natured, she was quite aware of the difference between her father's handsome establishment, with its plate-glass windows, its lavish display, and numerous clerks, and Mr. Lyndsay's melancholy little den; she felt all the easy superiority of a girl to whom merinoes, garnet, or otherwise, were mere every-day affairs. She might have expected, too, that Edgar would have sufficient *esprit de corps* to stand by his employers. But it was not to be. Helen Lyndsay brushed back her fair tresses from her smooth brow, gave a few soft glances from her blue eyes, and the work was done. Edgar was a captive.

The sunshine of Helen's happiness bright-

ened the whole household. Mrs. Lyndsay began to feel for her children the hopes that had long since died out for herself. "Edgar will do well," prophesied Mr. Lyndsay; "he's a young man that's bound to succeed." Success for any of its members would make a delightful variety in the family, the mother felt; and if Helen prospered, her brother and sisters would reap the comforts of it, too. Meanwhile, no heroine of romance ever cherished a tenderer, more devoted passion than warmed the young girl's heart. Edgar was so handsome, so superior, so noble—it was so generous of him, who could have had anybody, to choose her! These were her articles of faith; and in return Edgar was very fond of her, proud of her pretty face, exultant in her voice.

The first break in their felicity was caused by the offer, to the lover, of a good position in New York. He must go, that they both knew at once—it would never do to neglect such advancement. But the parting was cruel. Nothing could have consoled them under it but the feeling, on Edgar's part, that he was going to make a home for his beloved; on hers, that his absence would but bring them sooner together. He was to work, and save, and prosper, toward the one great end; while she, in her sphere, would love him faithfully, and strive to grow worthier of him every day.

I I.

HELEN must be allowed, of course, a little time to cry in her own room when her adored was really gone; but she soon roused herself, and came back to every-day duties. She tidied the sitting-room, kept the parlor in order, helped her mother with the sewing, and gave faithful care to her steadily-increasing class. With all this, she found time for frequent glances at Edgar's picture, and the pearl ring he had given her—how he wanted to make it a diamond!—and for reading, again and again, his precious letters.

"What shall we ever do without Helen?" Mrs. Lyndsay would say to her husband. "I am afraid to think of it."

"We won't think of it," he answered. "She is not going just yet, at any rate."

No, not just yet. For the first few weeks, while all was yet unfamiliar and even a little dreary, Edgar turned with ardor to his beloved. His letters were frequent, full of tender remembrance and fond anticipations. But as he grew accustomed to the new position, and came to feel himself a part of the vast and brilliant life that surged through the city

streets, esteem for his old self and old associations grew weaker.

Almost any boarding-house can boast a pretty girl or so, and that to which Edgar's fortune had directed him did not differ, in this respect, from others. One young lady, who sat opposite him at table, especially attracted his regards. She was tall and finely-shaped, with dark eyes, and the most entire and perfect self-possession. Edgar, always sensitive to female beauty, could not but admire her well-turned waist, and the graceful slope of her shoulders. As soon as opportunity offered, he inquired her name of his landlady.

"Oh! that's Miss Minot, and her mother sits next her; the quiet, middle-aged lady, who is always crocheting tidies."

"I haven't observed," said Edgar, smiling. "She does not crochet at table, perhaps."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Lord. "Why don't you come into the parlor of an evening? It would be so much more sociable for you; and it's hardly gallant to the young ladies to keep to yourself as you do. You'll find we have a very pleasant family. Miss Minot is a splendid girl."

"She looks it, certainly."

"You think so? Well, I should suppose you would. I don't see how any one can help it. It would hardly do, perhaps, for me to tell what she said yesterday about you."

"Hardly," said Edgar. "She, probably, did not intend that it should be repeated."

"Oh! it was no harm—but I shall be discreet." Edgar did not urge, though he would have really liked to know what impression he had made on that distinguished-looking girl. It was not unfavorable, judging from the reception she gave him, when, obedient to Mrs. Lord's hint, he made his *debut* in the parlor the next evening. Every one, indeed, met him with friendliness; the two Miss Raynors, one pretty, and the other plain, were most amiable; and their mamma, the large lady with the Roman nose, spoke feelingly of the loneliness of a young man without home or family ties in the place where business has called him. Emily Minot smiled at this tender sympathy; and Mrs. Raynor saw the smile, and felt aggrieved, all the more that the offender presently absorbed the new-comer's attention.

"How shockingly Emily Minot flirts with every man she meets," she observed to Miss Burt, a maiden lady sitting near. "I wonder her mother can let her go on so."

"She has very little to say about it, I fancy. Emily does not consult her."

"I'm afraid not. It's sad—sad. I hope I shall never lose my influence over my children in that way."

Meanwhile, Emily talked with Mr. Holden. "I am not at all of Mrs. Raynor's mind," she said, smiling. "I don't consider you in the least an object of sympathy."

"Certainly not, at present. I am an object of envy, rather."

"A truce to compliments, pray; I was speaking in good faith. A man—a young man—is really to be envied. The world lies before him, he has his destiny in his own hands. So different from us poor women, who must just sit still and see what will happen!"

"You exaggerate our power, I think; circumstances control us oftener than we circumstances. And when we are strongest, most successful, we are ready to lay it at the feet of those same 'poor women,' and ask our fate from their lips."

"You can't break away from conventional prettinesses of speech, I see; but I shall adhere to my text. A man worthy the name will not hang his hopes on anything but his own will. He can make life much what he chooses to have it. But for us, there is no resource—unless we could find Aladdin's lamp."

"And what should you ask for, then?"

"More than I can tell you, at such short notice. Pomp, power, place—these are the sum. I'll spare you the details. How very warm it is!" she added, fanning herself. "Most unusual, for the season. I believe the first use I should make of my gift would be to order in a tray of ice creams."

A year later Edgar would have seen through this trick, and remained undisturbed by it; but now it seemed a charming idea to realize the naively-spoken wish. A conference with the landlady, a message to the nearest confectioner, and the ices appeared. Miss Minot beamed sweetly upon Edgar, and called Edgar a benevolent genii. Mrs. Raynor and her daughters exchanged glances; they understood the *modus operandi* perfectly. However, as the ices were there, they might as well partake of them.

Edgar's friendship with Miss Minot progressed rapidly from this evening; he was introduced to others, and soon had a circle of lady acquaintances. More or less pretty, they dazzled him by fashionable dress, by grace of manner, and "air." The image of Helen, busied with domestic cares, or going from house to house, attending to her scholars, grew less attractive. His letters were fewer, and pleaded business in excuse.

As months went on, indulgences of various sorts absorbed his means. It was absurd, he told himself, to try to save from such a salary. It did not more than keep him comfortably, alone. He had been very weak to bind himself, at his age, by any plans of marriage. Time enough for that, years hence, if he prospered. Or, at any rate, he ought to have chosen a very different sort of girl. A man's wife, if she did not bring him fortune, ought to be something in herself—should have position and connections, air and *aplomb*. He should shudder to have Miss Minot know about that horrid little store, and the music-lessons. But he had not understood his own tastes, nor his own value, in those days. It was a bad bargain—but he must make the best of it. By this time the intervals between the letters were very long. Then, little by little, the thought occurred, "Must so poor a bargain be adhered to? Were there no means of escape from it? Was a mere bit of boy's folly, like that, to hamper him all his days?" Breaking an engagement was no new thing; it had been done often enough before. So a week passed, two, three, and no letter came.

"Why doesn't Edgar write, I wonder?" said Mrs. Lyndsay.

"I don't know, mother," Helen answered.

"Perhaps he is ill."

"No; I don't think it can be that. We should have heard."

"Well, then, I must say," began Mrs. Lyndsay.

"Don't, mother," pleaded Helen. "Don't say anything. We shall know all soon enough." Mrs. Lyndsay was silent; but her heart ached for her child. And Helen looked so anxiously for a letter. Every thought, every occupation, tended toward the one event of mail-time. If her father came in at an unusual hour; if one of the children brought home a composition in its hand from school, her heart leaped up in hope that the missive had arrived at last. But nothing came.

III.

ONE bright morning Helen went out on her usual round; however sick her heart, lessons must be attended to. On the way she encountered Mary Eames.

"I suppose you are feeling very bright," said the latter.

"Not particularly," answered Helen. "Why should I?"

"What hypocrisy! Why, because Edgar has come, and is twice as handsome as he used to be. Isn't that reason enough?"

"Edgar!" exclaimed Helen, turning very pale. "Is it possible—are you sure?"

"Of course, I am; I talked with him for ten minutes just now, at Mitchell's. You don't mean to say you didn't know?"

"Yes," replied Helen. "I had not heard. Good-by! I must go on."

Mary looked after her. "How strange!" she thought. "Can they have quarreled, or what is the matter?"

Helen got through her duties in some fashion, and hurried home. She longed, yet dreaded, to meet Edgar on the way; but she might have spared both hopes and fears. He was amusing himself in the Mitchell's croquet-ground with Matilda and two or three other girls.

Not without thoughts of her, however, and plans respecting his course of action. He had come, intending to see her; to have some sort of explanation; and to get back his freedom. She would give it, he was assured, without an explicit demand. But now that he was here, the affair seemed an awkward one to manage; there might be an unpleasant scene, perhaps, if Helen should not look at it as reasonably as he did. Possibly, too, her father might be indignant. So he put off the interview from day to day.

While he waited, conjecture was busy as to the cause of the trouble between the youthful pair. Mary Eames had not been slow to report her interview with Helen, and the girls were full of interest and curiosity. Matilda allowed some foolish fancies to spring up in her mind, and made herself as charming as possible. Edgar found her society an acceptable refuge from annoying thoughts; he also discerned, or imagined, a resemblance in her to his idol, Emily Minot, and admired her accordingly.

All this time Helen watched and waited at home, hoping against hope, wondering if he had heard anything against her; if he was offended, or what could be the cause of this cruel change.

Days went by, and then Edgar returned to town, without having once seen her. He had decided that it would be easier to write than speak; but writing was not easy. As well let the whole thing pass, perhaps; Helen must understand it pretty well by this time. He should like his letters, to be sure; they were silly things, and had better be destroyed—but it was no great matter. The Lyndsays were not the sort of people ever to use them against him. As for his picture, and the pearl ring, and the few other trifles he had given her, she was very welcome to them, if she cared to keep them.

She did not care, it seemed. Shortly after his return, he received a packet containing all, with a few lines, requesting the return of Helen's own letters. He had felt free enough before, but acknowledged that it was, perhaps, best the affair should be formally ended.

So Helen was left to heal her wounded heart as best she might; to console herself for the destruction of her hopes, by convincing her reason of the unworthiness of their object. It was a hard task upon her. The parents, seeing her sad face, her poor little efforts after cheerfulness, execrated bitterly the cause of the trouble, but they could do nothing. She and they must wait for the effects of time.

There was now nothing in the way of Edgar's addresses to Miss Minot. A mixture of hope and uncertainty in the pursuit rendered it peculiarly fascinating to his temperament. That he was personally not unacceptable to her, he was sure; she had long treated him with the friendliest regard, which had sometimes, he thought, a tinge of tenderer meaning. But then she was ambitious; she yearned with a strong yearning after the pomps and vanities of the world. Well, there would be all the more glory in winning her, spite of these prepossessions. He did not stop to inquire whether she would remain contented after the winning; nor to justify to himself entirely the prudence of the step. That she had some means he was aware; then her connections were good, and would, doubtless, use their influence to aid her. He had hopes of advancement, too, in his own line; and then they need not marry immediately. Altogether, his plans were rather misty and confused; only one brilliant possibility, near at hand, constantly allured him—that of calling the superb woman, whom he so admired, his own. What a prize she would be! What lustre would she reflect upon him!

Lookers-on thought he had a fair chance of success; even Mrs. Minot, quiet and indifferent as she ordinarily was, grew uneasy.

"My dear," said she, timidly, "have you thought of all it would involve to marry this young man?"

"No, mamma, I haven't felt any call to think of it. Is it possible," she added, laughing, "that you know so little about your own child as that?"

"Well, Emily, I could not tell how it might be. He is very good-looking, and you are so much together."

"And I have a weak head, likely to be turned by good looks and by propinquity! Thank you for your high opinion! I am not infatuated

enough, however, to marry a clerk on a salary, just yet. He's good-looking, as you say, and a very creditable attendant, and convenient in the way of bouquets, and carriage-hire, and concerts. There his vocation ends, so far as I am concerned."

"But do you think he understands it? Are you sure you are not misleading him?"

"He ought to; I have told him my views of life a dozen times. If he mistakes me, it is his own affair."

Thus tenderly did Edgar's idol treat his pretensions in the candor and privacy of her own family. To be sure, she used a little more ceremony when discussing them with himself a few days later; but the result was the same. He had been encouraged by an unwonted softness in her manner, and favoring circumstances of time and place, to speak his mind; and she had rejected him unequivocally, with many expressions of surprise. She had supposed they understood each other, that only a pleasant friendship existed between them. She was profuse in regrets, and hoped to retain his esteem. But Edgar's eyes were opened; he saw that she had chosen to amuse herself without one consideration for him, and he was bitterly indignant. If the image of Helen, perfect in her devotion, rose to his remembrance, we will not pity him too much for whatever was painful in the contrast. Longer reflection only confirmed his opinion. He recalled very clearly Miss Minot's acceptance of numerous little favors; nay, more, the hints she had given, which he had been so pleased and proud to act upon; and he did not doubt that he had been duped and freely used for her convenience. The conviction was not flattering to his vanity; perhaps, no injury to his heart, alone could have so rankled.

In the very midst of this bitter and mortified feeling came most surprising news from Milford. Mr. Lyndsay's parents had died some months before, leaving to him the homestead farm. It was not a very desirable property, and there had been some delay in finding a

purchaser. Meanwhile, oil had been discovered in the neighborhood, and speculators besieged Mr. Lyndsay on all hands. Fortunately, as it proved, he disregarded their temptations, got together all his available means, and began to bore. There was a brief period of great anxiety, followed by delicious exultation. At a comparatively trifling depth a flowing well burst forth; the fortune of the family was made. Adieu to the melancholy little shop, the music-lessons, and the small economies! Henceforward their path lay among the sunny places of life.

It was hard on Edgar, that any one must admit. I cannot tell you how tenderly the memory of Helen recurred to him, now that he knew her to be an heiress, surrounded by all the luxuries he doated on. If only he had kept faith a few weeks longer! Sometimes he half-meditated going back and pleading his cause again, but a certain instinct of failure withheld him. Like most of us, prone to attribute his own faults to other people, he lays the blame of the affair on Emily Minot. If she had not been so vain, coquettish, hungry for conquest, all would yet be well.

On Saturday afternoon the wholesale stores close early, and Edgar, in common with hundreds of others, seeks the Central Park. Wending his way modestly on foot, he sometimes meets the Lyndsay carriage, and glances, unrecognized, at Helen, bright in recovered cheerfulness and beauty. How near, yet how unattainable! And he might have sat there by her side, might have shared in every luxury, every splendor! Nothing but his own act prevented it.

No wonder that he walks home rather dejectedly, and finds his boarding-house an uninviting home, and its inmates sadly deficient in refinement. Of course, the world is not over for him yet; but he feels, with reason, that the highest prize is not likely to fall twice to his lot. And any moderate success he may yet achieve will always be embittered by the thought of that one false move and its consequences.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY M. E. W.

To do his Master's work—for this he lived;
To this were consecrated all his powers.
A mind well trained, a heart all charity,
He stood a watchman upon Zion's towers.
Who that has heard those silver accents flow,
Can e'er forget the magic of his voice—
Winning, rebuking, counseling by turns,

Or thrilling with its jubilant "Rejoice!"
Worthy disciple! Man of antique mould!
The love of Christ constraining! Forth he went,
Bearing God's message to a sinful world,
Desirous in His service to be spent.
To such a life sublime, what close more fitly given—
A new Elijah, borne on wings of fire to Heaven!

"KITTY CLOVER."

BY MRS. CARRIE D. BEEBE.

WILLARD ROSS sat in the parlor of his uncle's farm-house, lazily turning the leaves of a photograph-album.

"Who is this, nunt Mary?" he asked.

"Oh! that's Kitty Clover!"

"Kitty Clover?"

"Yes; or Kitty Armstead, rather; my niece. She spent a month here last summer, and your uncle David thought so much of her that he asked for her picture. He always calls her Kitty Clover, because she thinks clover-blossoms are so pretty."

"Where does she live?"

"In New York."

"Tell me about her, won't you?"

"She is my sister's youngest child, and her father is dead; her sisters are all married, and she lives alone with her mother."

"She is quite a belle, I suppose."

"Well, I hardly think so; she isn't rich enough for that."

"Is she poor, then?"

"No, not that exactly, either. Her father was a tea-merchant, who died a few years ago, leaving a small property. Kitty and her mother have enough to rent a neat second-story house, and feed and clothe themselves comfortably. She is coming up again this summer, and I am very glad, for I know you will like each other, and it will be pleasant for both."

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen. Just the age for you. A man, with your wealth and position in society, ought to be married."

"The truth is, aunt Mary, that all the marriageable young ladies have turned fortune-hunters. If I could meet your niece without her knowing that I was rich, it would suit me well, for I like her face exceedingly."

"Now don't be so ridiculous, Willard! Kitty might, with just as much propriety, say that she was afraid you would fall in love with her on account of her beauty, and insist upon wearing a mask. You are not in search of a rich wife, for the very excellent reason that you are wealthy yourself. But the woman you marry must possess beauty, or its equivalent; and I think it is but fair that she should receive something in exchange."

"So you think I have nothing but wealth to recommend me, aunt Mary?"

"Yes, I think you have an abundance of self-conceit."

"Now that is unkind. You are angry with me for suspecting your niece of mercenary motives. Do be a good, kind aunt Mary, and help me in this."

"I cannot say that I approve of deception under any circumstances. Still, if you really desire it, you might pretend to be a distant cousin, assisting your uncle through the summer work, and treated as one of the family on account of the relationship."

"That is just the thing; for I am so brown already that I could easily pass for a farmer."

That very night Mrs. Ross received a letter from Kitty, saying that she would be there the next day; and Willard hastily prepared himself, and gave instructions to the servants.

So the next evening when his uncle David rode back from the village, with Kitty in the carriage, Willard was coming from work with the men.

He was more than surprised at Kitty's beauty, even after having seen her photograph. Her bright, waving golden hair; her fair complexion; and her brown, sparkling eyes, that seemed overflowing with mischief, far exceeded in loveliness all he had imagined. But, unfortunately, Kitty's attention was directed to household affairs for the first few days, and she took little or no notice of him.

But one day she went out into the hay-field with her uncle, when Willard was on the mowing-machine mowing. The horses were quite spirited, and coming suddenly to a hollow in the ground, he was thrown off the mower, spraining his ankle slightly.

This proved sufficiently painful to keep him in the house for the next few days, and Kitty and he became the best of friends. She read to him, talked and sang to him; and as they were both disposed to be argumentative, aunt Mary was often amused by their discussions.

"How did you acquire such a finished education, and a thorough knowledge of books?" asked Kitty, one day.

"Ah, Miss Kitty! my father was once wealthy, and no pains was spared with my education."

"Why don't you use it to some advantage?"

"Perhaps I may do so some day, though, to tell the truth, I believe I am rather indolent."

One morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, Kitty ran out and gathered flowers for the vases. She sat down on a low chair in the parlor to arrange them.

Willard watched her, thinking what a lovely picture she made in her white morning-dress, and her hair more like gold than ever. He asked for a nosegay.

"Certainly," she said. Taking a white rose, she surrounded it with forget-me-nots, added some sweet elysium, and tying fragrant geranium-leaves around the whole, she placed it in his hand.

"It is beautiful and sweet—it is like yourself," he said, enthusiastically.

Kitty blushed hotly, but made no reply.

"Let me see what messages they bring me. 'I am worthy of you!' 'True love!' 'Worth beyond beauty!' and 'Preference!'"

"Ah, sir! that is unfair! I selected the flowers for their beauty and fragrance, not for their meaning." And Kitty's proud, little lips curled; she tried to appear angry and disdainful, but she looked more perplexed than either; for the white lids, with their golden fringes, drooped over her brown eyes, and her slender fingers fluttered nervously with the flowers in her lap. Hastily placing them in the vases, she escaped to her room, and did not make her appearance until dinner-time. Willard watched throughout the meal to catch her eye, and was at last rewarded with a timid, fluttering glance. He sent back such a look of entreaty, mingled with penitence, that her cheeks grew very rosy, though she did not deign to notice him further.

She did not appear in the parlor after dinner; and he began to fear she was seriously offended.

"I wish, most ardently, that I had never assumed this silly disguise," he said; "it places me in a false position, that is often uncomfortable; and I verily believe that this provoking sprain, which I thought might possibly excite her sympathy, has only caused me to appear more worthless and inactive in her eyes."

He heard her light step on the stairs, but she went directly out on the porch. He called her, and she came in, looking a little frightened.

"Miss Kitty, I see I have offended you. I did not mean it. Pray, forgive me."

His tone was so humble that she gave him her hand in a pretty, graceful way. He took it in both his, and kissed it repeatedly, and passionately.

She flushed angrily.

"I cannot help it!" he cried. "Oh, Kitty! I love you!"

"But I don't love you, sir!" she said, half vexed, half saucy.

"But you are not angry with me for loving you?"

"No. I want to be your friend, and I don't want you to make love to me."

"Please, don't leave me alone; my ankle is very painful—aren't you sorry?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Won't you read to me, then?"

"Certainly! What would you like?"

"The Princess."

"But I am tired of that."

"I can never tire of it—but please yourself."

"I will read it to you."

She took the book and sat down, the blue and gold making her fair hand whiter by contrast. Her tones were silvery sweet; her face flushed softly as she read, and, at the last words of the prince, her voice trembled slightly. She closed her eyes and sat slowly rocking to and fro, her hair floating out in the sunshine that came through a western window.

He watched her, thinking how beautiful she was, and how he loved her; and yet he dared not speak after what had passed.

But a few evenings subsequently, his love proved stronger than his judgment; and as they sat in the twilight shadows, he told her that old but bewitching story, and she grew paler as she listened, and for answer said,

"Willard! Willard! you must not love me, for I cannot be your wife!"

"Kitty, do you refuse me because I am poor?"

"Oh, no! but you lack energy, ambition. If you were rich, there might be more excuse for your idleness; but a man with your health, education and talents, should never settle down to a second-rate day laborer."

"Aunt Mary has betrayed me!"

"What?"

"Kitty!" he said, springing up, "do you know who I am?"

"No; but I believe you are a lunatic!"

"I am not; but I will acknowledge that I have been a fool! Kitty, my name is not Smith; I am Willard Ross!"

She started in surprise. But recovering herself, in a moment, she said, rather coldly.

"I thought Willard Ross was a wealthy lawyer, residing in the city."

"I am he."

"But why did you take the name of Smith?"

"I knew you were coming, and I thought—"

"Oh, I see! You thought I would fall in love with your money? That was extremely sagacious on your part."

"No matter what I thought. I am sorry that I assumed the disguise. I love you: how much words fail to tell. Oh! be mine, Kitty?"

As he spoke he tried to take her hand, but she drew back.

"No, sir," she said; "not after such deception. Mr. Ross, good-night."

Willard flew to aunt Mary for comfort. She soothed him as best she could, assuring him that she believed Kitty did love him, and had only refused him because her pride was wounded. Still, he spent a sleepless night. Kitty, too, looked pale at breakfast; Willard thought so, at least; and it gave him a forlorn hope. But she avoided him that day, and the days that followed. Yet she glided about the house as silently as a spirit, with neither songs nor laughter on her lips.

Willard watched her with an aching heart, thinking that he could almost give up the hope of winning her love, if it would make her the mirthful, happy Kitty once more.

"If I had only taken aunt Mary's advice at first," he said. "I'm sure I don't blame the dear child for refusing such a worthless mortal as I represented myself to be."

One afternoon he rode to the village for the mail. Kitty had been out for a short walk, and came in, complaining of headache.

"Lie down on the sofa, dear," cried aunt Mary; "there is no one to disturb you, and, perhaps, you may fall asleep."

She brought a pillow, and Kitty laid her tired little head upon it, and, as everything was quiet, she was soon away in the land of dreams.

Aunt Mary met Willard at the door on his return. "Kitty is asleep in the parlor," she said; "go in, if you like, but don't disturb her."

So he went in softly, and drawing an ottoman near the sofa, he sat down beside her. She looked very lovely in her graceful slumber; attired in white, her hair fastened away from her forehead with a pale-blue ribbon, and the tip of a tiny blue slipper peeping out beneath her dress. Her fair hands lay lightly, "palm to palm;" but his heart reproached him when he saw how pale her face had grown. He dared not kiss her, but took a curl of her hair softly in his hands, pressing it to his lips silently.

By-and-by she began to murmur in her sleep. Willard started, when he heard his own name spoken softly and lovingly. His heart gave a great bound of joy. But he was a man of honor, and remembered that he had no right to be there, listening. So he rose noiselessly to leave the room.

The movement, however, awoke her, at least partially. She looked up, and met his eyes, gazing fondly on her. She was still only half conscious: at least she had not yet had time to remember her pride; and she smiled in return, and held out her hand.

Willard seized it, covered it with kisses, and fell on his knees beside her.

The crimson blood rushed over the cheeks, the brow, even the fair neck of Kitty; for suddenly she recalled everything, and especially her pride.

But it was too late. Willard held fast to her hand.

"Don't be cruel again, darling," he began.

Kitty burst into tears. But when he drew her head to his shoulder, she resisted no longer. She hid her face, but he kissed her hair.

"You love me, don't you, Kitty?" he whispered, at last. She looked up, shyly; their lips met: and Kitty was won.

THE LANGUAGE OF A TEAR.

BY SYLVIA A. SPERRY.

THE eye was blue, the cheek was red,
The tear's swift course no wrinkles met;
And as it passed, it simply said,
"The child has seen no troubles yet."

"I, like a drop of April rain,
Come only to refresh and cheer;
I quickly pass, and smiles again
Shine brighter, for this childhood's tear."

I saw it, silently and slow,
Steal down a maiden's paling cheek,
While words, soft spoken, sweet and low,
She heard—such words as lovers speak.

"The heart that sent me, throbs to-day
With joy and pain—a mingled cup;

She smiles, and merry dimples play;
She sighs, and tears well gently up.

"A joy, a grief; a hope, a fear;
This love is woman's crown and cross;
She knows the pleading one is dear,
Yet weeps, and vaguely mourns a loss."

I saw it when the mother clasped
Her first-born to her throbbing breast;
A dream of purest pleasure grasped,
The tear of joy full well expressed.

An aged pilgrim's soul ascends,
Her dying words a glad, "I come!"
She weeps, in grief for mourning friends;
In rapture, as she nears her home.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We propose, hereafter, to devote an article, every month, to ladies' more ordinary dresses, such as delaines, merinoes, and calicoes; to children's common clothing; and to under-clothing, etc., etc. These papers will be illustrated, like the present, with engravings, and will fill a want, which, we believe, no other magazine supplies. Very many of our subscribers write to us that ladies wish to know, not only what is fashionable for silk dresses, etc., etc., but what is pretty and cheap for persons of small incomes, and for the common dresses, and children's clothing, that every household, rich or not, requires.



We begin with a plaid walking-dress, suitable for a best dress. The material should be either a woolen plaid, or any one-colored woolen stuff goods. It will require about eighteen yards of single width, or fourteen yards of double width material; and can be made both fashionably, and at the same time comparatively inexpensively.

The under-skirt has one gores width in front, and if the material is of double fold, the side gores come off of the front width. By observing to cut the skirt in this way, much material can be saved; then add two full widths in the back; cut the flounce a quarter of a yard in depth, and bias, and put it on as seen in the design, either with a band of black velvet one inch wide, or with worsted braid, or even with bias bands of black alpaca, stitched down by the sewing-machine. The upper-skirt is short, and even all round, (trimmed also with a bias ruffle six inches deep,) being simply looped up in the middle of the back with a large bow of the material of the dress.

For the jacket, cut out a simple straight sack, short, only a little below the waist; then slit it up the back, as seen in the engraving; trim with the same width ruffle as on the upper-skirt, and with a narrow quilling around the armholes and at the hands. Such a dress, made of ordinary woolen reps, or plaids, at seventy-five cents per yard, and trimmed with the bias bands of black alpaca, ought not to cost over fifteen dollars, including all trimmings. For a winter dress, we would suggest lining the jacket with thick twilled red flannel: and add a simple, plain, round waist to the dress.



We give, next, a pattern for a dress to be worn about the house. A calico dress, made after this pattern, is prettier, and more convenient, than the old-fashioned "Parodie" body,

so long worn. Make the skirt separate, with the front width gored, one gore on each side of front width, and three full widths. The jacket is a straight, loose sack, with no slope under the arms, and coming just a little below the waist, buttoned down before, and trimmed with a puffing of the calico, headed above and below with a narrow ruffle. A ruff and ruffle, drawn with a cord; the same around the arm-holes, and hands, and around the neck, for this dress needs no collar for every-day wear.



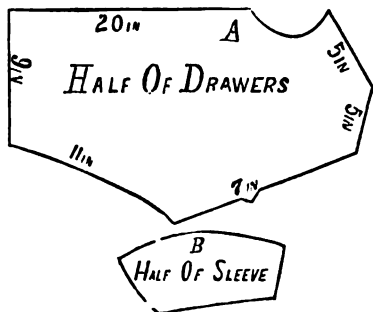
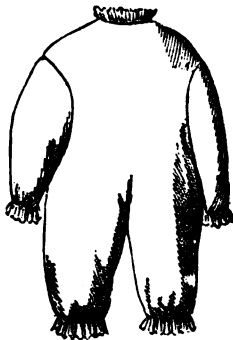
Next, is a winter cloak for a little girl four years old. It is to be made of merino, flannel, or water-proof cloaking. It requires two yards of double-fold material, or four yards of single width, and it must be lined throughout with twilled red flannel. The under part is merely a simple sack, with long sleeves, made as long, or a trifle longer, than the skirt of the dress, and fastened down before with a double row of buttons, looped over with elastic cord, and belted in at the waist, to make it warmer. The cape is a circular, coming below the waist, with little seams at the neck to make it fit. Trim the whole with two rows of wide alpaca braid, or ribbon velvet; or it may simply be scalloped out on the edge of cape and sack, and bound with the worsted braid.



Next, is a child's hood, requiring one yard and a quarter of flannel, red or blue. Take a piece of flannel half a yard square, round off the corners, put a gathering-string diagonally right across the square: this is to be drawn to fit the neck; another one all round one point

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of the square, drawn to fit the face; the other half of the square forms the cape. Then take the flannel on the straight, and cut strips two inches wide. Put in little points on both edges, and quill full for the trimming round the face and cape. Ribbon strings, and a bow at the back, complete the hood.



Our next is an engraving of the night-drawers of a child; the drawers to be made of Canton flannel. In order the better to understand it, we give a diagram also. The drawers are only cut in two pieces: a seam down before, and seamed up the back, as far as the notch seen in the diagram. From the notch to the neck, in the back, is to be faced and buttoned. A drawing-string at the neck, or gathered into a narrow band: also at the ankles and hands a ruffle of muslin may be added. This pattern is far more comfortable than the one with the yoke and body, so long used. Enlarge the diagram to the proper size (the inches are marked on it) and cut it out of an old newspaper. After this, cut the stuff, after the newspaper pattern.

We close with a rather elegant dress for a child. This dress is to be made of merino or rep; and for a little girl of six years will take three yards of merino, or four yards of rep; possibly five yards of the latter, as it does not cut to so great advantage as merino.

It must be cut all in one from the neck, after the gored pattern for such little dresses. The



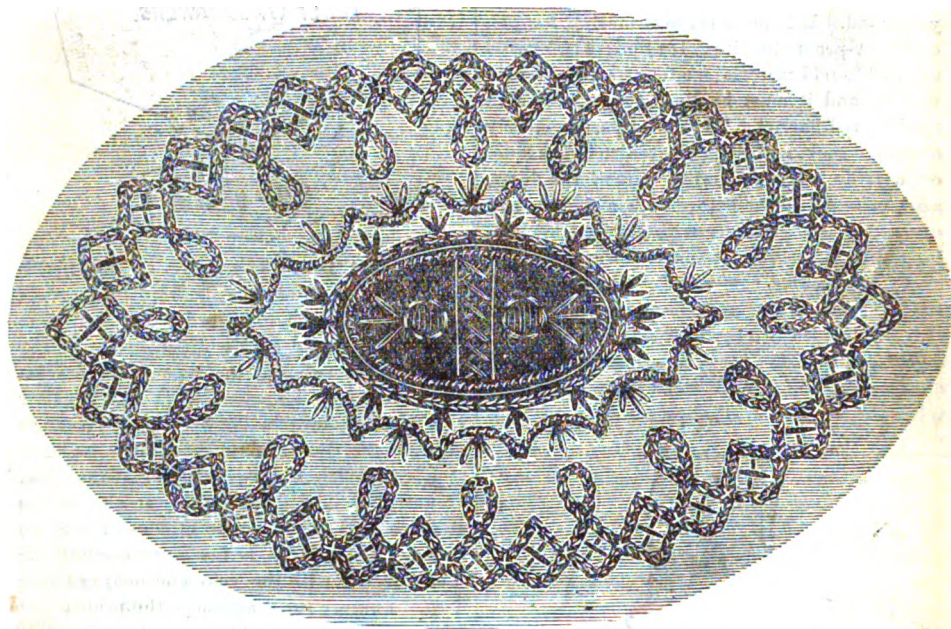
over-skirt is separate, and is cut in deep points, and should be trimmed with fringe, if conve-

nient, or with alpaca braid, (several bows,) or with bias bands one inch wide, cut out of plaid woolen goods. Add a belt and the trimming on the body. If preferred, cut the skirt separate, with a gored front-width, two side gores, and full in the back, adding to it a simple, plain waist; and over it the second skirt, with the points. Gray merino, trimmed with bias bands of plaid, will make a beautiful dress, and the trimming will be comparatively inexpensive.

We may add, that many of the dresses in our steel-plates, as well as those we give elsewhere, may be made of cheaper materials, if desired, than silk, or velvet. It is the style that is everything; not the material. Of course, in the case of very elegant ball-dresses, or costly carriage-dresses, the more expensive stuff would have to be adhered to.

OVAL DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



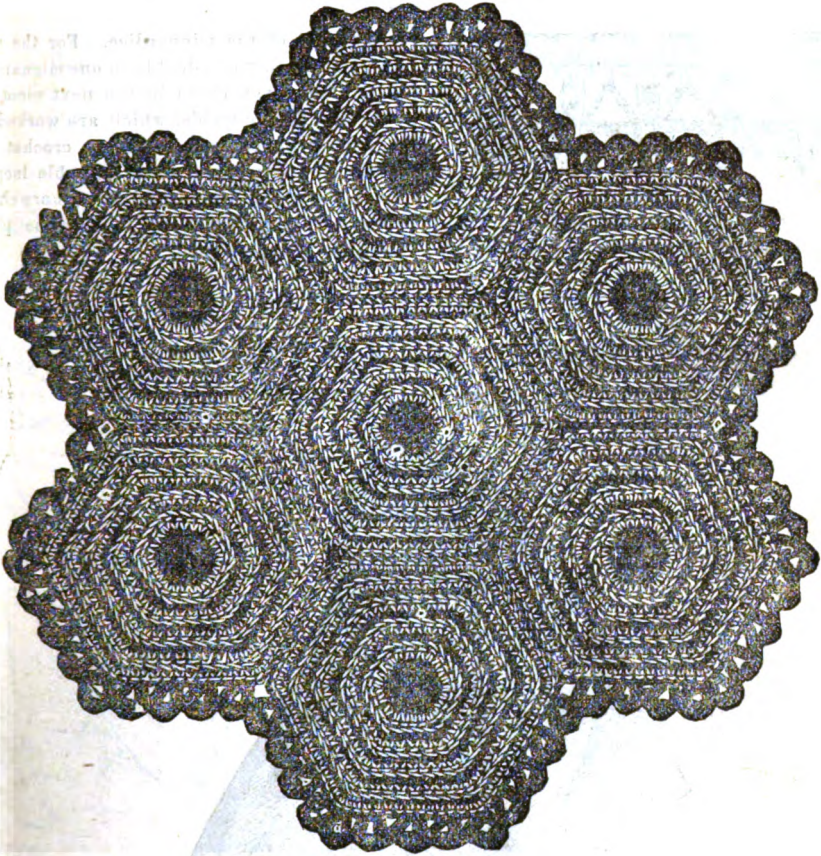
MATERIALS.—Sarcenet or satin, a small piece of velvet, silk braid, curled cord, embroidery silk of the same color, black silk, gold thread, gold braid.

Our model is worked upon green satin, with an applique of dark-green velvet in the middle, fastened with green curled cord, surrounded with gold cord, and worked over with gold braid.

The cross stitches above, and the patterns inside the gold edges are green, like the satin, with which also the curled cord arranged in scallops in the middle, and the outer scallop edge of plaited braid, must correspond. The three stitches together and the crosses are worked with gold thread or black silk. A very beautiful affair.

CROCHET MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



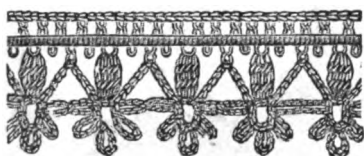
MATERIALS.—Pink wool, coarse drab crochet cotton.

This mat consists of separate hexagons worked in ribbed crochet stitch; in our pattern the ribs are worked alternately with pink wool and drab cotton. Commence each piece in the center with the pink wool on a foundation chain of six stitches, which are joined into a circle. 1st row: Two double in every stitch of the foundation chain; at the end of the row take the needle out of the loop, draw the former through the first stitch of this round, take up the drab cotton without cutting off the pink wool, work one chain-stitch, turn the work, and work the second row with gray cotton; always alternately one double in the next stitch, two double divided by one chain in the following stitch. The corners of the piece are formed by these increasings.

At the end of the row draw the last loop through the first stitch of this row, crochet one chain with pink wool, turn the work, and work the third row; one double in every stitch, always inserting the needle into the back chain of each stitch. Work nine rows more in the same manner; in every drab row increase in the same manner as in the second row. When seven such hexagons are completed, fasten the threads, and crochet the pieces together on the wrong side with pink wool. That side on which the gray ribs appear raised is the right side of the mat. Lastly, work all round the mat in the stitches of the edge one round with pink wool as follows:—Two treble divided by one purl in every third stitch of the edge; each purl consists of three chain, one double, in the first. Both useful and ornamental.

CROCHET EDGING WITH MIGNARDISE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIAL.—Barber's crochet cotton, No. 14.
The heading is one chain, one double into

every picot of the mignardise. For the pattern row, work * one double in one mignardise picot, then seven chain in the next picot but one, four double-treble, which are worked off together with one chain. Then crochet five picots of seven chain, then a double looping round the double-treble, and seven more chain, always passing over one mignardise picot. Continue to repeat from *.

OPERA, OR VISITING CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here an engraving of a new style cloak, to be used either for visiting, or the opera. It may be made of velvet, satin, or silk, in black, or any color that the taste of the wearer dictates. We give, on the next page, diagrams, by the aid of which the cloak may be cut out. It is better, first, to take a piece of old newspaper, and cut a paper pattern by enlarging the diagrams to the proper size, for which see the size of each piece marked in inches on our diagrams.

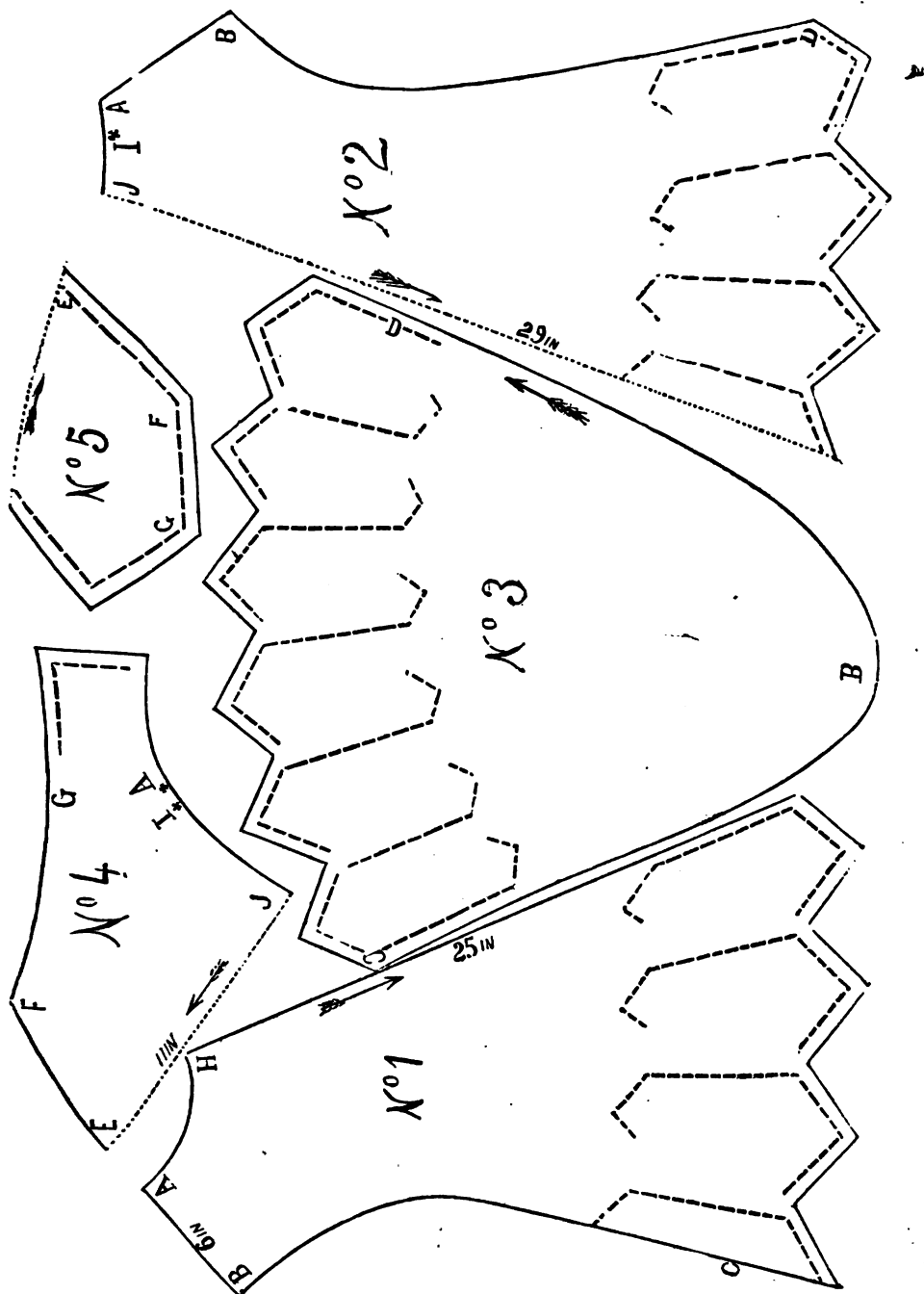
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The diagrams are five in number, as follows:

- No. 1. ONE FRONT.
- No. 2. HALF THE BACK.
- No. 3. SLEEVE.
- No. 4. HALF THE UNDER PART OF HOOD.
- No. 5. HALF OF OVER PIECE OF HOOD.

The making of the hood requires a little more explicit directions. The piece, No. 4, is to be made entirely of the satin, or other material used for trimming the cloak, and the piece, No. 5, is to be made of the material of

the cloak itself, whether velvet, satin, or silk, the bias, or of galloon trimming, such as is and is to be trimmed and set on the under part bought at the stores. If the material used is



of the hood, or piece No. 4, as it is lettered, G satin, however, we should suggest trimming to G, F to F, and E to E. The trimming, we should say, ought to be either of satin, cut on with velvet: if velvet or satin is used, trim with satin.

MUSLIN AND CASHMERE NECKERCHIEFS.

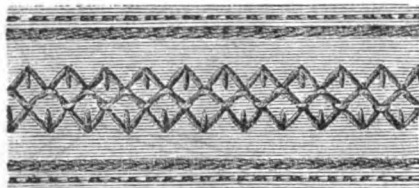
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



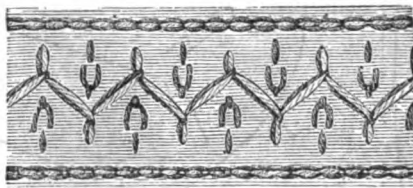
We give here two patterns. The first is for a muslin neckerchief; in this a fold is laid round the edge, and two rows of braid are stitched upon it. The other is a cashmere neckerchief; here the edge is button-holed in scallops with embroidery silk, and fringe is added round the back. Any lady can make either of these articles for herself.

EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two embroidered borders for aprons, baschliks, capotes, etc., etc. The first is in point Russe, with a worked cross stitch drawn through in bright colors upon a white foundation. The middle cross stitch is blue, with a maize silk thread drawn through. On each side are green scallops, with a dark-red stitch in the middle. At the outer edge is a line of chain and long stitch in green and gold.



The next is a border with a worked cross stitch of double thread. Upon a brown foundation work a pattern resembling cross stitches more than button-hole stitch along the middle in brown and gold; then fill the spaces with stitches of single brown silk. On each side work a line of chain-stitch with yellow quilting stitch. These embroidered borders may be used for a score of purposes, and are nice work to do.

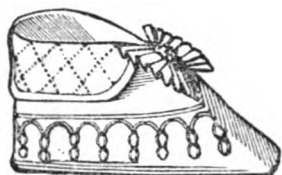
COLORLED PATTERN: GROUP OF ROSES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

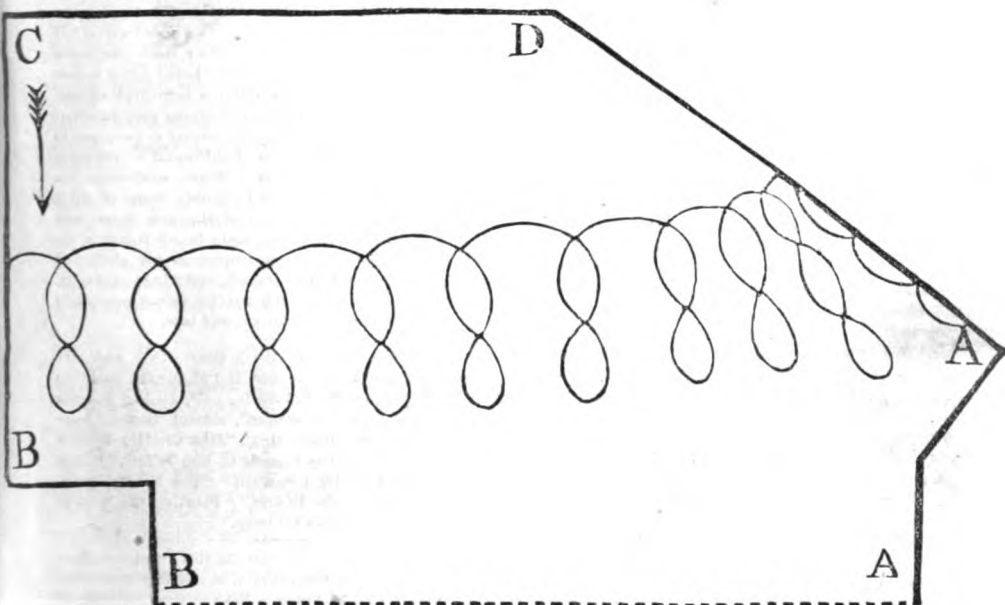
THE colored Berlin pattern, in the front of the number, is, beyond all question, the most costly and splendid we have ever issued. It contains no less than five distinct designs. The first is a group of roses; then there are two designs for circular foot-stools; and then two corners for sofa-pillows. No description is needed. Work from the patterns.

FULL-SIZED PATTERN OF BABY'S SHOE.

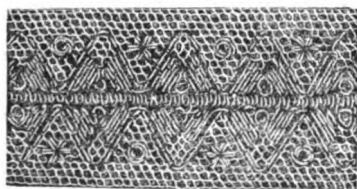
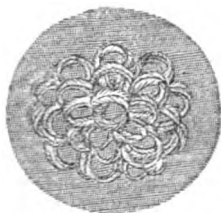
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE of cashmere, or flannel and braid, in one half of shoe and sole. A B forming the silk or worsted braid. This diagram is for sole.



EMBROIDERED NET INSERTION, ETC



We give here a pretty pattern in embroi- { fancy buttons, the engravings showing exactly
dered net insertion, Also two designs for } how they are to be worked.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1870.—We call attention to the Prospectus, to be found on the cover of this number. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" gives more, for the money, than any other periodical, and is, therefore, the Magazine, above all others, for the times. Other magazines, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. The arrangements for "Peterson" are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful. Ladies, who have been to Paris, all say this. We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress well, yet economically, is what ladies learn from "Peterson." Our new department, "Every-day Dresses, etc., etc.," will save you, in a year, ten times the subscription price.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1870, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other magazines. We never before had such an array of copy-right novelets as for 1870. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. We pay more for literary matter than all the rest of the ladies' magazines together. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a speciality of "Peterson." No other magazine gives these, in every number, as we do, and never gives such superb ones as that in this number, the last two numbers, and in others to follow. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, etc., etc., and our patterns for the "Work-Table," generally, are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "Peterson" and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table.

Now is the time to get up clubs. We continue, for next year, our extraordinary inducements in the way of premiums. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Do not lose a moment!*

LONG DRESSES, even when looped up, are rarely worn. Ladies have come to the very just conclusion, that it is impossible to loop up gracefully the train of a dress. For walking, the costume must be short, made expressly to favor the free motion of the feet, and give the wearer an easy and graceful carriage. Long dresses, however, will continue to be worn in-doors, especially at evening parties and grand dinners.

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS will be sent to different post-offices, if desired; and additions may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club.

"HOME DOES NOT SEEM HOME," writes a subscriber from Rhode Island, "without Peterson's Magazine."

NEW TRIMMINGS.—Velvet is the material most used for trimming; *gris grain* is the second choice; satin has fallen somewhat into disfavor. Bands of bias velvet, cut from the piece in varied widths from two inches to a quarter of a yard, are placed straight around skirts, the narrow bands as headings to flounces, wider ones in conjunction with *ruches*, lace, or fringe. Velvet, of the same shade of the dress, is preferable, though black and contrasting colors are used. Ribbon velvet, both wide and narrow, fills the space between flounces. *Gris grain* is seen as bias bands piped with satin, or notched with saw-tooth, or edged with passementerie or fringe; also, as puffs, quillings, and flounces. Satin is most used in thick cable cords, in facings, and narrow pipings. Straight flounces in large plaits, all turned one way, are seen in profusion on silk and woolen dresses; but few box-plaits are made. Gathered flounces, hitherto thought unsuitable for thick materials, are found even on velvet garments—a scant velvet full piped with satin and *faillie* being prettier than one would imagine. The new passementerie or crocheted gimp in lace patterns of points and scallops, forms a beautiful edging. Thick, oval ornaments, like elongated buttons and shoulder-knots, or frogs of passementerie, add a dressy appearance to plain cloth suits. Large buttons of satin and velvet rings and crocheted centers are placed in double rows down the front of redingotes, and fastened by double loops of thick cord. Chenille fringe is on many of the new suits; also bullion fringe of thick cable cord, and a heavy fringe of detached tassels. The appropriate trimmings for cloth and woolen materials are velvet, *gris grain*, and fringe; for silks, flounces of the same with velvet bands; for velvet, *gris faillie* facings, satin pipings, passementerie, and lace.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS for the holidays, this year, are unusually good. One of the best is "Midworth and His Three Magic Wands," by E. Prentiss, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Lee & Shepard, also of Boston, issue several desirable ones, among them, "How Charley Roberts Became a Man," "The Boy Farmer of Elm Island," "How Eva Roberts Gained Her Education," "The Young Detective," "The Cabin on the Prairie," "Planting the Wilderness," and "Dotty Dimple's Flyaway."

THE PRINCIPAL STEEL ENGRAVING in this number is from an original picture by Comte-Calix, one of the most celebrated living artists of France. We spare no expense, it will be seen, to procure first-class illustrations, and we think we may fairly boast that no other magazine rivals "Peterson" in this respect.

THE EMPRESS JACKET is the newest thing in Paris. It is short, wide, and cut with four large basques, which are bordered with Venetian point sewn on plain. The guipure is carried up the back in a point, and the whole is embellished at the edge with narrow gold braid.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1870, and also a copy of either of our superb premium engravings. We make this offer in answer to numerous inquiries. Club subscribers can have their choice of the engravings by paying \$1.00 extra.

THE NATIONAL GAZETTE says:—"Peterson's Magazine is the cheapest and handsomest ladies' monthly published in this country, and has the largest circulation."

WE WILL SEND for 1870, as we did for 1869, three copies of "Peterson" for \$4.50, if no premium is asked.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING is even more beautiful than the one last year. To engrave this plate cost over a thousand dollars in gold. It is large-sized, for framing; is called "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven;" and represents a little child at prayer. The picture ought to be in every household. Any one getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this engraving. Thus, if you send four subscribers, at \$1.50, you will earn it; or, if you send eight, at \$1.50 each, you will earn both it and an extra copy of the Magazine. But see our unprecedented offers in the "Prospectus for 1870," on the cover of this number. For getting up clubs, if you prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

IS REMITTING, for "Peterson's Magazine," name, at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, deducting the exchange; if a draft cannot be had, send greenbacks, or notes of National Banks. In this last case, the post-office department advises that you register the letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so. Be particular to address the letter to CHARLES J. PETERSON, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"LAST YEAR," writes a lady, "some of your subscribers thought they would like a change; therefore, we tried another magazine; but now they all want to come back to 'Peterson' again." This is always the result in such cases. In the few instances, where subscribers try such experiments, they generally return as life subscribers.

BLACK VELVET SACQUES are the style this winter. They are made long, so as to dispense with the tunic, and are to be worn over silk petticoats, for in this way there can be great variety in the toilet, as the petticoat can be easily changed.

THE STEEL ENGRAVINGS, and other embellishments in this Magazine, cost more than in any other in the world. In the last ten years we have spent nearly a million of dollars in this way.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson." You get here, for two dollars, what you pay three, or four dollars for, elsewhere.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Konigsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems. By George H. Boker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The principal poem in this volume is a tragedy. Mr. Boker is one of the few modern poets who can write a play. He has the dramatic faculty; he has also an imagination of the purest quality; hence "Konigsmark" is a positive addition to our literature. It is full of genius. It is written, moreover, with consummate art. If we had space we should like to make some quotations. "The Legend of the Hounds" is a narrative poem, but in its way it is as good as the tragedy, and will, probably, be even more popular, because it can be more easily appreciated. The book is beautifully printed.

History of Joseph Bonaparte. By J. & C. Abbott. 1 vol., 24 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A brief, but well-written account of the elder brother of the first Napoleon, king of Italy, and afterward king of Spain.

The Polar World. By Dr. G. Hartwig. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work of great interest, and not less value. Indeed, in no former publication, are the principal natural features of the Polar World so well brought out. Everything relating to the seas, the land, and its quadrupeds, the birds, the vegetation, and the marine animals in the Arctic regions, is described at length. Not the least interesting part of the book is the story of man's conflict with the elements in those rigorous climes. The book is full of graphic wood-cuts, adding greatly to its value.

The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count De Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The favor with which the "Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine" was received, has induced the publication of these extracts from her graver writings. Few women have felt more deeply, especially on subjects of supreme moment: none have possessed, in a greater degree, the gift of gracious and vivid expression. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Robert Graham. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to "Linda," which the house of Peterson & Brothers issued, last month, as the first of their beautiful edition of the novels of Mrs. Lee Hentz. "Robert Graham," like its predecessor, is a story with a live plot, and like all of the writings of this author, is eminently moral in tone. The binding of these books is particularly elegant.

Living Thoughts. By C. A. Means. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A book intended to aid those who are striving to lead a Christian life. The thoughts have been culled, by the compiler, from the writings of gifted and earnest souls, such as Chalmers, Pascal, Bethune, Wayland, Hall, Kingsley, and others.

The Romance of Spanish History. By J. S. C. Abbott. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is really a charming book. The history of Spain, more, perhaps, than that of any other country, abounds in wonderful events; and Mr. Abbott, making a skillful use of such materials, has produced a volume as fascinating as a novel.

Popping the Question. By Mrs. Gordon Smythies. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A now novel by that popular writer, the author of "The Jilt," "The Breach of Promise," etc., etc. The story is the best Mrs. Smythies has yet written.

Wrecked in Port. By Edmund Yates. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Altogether the best novel Mr. Yates has yet written. The character of Byrnes alone would make the reputation of a book. Mr. Yates observes keenly, has a good share of humor, and is always original.

Shifting Winds. By R. M. Ballantyne. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—A stirring narrative of "adventure by field and flood," which will be especially popular with the young. The story is illustrated.

The Sunset Land. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The Rev. Dr. Todd is a well-known clergyman, who lately visited California, and who has given us, in this volume, a record of his travels.

A Wreath of Rhymes. By Millie Mayfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A volume of poems by a new aspirant for public favor. The book, like all the books of this house, is very handsomely printed.

Going and Sm. A Novel. New York: American News Company.—A novel of life in New York city, written by an anonymous author, but exhibiting very considerable ability.

Vishiti. By Augusta J. Evans. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A new novel by that popular writer, the author of "St. Elmo," "Beulah," etc., etc.

The Soprano. By Jane Kingsford. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story about music, printed cheaply, but neatly.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS unites to pronounce this Magazine the cheapest and best of the lady's books. It is well, occasionally, that our subscribers should know what is thought of "Peterson" by others than themselves. Says the Western Musical Pioneer:—"We advise our lady friends, if they desire the best and cheapest Magazine to subscribe for 'Peterson.'" Says the Des Moines (Iowa) Statesman:—"Its excellent fashions still improve. Every number is filled with the richest and latest styles. It has always been noted for the superior character of its literary contents, and this, taken in consideration with the important fact that it is cheaper than any other magazine published, should place it in every household." Says the St. Michaels (Md.) Comet:—"Always overflowing with good things. Sparkling and bright as ever, full of life and freshness, no flagging to the enterprise of its publisher. It is in every sense of the word a household Magazine, and every lady should have a copy." Says the Jackson (Tenn.) Tribune:—"Its literary contents are from the very best authors, and its engravings and patterns are of the very finest in design and execution. The colored fashion-plate is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen." Says the Bideford (Me.) Democrat, "Peterson's holds a place among the monthlies which no other can fill." Says the Gettysburg (Pa.) Star:—"Peterson really gives more for the money than any other. Every lady ought to subscribe for it. Its Mammoth Colored Fashion-Plates are always the latest and prettiest. Its stories are the best published anywhere." Says the Andover (N. Y.) Advertiser, "Remember that 'Peterson's' is the cheapest Magazine published on this Continent." The Montana (Iowa) Standard says:—"We know ladies by the score who cannot be without it: and they are right." The Rochester (N. Y.) Press says:—"Each successive year Peterson's Magazine gives evidence of great improvement; and yet there is no increase of price." The Farmers (Ky.) Home Journal says:—"It has the merit of being cheaper than any publication of its kind, and yet it is the peer of the best of them." All we ask is that the public would compare "Peterson" with other magazines of its price and kind. We doubt if any magazine, for January, whatever its price, is, on the whole, so good as this number. But examine for yourselves! If you wish to get up a club, a specimen will be sent gratis.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.—In the course of less than twenty years this Company have grown from a very small beginning, to be the most celebrated and extensive makers of instruments of the Organ and Melodeon kind in the world. They make first-class Organs only, and of these produce and sell more than six thousand per annum. Yet, so well is the reputation of their work established, and so great the demand for it, that, notwithstanding this enormous production, they are constantly behind orders, and it is often necessary to wait several weeks to obtain one of their instruments. Their Organs rank highest, not only in this country, but also in Europe, where the demand for them is rapidly increasing.

This remarkable success is, undoubtedly, owing greatly to their superior skill in this speciality, and to the very important improvements they have effected; but it is the result, almost in equal measure, perhaps, of adherence to, and energetic pursuit of certain principles. Inflexible rules with them are (1) to do the very best work only, availing themselves of every improvement, and being careful to suffer no inferior instrument to leave their factory; and (2) to sell always at smallest remunerative profits, having fixed prices which are alike to all.

Any one buying an Organ made by this Company has the satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best instruments of the class which can be made, and this at the lowest price at which such work can be afforded.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' NOVELS.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., publish a new and uniform edition of all the celebrated novels written by this well-known American writer. The novels of Mrs. Stephens are productive of both pleasure and excitement. They are, moreover, always successful, for the reason, that while this gifted author is a conscientious follower of nature, she has also that fine artistic sense which teaches that nature, when shown within the lines of art, must be measurably heightened, colored, and enlarged. The following are their names:

Wives and Widows; or, The Broken Life.
 Ruby Gray's Strategy; or, Married by Mistake.
 The Curse of Gold; or, The Bound Girl and the Wife's Trial.
 Mabel's Mistake; or, The Lost Jewels.
 Doubly False; or, Alike and Not Alike.
 The Soldier's Orphans.
 The Gold Brick.
 Silent Struggles.
 The Wife's Secret; or, Gillian.
 The Rejected Wife; or, The Ruling Passion.
 Fashions and Famines.
 The Heiress of Greenhurst.
 The Old Homestead.
 Mary Derwent.

Copies of either, or all of the above books, will be sent by mail, post-paid, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of price, in paper covers, for \$1.50, or in cloth, for \$1.75 each; or they may be had of all Booksellers. T. B. P. & Brothers will send their Book Catalogue to any person writing for one.

WHEELER & WILSON.—Mr. George L. Clark, of Lyndenville, N. Y., writes to Wheeler & Wilson, as follows:—"I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years wear, that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing-Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing-Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity."

BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS, by J. W. Watson. The Sensation Volume of the Season. Price, \$1.25, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Turner Brothers & Co., Publishers, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. For sale by all Booksellers. Send for our Catalogue of new Books.

"LAST YEAR," writes a lady from Louisville, Kansas, "I got up a club for 'Peterson's Magazine,' and this year the subscribers have brought in the money without my asking them; for they all think the book indispensable."

"THE MORE 'PETERSON'S MAGAZINE' is known," writes a lady from Alliance, Ohio, "the easier it is to raise a club."

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

SENDING A SHIP TO CHINA.—In this game, the players sit round in a circle, one standing up in the center with a handkerchief in his hand. A letter is then chosen—we will say, for the sake of example, the letter B—and the person in the center addresses the following formula to any one of the party he chose to indicate by pointing the handkerchief toward them: "I send a ship to China laden with—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6." The player so appealed to must mention some article beginning with B (or any letter previously chosen) before the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, are all counted. Should he fail to do so, he takes the place in the center, resigning his seat to the person there; and he must go on repeating the same formula to any

of the party he chooses, either till they fail to mention some article beginning with the required letter within the prescribed time, or mention one which another player has given before. It is needless to say that it is by no means necessary that the cargo suggested should be really suitable for a ship to carry, for we have often heard when the letter B was selected cargoes of bosh, blight, bogies, brutality, bliss, and the like suggested; but the fun of the game is promoted by the person in the center appealing to one player after another as quickly as he can, and coming upon them quite unexpectedly from different parts of the circle round him. By this means he is pretty certain to regain his seat rapidly, and resign his office to some of his friends. Just at first it is easy enough to find plenty of things beginning with the required letter, but after a time it is often puzzling, and then the real interest of the game begins, and it requires a good memory to remember what words have already been used. It is a mistake to change the letter too soon; you should keep it on as long as words can possibly be found, for then the most absurd and far-fetched cargoes are suggested, causing a good deal of laughter and amusement.

RUSSIAN SCANDAL.—This may be already known to some of our readers; but it is as well to have it in a printed form, so as to teach it to others. Here one of the party writes down on a slip of paper a scrap of news of some four or five sentences, the nature of which is, of course, left to his own discretion; but if it is made to contain a piquant allusion to some joke or incident well known to those present—and in a country house there is sure to be an opening for some good-natured, good-humored allusion of the kind—it adds to the fun. He then reads what he has written to one of the party unheard by the rest, who, in their turn, impart what they have so heard to some one else in the same manner, who tells it in the same way to another, and so on, until one by one, out of hearing of everybody else, the story is passed throughout the party. Then the last player, who has received it, gives his version of what he has heard, aloud, and if it has passed through some ten or twelve people, all more or less forgetful, many times making up for their forgetfulness by adding a little of their own to what they have heard, it is astonishing what a very different story the last person generally gives to the written version with which it was first started. For instance, we remember on one occasion the original story was as follows: "A young girl was seen to go this morning to the reservoir to skate with her brother, and was there joined by a gallant captain well known in the neighborhood, who skated with her, and, unfortunately, the ice being thin, only escaped an undesirable ducking by scrambling up the banks at the water's edge, in an agile, but somewhat undignified manner." At the end of the game it had grown to this: "A well-known and beautiful girl was seen skating in the morning on a neighboring reservoir, where the ice was so thin that both herself and brother fell in, and only escaped an untimely grave through the exertions of a gallant captain, who swam for some distance under the ice, and rescued them at the peril of his own life; for as he attempted to scramble up the bank, with one in each arm, he lost his footing and fell back into the water, having first, however, deposited his burdens on *terra firma*. Happily, a second attempt proved more successful, and the most desirable and interesting results are anticipated from this adventure."

HOLIDAY EXPERIMENTS.

MINIATURE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—To imitate thunder, provide a thin sheet of iron; hold it by one corner between the finger and thumb, and allow it to hang freely by its own weight. Then shake the hand horizontally, so as to agitate the corner in a direction at right angles to the surface of the sheet. Thus you may produce a great variety of sounds,

from the deep growl of distant thunder to those loud claps which rattle in rapid succession immediately over our heads. The same effect may be produced by sheets of tinned iron, or tin-plate, and by thin plates of mica; but the sound is shorter and more acute.

Partial flashes of lightning, aurora borealis, etc., may be beautifully imitated by taking in a spoon about a dram of the seeds of lycopodium, and throwing them against a lighted candle, all other light being excluded from the room.

A similar effect may be produced by laying some powdered resin on a piece of paper, and flinging it with the finger against the flame of a candle.

WARMTH OF DIFFERENT COLORS.—Place upon the surface of snow, as upon the window-sill, in bright daylight or sunshine, pieces of cloth of the same size and quality, but of different colors, black, blue, green, yellow, and white: the black cloth will soon melt the snow beneath it, and sink downward; next the blue, and then the green; the yellow but slightly; but the snow beneath the white cloth will be as firm as at first.

SHADOWS MADE DARKER BY INCREASED LIGHT.—Hold a finger between a candle and the wall, and it will cast a shadow of a certain darkness; then place another candle in the same line with the other from the wall, and the shadow will appear doubly dark, although there will be more light in the room than before. Then separate the candles, and place them so as to produce two shadows of the finger, one partly overlapping the other, and that part will be of double darkness, as compared with the remainder.

HEAT AND COLD FROM FLANNEL.—Put a piece of ice into a basin, which wrap up in many folds of flannel, and the ice may be preserved for some time by the flannel.

ICE MELTED BY AIR.—If two pieces of ice be placed in a warm room, one of them may be made to melt much sooner than the other, by blowing on it with a pair of bellows.

TO HOLD A HOT TEA-KETTLE ON THE HAND.—Be sure that the bottom of the kettle is well covered with soot. When the water in it boils, remove it from the fire, and place it upon the palm of the hand; no inconvenience will be felt, as the soot will prevent the heat being transmitted, from the water within and the heated metal, to the hand.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CATARH.—At this season of the year, this disease is more or less prevalent. Catarrh is, however, only a common cold, in which the mucous membrane of the nose and throat become affected, accompanied with fever. The patient experiences headache, the pain being confined to the brow, and there is general lassitude and stiffness of the limb. It ordinarily runs a course of about ten days, and seldom requires treatment beyond lying in bed and indulging in broths and warm diluent drinks. There are cases, however, of a more urgent nature, and in which a more active treatment is indicated. It sometimes happens that there is great hoarseness, and an excessive discharge of a thin acrid fluid from the nose, requiring the patient to use a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs a day; or the attendant fever may be so considerable as to alarm the patient, producing great anxiety and watchfulness. When this is the case, the sooner free perspiration is induced the better; and one of the most effective means of bringing about this result is to give the patient a pint of cold water, requesting him at the same time to cover himself with two or three blankets. Another very excellent means of producing determination to the surface of the body is the old-fashioned remedy—wine-whey, with the addition of half a teaspoonful of sal-volatile. If the patient be kept in a warm bed, this will soon induce a profuse perspiration.

When accompanied with troublesome cough, take oxymel squilla, one ounce; sweet spirits of nitre, two drachms;

lemon-juice, half an ounce; chlorodyne, half a drachm; water to six ounces. Two tablespoonfuls to be taken every four hours; and when the patient's rest is much disturbed, let a dose of the mixture be taken the last thing at night. If the nose should be sore, the application of glycerine, or cold cream, will afford relief; or, perhaps, the patient might have greater faith in the use of warm tallow. Should there be a sense of rawness in the throat, barley-water and linseed tea will form the most grateful drinks, and a gargle or electuary of honey and raspberry vinegar may be used. The diet of the patient should be simple and spare, such as gruel, with a little rum in it, if you please, chicken-bruth, beef-tea, etc.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Excellent Hints on Soup-Meat.—One way of sending up the meat is to surround it with an earth-work of spinach, garnished with triangular sippets of bread fried in butter or simply toasted. Spinach, to be fit to eat, should be dressed in this way: Boil with salt and a little soda; drain well, and pass through a hair-sieve; then put in a sauce-pan, with a lump of butter, a little milk, and some pepper; stir well, and serve. It should be the consistency of mashed potatoes. Sauces can be made out of the carrots or the celery which have been used to make the soup, and served round the meat, or sent up in a sauce-boat. They are made in this way: Melt a piece of butter, add some flour to it, and the pulp of the vegetables obtained by passing them through a hair-sieve; then flavor with pepper, etc., and Worcester sauce, very little. Stir well on the fire until it thickens, adding soup or water to get it of the desired consistency. Tomato-sauce goes also very well with it, and is made in the same way, by substituting half a bottle of tomato-sauce, or the pulp of tomatoes, for that of carrots or celery. French mustard is *de rigueur* with the meat. Fat must be carefully removed from the soup before using it; and the most effectual, if not the readiest way of doing so, is to let the soup get cold, when the fat can be removed with ease and success. Toward the third or fourth day the soup may become a little thick, and, indeed, if the skimming has not been properly attended to, it will be so the very first day. To remedy this, throw the white and the shells of one or two eggs into the cold soup; stir well, and put on the fire; when hot, drain carefully through muslin. The meat is not devoid of merit, with French mustard, pickles, salad, and such like. The various ways to warm it up, however, are as follow: 1. Simply put it again into the soup, and let it give a boil or two. 2. Cut up the meat in nice pieces, an inch or so square. A cardinal rule in the matter of warming up is, carefully put aside all the outside parts of meat, and of roast meat especially; if you do not, your dish will have a stale taste about it, and the talent in warmings up is to disguise their nature, and present them as original efforts of the *cuisine*. By outside parts we mean all that has seen the fire, be it meat or fat, and of the latter the less you keep the better. But to return to the beef: having fried an onion or two, cut up small in butter, throw in the meat; let it fry a minute or two, then add one or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, Worcester sauce, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and a little soup, if necessary, to lengthen the sauce. Serve with bread sippets.

Science of Soup Making.—In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutritive juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the rapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added

till the temperature is reduced to one hundred and sixty degrees, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the coloring matter of the blood. In all cases, no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as we see cooks often practice, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food.

Economical Soup.—Put into a sauce-pan one-pound pieces of stale bread, three large onions, sliced, a small cabbage, cut fine, a carrot and turnip, and a small head of celery, (or the remains of any cold vegetables,) a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of marjoram and thyme. Put these into two quarts of any weak stock, (the liquor in which mutton has been boiled will do,) and let them boil for two hours; rub through a fine hair-sieve, add a pint of new milk, boil up, and serve at once.

Conde Soup.—Ingredients: White beans, beef-broth, parsley and butter. If there be any beans left from the previous day's dinner, pound them up, and make a paste with them, adding some beef-broth, butter, and parsley, and then pour it over some fried croutons of bread.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Chicken Pot-Pie.—Take a pair of tender, fat chickens, singe, open, and cut them into pieces by separating all the joints. Wash them through several waters, with eight or ten pared potatoes, which put into a pan, and, after seasoning highly with salt and black pepper, dredge in three tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir well together; then line the sides (half-way up) of a medium-sized stew-kettle, with paste made with two pounds of flour, and one pound of butter. Put the chicken and the potato into the kettle, with water just sufficient to cover them. Roll out some paste for a cover, the size of the kettle, and join it with that on the sides; cut a small opening in the center, cover the kettle, and hang it over a clear fire, or set it in the oven, as most convenient; turn the kettle round occasionally, that the sides may be equally browned. Two hours over a clear fire, or in a quick oven, will cook it. When done, cut the top crust into moderate-sized pieces, and place it round a large dish; then, with a perforated skimmer, take up the chicken and potatoes and place in the center; cut the side-crust and lay it on the top; put the gravy in a sauce-tureen, and send all to table hot.

Dressing Cold Meat.—Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when left to stand some hours, will turn out to be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of some small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement. Another way to dress cold meat is to have it minced very fine, well seasoned, and put in patty-pans, with a thin crust below and above it, and baked in a quick oven. Cold meat, cut in small pieces, and put in a pie-dish, with batter poured over it, and baked until the batter rises, is another good way. Potato-pie is a capital method of using cold meat. The meat should be cut in pieces, and covered with mashed potatoes, then put into the oven to bake until the potatoes are well browned.

Pillet of Veal Boiled.—Bind it round with tape, put it in a floured cloth, and in cold water; boil very gently two hours and a half, or if simmered—which is, perhaps, the better way—four hours will be taken; it may be sent to table in bechamel, or with oyster-sauce. Care should be taken to keep it as white as possible.

Rissoles are made with veal and ham, chopped very fine, or pounded lightly; add a few bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a little parsley and lemon-peel, or shallot; mix all together with the yolk of eggs, well beaten; either roll them into shape like a flat sausage, or into the shape of pears, sticking a bit of horseradish in the ends to resemble the stalks; egg each over, and grate bread-crumbs; fry them brown, and serve on crisp-fried parsley.

Rice Chicken-Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry-powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill all interstices, and to cover the top thick; bake it for a half or three-quarters of an hour.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Curted Butter.—Tie a strong cloth by two of the corners to an iron hook in the wall; make a knot with the other two ends so that a stick might pass through. Put the butter into the cloth; twist it tightly over a dish, into which the butter will fall through the knot, so forming small and pretty little strings. The butter may then be garnished with parsley, if to serve with a cheese course; or it may be sent to table plain for breakfast in an ornamental dish. Squeezed butter for garnishing hams, salads, eggs, etc., is made by forming a piece of stiff paper in the shape of a cone, and squeezing the butter in fine strings from the hole at the bottom. Scooped butter is made by dipping a teaspoon or scoop in warm water, and then scooping the butter quickly and thin. In warm weather, it would not be necessary to heat the spoon.

Household Hints.—Keep your meat in a dry, cool place, your fish on ice, and your vegetables on a stone floor free from air. Cut your soap when it comes in, and let it dry slowly. Keep your sweet herbs in paper bags, each bag containing only one description of herb. They should be dried in the wind, and not in the sun; and when ordered in a receipt, should be cautiously used, as a preponderance in any seasoning spoils it. When oranges or lemons are used for juice, chop down the peel, put it into small pots, and tie them down for use. Apples should be kept on dry straw, in a dry place; and pears hung up by the stalk. A stair-carpet should never be swept down with a long broom, but always with a short-handled brush, and a dust-pan held closely under each step of the stairs.

Melted Butter.—The proportions are butter and water, with just enough flour to thicken the mixture; the butter should be melted first, then the flour added, which will amalgamate with it almost of itself; the water (boiling) is now put in with a proper quantity of salt, and the mixture being stirred on the fire until it thickens, your melted butter is made.

DESSERTS.

Economical Puddings—Lemon Pudding.—Mix two ounces of flour in a pint of new milk; boil it till it is as thick as hasty pudding; beat well together three ounces of butter and four ounces of sugar, grate in the peel of a lemon, and mix all with the flour and milk, quite hot; when cool, add the whole of three eggs, well beaten; put a thin paste at the bottom of the dish, and bake it half an hour. It will turn out. *Windsor Pudding*.—A pint of bread-crumbs, five apples of middle size, prepared as for sauce, three eggs, the juice and peel of one lemon, and a little nutmeg, if approved; mix well, and put into a quart shape. It is equally good either boiled or baked, and requires the same time as a batter-pudding.

Mince-Meat.—Four eggs, boiled hard, a pound of suet, a pound of currants, a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of raisins, stoned, the peel of three oranges and three lemons, shred very fine, but first boiled, the juice of both oranges and lemons, candied orange or lemon-peel, and citron to suit taste.

A Good Plum-Pudding Without Eggs.—Time to boil, four hours. One pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, one pound of flour, four ounces of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one pint of milk, nutmeg, and grated ginger. Chop the suet very fine, and mix it with the flour. Add the bread-crumbs, ginger, and nutmeg, and the raisins, stoned, and mix it all well together with the milk and molasses. Put it into a basin, or floured cloth, and boil it.

Swiss Pudding.—Put layers of crumbs of bread and sliced apples, with sugar between, till the dish is quite full; let the crumbs be the uppermost layer; then pour melted butter over, and bake it. Or, butter a dish, strew bread-crumbs thickly over it, add apples, raspberries, or any fruit, sweetened alternately with bread-crumbs until the dish is full, then pour melted butter, or rather small lumps of butter, over the top, and bake.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs, well beaten, one spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil it an hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine-sauce.

CAKES.

Bavarian Rusks.—Four ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one spoonful of good brewer's yeast, one pennyworth of the patent, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two pounds of flour. If yeast is used, it must be mixed with the sugar and a little warm milk, poured into the center of the flour in a deep pudding-basin, and left to rise for about an hour, when the sponge is sufficiently light. Mix with it and the rest of the flour the remaining milk, the eggs, and a little salt, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon; then put into a buttered tin, set it to rise for another hour, then bake in a moderate oven, and when cold, cut the cake into thin slices, and dry them in a quick oven, having previously thickly sprinkled them with powdered sugar.

Seed-Cake.—One pound of butter, six eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, pounded mace and grated nutmeg to taste, one pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of caraway-seeds, one wineglassful of brandy. Beat the butter to a cream; dredge in the flour; add the sugar, mace, nutmeg, and caraway-seeds, and mix these ingredients well together. Whisk the eggs, stir to them the brandy, and beat the cake again for ten minutes. Put it into a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake it from one and a half to two hours. This cake would be equally nice made with currants, and omitting the caraway-seeds.

French Rolls.—Warm a pint of new milk, cut up into it two large spoonfuls of good butter, add a little salt; when cool, sift in one pound of flour, an egg, well beaten, a spoonful of yeast; beat these well together, but avoid knocking; when risen, form it into rolls, handling as little as possible. Bake on tins.

Sweet Biscuits.—Rub four ounces of butter well into eight ounces of flour; add six ounces of loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and a tablespoonful of brandy. Roll the paste thin, and cut it with a wineglass or cutter; egg over the tops of each with the remaining white, and sift on white sugar. Bake in a warm oven.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. 1.—EVENING-DRESS OF THIN, WHITE MUSLIN, worn over a pale-green silk. This is one of the few short evening-dresses. The bottom of the silk skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of the same. The white over-dress is trimmed with lace, and reaches nearly to the bottom of the silk skirt in front; it is rounded and open at the back, and has two short skirts of white muslin above it, which are looped up with bows of green ribbon. The body is made with brocheles, a white muslin body, worn over green silk.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SPOTTED MUSLIN, made not very long, and trimmed with a flounce ten inches wide. One side of the dress is trimmed with two rows of lace, confined by ten butterfly bows of two-inch wide velvet. The corsage is cut low, back and front, but half-high on the shoulders, and is trimmed with a row and bow of velvet. Black velvet waistband.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a pleated ruffle, fourteen inches deep. The upper-skirt is festooned up, and has a large puff at the back. The square cape has a fall at the back. Pagoda sleeves. Black lace bonnet, with a wreath of wheat in front.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, the skirt of which is made of crimson silk, trimmed with three pointed ruffles. The upper dress is of black cashmere, looped up with rosettes of crimson ribbon, and trimmed around the bottom with a ruching of crimson silk. The cape of black cashmere has a small pointed hood, and is trimmed with a very large bow and ends of crimson silk, ornamented with a small ruching of the same. Crimson silk sleeves. Small felt hat, with a black lace tie at the back, and trimmed with tufts of short ostrich feathers, and crimson roses.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK CLOTH.—The skirt is braided with narrow silk braid in palms. The deep *casaque* is cut long, is braided to correspond with the skirt, and is trimmed with a heavy silk fringe. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape. Broad linen collar, of the sailor shape. Small black velvet toque, with a gauze veil tied around it.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE.—The under-skirt has four fluted flounces, the upper one of which is trimmed with a band of black velvet. The upper-skirt, which is looped up at the sides, and falls in a deep puff at the back, is trimmed to correspond with the lower-skirt. The *basque* has a rolling-collar of black velvet, is slit at the sides, and is trimmed with black velvet and fringe.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF HEAVY BLACK SILK.—The under-skirt is of dark-blue silk, and is trimmed with full flounces and black velvet. The upper-skirt is made long, so that it can be worn in-doors, if needed, is quite plain, and is thrown over the arm when not wished to trail. The body is made of both blue and black silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our remarks for December were so full, that there is but little now left to record for this month. The antique red which was so fashionable last year under the name of "Sultane," is just as popular this season; then there is the "dust" color, and the elderberry, a grayish-purple, and mostly for out-of-door costumes; the warm maroons and the peacock color, together with a pale aster-of-roses, shading toward lilac rather than pink; a brilliant coral color; Regina, which is darker than mauve; and Alsinthe, the faintest tint of blue on white, a marvelously beautiful color, that seems green by sunlight.

LACE, both black and white, is very much used; and velvet never entered more largely into the toilet than it does this year.

FLOUNCES AND QUILLINGS are in greater vogue than ever, without causing any prejudice to cross strips and rouleaux; all this is mixed together upon modern dresses, and fringes and fancy braid are added besides.

VELVET, in plain bands, or in quillings, as a heading to flounces and flutings, looks best for trimming dresses of woollen material.

AS WE mentioned in a former number, the round waists, with aashes, etc., though still worn, are giving place to bodices, cut with points, both back and front. For any but a very slim figure, this is much the most becoming style.

THE *SACSQUES*, *MANTLES*, etc., are of innumerable styles this winter. If the *sacque* or jacket is very short and loose, it is cut up the back to fit easily over the panniers, which are still worn. If it is only moderately long, it is cut more in the style of the old-fashioned *basque*; but if it is made

longer still, it falls to the trimming of the under-skirt, and is looped up at the sides or back with bows.

By the side of these tight-fitting *casques*, one sees *redingotes*, and loose *paletots*, with revers like men's coats; but, perhaps, the newest mantle of the season is the circular, in the Metternich style. The present Metternich is ample at the back, and would be loose if it were not fastened at the waist by a large bow of the material; at the sides it forms great wings, covering the arms in shape of sleeves, while under these wings, the fronts are tight-fitting as a *casaque*, or rather a large waistcoat. The mantle is made of velvet or cashmere, lined with silk, or of *dulle* cloth. In velvet it is trimmed with lace and handsome knotted fringe. The bow is also of velvet; if the circular is of cashmere or of cloth, the ornament placed upon it is of cross strips of satin, or else of plain strips of velvet, material as the cross strips.

BOXERS are quite high in front, but otherwise may be made and trimmed in any style that pleases the fancy. The new bonnets are mere diadems of velvet and flowers; there are not even strings, a scarf veil of gauze or lace takes three place; this veil goes round the chin, and is wrapped round the neck. A great many gold ornaments are seen upon the bonnets, as also upon all fancy mantles. For instance, a dressy bonnet is entirely made of black lace, in front a lace bow is fastened by a gold brooch, a black feather droops at the side. A scarf veil of black lace, brightened up by an edging of gold braid on either side, goes round the face and neck, and is fastened at the side with a gold brooch.

HAIR COIFFURES are not less high upon the summit of the head than they were last year; quite the contrary, only the chignon has disappeared; the hair, raised off as much as possible from the forehead, droops from thence, in thick plaits, twists, or curls in the neck, so that the coiffure is quite flat at the back. All the ornaments are placed in front, upon the hair raised with a diadem.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—The under-skirt is of dove-colored merino, and is quite plain. The upper-skirt is of blue merino, trimmed with two ruffles headed by black gimp, and is fastened around the waist by a dove-colored ribbon belt and bow. Dove-colored felt hat, trimmed with blue.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-skirt is of wine-colored silk, trimmed with one deep flounce; the upper-skirt is of gray cashmere, trimmed with rosettes like the skirt; a sash of the same color around the waist. Low body of the silk, with a black lace jacket.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The entire dress is of fawn-colored cashmere; the under-skirt has three ruffles, the lower one of which goes all around the skirt, the upper one only meets the upper-skirt, which extends only from the sides, is looped up at the back, and is trimmed with ruffles of the same. The body is ornamented with bretelles. Fawn-colored hat and white plume.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE POPLIN.—The skirt and *basque* are trimmed with box-pleatings of the poplin, headed by black velvet.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt is of gray cashmere laid in very heavy pleats; the jacket is also of gray cashmere, trimmed with a bias fold of very bright-colored cashmere.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF GOLDEN-BROWN POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with a deep pleating of the same material. Coat of cloth a darker shade of brown than the dress; this coat is looped up at the sides and back, and is trimmed with a brown fringe. Brown hat and plume.

FIG. VII.—BOY'S DRESS OF MULBERRY-COLORED KERSEY-MERE.—Short trousers, not very loose at the knee, and loose jacket, trimmed with braid.



THE BURIAL OF THE PET BIRD.

Engraved by J. H. Johnson, New York.

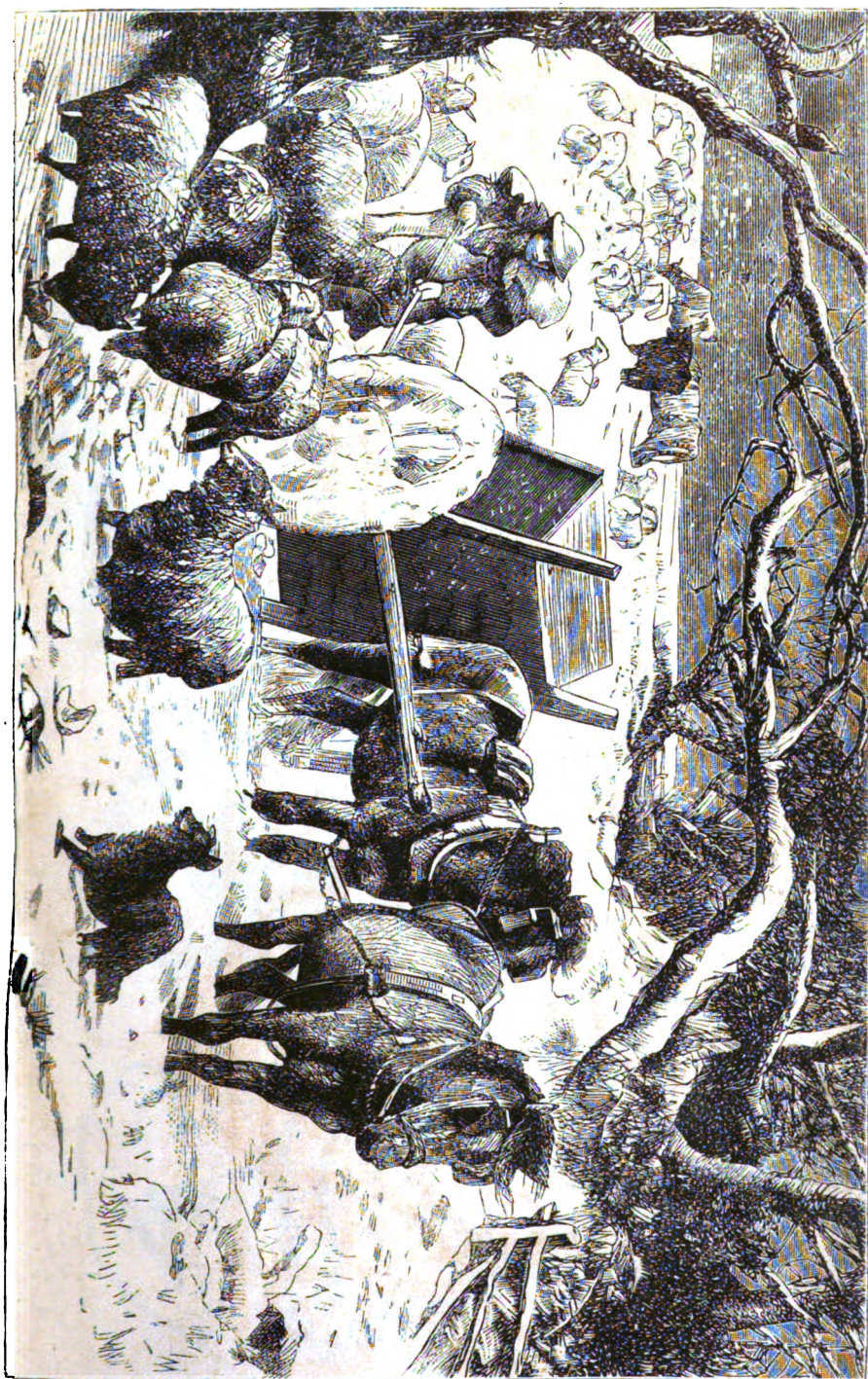


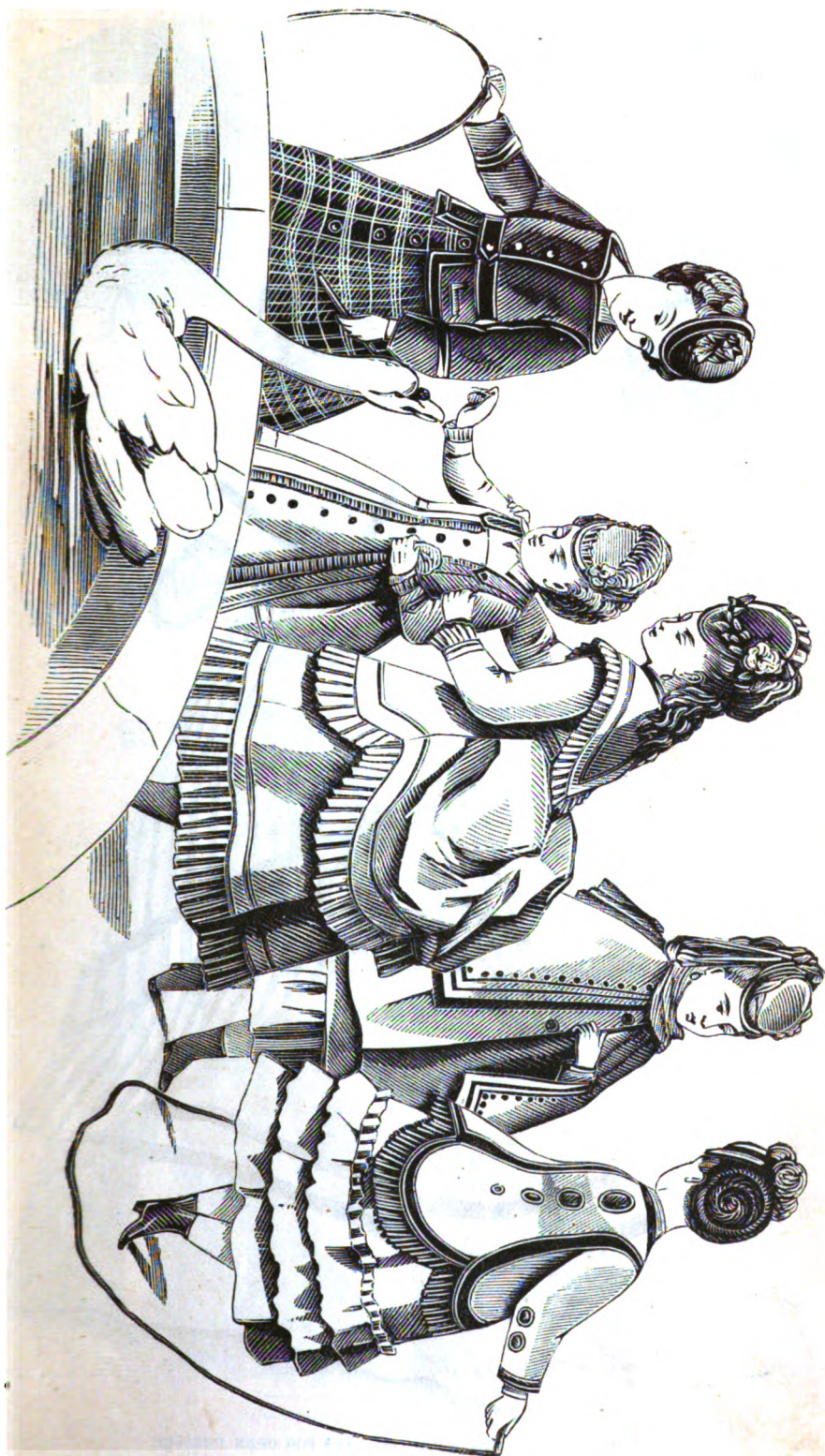
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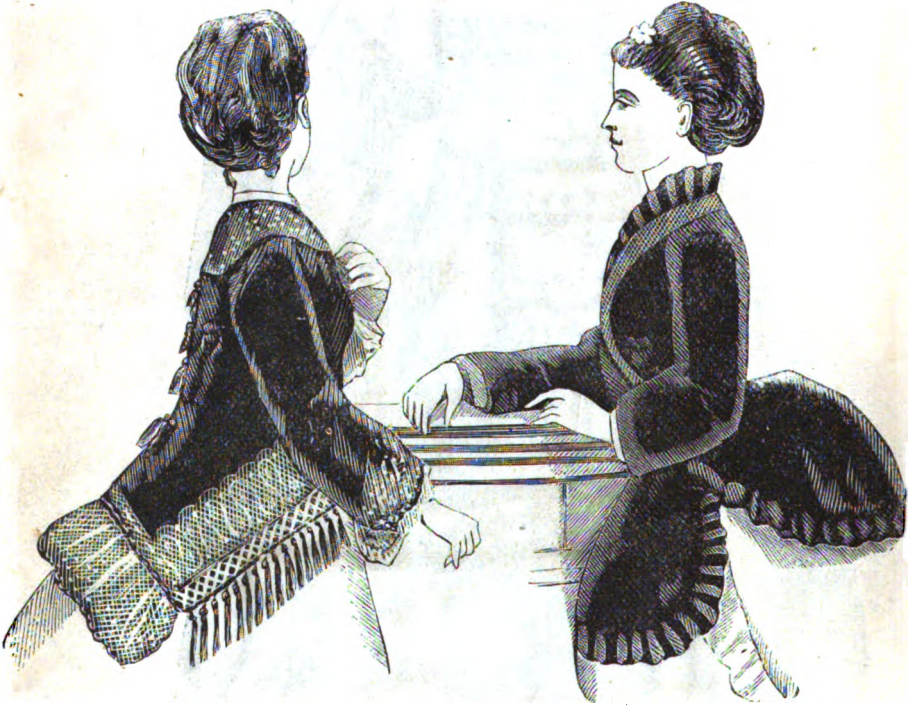
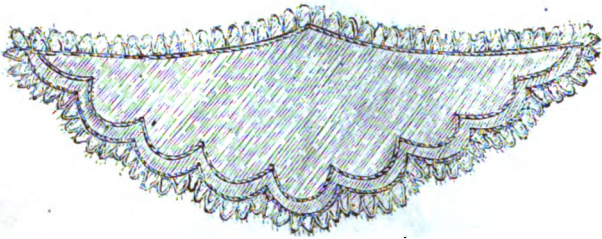




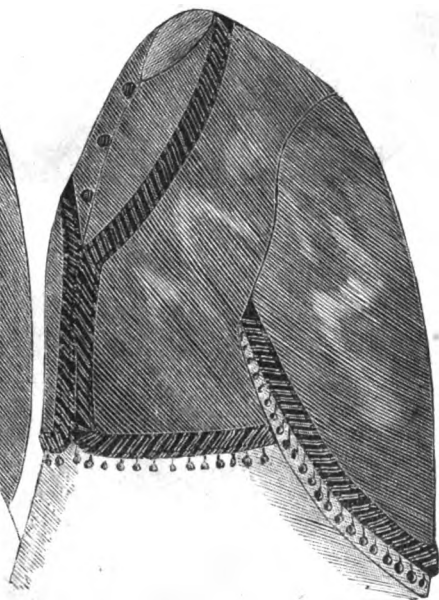
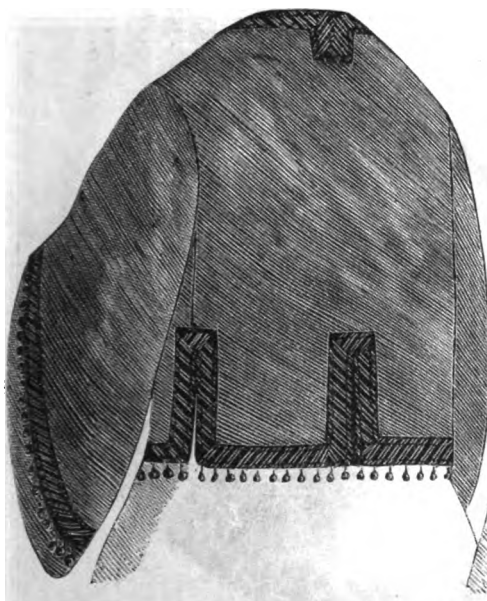
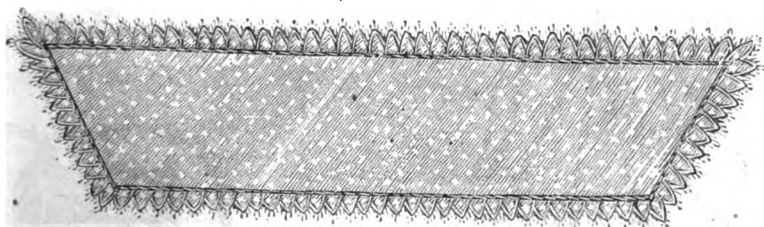
HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS. COLLARS FOR OPEN DRESSES.



WALKING-DRESS. HAT. COLLAR.



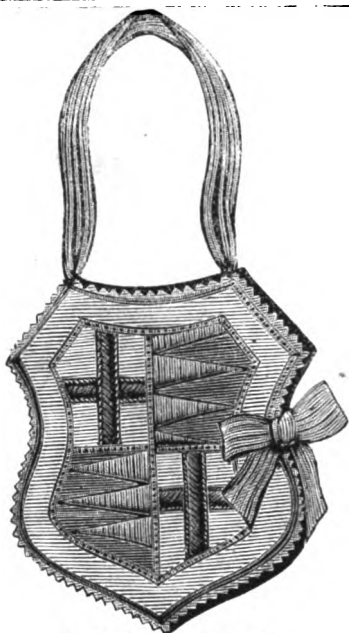
BONNET. HAT. VEIL. VELVET JACKETS.



HAT. BONNET. VEIL. LOOSE HOUSE-JACKET.



CAP-BASKET.



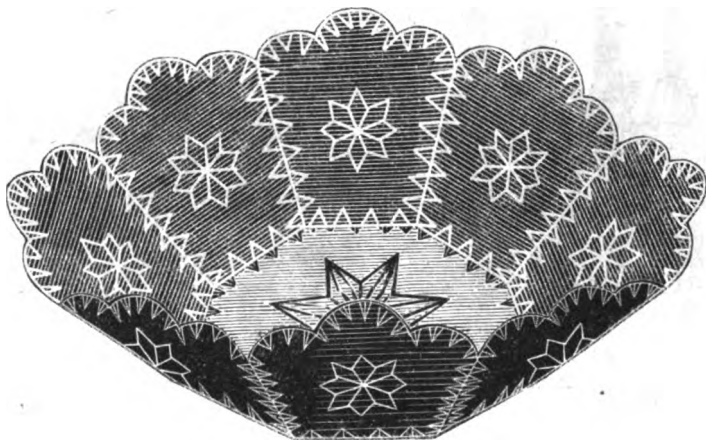
SHIELD NEEDLE-BOOK.



SPONGE-BAG.



DESIGN IN WOOL.



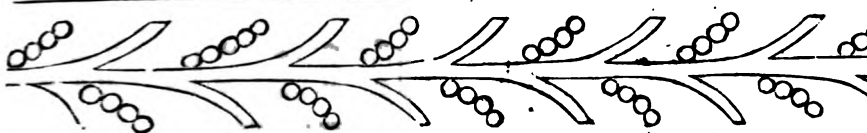
COUNTER OR THREAD-BASKET.



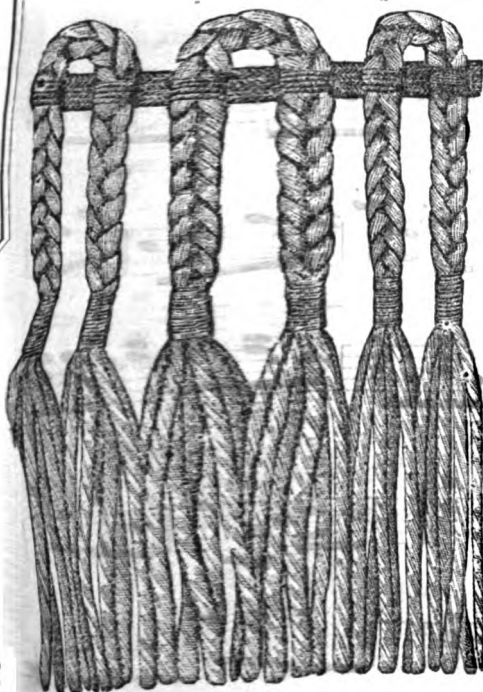
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



INITIALS.



INSERTION.



PLAITED FRINGE.

Josephine

Annie

Pauline

NAMES FOR MARKING.

To Miss Mary L. McMakin.

ARCADIA GALOP.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

BY JOSEPH H. PORTER.

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INTRODUCTION.



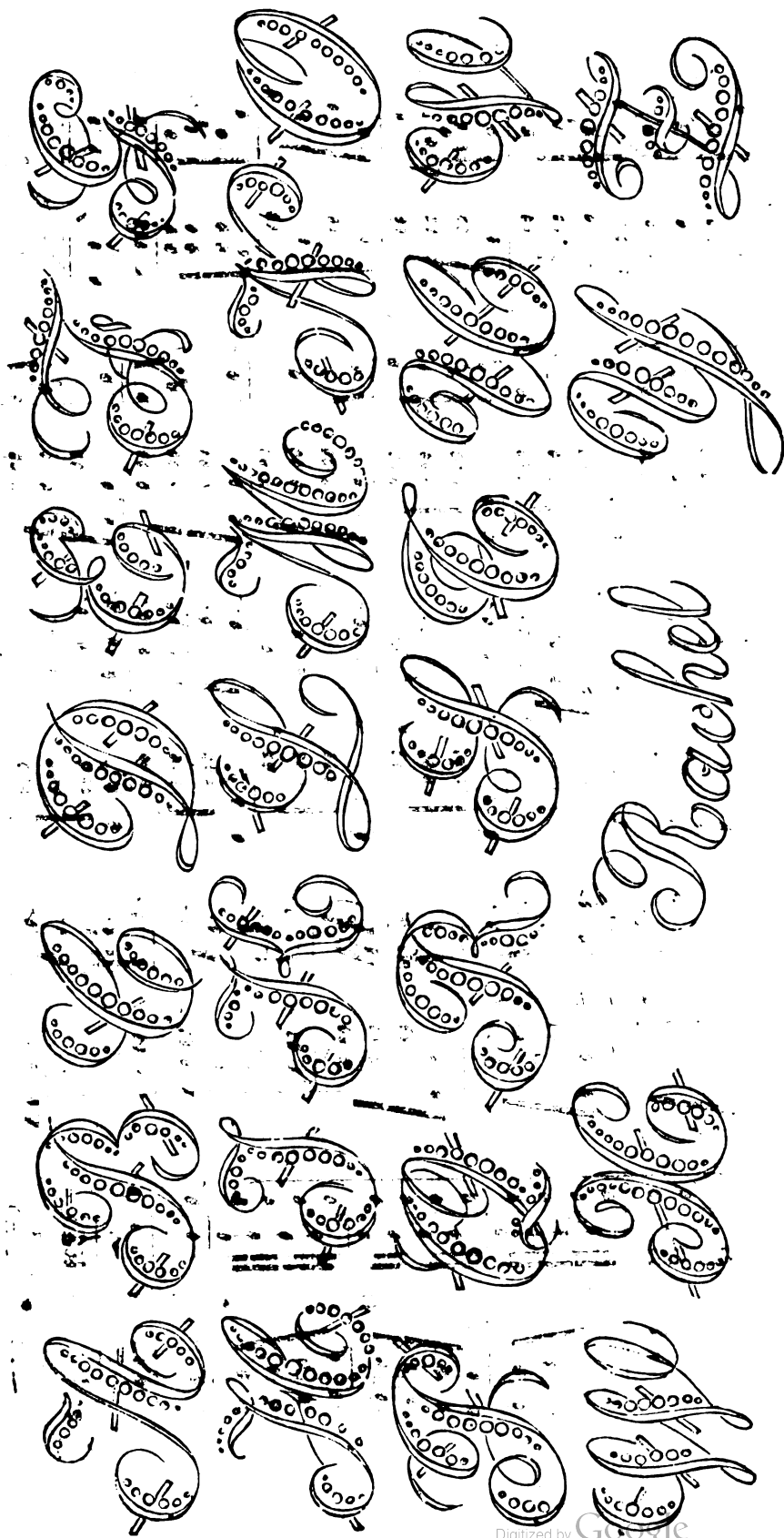
GALOP.



ARCADIA GALOP.



Marcato il Basso.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING. NAME.

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No. 2.

VIOLA'S FIRST VALENTINE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

We were very poor. My mother was a widow. Her health had been failing for months. At last she took to her bed, just as the winter began.

One night I sat by her, watching anxiously the pale, wan face.

Suddenly she cried, "Viola, get up, the lamp is out. Light it and give me some water."

I was quite startled, for I saw the little night-lamp burning as brightly as ever. However, I arose, picked up the wick, and hurried for the water.

"Do light the lamp, dear," she said again.

"Mother, darling!" I said, kissing her lips, and, oh! how cold they were! "the lamp is lighted—don't you see?"

"Then it is death, death!" she murmured; and there came a fearful silence. For some time I could neither speak nor move; then, with shrill, frightened cries, I roused the people in the house where we lodged. This was my introduction to an orphan's lot. I will not dwell on the first fifteen years. At last I found a home that was, in some respects, congenial. I was called to be the nursery governess of two children, the motherless, twin daughters of Mr. Stanhope, an eminent lawyer, who lived in a lovely villa just out of New York.

What a change for me! The nursery was a noble room, full of grand, old furniture and lovely pictures. The twins' bed, with its lace curtains, and my own little couch in a recess of the wall, looked really fairy-like. There were wide, pleasant windows, arched at the top, with deep seats, in which we three sat, all children together, and watched the gray, old gardener trim the shrubs, or fine equipages dash along the near highway, or brilliant oracles fit through the emerald leaves of elms and oaks.

And there was the stately housekeeper, a beautiful woman still, who never seemed so

happy as when she was talking of Mr. Stanhope.

"You see, my dear, what a good man he is, and so very, very fond of the memory of his dear wife. She has been dead exactly seven years; and he religiously keeps the anniversary of her death, and always will, I think. It is a year since he went away; he is in Europe, you know, and we expect him next month."

We were sitting, sewing, by the front window, as she spoke. Suddenly she looked out, and exclaimed, "Heaven preserve us! Here is Mr. Stanhope himself! Why, he must have come by an earlier steamer than he intended."

Such a noise and hubbub as ensued! Such hearty shaking of hands, and exclamations of surprise! Soon little Grace cried, shaking me by the hand,

"Oh, papa! here is our teacher. Kiss her, dear papa; we love her ever so much."

I was so confused, I could not even look up.

"Hush, my dear!" said the housekeeper, in a strange voice; "gentlemen only kiss their little daughters. I ventured to engage this young person, sir," she continued, "on good recommendation. She has been very faithful, and Gertrude and Grace seem to love her dearly. Viola, look up; this is Mr. Stanhope."

I raised my head shyly, and encountered two dark, shining eyes beaming down upon me. Something in their surprised, pleased expression affected me agreeably, and made me less afraid; but, as I turned away, I caught sight of the housekeeper's face, and it turned my blood to ice. Her glance, so full of malice, of sudden, deadly hatred, troubled me, haunted me. I could not understand it; later I learned to do so.

The next day, and the next, I saw Mr. Stanhope, and could look at him without blushing, and speak without stammering. Every day he

would take the children in the garden, and play with them as if he were a boy himself; and he came into the nursery, sometimes, when they were repeating their simple lessons.

Three blissful, happy years fled rapidly; I was growing tall, and losing my awkwardness. I idolized the children, and should have been perfectly happy, but for one thing. The housekeeper seemed constantly to watch me. She affected to be my friend, to counsel and to aid me. She often gave me advice: told me how poor I was, and how humble I should be; cautioned me to beware of Mr. Stanhope, and not be giddy and childish in his presence; gave dark hints that invariably frightened me into a headache.

"You are subject to headaches," she said, one day, with a sneer, when I was suffering. "I know how to relieve you."

"How? Tell me," I said; "it is such terrible pain. I will do anything to be rid of it."

She came close beside me, and gathered up the masses of golden curls that fell on my neck.

"Cut off your hair, child," she said; "it is killing you;" and she reached for her scissors.

Suddenly the secret of her manner dawned on me. She was jealous of me. She loved Mr. Stanhope herself! Her eyes flashed fire as she saw I knew her secret.

"Oh! you think yourself a paragon of beauty, I can see," she cried; "you wish to keep your long ringlets that you may mesh them about his heart. Yes, yes, you think your bright eyes will ensnare him. What! a beggar, of whom one knows nothing, daring to aspire so high. Do you suppose, poor fool, that he loves you?" She laughed scornfully. "On the contrary, he sees that you are infatuated with him, and despises you."

Just then, one of the house-maids opened the door, and handed me a large envelope, which, she said, had come from the post-office that moment. I opened it, in some surprise, for I knew no one from whom to expect a letter. A picture, coarsely colored, was inside. But my eyes were so blinded with tears of mortification and anger, at what the housekeeper had said, that, for a time, I could not make out what it was. Then I saw that the rough wood-cut, painted in glaring colors, represented a girl, with one of the most vulgar faces I had ever seen, but with hair the exact hue of my own, standing admirably before a mirror. Under the picture was written, "Miss Viola's Portrait."

A mocking laugh interrupted me. I turned

and saw that the housekeeper had been looking over my shoulder.

"I give you joy of your Valentine," she cried; and I recollected, for the first time, that it was the fourteenth of February. "I know who sent it, too; it was Mr. Stanhope: he told me he intended to, for your airs needed taking down." And again she laughed mockingly.

The letter fell from my trembling fingers. I covered my face with my hands, and rushed wildly from the room.

Do you wonder at my agony and shame? Or that, when I reached my own apartment, I fell writhing to the floor? Pride, mortification, all the noblest passions of my nature were contending together. I, so trusting, so innocent, to be treated thus! to be told, in so coarse and insulting a way, that I was despised and ridiculed.

Hours after, I kissed the children as they slept, gathered together a few needful things, and then knelt down to pray for my two darlings, and for all who had wronged me. Long I listened for the stroke of the midnight hour. Then, when I knew the house was silent, that every one was asleep, I stole noiselessly down stairs, and left by the servants' door at the side.

What was it that impelled me, however, instead of moving straight down the lawn, to go round to the front of the house, to stand upon the porch, and there to take one last farewell look upon the scenes I loved so dearly? I can never tell. But I obeyed the impulse, and while I stood there, the library-window opened softly, and out stepped the master of the mansion, standing full in the moonlight, and looking straight in my face.

"I heard steps," he said. "I was up late, and—— Why, Viola, is it you?"

I made no answer, but stood trembling. I thought I should fall.

Suddenly he saw my bundle.

"What does this mean, my child?" he said. "Were you going away, and in this manner?"

His tones were so soft, so full of sympathy, his manner so tender, I was staggered. Could the housekeeper have told the truth? Surely, one who spoke thus, and with so tender an inflection, could not despise me. I hid my face; I seemed to myself, all at once, the most ungrateful of earth's children.

"Do we not treat you well, Viola?" he asked, moving a little nearer.

At this I burst into tears. Losing all self-command, I sobbed, "I thought you jested at

me, despised me; boasted that I——" my voice failed me.

"How could you think so unjustly of me, Viola?" he exclaimed, in somewhat agitated tones, moving still nearer. "Who has deceived you so shamefully?"

I hesitated, but he insisted, and finally I told him all.

"How cruel!" he murmured, taking my hand. When he spoke again, it was with emphatic earnestness. "I sent no Valentine. The housekeeper must have sent it herself. So from boasting that you loved me, Viola, I never dared to hope that one so young, so beautiful, so good, would think of me at all. Why, I am old enough to be your father. And yet," and his voice grew even softer and more musical, and he stopped abruptly.

I stood trembling, overwhelmed with astonishment, unable to speak.

"Yes, Viola," he resumed, after a moment, pressing my hand, "gladly would I call you mine, if I dared to hope so much. The wealth of a pure, glad heart like yours, is all I ask. Viola, do you think you could learn to love me?"

The next moment I was folded to his heart, and though I sobbed wildly, I felt that my troubles were over for life.

When I woke, the next morning, after the deep sleep that followed the exhausting emotions of the night before, it was quite late. The moment, however, my eyes opened, there was a rush of little feet to my bedside, and Grace and Gertrude climbed up, and throwing their arms about me, kissed me.

"Old Crusty"—this was what the children called the housekeeper—"Old Crusty went away this morning," said Grace. "Oh! ain't I glad!"

"And papa says you are to be our new mamma," added Gertrude, nestling close to me.

"Our new mamma! Our new mamma!" shouted Grace, and jumped down, and began to dance about the floor.

I heard, afterward, that there had been a terrible scene between Mr. Stanhope and his housekeeper, and that, long before I woke, the latter had left the house, with all her trunks, in a rage that was described as frightful.

What more have I to tell? Grace and Gertrude are growing up, as sweet daughters as any mother could ask, and my dearest friends. Mr. Stanhope loves me "better and better every day," he tells me. I have never had another Valentine. The one sent by my enemy was both my first and my last.

"KNEE-DEEP."

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

The storm is o'er, the wind is laid;
Knee-deep the cattle stand;
A garment, white as bridal robe,
Is over all the land.
The trees are weighted down; in drifts
Half-hid the fences lie;
And, hark! the farm-boy's shrill hille
Cuts sharp across the sky.
Now little boys, insane with glee,
Go tumbling in the snow;
Or older ones, from mimic forts,
Engage a mimic foe.

Or others romp with merry girls
As home from school they play;
While sleigh-bells tinkle far and near
O'er all the hills away.
In-doors, as night draws on, the fire
Is heaped to ruddier blaze;
And there the grandsire smokes his pipe,
And talks of olden days;
And fruit and nuts, with many a jest,
Around the circle go.
Ah! merry is the time of year
When knee-deep lies the snow.

WAIT AND TRUST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHER.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good."—*Psalm 37.*

Up! up and be doing,
Thou pain-weary heart;
Thou still hast thy duties,
Forlorn as thou art.
No breast to receive thee,
No arm to uphold;

Thou treadest Life's desert
Like Hagar of old.
But though thou discernest
Nor Angel nor Rill;
The Guide and the Fountain,
May be near thee still.

AT THE END OF FIVE YEARS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MISS JEMIMA DENBY wrote a long, characteristic letter to Laura Herford, and I shall give it here because it will explain the little story I want to tell.

MY DEAR LAURA—So you are back from Europe, after five years of wanderings, and still you are plain Miss, in spite of all the fine things we have heard and read of your being about to marry Lord This, or Marquis T'other.

The last report was, you were to take young Count T——, and now he's going to marry a Boston girl. Bless me! do you mean to be a hardened spinster like myself? Well, I can't blame you; the men are not what they were, and they were always worth little enough—they would be the most absurd of created creatures if there were no women.

But I had a reason for writing, and if I don't make haste and tell it I shall forget. I want you to come to Beechfield at once. I have invited a party of the young folk of your girlish days—you must come. I don't invite your aunt, because she and I have a pleasant hate of thirty good years between us, and we should be sure to come to blows if shut up in the same house. She's a dragon—so am I; let's howl, each in her own jungle.

My niece and her husband, your old friend Ciey, have bought a place near me. My dear, Preston Everett is a jewel, and he's married, so you can flirt with him. By-the-way, one of your old beaux, Fred Voorhies, is with them—he's been in California for an age. They used to say you were fond of each other; so you had better come, or I shall think it was true, and that you are afraid to see him. Now you are vexed, that's what I wanted.

So you are a beauty acknowledged—the emperor said so! Well, well, when you were thirteen, people said your hair was red—I knew it was just the tint you see in Venetian pictures—and now that blondes are the rage, other folk have found it out.

As for your emperor, I knew him ages since in London. Yes, indeed; and I told him once he had the most atrocious nose ever put on a man's face; and Count D'Orsay laughed. The prince hadn't a word to say for himself; and, I'll warrant you just from that, he remembers me—

men always remember a woman that scratches them; and, I thank heaven, I've done my duty in the way of saying unpleasant things to people.

Now, come at once and show your new dresses.

OLD JEMIMA DENBY.

Miss Herford was still in town when she received her letter; and very much bored she was, for she had a troop of relations about her, and the weather was getting very warm. The trees in the Park looked as if they had put on brown Holland shrouds; and Murray Hill was a desert of dust, not sand.

Yes, she would go to dear old Miss Denby. It would be pleasant to see the places, and the people she had liked when life was fresher than it looked now, and Miss Gem's highly-spiced speeches would be an agreeable contrast to the incessant adulation she had received for a sufficient length of time to make it wearisome.

What did she mean by that mention of Fred Voorhies? Had the ridiculous people been saying she still cared for him, and Miss Gem had taken that way to give her a hint, that she might silence their tongues by appearing among them in all the gorgeoussness of her power?

But, after all, what was the gossip of silly heads to her? Still, she would go—it would be a relief to be free from her worldly old aunt for a time; then she reproached herself for that thought. Yes, actually she would like to see Fred Voorhies; Laura, the woman, would like to look at the man whom Laura, the girl, had loved, or the reality of what was her ideal.

"I dare say," said Laura, to herself, "that though the man has been nothing to me for years, in some absurd way that old dream has stood between me and common sense. I really ought to marry! I'll go and look at the dead things of the past, then I'll come back and be sensible. I ought to marry Mr. Lenox—I should like to be an ambassadress. Oh, dear me! I love nobody and nothing!"

All the people were out on an expedition when she reached Beechfield, so she had a comfortable rest, and a quiet dish of tea in her room; and then in came Miss Gem, looking as young as she did when Laura was a tiny girl and one of her prime favorites.

"Humph!" said Miss Gem, after they had talked awhile. "You are in the bored stage—the surest proof you've had an awful amount of adoration. You're very handsome, but you look too indifferent. Why, you're just in the mood when even new dresses are a weariness. Well, you'll get over it."

"Shall I?" Laura asked.

"Yes, people get over everything! I've been bored myself—dreadful it was; but look at me now! Bless me! I'm too busy—I'm ruling people, or I'm bothering people, or I'm setting people straight, or I'm subduing my relations, or I'm hunting up a language new to me, or I have a geological fit, or a botanical spasm. Oh! there's always something."

"Is there?" asked Laura.

"You'll find it! Bless you, you think you've lived it all out. Oh! you've oceans to learn yet! But I'm glad to have you here! Do as you like. All I ask of my guests is to be in the drawing-room by half-past seven, so I needn't be kept waiting for my dinner."

And then they laughed, and Laura felt herself getting more life, just from the mere sight of wonderful old Miss Gem, who was the grandest old maid that ever lived.

As there was a party, dinner was not till eight that day; and as Laura had a gloomy fit come over her after Miss Gem's departure, she did not take the trouble to go down stairs till nearly the hour.

There were some twenty people gathered when she appeared; and, of course, everybody was looking at her—and she was worth it! She wore a marvelous dress, and looked like a goddess!

Up came old friends and new people, and it was a repetition of the story Laura was so tired of; and she heard foolish things, and said lazy things, and wished it was bed-time.

And presently she saw Miss Gem talking to a man who had just come in—a tall, pale man, with a long, brown mustache and great, brown eyes, that were handsome, and would have been handsomer if they had not looked gloomy and tired, and a wonderfully thorough-bred look altogether, and she knew it was Fred Voorhies; but how he was altered!

She had expected him to be changed, but not in this way. He had been buried in the mountains, down by the Pacific, busy drawing a fortune out of a Nevada silver-mine. She had made up her mind to see him a little coarse, a little fussy, perhaps; already very fond of good things to eat, for he was thirty; and here he was cold, and bored, and elegant still.

They were going toward the dining-room before he happened to be near her, or was apparently aware of her presence. Then she held out her hand quietly, and said,

"I believe we need no introduction, Mr. Voorhies. I am very glad to see you."

"I am very happy to welcome you back," said Fred Voorhies, bowing low over her hand.

They were not near enough each other at table to talk, and Laura saw fit to talk a great deal to those about her in her most languid and heartless manner; and Fred Voorhies, down at his end of the board, was making the people laugh by stories of camp life, and was as brilliant as possible; and Laura, catching words occasionally, tried to think he was coarse, and did not succeed.

After dinner, she did not see much more of him; for pretty little Mrs. Lambert took possession of him. Laura talked and laughed, and made new victims enough to have satisfied any reasonable creature; but the evening was as dull to her as such evenings had been for a long, long time.

That night, when she was alone in her room, Laura wondered how, as a young girl, she could ever have been foolish enough to let a girl's dream and a girl's fancy become so powerful. Fred Voorhies was the merest trifler, she said, a man who lived on the surface of existence, and was content so to do; whose innate, well-bred, and very probably good-natured selfishness, made him avoid earnestness in any form.

"It would have been all the same, then," said Laura, "whoever the man might have been. I had to dream my dream and live my romance—girls are such idiots! The first man, with a handsome face that came in my way, I naturally concluded was the reality of my ideal—a beautiful one I chose, and a blessed young donkey I was. Well, I shall never be in love now; it is altogether too late," and Laura felt several centuries old, at least; "and I must marry—I think that's rather a bore; but, then, everything about life is a bore."

Then Laura decided to go to sleep, and told herself she was doing it for some time; and at last discovered she was telling a lie, for she was broad, staring awake, and, in spite of herself, feeling hot and wrathful toward Fred Voorhies, because he had altogether beaten her at her own game of elegant indifference.

And in the same clear, yellow moonlight, Fred Voorhies sat by his open window at an hour when a reasonable man ought to have been in bed, and smoked a great deal of the very strongest golden leaf in his biggest meer-

schaum—what he called his storm-pipe, which was reserved for restless seasons like this.

"And the woman is just what the girl promised to be," he growled, internally. "A mere specimen of airs and breeding—a regular fine lady," thought Fred. "Bah! I hate the species! Yet how I did love that girl! Well, it's all over, and when a woman makes a fool of me again, she'll be keener than any of the race I'm acquainted with."

Up rose Fred, shook the ashes out of his pipe, knocking it with unnecessary violence on the window-sill, and uttering a single ejaculation aloud, not at all complimentary to women in general. Then he went to bed.

Finally, the next day came, and all the Beechfield party were over at the Everett's place for luncheon. After that there was to be an expedition through the woods to the top of Eagle's Bluff, which was one of the show places of the neighborhood.

Laura Herford, and such of the women as knew they could manage to walk about a house in a habit without looking absurd, had come on horseback. No, there was one woman who looked absurd, and did not know it—a bony, high-shouldered, giggling, ringleted old maid. Miss Gem always invited one silly specimen of the race as a foil to herself, she frankly owned. Laura looked like a queen on horseback, and she walked like Diana in a riding-habit, and I need not say more.

And on the road through the beautiful old forest, by a mere accident, as they thought, (though it was the work of fate, as performed by Miss Jemima, who was on horseback, too, and as capable of leaping a five-barred gate as a woman of twenty-five,) Laura and Fred found themselves side by side; and they talked, perhaps rather too much, in their mutual eagerness to show how changed and wise they had become.

And, apropos to some worldly remark of Laura's, Fred said, "But, dear me, didn't all New York, last winter, say you were about to become what the shoddy woman called a 'lordess'—it was cruel of you to disappoint people."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Laura, feeling an inward rage that made her fingers tingle to hit him in the face with her riding-whip. "I feel it a duty to disappoint people—it does them good."

"I'm sure I congratulate you on having a 'duty' of any sort," drawled Fred. "Is it nice? Wonder if a fellow could be vaccinated for it, or something of that sort, you know?"

Was he talking in that empty-headed way

because he was a blatant idiot who copied English models? Then came another thought—was he doing it from insolence, coolly making fun of the fine people she had been talking about?

"I believe," said she, in a voice that was too civil for her words to sound rude, "you have only lately been released from very unpleasant duties, so you must have a tolerably clear idea of what they are like."

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Fred, with a good-natured laugh; "you mean to remind me I'm a parvenue, not born to greatness, and so forth. Fact, too. Odd, isn't it, how some one forgets one's beginnings? Oh, yes! I grubbed with a pick, and wore a blue flannel shirt, and went unshaved—no wonder you shudder; and I might be at it yet, if I hadn't happened to strike the 'lucky,' as the miners say; and just then along came a lot of capitalists, fellows made of money, you know, and bought me out."

"Ah, indeed! What a pretty vine that is!" And Laura looked as if she would like to yawn, but all in the civil, elegant way that can be made to hold so much insolence.

"Yes, to both remarks," said Fred. "If that vine could only be trained and cultivated, how pretty it would be."

Laura decided that he meant to be impertinent.

"This sort of expedition is a frightful bore, isn't it?" said she.

"Oh, frightful! But when one is weak enough to visit one's friends, one must expect to be victimized."

"Complimentary to all parties," said Laura. "Your hostess would be charmed if she heard you."

"Ah! but she don't; and I will retract my heresy before I visit you at that English castle."

"I doubt if I shall have Americans about me," replied she, "I don't fancy them."

"How inconsiderate of your ancestor, whatever one it was, to emigrate, and so make you a Yankee in spite of yourself," said Fred.

"The air of Nevada has given you an amazing flow of spirits, Mr. Voorhies," said Laura. "I think we will wait for the carriage to come up, it is a shame of me to enjoy your conversation by myself. I dare say they are very dull without you."

Then Fred would have liked to bite her; but yet how handsome she was! He called himself by a great many opprobrious epithets in a flash; then he laughed.

"Are you too much bored for endurance?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no! I can bear a great deal! I only did not want to be selfish."

"Well, positively, since you are so kind, I may take the liberty of an old, old acquaintance to admit that I had forgotten to tell Mrs. Lambert something I promised to find out for her; so, since you wish it, we'll wait for the rest of the people."

"What a pretty creature she is," said Laura, looking quite enthusiastic.

And, because she said that so honestly, Fred could not see that Mrs. Lambert was very pretty, after all.

"A little faded," said he.

"Possibly," returned Laura. "Yes, I dare say, she is only a year younger than I. She's twenty-three; and really 'tis an immense age for a woman."

So she had Fred at a little disadvantage in her turn, and felt better natured; they both laughed.

"I believe I don't quite know what to say," said he.

"No, I see you don't! Never mind, don't be discouraged. You've not been long out of the mine; I dare say you'll improve."

"Thanks," said Fred; but his laugh sounded just as real, and there was no sign of being in the least touched. "Now, if I could only have a teacher like you—those women yonder are very well, but you, who are familiar with the ways of lords and ladies, and know exactly what ought to be said or done on all occasions, your advice would be invaluable."

Laura wanted to use her whip again.

"There are times," said she, and it was a great effort to say it pleasantly, "when people would do better to say nothing."

"Appear better, you mean, perhaps?"

"Perhaps I do! How those horses creep; at this rate it will be midnight before we get to the top."

"Now that's cruel of you, when I am thoroughly enjoying this meeting you—one so seldom comes across one's old friends."

"Oh, bless me!" said Laura, "don't you think even seldom is several times too often? Old friends remind one that one is growing old. They say, 'Why, you haven't changed in the least;' and of all annoying speeches, that is the worst."

"I shall not say it, Miss Herford," said Fred, more gravely; "you are thoroughly changed."

"Perhaps you have no clear recollection of what I was—I mean how I looked, of course."

But he was not to be caught that way.

"Naturally I had not," said he; "one can't carry mental photographs of one's friends about for centuries; but now that I see you, I notice the change plainly."

"I am very much handsomer than I was as a young girl," said Laura, coolly; "I was too thin, and I was dreadfully awkward and shy."

"You were reticent, rather than shy. Oh, no! you weren't awkward!"

"How good of you!"

"As for the beauty——"

"That I never allow to be discussed."

"Pardon; you mentioned it."

"Being my own, such as it is, I may take the liberty;" and she slightly emphasized the pronoun.

Then up came the carriages, and the rest of the equestrians, and the conversation ended; and each, instead of feeling politely indifferent toward the other, as both had intended, felt irritated and annoyed, and wanted to talk more, and say a great many atrocious things.

This was the beginning of a line of conduct which they pursued toward each other for a full fortnight; and though both meant to be perfectly careless and indifferent, it was impossible that tolerably strong feelings should not be roused in their minds.

There were times when Laura cherished a hot resentment toward the man whom she had so proudly declared to have passed out of her life, and to be nothing but a name to her. Yet, even when they parted, both sore from a sharp, wordy conflict, no matter what subject came up, they managed, unconsciously to themselves, to bring personal feeling into it; and Laura thought for a half-hour she would go away and not be exposed to meeting that intensely aggravating man again. She staid, and as the hour for his daily visit approached, would find herself restless, with the old feeling strong, as if "waiting" for something; but when she discovered that, she explained it to herself by asserting that it was because "he set her nerves on edge."

And Fred went through all the stages of varying emotions, and very soon owned to himself that he was far from as indifferent as he had supposed; nay, the time came when he quarreled with himself for loving her still, with all the passion of early youth, that had, apparently, been frozen into coldness, awakened to add its fire to the strength of his emotions.

He wondered at himself, knowing that she was heartless, that she had cast him off because, in the old days, they were both poor,

and she was not true woman enough to be willing to wait, or to dare poverty.

And Miss Jemima, looking blind as an owl in the sun, saw and understood exactly how matters stood, and chuckled privately over their contentions, their elaborate civility to one another, Laura's elegant, fine lady airs, and Fred's nineteenth-century manners, which is supposed to say, "Lived it all out ages ago, you know—feeling, and love, and pleasure, and all that rubbish. Yes, by Jove! very well in novels, you see, 'cause the beggars must write."

Miss Jemima saw it all, and never so much as blinked suspicion. She made the house very gay; and everybody declared it was Miss Gem's crowning summer in the way of making things delightful.

Even Laura, to her intense astonishment and disgust, found herself actually amused; she who knew the world "from core to husk," and had lived through such centuries up to the sublime height of polite indifference, upon which one is not to be disturbed, though the sky fall, or one's friends are all swept away by a storm into the Gulf of Mexico.

Finally, the time came when Laura must depart—there was some previous engagement which must be kept—and Miss Gem decided that if these two parted in the state of mind they then were, probably nothing could ever be done to set matters straight in this world, for Laura would marry her titled man, and Fred would undoubtedly—she reasoned logically, from her knowledge of humanity—proceed to make an immense fool of himself without delay.

So one day, when she and Laura were sitting together in a summer-house, away out in the shrubberies, and had been talking an immensity, and Gem had encouraged her in her worldliness and her cynicism, the crafty old maid said, suddenly,

"I'll tell you what, Laura, that flirtation you had years ago with Fred Voorhies was just what you needed—it showed you what trash romance is."

And Laura kept her face perfectly unmoved, but she did feel at that moment that she hated Miss Gem.

"Yes, indeed," continued Jemima, "it did you a world of good! If you had been a little more in earnest it would have been still better."

This was too aggravating.

"Thank you," said Laura, "I was quite enough in earnest. You and I tell the truth to each other—"

"Yes, sometimes," interrupted Gem.

"Very well; as much as women can."

"That's better," said Gem; "and men can't tell it at all. But what is the truth?"

"That I was, like any dreaming girl, in love with my ideal—really in love, mind you. I thought Fred Voorhies was the reality—that was my mistake. I discovered the fact very soon, and, of course, from that time he was nothing to me."

"Of course," said Jemima, dryly. "But how did you happen to be wise enough to find out before it was too late to remedy matters?"

"Because he was a born trifler," said Laura, contemptuously. "When he began to reflect, he saw he had gone further than would be comfortable for his selfishness; so he began to be afraid of poverty for me."

"Sweet creatures men are—so thoughtful," said Jemima. "So you saw it, and sent him about his business?"

"Naturally. It came out in a conversation he had with my aunt, who, if not exactly a woman you like, you will acknowledge is a very shrewd, clear-sighted woman."

"Very shrewd," said Jemima; and felt an unwomanly and unchristian desire to swear—for she was certain now of what she had always suspected, that the "old cat had done it."

And Jemima, looking down the walk—she had eyes like a lynx—saw Fred Voorhies in the distance. She sat still and allowed Laura to diverge to worldly wisdom, by way of proving how far she had lived beyond that girlish folly.

"Yes, yes, you are right," said Jemima; "you were meant to be a duchess! My dear, never let heart stand in the way of common sense."

And again Laura felt she hated her.

"Dear me!" said Gem, "I forgot about my farmer—he wanted to see me. Stay here and read; I'll be back soon—it's nice to get away from the people."

Off she trotted—met Fred Voorhies, put her arm in his, whirled him suddenly into a side-path, and shook her fist in his face, all without a word.

"Does that mean good-morning?" asked Fred.

"Fred, my love," said Jemima, "all men are asses—you're the biggest one I know."

"Thank you," said Fred.

"You needn't; it's a pleasure to me to speak the truth—sometimes."

"If any woman in the world ever feels disposed for that, I wouldn't stop her," quoth sarcastic Fred.

"Let me see," said Jemima; "weren't you once engaged to Laura Herford?"

"I believe the lady did me the honor to let me think so, till she got frightened at my being in earnest."

"How do you mean?"

"She was afraid of the poverty, and commissioned her old fiend of an aunt—I beg your pardon——"

"Don't, I pray! Call her worse names if you like, my dear; my morality is well seasoned, and can bear a great deal. Her aunt——"

"To inform me of the fact? No; to beat round the bush till I saw what she was at. You may be sure I very speedily set her mind at rest."

"Yes, indeed, sure you did!" and Jemima nodded her head, and seemed to approve immensely. "You flew into one of your old rages at once."

"I believe I did."

"Yes, yes; and sent aunt and niece to—— Well, where the angels don't go."

"I did not care where she went," growled Fred; "she was not the girl I had believed—she was nothing to me."

Jemima stopped nodding, fixed him with her big, gray eyes, and an uplifted finger.

"Oh! you double-distilled essence of all that's silly—you *man!*" said she. "And the blessed aunt who liked you so much, and was sorry Laura was frivolous. Oh! I know! She told Laura you were afraid, and lazy——"

"She lied!" shouted Fred.

"Did she? Well, don't scream. I hate to have my robins frightened—it's all over now."

"Over!" yelled Fred. "That girl broke my heart! She might have known I was ready to dig, beg—die for her!"

"Dear me!" said Jemima. "What an odd coincidence!"

"What is?" snapped he.

"Why, so was she for you; and aunty, dear soul! said you wanted to be let off."

"The infernal old——"

"Yes, indeed; very nice woman! Well, well! it's all for the best—you don't care about her now! She was just telling me how wise her aunt was; how she found out you wanted to draw back."

"Who was?" snarled Fred, beginning to feel dizzy.

"Laura, of course. Why, how stupid you are! She's in the summer-house. But come with me, I want to show you my lilies."

Fred almost pushed her out of the way, unconsciously, as he would have pushed, or tried to, fire, water, a mountain, that had stood between him and Laura, and dashed toward the arbor.

Gem stood and looked after him, and smiled.

"Old woman," said she, "you are not worth much, but you've been allowed to do a little good."

She walked slowly toward the house; but it was several hours after before anybody saw Laura and Fred Voorhies.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

DREAMING, my car is the fleecy cloud,

Its gold, and crimson, and azure bands

Clasp me about like a stainless shroud,

Woven and folded by angel hands.

Waking, foot-sore in the valley I tread;

Hollow the echoes my footsteps raise;

Ghosts of the hopes that were long since dead,

Lure me along in forbidden ways.

Dreaming, I stand on a dizzy height,

Sure of my footing, of purpose strong;

Brave as the eagle that bathes in light,

Proud as the lark of her morning song.

Waking, the mountains loom up through the mist,

Sunless and barren, and hard to climb;

Black is the air as the North wind's kiss;

Pitiless, too, as the hand of Time.

Dreaming, the dear ones I've loved and lost,

Come round about me, each baby hand

Nestled in mine, and the knees soft,

Falling like dew in a thirsty land.

Waking, my arms are empty, and down,

Deep in my heart is a fathomless pain;

I cover it up, but it does not drown;

I stifle its cries, and go on again.

Dreaming, I sail over Summer seas,

Softly the waves keep time to a tune;

Never were islands as fair as these—

Never such skies, though the month was June.

Waking, my islands are small and bare;

Strong is the current that sweeps me on;

Storms are abroad in the Wintry air,

And the sails have been lowered, one by one.

Dream we of earth, where the mourners stand

Weeping at sight of an empty chair,

Perishing flowers in the pale, cold hands—

Folded close as the snow-flakes are,

Waking, by faith to an endless day,

Never darkened by sorrow or pain!

Never to faint in the golden way,

And never to dream, dear Christ, again!

AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"PRETTY, but too pale."

"How can you say so, Sophia? She is totally devoid of style."

"But her eyes are lovely," said Rushbrooke Clyde, somewhat warmly for him.

Alice Wharton colored violently under her rouge. "Mr. Clyde going in for the bread-and-butter school!" said she, with a languid drawl. "How refreshing! Where did Clara dig up that piece of simplicity?"

"Down in Connecticut, I should think," said Sophia Layne, "I rather like Miss Chester, but she evidently looks upon all of us with holy horror, as being a decidedly fast lot."

"Amen!" said Clyde. "I didn't give the young lady credit for so much penetration."

Aileen Chester, the unconscious subject of these remarks, was standing, one foot arched over her ball, as she paused a second to sight the wicket before croqueting it. Clyde saw that she was evidently engrossed in making her shot—not in displaying that lovely foot and ankle—and his languid interest in the girl went up a degree in consequence.

"Very fairly done, Miss Chester," he said, rising, as her ball came near him.

"Thank you," said Aileen, taking the ball from him. "Do you ever play yourself?"

"Not often. It's rather a bore now-a-days."

"Oh!" said she.

A perfectly quiet intonation, that made Clyde bestow a quick glance upon her. A tall, slender figure, with a certain quiet grace in its movements; hands and feet beautifully formed, and small for her height. The face rather pale, with a most determined mouth and chin; and her hair, rich, warm chestnut, worn in a careless fashion of curls and braids, that was refreshing to the eyes after the frizzled heads of the rest of the company. Eyes "lovely," he repeated, mentally; gray, with long, black lashes, and dark eyebrows; clear, pure eyes, such as you rarely see in any but a child's face; and the forehead above them, broad and square at the temples, with the blue veins easily traced beneath the delicate skin.

"How long have you been here?" asked Clyde, bringing a chair for her. The interest of the game happened to be, just then, on the other side of the lawn, and they were left alone for a few minutes.

"A week to-day. You were in Boston when I came."

"Yes, I remember. Then you have been at Glen Mora long enough to make it fair to ask how you like it?"

To his surprise she colored extremely, as she replied,

"I like it—rather well."

"Faint praise!" said he, stifling a smile; for Glen Mora was a place where people fibbed, and fussed, and almost fought to get an invitation, its hostess, Mrs. Mortimer Clay, was so aristocratic and exclusive; yet the girl could find nothing to say for its charms and privileges, but that she liked it—"rather well!"

"I am not used to it," she said, modestly, after a pause. "I think your life here bewilders me, with its constant round of gayety. Besides, I am so slightly acquainted; you have your own set, you know, and very naturally do not care for an insignificant stranger."

"In short, you think us exclusive, and rather fast," said he, a trifle nettled.

"Yes," said she, with the utmost calmness.

"I hope," he said, "you will like us better when you get used to us; and as for having a tinge of the 'fast' element—New York manners, you know."

"I have been in New York occasionally, for Mrs. Clay is my cousin," said she, with a droll smile, "and I don't know."

The players now called loudly for Miss Chester, and she left him to make her stroke.

When she came back to her place again, Clyde was smoking, and Sophia Layne standing beside him, lighting a cigarette.

"At last," said she, taking a puff, "it's about a month since I've smoked one, is it not, Clyde?"

He signed assent, and Sophia turned around and offered one mischievously to Aileen.

"No, thank you," said she; to Clyde's secret delight, taking the offer as a joke, not as a trap for her simplicity, which Sophia intended it to be. "Do you have trouble with your throat, Miss Layne?"

"Why?" asked Sophia, mystified.

"I supposed that you smoked on that account," said Aileen, innocently. "I have frequently heard doctors recommend it even to ladies."

An intensely amused smile shot over Clyde's

face; the truth being that Sophia smoked because she thought it looked "fast," which the men in private rather laughed at. Unfortunately for her, Sophia saw his expression, and, angry at it, threw a glance of blazing indignation upon them both, dashed the cigarette on the grass with the air of a tragedy queen, and marched off toward the house.

Clyde, when Sophia was out of hearing, burst into a fit of laughter at Aileen's face of utter bewilderment.

"Oh! what have I done?" said she, in evident distress. "I did not say anything rude, did I? And Miss Layne has been more kind to me than any one; I'll run after her and beg her pardon, if you'll only tell me why she was so angry."

"Better not, my child," said he, laying a kindly hand on her arm. "She forgot herself, that's all; and you gave her a pretty hard hit without knowing it." A suspicion of the true state of the case flashed upon Aileen. "She will never speak of it again, and be sure that she is just the woman who would never forgive you for doing so. And you couldn't convince her that you did not 'play innocent,' instead of really being so."

Aileen was so annoyed that her eyes filled with tears.

"I never say things in that way," said she, with much sweetness, "and I hope you do not think so."

"I? No, indeed, my child," said he, gravely.

This time she noticed the familiarity, and that being one of the traits which was most disagreeable to her in the manners of the whole set, she rebuked him then and there.

"I would rather have you call me Miss Aileen," she said, blushing very much.

If a dove had flown in Rushbrooke Clyde's face he could not have been more amazed! For he was, to do him justice, too thorough a gentleman to offend even her nice sense of propriety; and he had used the term inadvertently, exactly as he would have done had she been the child in years that he felt her to be in purity of heart.

"For the second time this morning I am forced to beg your pardon," he said, "and on this occasion most sincerely. I beg you to believe it was unintentional; you seem like a child to me. I wonder how many years I am your senior?"

"I am older than you think," a little shyly. "I am two-and-twenty, Mr. Clyde."

He looked surprised; and, indeed, she would have passed anywhere for eighteen.

"How your looks belie you, then," he said. "Well, I am thirty-four. Is not that old enough for me to be fatherly?"

"I'm afraid not," said she, with a merry laugh. They were getting acquainted rapidly now; she was so frank and fresh that he was fascinated with her, and he laid himself out to be agreeable for the next hour. And when he chose, there were few women whom he could not please; for Rushbrooke Clyde was an extremely clever man, was popular in society, and, better still, stood high at the bar. Malignant people charged him with flirting; but in his coterie it was whispered that he was at last captive, and to Sophia Layne. She was an extremely beautiful woman of the Spanish order; clever, calculating, but, although passively good-natured, without a particle of real heart.

"But I hardly believe in the engagement," said Mrs. Clay, one day, to Aileen, "though he may drift into marrying her, unless he falls in love with some one else very shortly. I confess that I am, sometimes, a little surprised to see the extent of her flirtation with Harry Dale. There's a man, Aileen, whom I don't care to have you know very well."

And thus Aileen, as I have told you, thinking Clyde almost the same as an engaged man, allowed him to get acquainted with her shy, sweet self.

It was a pleasant month for both of them, for Sophia was too clever to allow Clyde to think her jealous at this state of the game; and although she liked to shock Aileen (and did continually) by her fast ways and speeches, she kept pretty good friends with her outwardly. Aileen was too fresh and artless a creature to realize beside what a precipice she was walking now; and Clyde resolutely shut his eyes to all but the present enjoyment. Perhaps, of all of them, Mrs. Clay was the only one who saw whither this close intimacy was tending; and she only smiled, well pleased, and said nothing.

"Alice," said Sophia Layne, calling her friend into her room one morning, "is your heart bent upon going to the Brainards' *soiree* this evening?"

"Why? What plan have you on foot?"

"To spoil sport for somebody—exactly! Really, where you have a pet aversion in view, your wits are even quicker than usual. You remember our plan for a drive to Carlington with Clyde and Harry Dale? I mean to take it to-day, that's all, and then you may trust me for 'delays,' and 'accidents.' That little saint has trodden on rose-leaves long enough—it is

time I called back my cavalier!" And with the reckless laugh of a woman who is determined to carry her point at any cost, Sophia touched the bell for a servant.

Rushbrooke Clyde had, among other good gifts, a very rare and beautiful tenor, so fine that it had created a genuine *furor* in town, and received the highest compliments from professionals. He had promised to sing at the Brainards' *musical*, and that morning was practicing with Aileen in the music-rooms. It was, therefore, not especially agreeable to be interrupted by a note from Sophia, and having read it, he looked annoyed.

"How provoking! Last week I promised Miss Layne that I would drive over to Carlington with Dale, Miss Wharten, and herself, and now she sends me word that the party is arranged for to-day, as Dale goes into town on business to-morrow; and I wanted to take you out on horseback this afternoon."

"Never mind," said Aileen, lightly, "you will be back for the *soirée*, and the ride will lose none of its pleasures by being anticipated a little longer."

"Will it not?" he said, softly. "Remember that I am going in Mrs. Clay's carriage to the *soirée* with her and yourself."

"And Miss Layne——" she hesitated.

He laughed, and answered, "Will go with Dale, probably. Adieu—promise not to be lonely."

Aileen busied herself in various ways that afternoon, partly because she felt a curious presentiment of evil hanging round her. She was by no means a nervous girl; but she drew a most relieved breath when six o'clock came, and she remembered that the party must soon be home. There came a low knock upon her door, she opened it, and found Mrs. Clay outside.

"I mean to start in a few minutes, Aileen," said she. "It is excessively stupid of Clyde to keep us waiting; I never knew him to be so rude. Provoking! Sophia will be sure to take an extra half-hour for her toilet—and Clyde sings very soon, does he not?"

"His place is second," said Aileen; "but you could induce Miss Brainard to play before him, no doubt, and that would give a little extra time in case they are very late. How extremely odd."

Mrs. Clay looked troubled, and Aileen, seeing it, took fright. "You don't think that any accident——" she panted, turning pale.

"Nonsense, child; don't fill your head with absurd ideas. More likely to be one of Sophia's whims—that woman grows worse and worse."

It was in a most unamiable frame of mind that Mrs. Clay swept down to her carriage, followed by Aileen. When they arrived, Miss Brainard rushed to meet them.

"Oh, Mrs. Clay!" said she, "I have a telegram for you from Crayford."

"Crayford!" ejaculated Mrs. Clay, as she opened the dispatch; "I am sure that I have no idea." Then her eyes began to sparkle, and her color rose resentfully. "Upon my word, this is——" She checked herself, and turned to Miss Brainard with a careless laugh. "You will be deprived of your 'star' for this evening; Mr. Clyde telegraphs me that he is unavoidably detained at Crayford. By-the-way, what sort of accommodations do they have there?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Why, what an abominable shame!" cried Miss Brainard, just on the verge of tears, as she realized her disappointment. "I never heard of such a thing in my life. When did you see Mr. Clyde last?"

"At lunch. Don't worry yourself; he has plenty of company, for Dale, Alice, and Sophia went with him." Looking up, she caught Aileen's face of agonized entreaty; but she was too much a woman of the world to let the story look any worse than it was, by appearing to conceal any part of it, so she resumed in a gayer tone, "They went off for a drive, (heaven save the mark! I hope they've not lamed my grays,) and I presume that Sophia and Alice are quite able to take care of themselves, even at a wretched country tavern, and without a chaperone. Make the best excuses you can—no one will be surprised at Sophia's escapade. This is a little the worst one I ever knew, however," Mrs. Clay added, bitterly, as her hostess left the room. "Aileen, for heaven's sake! don't take it so hard. It's stretching a point to the utmost, I know; but there's comfort in belonging to a set where we seldom throw stones, even when people, like Sophia, go at Satan's own pace."

"Clara, I don't at all know what you mean," said Aileen, with a low sob. Truly, her heart was very sore, and her eyes had the look of a startled fawn's.

Mrs. Clay was touched by her pitiful distress.

"My poor little one! don't be ashamed of it; other women have loved Rushbrooke Clyde," her voice was unsteady for half a second, "who were not half as dear to him as——" Aileen's hand closed her lips.

"Do not say it—I cannot bear it! How could I be so wicked?"

Mrs. Clay's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"That is a new view of it," said she. "Aileen, my pet, I should never have brought you among such a set of Philistines as we are at Glen Mora. But, child, good and true as you are, I, out of my worldliness, would give you one caution—be slow to condemn, and don't wreck your happiness by too delicate a sense of honor. There, we'll say no more about it; we have had our tragedy in peace. Let me look at you—yes, you are fit to go down now."

Miss Brainard's *soirée* was voted a perfect success, and my little heroine went through it in a calm, undisturbed fashion, that did credit to her new training. But her whole sense of right was outraged; she had allowed herself to love a man who was engaged to another woman, perhaps she had been base enough to come between that woman and happiness. And such a man, too—unscrupulous they called him, but he had been so kind and so tender to her. And Aileen's heart softened as she remembered the looks, and tones, and words even, that had lulled her in such calm security. Poor child! she wanted to do right, but her duty and her love were, as they often are, on opposite sides, and her cheeks burned with haughty fire, as she said her cruel lesson over and over; and put away from her wounded, outraged soul the few words that Mrs. Clay had spoken for her comfort.

There was much laughing among the ladies, and sly jokes at Clyde's expense, the next day, when the runaway quartette returned to Glen Mora. Clyde searched for Aileen in all her usual haunts, but she did not appear until dinner-time, and then contrived to get wedged in at table where he could not even see her. Miss Layne was in high spirits, and more beautiful than ever. She said that they had driven over from Carlington to Crayford, and when arrived there, she was glad to find that they had comfortable quarters, for she was seized with one of her worst headaches.

"And you know, Clara, what my headaches are," said she, rather plaintively, to Mrs. Clay, at the other end of the table.

"Yes, I know," returned her fair hostess, with an emphasis that caused a sly smile to run around the table.

Miss Layne vouchsafed nothing more; and Miss Wharton, catching sight of Aileen's flushed face and troubled eyes, smiled, with a triumphant sneer lurking in the corners of her mouth, that she might have learned from Mephistopheles himself.

It is really astonishing with what cleverness a girl (even one as free from guile and

worldliness as Aileen Chester) can avoid explanations with a man whom she thinks she has cause to doubt. Aileen's experience had come to her at last; the great enchanter had laid his spell upon her, and, struggle as she might, she knew that her heart had gone out to this man. But she kept close at Mrs. Clay's side, and Clyde, somehow, could never cross the invisible barrier that hedged her in.

The pause gave Clyde time for reflection, and he found out that life was fairer since he had known Aileen. One day, being chafed beyond his patience, he waylaid Mrs. Clay, and with a droll mixture of fun and earnestness, told her that she must contrive to persuade Aileen to give him a hearing. She heard him out, and then dryly said, "You will have hard work to explain to her your past position in regard to Sophia——"

"I shall not try!" he interposed.

"Don't interrupt me—Mrs. Clay does not at all understand flirtations *à la mode*."

"Heaven forbid she should!" he ejaculated.

"Both polite and pious, upon my word! I forgive you, if you will make her a happy child once more. But you must find your own opportunity, for, upon this subject, I cannot approach her. We are going up Mount Tom, on a picnic, to-morrow—try it then. She is an angel, Clyde—be careful of her!" and a few warm tears wet her lovely face as she walked away.

You see Mrs. Mortimer Clay had a heart, society to the contrary, notwithstanding—and Aileen had found the door to it.

That evening, when Aileen was dressing for dinner, one of the servants brought her a most exquisite bouquet of violets, purple and white. There was no card attached to them—but none was needed; and Aileen's cheeks would have given unbounded satisfaction to the donor, could he but have seen their lovely coloring. But the blush faded, and she looked sadly at the flowers, while she considered what to do with them. The decision went against carrying the bouquet; but I am afraid that Aileen was too transparent a character to venture upon crossing foils with so experienced a fencer—for Rushbrooke Clyde's eyes took an odd gleam of contentment when he saw her enter the room without his peace-offering. He tried her very much that evening, however; for, being urged to sing, all that he could be prevailed upon to give them was the old ballad of "Aileen Aroon," which he sung with such exquisite tenderness and pathos that it touched even Alice Wharton, and made an

uneasy shadow settle down upon Sophia Layne's face. As for the gentle girl for whose ears he was singing it, she took timely warning from the first notes of the song, and left the room, unnoticed except by Mrs. Clay and Clyde.

The picnic, which Mrs. Clay had suggested to Clyde as his best opportunity, was a large affair, and included about half the neighborhood. This going up Mount Tom, be it understood, was no small undertaking; and as the party proposed to lunch upon a large, flat boulder, (familiarily known as "Tom's Seat,") located about four miles up the mountain, they started soon after breakfast. Some of the ladies were to go in wagons, some on horseback—that is, as far as they could do so; for, at the least, they had about a mile to walk, scrambling over rocks, by very dubious paths, at the best. Unfortunately for Clyde's wishes, Aileen rose that day with a terrible headache, and thinking that it would probably pass off if she kept perfectly quiet, she sent word to Mrs. Clay that she could not go with the party, but would try and join them on their return. Instead of sending a message in reply, Mrs. Clay came into Aileen's room before starting.

"How very vexatious!" said she. "I almost feel like postponing the affair, if it would not disappoint so many people. At any rate, there are some doubtful clouds in the west, but I mean to hurry them back, as it would not be agreeable to get caught on 'Tom's Seat' in a storm. And now, what did you mean about joining us?"

"I can take one of your horses, and Graves, your groom, and, provided my head is better by two o'clock, I can reach the Halfway-Stone House in time to meet you. If you are not there, I can wait for you, and then I shall have the ride home with the party."

"Very well; but take Topsy, instead of Diana—the mare is not as sure-footed. What lovely violets! I shall be jealous of you, Aileen. The gardener never sends me such."

"I don't think your gardener had anything to do with these flowers," said Aileen, in a very low voice.

Mrs. Clay eyed her steadily for a moment. "I was charged with a message for you—don't ask me to recollect the precise terms—the sense of it was, that a substitute could be found for Graves, and a groom's services dispensed with."

Aileen raised her head from the pillows, and tears sprung into her eyes.

"Don't you tempt me, Clara. Please give Graves his orders."

Mrs. Clay looked as if she was strongly tempted to add something else; but discretion

returned to her, so she kissed the unsteady lips, and having drawn the curtains, left the room without further remark.

The pain throbbed on in Aileen's temples, and her heart kept bitter time with it. She wondered why Clyde had sent that message; he had better make apology to the Brainards, for she did not see very clearly how he was to broach the subject to her, after her pointed avoidance of him. And what should she do and say when he spoke (as he surely must mean to) of his engagement? It was a sorry business at the best; and Aileen crushed back the tears, and strove to calm herself.

Toward noon the pain in her head grew better, and ringing the bell for the horses, she put on her habit.

"The weather looks a little doubtful, Graves," said she, to the groom, as he mounted her. "Do you think there is danger of a storm?"

"Not 'fore you get to the Halfway-Stone House, Miss; and if it do rain after that, Mrs. Clay ordered more carriages sent, and the saddle-horses can stay there till it clears. Topsy has went lame to day; so I brought you Diana, as usual, Miss."

Aileen patted the neck of the beautiful black mare, and wondered for half a minute whether she risked anything by going off in such uncertain weather. But she was an accomplished and fearless rider, and, furthermore, felt as if any risk were better than her troubled thoughts at home; so she ended the mental discussion by starting off on a sharp trot, followed by Graves.

The two miles ride to the foot of Mount Tom were safely performed, although the sky began to look very black and threatening. They continued on up the mountain-path, and had gone half a mile further, when the girth of the groom's saddle broke, and, at the same time, the rain began to fall.

"You'll get wet to the skin, Miss, if you wait here," said the groom, seeing Aileen's dismayed face; "but no harm can come to you on this ere road. You'll not meet a soul; so you'd best ride on as fast as the up-hill ground will let you, to the Halfway-Stone House. I can walk; and a wetting won't hurt me nor the horse. You beant afraid?"

"No," said she, though a little tremulously. "Isn't there a turn in the road somewhere?"

"Yes; but it goes up the mountain, south of the house. You must keep straight ahead for a good bit after you pass the other path, and then you're there, Miss."

Aileen wheeled the horse into the path, and gave her a slight touch of the whip. But the

situation was far from agreeable, alone on a mountain-path; the mist rising fast; a distant rumbling of thunder coming nearer and nearer; and her animal rather skittish.

Meanwhile, the gay party who composed the picnic had fared very pleasantly. The lunch was charming of its kind; and as the storm was discovered in time, the ladies were safe on the piazza of the Halfway-Stone House, when the first great drops began to fall.

Clyde was standing on the steps, looking rather dreamily down the road, when a flash of lightning blazed across the sky, followed by a heavy crash, and mingled with it a horrible, long-drawn cry.

Mrs. Clay flew across the piazza.

"For heaven's sake, what is it?" cried she, breathlessly.

"What is often heard on a battle-field," said Clyde, who had served in the war; "it was the neigh of a horse in mortal fright or pain. I hope that none of yours are hurt."

"Aileen!" she gasped, in an agonized voice.

"Good God!" he cried, "what do you mean? Is she not already here?"

Mrs. Clay shook her head.

There came another flash, and when she looked up again, she saw Clyde tearing down the steep path at the back of the house, from which direction the cry had seemed to come.

It had grown very dark, and the thick mist was choking, while the rain came in great gusts and whirlwinds, that bent the tall trees all around him. As Clyde pictured Aileen alone on the mountain, mounted on that fiery mare, his heart sunk, and he feared—he hardly knew what. The path took an abrupt turn at an overhanging ledge, and just as he came to it, another brilliant flash lit up the darkness. With a sudden consciousness that, at this point, the path upon which he stood must overlook the other, he sprang to the edge and gazed down.

On the narrow path, directly below him, lay a grand old oak, blasted by the lightning; back of it, quivering with terror, with dilated nostrils, and hoofs planted firmly in the grass, stood the black mare; while just beyond her, her hat gone, her hair unbound, her pale face set and white, knelt Aileen Chester.

Out above the tempest rang a glad cry,

"Aileen! Aileen! Oh, thank God!" he cried.

She lifted her white face at the sound; and he felt as if it was the face of an angel.

"Move further away from the mare," he called, loudly; "don't be alarmed at what you see me do."

As he said this in an encouraging tone, he caught the limbs of a slender sapling that grew just on the verge of the ledge, and as the little tree bent with his weight, he swung himself lightly over, and in a second dropped on the ground near her.

"My darling! my darling! are you hurt?" he cried, as he raised her off the ground.

She tried to thank him, to be brave and calm, but her senses seemed half paralyzed. He took her into his arms, chafed her cold hands, and endeavored to shield her from the beating rain. Finally, she burst into a great sob, and forgetful of all her heroic resolves, laid her head against his breast. He let her weep on for several moments, and then he slipped his hand under her chin, and spoke,

"Tell me all the naughty things that you have been thinking of me, Aileen. Darling, you have tried my patience sorely."

"And do you think that I was endowed with more than you?" she whispered.

He smiled.

"My darling, you know that I love you—could you not trust me a little? That ridiculous escapade of Sophia's was all premeditated, and you and I was to have been the innocent victims. I went to drive, fully intending to return, as I told you, in time for the *soiree*; but we got to Carlington so much earlier than we expected, that the ladies spoke of extending the drive; and finally Sophia suggested that we should go on to Crayford, and there take the cars home, leaving the horses to return the next morning. I agreed to the proposal, for the train at six o'clock would have brought me back in time to go with you. But at Crayford I found, to my surprise and anger, that Sophia had deliberately lied on the subject of the train, and there was none until seven in the morning. I taxed her with the falsehood, and we had a scene that evening, on the piazza of that country tavern, that I think Miss Layne will not soon forget."

"But you were engaged to her?" questioned Aileen.

"No, pet," said he, "never. And after you came among us, like a star from another world, I could not have loved any other than you. But you have not spoken one word, dear! How long before you will give your pure little heart into my keeping?"

"I can't!" said she, starting away from him, as her quick ears caught the sound of voices above them.

"Aileen!"

She looked up at him with such lovely, spark-

ling eyes, that his heart bounded with hope; and then, with a return of her quiet archness, she said, stealing her little hand in his,

"Because it's been yours for ever so long! But you've a great many questions to answer me yet, for all that."

Then Mrs. Clay and a troop of men descended upon them, and there arose a hubbub of thanksgiving and congratulation for Aileen's escape.

Her account was, that just before the crash came, she slipped off her saddle, and holding the mare firmly, prevented her from rushing under the falling tree. And as she was half-led, half-carried up the path to the house, and the storm began to cease, Aileen felt as if the clouds had rolled away from her heart with the rain, and that the brightest sunshine remained for her.

Of course, everybody said that the engagement was "just what you might have expected

after such a romantic adventure;" to which Alice Wharton added her spiteful comment, that "it was really edifying to see so much cleverness under a saint's spotless robes!" Sophia escaped the scandal she might otherwise have provoked, by announcing her intention of marrying Harry Dale, (whom she accepted that evening;) and, therefore, not even her worst enemies dared say that Clyde had jilted her.

A few days ago I came across a paragraph in the paper as follows:—

"CLYDE—CHESTER. At St. George's church, by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Rushbrooke Clyde, to Aileen, only daughter of Edmund Chester."

But the *beau monde* of Gotham rush on at a faster pace than ever, and their example spreads, and the chances grow less frequent, year by year, of capturing a girl like Aileen among the tribes of THE PHILISTINES.

BABY ASLEEP.

BY HARRIET F. BENEDICT.

THE star that gems the twilight hour,
Shines on the close of day,
And to my side my darling comes,
All weary of his play;
Sweet kisses from his rosy lips
Upon my own are pressed,
And tranquilly as even's fall,
So cometh sleep and rest.
I softly part the sunny curls,
From off his fair, young brow,
And wish his sleep might ever come
As peacefully as now.
Sweet slumberer! as I look on thee,
And muse on future years,
Still, with the golden light of hope,
Doth blend the shade of fears;
For time will changes bring to thee,
And thou, with care oppressed,

Will sink no more at eventide,
To such untroubled rest.
I pray not that thy life be free
From sorrow and from ill,
But that thy childhood's purity,
May linger with thee still.
The tide of years hath borne me far
From childhood's happy coast,
Yet think I of the enchanted land
As of an Eden lost,
Where skies were over blue and bright,
And merrily sped the hours;
While my young eyes could never see
The serpent 'mid the flowers.
Thine all the sweets of that sweet time,
From every sorrow free;
And the lost joys of other years,
I live again in thee.

"FRET NOT."

BY A. BOND.

GREEN sloping pastures met the quiet river;
The guardian trees bent shadowy o'er its breast;
In the soft air I heard the young leaves quiver,
But I was not at rest.

Rang out the old church-bell, its music sending
Across the meadows with dear memories rife,
"Oh! let me pray the prayers, before Thee bending,
And hear the Words of Life!"

And as I listened, rose the hurried feeling
Of trouble, like a mist, from off my soul;

It must have been Thyself, the spring unsealing,
That brightly by me stole.

Fret not or chafe, oh, heart! where He is le: ding;
In the sweet meadow or the busy town:
In the green pastures of His comfort feeding,
He can make thee lie down.

Lie down and rest! it is the Shepherd calling,
He hath the other sheep around His feet;
A few meek tears on this green pasture falling
Will make it not less sweet.

THE SECRET AT BARTRAM'S HOLME.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.

CHAPTER V.

ENTERING the house, the three young people found breakfast laid in the library, where they had spent the previous evening, and at the head of the table, with the coffee and tea-pots before her, sat Mrs. Nancy, pale, stern, and silent as at first. Miss Percival and Capt. Page were placed at either side of her. The two girls seated themselves in the two remaining side places, and Mr. Percival at the foot. If any one felt surprise at finding the housekeeper a member of the circle, no one expressed it by word or look; and she did not appear to suspect, for a moment, that any such wonder might exist.

Percival, in seating himself, glanced shrewdly into the faces of all his companions, trying to discover traces of a sleepless or disturbed night; but aunt Matilda was as placid, Capt. Page as cool, and Delia as smiling as possible; the frown upon the face of the latter having entirely disappeared before a few low-voiced compliments from Percival, as they walked toward the house.

"They have seen and heard nothing," thought Percival; but glancing carelessly toward the housekeeper, he found her strange, dark eyes fixed upon him with such an expression of earnest scrutiny, that he involuntarily colored a little.

"Can it be that she knows of this, and is looking to see how I bear it? Could she have had anything to do with it?" asked Walton of himself; and then remembering the distinct and detailed view he had taken of the figure upon the stairs, he dismissed the idea, and returned to all his original uncertainty, becoming so absorbed in reverie that it was not until his aunt had twice spoken to him, that he aroused himself with a start.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, aunt Mat. What did you say?"

"I am very sorry to disturb such a profound train of thought, my dear Walton; but I asked you on behalf of the young ladies, whether you remembered to purchase a croquet set, and whether it had arrived."

"Yes, I bought the set, and I told Ichabod

to be sure that it came down; so I presume it did, and if every one has done breakfast, I think we had better go and select a croquet-ground."

As he spoke, he rose hastily and went toward the door. "I will see where the box is," added he, turning upon the threshold, and looking back at Mrs. Nancy, whose solemn eyes were fastened steadily upon him.

"Confound that old woman! She is like a basilisk," muttered he, striding through the lobby and out at the side-door.

"Shall we put on our bonnets and shawls and follow, my dears?" asked aunt Matilda.

Rose, smiling a little quizzically, said,

"By all means, cousin Matilda; only, please, not shawls, and for bonnets read hats. Don't you know we have come down into the country resolved upon shepherdessing to the fullest extent? Wait until you see!"

And the two girls, running merrily up stairs, presently reappeared in jaunty garden-hats: Delia's gay with cherry ribbons and poppies, and Rosamond's charming with ribbons of the color of the sky, and a handful of rose-buds. Fresh cambric, morning-dresses, pure white collars and cuffs, and chamois gloves, completed the simple and becoming costumes, and contrasted prettily with Miss Matilda's prim gray dress, small India shawl, and the decorous bonnet and veil, which she would have worn in her early marketing excursion at home.

The croquet-ground was soon selected, a little lawn at the eastern front of the house proving sufficiently level, and of a suitable size. Ichabod, unsummoned, appeared with a scythe to shave down the half-grown grass, and Percival found a seven-foot pole, with which to measure the distances. Delia and Rosamond brought the arches, and counseled as to position; and Capt. Page and aunt Matilda sat in the shade, upon two chairs which the gallant gentleman brought from the house for the accommodation of the ladies.

"Now for the sides! Who will take the fourth mallet—Capt. Page, or aunt Matilda?" cried Percival, gayly, as the last arch was placed in position.

But Miss Percival did not play at all, and Capt. Page was evidently so reluctant to leave her and his comfortable seat, that Rosamond at last undertook to play both balls upon her own side against Delia, who was too indolent to be a good player, and Walton who played admirably.

Thus constituted, the game began, and proceeded to a most critical point; in fact, to the utter discomfiture of the allied powers by the pretty Napoleon, who, swooping down upon the enemy just as he was about to win, scattered his forces to the remotest corners of the field, and triumphantly went in to the goal almost without an effort. It was in the very midst of this brilliant operation that aunt Matilda suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, who is that looking out of the window?"

"Which window, Miss Percival? I see no one," replied Capt. Page, hastily scanning the front of the house.

"Why, that gentleman. Walton! Walton!"

"Yes, aunt," replied Walton, mechanically; and never removing his eyes from the pretty foot Rose was at that moment setting upon her ball, preparatory to a final croquette.

Miss Matilda rose and hastily approached him.

"Walton!" repeated she, laying her hand upon his arm, "who is that gentleman looking out of the third-story window? He seems to be watching Rosamond."

"Bravo, Rose! You are fairly victor. Excuse me, aunty, but the heat of battle, you know, is absorbing. What did you say to me?"

"I asked who that gentleman was, who has been looking out of the third-story window for the last five minutes?" repeated Miss Matilda, a little hurt at her nephew's inattention.

"Gentleman! Where? I don't see any," replied Walton, still speaking absently, and thinking of his game.

"Why, there! Nonsense! Now he's gone! Why could not you have attended to me at first?" And aunt Matilda walked toward her seat, her chin a little elevated.

Walton at once threw down his mallet, followed, and whispered an apology, which immediately recalled a smile to the thin lips of his devoted and placid-tempered relative.

"But about this gentleman," pursued Walton. "What manner of man was he, and out of which window did he look, and what did he look at?"

"He looked at Rosamond, and it was at that window with the blind half off—that one at the

front corner of the house that I saw him; and he was a tall, dark, handsome man, of about thirty years old, as nearly as I could judge. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; but the wonder is, how he came in the third story of the house; for the housekeeper told us that the floors there were unsafe, and the rooms had not been entered for years."

"To be sure—I heard that myself. I will go in and see what it all means; but not a word, please, to the girls; they might be alarmed, you know, with some idea of burglars."

"Gracious! I hope you don't think—" began aunt Matilda.

But her nephew, hushing her with a sign, made a laughing apology to his fair comrades, who were already preparing for a new game, and went into the house.

In the lobby he met one of the maids, who informed him that Mrs. Nancy was in her own room, and had been for some time.

"Has any gentleman called this morning, or have you seen any one about the house?" inquired Percival, carelessly.

"No, sir; no one but yourself and the gentleman out there under the trees," said the girl, glancing through the open door; and Walton, without asking any further questions, went up stairs, and before knocking at the housekeeper's door, stood looking about him.

"Where is the stair-case to that third story?" thought he. But before his mind could suggest a reply to its own question, he was startled by a murmur of voices from behind the door, at which he stood.

"Mrs. Nancy has company, it seems," said he, half aloud, and knocked upon the door. The murmur of voices ceased immediately, but the door was not opened for a moment or two, so that, growing impatient, Percival knocked for the second time, when it was instantly opened by Nancy, who, however, held it in such a manner that no view of the interior of the room was possible. Through this crack, the peculiar eyes of the old woman stared out upon her visitor, with the strange, searching expression in their depths, which Walton Percival was growing to dislike, and almost to dread. Feeling, however, that the dislike was unfounded, and not willing to confess the dread even to himself, he nodded pleasantly to the white, stern face, and said,

"Excuse my intrusion. You were talking so busily that you did not hear my first knock."

"Talking! I am alone," replied the old woman, coldly.

"Surely I heard voices as I stood before the door," persisted Walton.

"It is impossible. I am entirely alone," repeated Nancy.

Mr. Percival smiled incredulously, and continued,

"I came in, however, to ask you what gentleman occupies the third story of the house, and why——"

But to his infinite astonishment, the door was, at this moment, violently closed in his face, and the key was heard to turn sharply in the lock.

"Well, by all that is good and great!" exclaimed Walton, staring about him, and undetermined whether to be offended or amused.

As he thus stood, a peal of thin, crackling laughter, close behind him, caused him to turn hastily, just in time to catch sight of an old woman, who, with hand on hips, and pallid, grotesque face turned over her shoulder, so as to fix her eyes upon him to the last, was slowly retreating down the side corridor, which, it will be remembered, bounded one side of the housekeeper's room.

"Mrs. Nancy!" exclaimed Percival, springing to the entrance of the corridor, and looking eagerly down it.

But not a creature was in sight, although it would have been impossible for any one to traverse half the length of the passage, in the instant during which Percival had lost sight of the old woman.

Springing down the passage, the young man seized the handle of the door leading into the housekeeper's room from that side, and shook it violently. The door was locked, but was presently opened by Nancy herself, who, coming out into the passage, and closing and locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket, and contemptuously inquired,

"Is this the way gentlemen behave where you were brought up, sir?"

"What's the meaning of all this foolery?" demanded Percival, too much excited to heed her taunt. "Who was talking with you in your chamber, and who was the man looking out of the third-story window, and who is the old woman who just passed down this corridor, and, probably, into this door? Why, too, did you close your door in my face just now?"

"Because I thought, from your questions, that you were either drunk, or insulting me with foolish jests," replied the housekeeper, in her cold, calm voice. "There was no gentleman in the third story; there could be none, for there is no entrance to those rooms. No

one was with me in my chamber; and the old woman, who frightened you, was, probably, your own shadow. Are you satisfied?"

"Not at all, my good woman, either with your information, or your manner of giving it. Pray, did my aunt, Mrs. Bartram, allow you to talk to her in this manner?" asked Mr. Percival, haughtily.

"That was different—and I'm getting old. Young folks should put up with a good deal from old folks," said the woman, half apologetically; and good-natured Walton was more than satisfied.

"But about those people that I saw?" persisted he. "There was, certainly, an old woman who came to the entrance of this passage and looked at me——"

"I did," interposed Nancy, in a loud, harsh voice, as if to silence the question.

Percival stared.

"Then why not have said so?" asked he.

Nancy made no reply, but passed him, and went toward the front stairs. The movement reminded the young man of one of his mental queries, and he put it aloud.

"Where are the stairs leading to the third story, Nancy?"

"There are none."

"None whatever?"

"No."

"What became of them? There must once have been some."

"They were pulled down, and burned," replied Nancy; and closing the door at the foot of the stairs, she put a period to the sentence.

"How strange!" muttered Percival, going slowly back to the croquet-party.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT is the matter with them all, Rose?" asked Delia, in a low, impatient voice, as Walton Percival disappeared in the house, and Miss Matilda, with a face whose troubled pallor could not be concealed or denied, went slowly back to her seat beneath the trees.

"I don't know—perhaps nothing," replied Rosamond, tapping her toe with her mallet, and wondering if this sudden alarm could be connected with the strange story her cousin had told her a little while before. Delia watched her sharply for a moment, then, with a forced laugh, exclaimed,

"Upon my word, Rosamond, you look like a conspirator. I believe you and Mr. Percival must have laid some plot this morning, and he has gone to look after it now. Is it not so?"

"Certainly; conspiracy is my favorite amusement, you know," replied Rosamond, trying to turn off the question with a laugh.

"It seems to me you like your cousin better than you did at first," pursued Delia, with that bitter-sweetness women occasionally use toward each other. Rosamond felt the honeyed sting, but could not confess it.

"You liked him very well at first, I believe," said she, carelessly.

"H'm! Well enough; but not to the extent of rising before light to take romantic walks with him," said Delia, so spitefully, that Rosamond lifted her clear eyes, fixed them for a moment steadily upon the flushed and angry face of her sister, and then walked silently away. Delia ground the heel of her boot into the soft turf, and bit her lips.

"Let her go," muttered she. "Why should I care for her anger? Why must she always come between me and everything? And giving me lectures on propriety, too, when she runs after a young man like this."

So Walton Percival, returning to the croquet-ground, found his late companions willing, but no longer eager to play; courteous, but not gay; and polite, instead of cordial.

"They are vexed because I ran away," concluded he, and forthwith made an apology, but no explanation, and, consequently, effected nothing toward restoring harmony. Next he proposed a drive, instead of more croquet; and the proposition met with eager acceptance, every one feeling that a change would be agreeable; but while the young ladies were away to dress, and Capt. Page to look at Ichabod harnessing the horses, Walton stayed behind to reassure his aunt, and succeeded only in puzzling her still more by his declaration that there was not, and could not have been a man where her own eyes had seen one.

"But, Walton, did you go up there and look?" persisted she, after a few moments of profound meditation.

"No, dear aunt; for, as I just told you, there are no stairs to the third story, and no one can get up or down."

"No stairs!" repeated Miss Percival. "Well, there must have been some once, and where were they?"

"To be sure, where were they?" repeated Percival, to himself. "I will find out. I believe that old woman is a humbug." And as he helped the ladies into the carriage, he could not help whispering to Rose,

"More developments! The mystery thickens. Don't fail to-night!"

"No," replied Rose, in the same tone; and a glance of intelligence passed between the cousins. Delia saw the glance, saw the whisper, but could not catch a word of its meaning. A hot color overspread her dusky cheek; and she lowered her eyes lest their angry light should be too easily read.

The relative position of the party differed to-day from yesterday, Capt. Page preferring to sit upon the box and talk with Ichabod, and Miss Percival making room for Rose beside herself. Delia, therefore, sat with Walton Percival upon the forward seat, and, half turning her back upon him, feigned to be intently watching the roadside as they rolled along. Percival at first did not heed her, but a sudden gust of wind swept the little embroidered handkerchief from her hand, and carried it to his breast. In removing it, the faint perfume of sandalwood exhaled from it, and rising to the young man's brain with the species of intoxication which that most oriental of all perfumes always excites, led him to carry it to his face. Delia turned and looked full upon him, her splendid eyes dilating with wonder and delight. Overcome by a young man's idle impulse of gallantry, Percival pressed the little scented trifle to his lips, glanced across at his aunt and Rose, who were busy in adjusting their dresses harmoniously, and saw nothing, then restored the handkerchief to Delia, who received it with a burning blush.

"What have you been thinking of so earnestly?" inquired the young man, suddenly conscious of his own and his companion's silence.

"I have been learning my lesson, or trying to," replied Delia, almost in a whisper.

"Your lesson—what is it? Teach it to me," replied Walton, in the same voice.

"You have no need to learn it, fortunately," murmured Delia, so bitterly, that the young man started, and looked at her more seriously than he yet had done. But Miss Percival's dress was at last arranged, and she turned to her nephew with some trivial remark, and then conversation continued general through the drive. But Percival's feelings, or, perhaps, nothing more than his curiosity, was touched; and he was not a man to remain long unsatisfied in any matter where his own exertions would avail; so, in helping the ladies from the carriage, he reversed his style of helping them in, and it was to Delia he last gave his hand, and to Delia he whispered,

"Come into the garden with me, I want to speak to you."

Delia flushed crimson, lifted her slumberous eyes to his with a gesture of assent, then allowed them to travel forward to Rose's retreating figure with ill-concealed triumph in the glance. Percival smiled ever so slightly, and turned toward the garden-path, repeating, "Come!"

"What is it?" asked Delia, gracefully gathering her trailing dress in both hands, and showing the handsome feet, of which she was pardonably proud.

"I want to talk with you a little, my dear cousin—by adoption. We have not seen very much of each other since——"

"Since you were horrified from my side by discovering that I was not Rosamond," said Delia, with an effective glance up, and then down.

"Horrified! How absurd! Cannot you imagine another emotion, another sort of disappointment I may have experienced in finding you were not as near to me as I supposed?"

"Excuse me, if in turn I exclaim, 'How absurdly you talk!' Do you really mean to say that you had rather I were your own cousin, than that Rose should be?"

"Now, really, that will not do; it is positively unfair to make so invidious a reply, as that question demands," said Percival, laughing, and at the same time wondering, if he were forced to give a truthful reply, what it would be. Delia tossed her head, and smiled disdainfully.

"'Glittering generalities' are safer, to be sure, than direct statements. A charming day, is it not?"

"A little cloudy, just now, with threatenings of a storm," replied Percival, looking merrily into her eyes, which sunk beneath the gaze.

"I wanted to ask you," continued he, presently, "what you meant by learning your lesson—the lesson that I, fortunately, had no need to learn? What is the lesson?"

"Humility, dependence, deference to your superiors," replied the girl, with passionate bitterness. "That is the lesson I have been trying for years to learn, and have not learned, and shall break my heart over, and still leave it unlearned."

"Delia, what is this you say to me?" exclaimed Percival, really shocked. "It cannot be that you have any need for these unhappy feelings. Your position with my sunny-tempered cousin——"

"A temper may be so sunny as to scorch and blister those exposed to its direct and unbroken

rays," replied Delia, curtly. Percival looked at her keenly.

"Delia, do you mean that Rosamond treats you ill?" asked he.

"You would not answer me when I asked you a question no more invidious than that, and I imitate your caution. It is not my place to complain to you of your cousin and my—my mistress, we might as well call her," said Delia, her glowing color and flashing eyes suggesting the tempest within, although its outward manifestations were vigorously subdued.

"Rosamond considers herself rather your sister than your mistress, I am perfectly sure," said Percival, gently.

"Before people—yes, and very often in private; but it requires an excellent heart, and great strength of mind in any woman to resist the temptation to tyrannize, more or less, over a dependent, and especially one so friendless and forlorn as I."

"You, friendless and forlorn?" echoed Percival, incredulously.

Delia raised her eyes to his; they were filled with tears, and so pathetic in their timid appeal that the young man felt sorely tempted to dry them with his kisses. As it was, he tenderly took her hand and softly repeated,

"How can you be friendless, dear?"

"Am I not? Rosamond is fond of me when I do not contradict or thwart her, or fail to satisfy her demands; but, beyond her, whom have I in all the world?"

"You have me, Delia. You have a friend, a warm ally, a defender, an advocate, a cousin; nay, a brother, if you will, for the present, and for the future, who knows——"

"For the future, Rosamond's husband," interrupted Delia, turning away her face.

"Why should you say that? I have no present intention of becoming any one's husband; nor have I the least reason to suppose that Rosamond would accept me as a husband. She hardly likes me as yet."

"She seemed to like you well enough this morning while I watched you walking up and down this path, talking so confidentially," pouted Delia.

Percival laughed again.

"Our talk was not so confidential as yours and mine have been during the last half hour," said he. "And who knows but that Rosamond is watching us and drawing the same conclusions in her turn that you did?"

"I was not watching you, I was watching

her," stammered Delia, blushing all over her face and neck.

"A fine distinction! You should have been a lawyer," replied Percival, with mock gravity. "But now, remember this, Delia; you are never to say again that you have no friend, no one to care for, protect, and defend you, for in me you have the warmest of friends, the most earnest of advocates; and you are always to call upon me in any trouble or emergency as freely as if I were your brother. Will you promise to do so?"

"I promise most gratefully," murmured Delia.

Percival raised the hand he still held to his lips, saying,

"Then thus we seal the compact."

Delia, without speaking, raised her dewy eyes to the face of her new friend, and something in the glance, he knew not what, emboldened him to clasp his arm about her supple waist, and repeat the kiss upon the ripe lips, whose pathetic curve blended so bewitchingly with the coquettish pout still lingering around them.

"Mr. Percival! Oh, for shame!" exclaimed Delia, as the kiss ended; and at the same time a somewhat stern voice called from behind the shrubs at their back.

"Walton! Are you here?"

"Pardon! Indeed, I could not help it, and it is only this once," rapidly murmured Walton, and then aloud,

"Yes, aunt, here I am."

"Oh! I did not know," and Miss Matilda appeared from behind the lilac-bush, her face at once so shocked and so confused, that Percival was sure she had been near enough to witness his little indiscretion. She did not, however, ask or afford time for him to offer any explanation; but pausing where she stood, waited for him to approach, and then said,

"There is some serious trouble at the house, Walton, and if Miss Delia will excuse you, I should be glad of your advice."

"Certainly, aunt;" and Walton, seeing that Delia had already disappeared, offered his arm to his aunt, and escorted her toward the house.

CHAPTER VII.

"I WANT a little help, too, aunt Mat," began Walton, before his aunt could speak. "I fear I have offended Delia very much, indeed, and I want you to act as mediator."

"Ah!" dryly ejaculated Miss Matilda. "And of what nature is the offence?"

"Now, my dear aunt, you know that you were peeping from behind that lilac-bush, and saw me kiss her, and saw her tear away and flash indignant scorn at me, and all the rest, just as well as I see you a minute later. Now didn't you?"

"I am not in the habit of peeping, Walton," replied Miss Matilda, still unmollified.

"That is precisely what Delia just said. Is it a universal feminine trait to deny that soft impeachment?"

"How did you happen to commit such a breach of propriety, Walton?" severely inquired Miss Matilda.

"Why, I hardly know, except that I felt a great deal of pity and sympathy for her forlorn and friendless condition, and had been offering myself as a champion and kinsman; and Delia looked so unhappy, that really, aunt Mat——"

"And to show that you understood her forlorn and friendless condition, you insulted her as you would not have done if——"

"Really, aunt Matilda, if I thought you meant what you say——" began Mr. Percival, becoming suddenly grave.

But Miss Matilda, in turn interrupted him.

"Well, we won't fight over it, Walty, and it was a foolish thing for you to do; but still it is my theory that no woman is kissed, or in any manner treated familiarly by a gentleman, unless she first has given occasion and invitation; so I do not believe that you will need any mediator with Miss Delia; and I only hope the reconciliation will not end in the way the quarrel began."

"Oh! how bitter and unsparing you women are with each other!" exclaimed Walton, a little angrily. "And the very ones who, like you, are angels of goodness to the men for whom they come, are the first to throw stones at the women by whom those men are attracted."

"You do not mean that you really care for that girl, Walton!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, uneasily.

"I care to see her well treated and kindly judged," replied her nephew, somewhat sullenly.

"That she shall be by me, at least," replied Miss Matilda, shortly; and after a moment added, "But if she is to make trouble between us two, Walty, it will not endear her to me. You cannot expect quite that."

"No one and nothing shall make trouble between us, dear aunt, and mother. No woman in the world has yet approached your place in my heart, nor do I think one ever will!"

exclaimed Percival, with honest emotion in his voice; and aunt Mat wiping her eyes, held up her trembling lips for a kiss.

"It may not be as sweet as the last one you had, but it is, perhaps, quite as honest," whispered she.

"A Parthian arrow! Well, you have had the last word; and now that being ended, tell me what is the row at the house. Has Capt. Page been offering himself?"

"To whom, pray? Not to any one that I have heard of," replied Miss Matilda, with a little prim confusion. "No, the trouble is with the servants; the cook and chambermaid say they are going to leave us directly."

"Phew! There is a revolution in the kitchen, it seems. What is the complaint?"

"Why, that is the absurd part of it," replied Miss Percival, contemptuously. "The silly creatures say they are afraid, and that the house is haunted, and all sorts of stuff. If it was their food, or their work, or their wages, one could remedy, or, at least, argue the matter; but noises, and ghosts—what is one to say to such complaints as that?"

"What have they seen or heard?" asked Percival, gravely; and mentally taking a much more serious view of the matter than he would have done twenty-four hours earlier.

"Oh, dear, I don't know! I will let Susan tell it over again, if you like to hear. I hardly listened to what she said, but sent her back to her work 'with a flea in her ear.'"

"What does the housekeeper say?" asked Percival, smiling absently at his aunt's quotation.

"Nothing. I went to her with the women at my heels, but she only stared at us with those great, black eyes, and told me I must manage my own servants myself."

"She is not a very practicable person," said Percival, smiling at the recollection of his morning's interview with the old woman. "Well, if you will call Susan into your chamber, I should like to hear what she has to say."

"You certainly shall. Go up stairs, and I will bring her along."

Percival obeyed; and as he strode up the stairs and along the gallery, his thoughts reverted to Delia, and he began to wonder whether her suggestions regarding Rosamond could be founded in truth; and then whether his aunt's judgment of Delia was utterly prejudiced and false, or whether—and at this point he turned the latch of Miss Matilda's door, and opening it slowly, found the grinning and malignant face of the old woman,

whom he had seen in the morning, thrust through the aperture, and nearly touching his own. With an exclamation of horror the young man started back, still holding the door, and thus nearly closing it. The next instant, however, he recovered his presence of mind, and rapidly entering the room, glanced behind the door, and then through the chamber. No one was in it, nor were there any signs of a hasty departure by any other exit.

"How very strange! I don't wonder the servants won't stay!" exclaimed he, aloud; and a sharp and crackling laugh close in his ear seemed to reply. Hurriedly throwing open the door, Percival glanced into the gallery. It was empty, as was the stair-case; and he still stood staring down the latter when his aunt appeared, followed by Susan, a tidy, Nova Scotia girl of Scotch extraction, and not likely to be carried away by undue fancies, especially where a solid question of dollars and cents was involved. She dropped her little curtsy to the young gentleman, and stood, pale and trembling, beside the door.

"Sit down, Susan," began Mr. Percival, gently; "sit down and compose yourself. My aunt tells me that you have got nervous in this old house."

"I'm not one of the nervous sort, please, sir; and I like the place, and the work, and the wages, and the folks all first rate, sir, but——"

"There, there, Susan, don't cry! There is nothing to cry about, you know; and I want you to tell me the whole story quietly and sensibly, like a good girl as you are."

"I'll—try—sir." And Susan gulped down the next sob, rubbed her eyes upon a cotton handkerchief as fervently as if they had been made of silver, and she was cleaning them, and raised her head attentively.

"That's right, Susan. Now tell me what you have seen or heard that has frightened you? Begin at the beginning."

"Well, sir, last night, when me and Katy were just a retiring into bed, sir, and the light blowed out, something awful came into the room——"

"Something awful! Did you see it?"

"No, sir, but I felt it," said Susan, shuddering at the recollection. "And every minute I expected it to lay hold of me."

"Pshaw! I didn't think you'd be so foolish."

"I'm not foolish, sir," answered Susan, indignantly. "I heard it. Katy did, too, and she fell down, and thinks she was knocked down."

"Katy was frightened, and the noise was made by a mouse, and you lost your wits."

"No, indeed, sir. It made my flesh crawl, it did, sir, to feel that awful something in the room. It was a spirit, sir," she said, in an awed voice. "Then there was a laugh, an unearthly one, and we both jumped into bed, covered our heads, and didn't know nothing more till morning."

"You foolish girl! I see just how it all was; either the cook or you stumbled against the other in the dark, and without waiting for explanations, you both got scared; and the laugh was either fancy, or Ichabod in the next chamber. So that is out of the way—and what comes next?"

"Well, sir, when we came down in the morning, the kitchen door wouldn't come open no way for ever so long; it was just as though some one held it on the other side, for it would give a little, and then it would shut, until all at once, when I just shook the latch the least mite with one hand, the door flew wide open, and after that there wasn't the least mite of trouble."

"Lock out of order. It must be repaired. What next?" inquired Mr. Percival, coolly.

"Well, sir, there was a good deal," replied Susan, a little huffishly. "There was noises in the pantry, like some one a-clattering of dishes; and the tins came all tumbling down, though I set them up myself as snug as need be; and things kept dropping out of Katy's hands just as if some one twitched 'em, and so it kept on; but the best of all, and what made me and Katy come to Miss Percival was, Katy went down cellar to get the vegetables for dinner, and I was in the kitchen cleaning the knives, when just as she got down, she give an awful screech, and hollered, 'Susan!' twice over as quick as she could fetch her breath; so I, not thinking of what it was, and so not looking for anything, run down, and there was the cook all of a heap at the foot of the stairs, and right before her, not two yards off, there was the ugliest, hatefulest old woman that ever you see, setting on a wash-tub turned bottom side up, and she a-sticking her hands into her sides, and staring at Katy, and grinning, as they say, like a chess-i-cat."

"Did you go up to her?"

"No, indeed, sir, I was too scared for fear she'd come up to me to stop long where I was. I just hawled Katy up by an arm, and we both took up them stairs as if the old creeter was after us—which I don't know but what she was him," added Susan, in an awe-stricken tone, at which neither of her auditors could refrain from smiling.

"Well, is that all?" inquired Percival, as the little maid ceased.

"Yes, sir. So soon as me and Katy got up stairs, we came to the sitting-room, and told Miss Percival that we couldn't stay noway; and we'll like it, sir, if we could be sent over to the stage tavern to-night, for we darsn't, either of us, stay another night in the house."

"But you wouldn't go and leave us without anybody in the house, not even a dinner prepared!" expostulated Miss Matilda; and Percival added,

"No, Susan, you never could be so disobliging, I am sure; and if you will stay until to-morrow morning, I will give you each five dollars, and pay your expenses back to town."

Susan hesitated; she was not insensible to her young master's flattering appeal, still less could she deny the charms of five dollars for one day's work; but, excepting love, terror is the most absorbing, and the most selfish of passions; and weighed against it, Susan's allegiance and Susan's avarice kicked the beam, and shaking her head, she muttered,

"I darsn't, sir—I darsn't, nohow."

"And you absolutely insist upon going to-night?" demanded Percival, sternly.

"Yes, sir. We'll get dinner and clear away; but we want to leave by five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Very well. Of course, you expect no wages, and you will be obliged to pay nearly three dollars for your traveling expenses; but you shall go, if you wish. If you conclude to accept my first offer, and stay until to-morrow morning, you still have the opportunity, and may avail of it at any time before five o'clock."

Susan shook her head.

"No, sir, I'm much obliged to you; but I wouldn't stop for ten dollars. I darsn't, no ways."

"Very well. You may go down stairs, Susan."

And Susan went. As the door closed, Walton turned to his aunt, and raising his eyebrows, asked,

"Could I have fought the battle any better?"

"No, I don't see that you could—but what is to be done?"

"We must think about it; and you had better see if the cook is not open to the bribe that little wretch refused. Then we must call Mrs. Nancy to council."

"Ugh!" shivered Miss Matilda. "I hate to speak to that creature. She is the worst thing that haunts the house, after all."

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Mrs. Nancy, when called to council, proved as impracticable as before, merely shaking her head, and muttering something about a pack of fools.

"But if these girls go, Mrs. Nancy, whom can we find to do the housework?" anxiously inquired Miss Percival, too distressed to be indignant.

"I suppose you will have to do it yourselves, except what I can do, which isn't much. Mrs. Bartram and I didn't have all this fuss and parade that you do—and we got along well enough. I suppose you can do so, too, if you try," replied Nancy, ungraciously. "Or, if you can't, you can go away," added she, turning toward her own room.

"My nephew and Miss Thorne have to stay here, and, of course, I must stay with them," replied Miss Matilda, with dignity.

"But the other girl and man needn't, need they?" asked the old woman, with a sneer, very trying even to Miss Percival's meek temper; so much so, in fact, that she returned without reply to her own room, where she acquainted her nephew with the ill-result of her interview.

"Well, never mind, aunt Mat," replied that young gentleman, with a sort of indefinite attempt at cheerfulness, "we'll weather it somehow. Don't say anything to the girls or the captain just yet."

The hours passed, and no signs of concession from the mutineers, no signs of rescue from other quarters; and at three o'clock Mr. Percival went out to the stable to inform Ichabod that he was to drive the two women and their luggage to Glynn that evening at five.

"Yes, sir, I know," replied Ichabod, gravely. "They was telling me, sir, that they was afeard o' the spooks."

"Afraid of their own shadows, you had better say," replied Percival, whose temper had become slightly ruffled in the course of the day.

Ichabod, who was cleaning a harness, looked shrewdly up, then down again, and rubbed the brass P. upon the blinder as bright as a mirror before he replied.

"Well, sir, I'm not so clear as to that. I shouldn't wonder if it was more than their shadows the lasses see."

"Pho! You are not getting frightened, too, I hope?"

"No, sir, I'm not getting frightened, too," slowly replied Ichabod. "It takes a goodish bit to frighten me; though, perhaps, somebody else had better say it for me; and I have no

intention of quitting until you do, sir, if there's a dozen old women instead of one trying to drive me off. But women, sir, you know, are different; and we'd ought to make allowances."

"Yes, yes; but after the allowances are made, Ichabod, who is to do the work of the house? That is what my aunt and I are anxious to know," replied Percival, impatiently.

"Well, sir"—and Ichabod paused to take another dip of water, and another dab of whiting upon his polishing-cloth before he continued—"I was going to say, sir, that there'll be no use in getting another pair of women to be scared off just as them are, for we couldn't keep 'em, nor they couldn't keep the story, and the house would get a bad name. So, sir, if you and the ladies, and the other gentleman, was a mind to rough it a little, and sort of camp out, as it were, without much ceremony, why, I'm considerable of a cook, sir, and I'd take hold, and do my best in the kitchen and stable, and maybe the ladies, among them, could manage the fancy jobs, like setting out the table, and fixing up their own rooms; and I suppose that old woman would give us a helping hand now and then; and so, sir"—

The dinner-bell cut short the amplification of Ichabod's idea; but Mr. Percival had already seized it, and exclaimed triumphantly,

"That is a capital plan, Ichabod, and by it we get rid of all the trouble and mortification of going through the same scene with another set of servants which we have with these. I, for one, am quite willing to rough it, as you say; and an old sailor like Capt. Page will be a capital ally. As for the ladies, we must contrive to spare them everything but the ornamental part of the work; and I don't doubt they will be as much pleased as I am."

The result proved Mr. Percival a true prophet, for when, at dinner-time, he informed his guests that the servile insurrection of the morning had ended in revolution, and that they were now reduced to the condition of the French aristocracy, after the Reign of Terror, and were, in fact, to become their own servants, the announcement was received with exclamations of mirth and satisfaction.

"I have long been certain that I had a talent for house-maid's work, and I shall now undertake it," said Rosamond, gayly.

"And I should like to lay the table, and put the parlors to right, and make things pretty, generally," said Delia, slowly, looking about the dimly decorous room, with its formal, old-fashioned furniture and dingy draperies.

"And I shall overlook Ichabod, and help the house-maid," said aunt Matilda.

"And we must 'stand-by' to pull and haul generally, Percival," said Capt. Page.

In fact, all were ready and willing; all, except the housekeeper, who, solemn and silent in her place at the head of the table, neither spoke or looked the slightest notice of anything that passed. Neither eating, drinking, or speaking, she performed the services of the table like an automaton; and so soon as the dinner was ended retired to her own room.

"It seems rather droll for the only servant in the house to be the only person who is to do nothing," remarked Walton Percival, in a low tone to his aunt.

"And why does she sit at the head of the table?" asked Delia, a little superciliously.

"Mrs. Bartram directed that she should remain, and should have that room, and sit at the table with us. It is rather unpleasant to be sure, but——"

And Miss Matilda broke off with the distressed expression she was rather apt to wear.

"Do you find it unpleasant?" asked Rosamond, brightly, "Now I think it is quite amusing to see her. She is so like a wax figure, and keeps that solemn expression through everything so perfectly. And then, cousin Matilda, she certainly relieves you of the trouble of pouring coffee and tea, and helping to pudding. We will consider that to be her duty. But who clears off the table?"

"Susan will do it to-day," replied Miss Matilda, ringing the bell. "We will not display our new arrangements to the admiring eyes of the rebels, but to-morrow we must settle the question in earnest."

"Allow me to volunteer," said Capt. Page. "I will make it my regular duty to remove the courses, bring whatever may be needed in the course of the meal, and clear the table at the end."

"A vote of thanks to the captain; but as virtue is its own reward, he will have the pleasure of being associated with the fair parlormaid, who will have to assist in the more esthetic portions of the service. Ah! that I had spoken in time! I suppose, Page, there is no hope of persuading you to relinquish the office!" exclaimed Percival.

"Not the least," replied the captain, laughingly; while Delia blushed, glanced timidly at Percival, and when his eye was upon her, looked deprecatingly at Rosamond, who was smiling just a little scornfully, and at Miss Percival, who was decidedly frowning.

The dinner ended rather hurriedly, as the maids were anxious to be off, and Miss Percival was resolved to exact the last possible moment of service from them; and the young people adjourned to the lawn for another game of croquet. They were still engaged in it, when the light wagon came round to the side-door, received the two women and their trunks, and drove rapidly away.

"Hurrah for independence! Down with the tyrants, and every man his own servant!" exclaimed Rosamond, whirling her mallet above her head, as the wagon passed out of sight; and her companions echoed her sentiment as merrily and as heartily as it was uttered.

Another game, and Miss Matilda appeared at the door to say,

"We dined so early that Ichabod and I thought it best to have a tea-time, and everything is ready. Will you come in?"

The tea proved a substantial one, consisting of hot short-cakes, dipped toast, stewed rhubarb, and various little side-dishes, whose composition none undertook to explain.

It was eaten merrily and with appetite, and a vote of compliment to Ichabod unanimously passed. At the close of the meal, Capt. Page commenced his duties by placing the dishes upon a table, which Ichabod had set ready for them in the lobby; and Delia, with many pretty preparations, such as a dainty, little white apron, sleeves turned back from her handsome hands, water brought from the kitchen by Capt. Page, and towel and soap found by Percival, who also collected the teacups and spoons for her, proceeded to wash the delicate old China, and set it by in the closet. Rosamond volunteered to help also; but finding that Delia preferred her other assistants, withdrew to the door-step, where she sat with a book upon her knee, and her head upon her hand, making a very pretty picture in the sunset, and herself all unconscious of the effect.

Later, came some games of cards, a little reading aloud, much merry talk; and then the family separated for their own rooms, Percival contriving to give Rosamond a look of reminder as she passed him, to which she replied with a nod.

In their own room, Delia professing herself tired to death, undressed at once and lay down in bed. Rosamond moved about the room for awhile, and then shading the lamp from her sister's eyes, sat down beside it with a book. Delia stared in surprise.

"Why, aren't you coming to bed, Rosamond?"

"Not quite yet, I am not sleepy, and I want to finish this book. The light doesn't trouble you, does it?"

"Oh, no! Only I should think you would be tired, and want to sleep."

"By-and-by. Go to sleep yourself and get rested for your labors of to-morrow," said Rosamond, feeling a little remorseful at thought of deceiving her sister. Della said no more, and after a few moments slept soundly. Rosamond read on, although her eyes passed over the words with only the vaguest idea of their meaning, and wandered incessantly to her watch, placed in its stand beside the lamp. At last the hands pointed to twelve, and rising softly, Rosamond laid down her book, and noiselessly stepped across the room, having taken the precaution to change her boots for soft slippers when she first came up stairs. The handle of the door turned noiselessly, the hinges did not creak, and Rosamond stood in the corridor, her heart throbbing painfully, her breath seeming to die away in her throat, and her fingers cold and trembling.

"What a fool I am!" thought she, and softly closed the door behind her, and remained in

the utter darkness waiting for a sign. Some one stood beside her, and silently led the way toward the great hall in the center of the house. Rosamond as silently followed, and on emerging from the corridor into the gallery surrounding the hall, was able to perceive that her conductor was a man, but, as it seemed to her, taller and larger than Percival. Could it be Capt. Page—and if so? Rosamond blushed scarlet in the darkness, and pausing, murmured,

"Walton, is that you?"

The figure turned, came slowly toward her, and stopped so close that her half-extended hand would have met his. By the dim starlight Rosamond eagerly scanned his face; it was not Walton's; it was not Capt. Page's; it was that of a stranger—of a tall, dark man, with a stern and melancholy face, and eyes that seemed to appeal with even piteous earnestness to hers. Strangest of all, he was dressed in the costume of thirty years back!

A heavy shiver ran through Rosamond's frame, and staggering against the wall, she covered her face with her hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG OF THE BROOM.

With fingers aching and numb,
And a kerchief tied over her head,
A woman swung her heavy broom,
While her eyes with dust were red.
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
Room after room!
And still with a voice of querulous pitch,
She sang the song of the broom.
Work, work, work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work, work, work!
As if running a match with Time!
Broom, and dust-pan, and brush;
Brush, and dust-pan, and broom;
And no one would know, when all is done,
That I'd ever swept the room.

Oh! men with dirty boots!
Oh! muddy men and boys!
It's wearing out the carpets ye are,
As well as making a noise.
Tracking the dirt all over the house,
And wearing the broom to a stump;
While my back is bowed like the Grecian-bend,
Or as if I had a hump.
With hands all tired and lame,
In a mud-bespattered room,
A woman all unknown to fame,
Stood leaning on her broom.
Sweep, sweep, sweep!
Morning, and night, and noon!
And still with a voice of querulous pitch,
She sang this song of the broom. L. W.

"BITTER-SWEET."

BY MRS. A. E. WOODBURY.

I know a little winsome maid,
I'd give the world to gain her love;
Full well she reads my heart's warm thought
For her, yet seems it not to move;
For when my eyes the tender tale,
In unmistaken language speak,
And part my lips to tell her all,
The charmer, with a sudden freak,
Begins to trill some lightsome song,
Or, with soft laugh, has left my side,

And angrily, think I, "The minx
Is not worth wooing for my bride."
But after, when a saddler mood
Brings to her eye the unwonted tear,
My heart cries, "Mine! She shall be mine!
Come, little one, thy home is here!"
Oh! cruel, witching, April maid!
I'll seek her, and, in "words that burn,"
So earnest will unfold my love,
That she shall give hers in return.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A THING.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.—HIS STORY.

It had been very hot all day, and now the clouds were scudding over the sky, bringing a refreshing coolness with them, as well as the prospect of a speedy rain.

Father declared it would storm before morning, and the hay must be got in; so there was nothing for it but that Dan and I should buckle to, and get it in that night. So at it we went, pitching the hay into the rack with a celerity that spoke strength of muscle, at least.

And when we drove up to the barn with the first load, there was cousin Jean up in the hay-mow hunting for eggs. We drove up until the fragrant load was only a little way below her. Spying us, she came to the very edge of the great window.

"Oh, Dan! let me jump!" she cried, eagerly, all ready to spring at the first word of assent.

"Come," he said, stretching up his arms to her, and she threw herself down with an impetus that flung both off their balance to sink in the slippery, treacherous material; but in a moment Jean was up again laughing merrily.

How she worked with us to get it in, her little white hands grasping the fork with such force, making vigorous plunges, and leading one to think she was going to raise at least a quarter of the load at once; and succeeding so far as to fish up a few meagre wisps of hay, which a horse that was dying of starvation wouldn't turn his head to look at.

But she worked busily on, nevertheless, while merry jokes and laughter were constantly flying between her and Dan; and all the still air around echoed to the sound of their light laughter.

I watched them furtively—those two; it seemed to me there must be some secret understanding between them. How Jean would laugh and pout all in a breath, as it were, and talk with Dan, sometimes teasing, sometimes scolding in serio-comic style, which brought a smile even to my sober face; then petting him in such a way as fairly drove me frantico, until at last I climbed up in the mow with my fork, and left them to have it out to themselves.

Once or twice, when she was at the merriest, I had caught her eye, and she suddenly sobered for a moment, while she flushed scarlet; I do

not know why, I'm sure. I hope I didn't look reproving; but the fact is, I ought not to be round with gay, young folks—my sober face seems to act like a constant check upon them. Not that I am so very much older, for I am but four years Dan's senior, he being twenty-three; but then Jean is only nineteen; and I suppose I seem very old to her.

Ah, well! I wonder if she remembers when she used to live with us years ago. She was not our own cousin; but she never knew the difference, because she was so young when aunt Margaret died, and she came to live with us. She was a little, loving, clinging thing, and we were very fond of her. I wonder if she remembers how she used to follow me around the house and farm; how, the moment I seated myself, she would climb on my knee, winding her arms round my neck, and lay her little golden head on my shoulder. I was fifteen, then, and she was only seven. Perhaps she does not remember, but then she used to think there was no one like cousin Malcolm! She and Dan were forever quarreling. They could never agree for an hour.

And how she used to tell me all her little troubles. If her doll, or any of her playthings, was broken, it was always laid carefully by until cousin Malcolm got home. Then she was sure it would be mended, if that were possible; or, if not, it would be replaced by something else. I used to spend nearly all my pocket-money, in those days, for my little golden-haired Jean; and enjoyed it best that way.

How happy she was when mother allowed her to hem a handkerchief for me. She would sit in her low rocking-chair, and stitch away with her little mouth pursed up, and unaccustomed wrinkles in her sunny brow, taking each stitch with a tremulous exactness, examining it on both sides to see that it was only barely visible; refusing to go and play, or rest from her labor at all, until the momentous affair was accomplished. Then how she flushed up, and how delighted she looked at my praise, fully believing me when I said that it was hemmed so very nicely, that I must only carry it on the greatest possible occasions.

Oh! I know she loved me then; and when, after her eighth birthday, her uncle sent for

her to go with them to the West, there was no one in the family from whom she parted with such bitter tears as from me.

How well I recall that day! Kind as my father and mother had always been to her, and dearly as she loved them, she parted from them with many tears, it is true, but with a tolerable degree of composure. Dan she left with a cool kiss and touch of the hand.

But I had withdrawn to the kitchen. I was old enough and manly enough to be ashamed of tears, and I could not keep them back; still I was resolved no one should see them save my little cousin, for whom they were shed.

I stood leaning against the window wiping my eyes, when I heard her light step.

"Oh, Malcolm!" she cried, "I do feel so bad;" and in a moment she was clinging to my neck, crying as though her heart would break.

At that my sham manliness forsook me, and I broke down utterly; so we mingled our tears together, with promises never, never to forget each other.

"And remember, Malcolm"—these were her parting words—"I am your own little sister, and I shall come back here some time and live with you. I shall always love you best of anybody in the world, you have been so good to me, you best of brothers!"

How distinctly I remember her very words, although it is twelve years ago.

I wonder if she has forgot the parting present she made me—a pin-cushion, elaborately embroidered in gay colors with the words, "Remember me," put in (with infinite pains, as mother told me afterward) with pins by her own little fingers. I have the little cushion still. It is one of my dearest treasures. Would she recognize it! I mean she shall see it some day, and then how narrowly I will watch her to notice if she betrays any consciousness.

But it is silly to recall all these things. Of course, she doesn't remember any of them. I wonder how far back young ladies like her can recollect. Let me see! she was eight, then. Now I remember things that happened before I was seven; indeed, I recollect distinctly when grandfather died, and all about it, and I was then only six years old.

But I imagine men have longer memories than women. At least, I am sure I remember better than she does.

And to see what good friends she and Dan are; and, in fact, have been from the moment she entered the house, nearly five weeks ago. They never quarrel now, or, rather, they only do so in jest; and the "making up" is the

bitter part of it to me. The end of it all is plain.

How I had longed to see the child, and through all these years of separation how I had thought and thought of her. When the letter came announcing her coming, how excited I was. Dan talked the most about it; but I am sure I thought most.

Neither shall I ever forget that night she came. We were just coming from the field, Dan and I, when we saw the stage far down the road. Dan had taken the precaution to have his coat with him, but I was in my shirt-sleeves.

Somehow I had thought of her always as a child. Grown, of course, she would be, but still she would be a child; and I rushed forward as eagerly as Dan, and outstripped him before we got to the road, so that I stood there waiting, even before the stage drove up; then Dan came behind me, breathless.

I stepped forward eagerly, and so did he, when the driver opened the door, and then! Why then—nothing! Only, instead of a child in golden ringlets, there was a fashionable young lady, stylish beyond any one who had ever greeted my eyes.

I thought, this surely cannot be Jean; but she instantly put out her little gloved hand to Dan with a smile, and said,

"It is cousin Malcolm, I am sure! You see how quick I am to recognize you!" She never glanced at me; but I had stepped aside quickly enough at her first words. Oh! I had forgotten what had altered me! No wonder she didn't notice me! This hideous scar was not here twelve years ago.

Well, I rushed round to the back door, and up to my room, thoroughly disgusted with everything, feeling as though I would like to hide my head forever—all had been so different from what I had anticipated.

But when mother called me to supper, I summoned up all my pride, and tried to "fix up" a little, although it was with a very faint heart I did so, and went down.

There she was sitting between father and Dan, who both watched her every movement with looks that spoke volumes.

"Here's Malcolm," said father, as I came into the room. "Malcolm, you remember your little favorite, Jean!"

I saw her start; the color flashed up redly into her face, then retreated, leaving her very pale. I knew what startled her—of course, I did; but we shook hands, murmured something, I know not what; and then, to my relief, Dan

went on talking in his lively, rattling strain, and no more notice was taken of me.

I caught her looking at me at the tea-table, however—not once or twice, but often; and always when my eye met hers, she would turn that vivid scarlet, and look away. I saw plainly that she was shocked, and yet she pitied me. I didn't want her pity! I felt savage, and I suppose I looked so, which called forth the pleasant remark from Dan, "Mal isn't always the bear he is to-night," which, for want of a rejoinder, drove me from the table.

Five weeks ago, and yet matters are no better. I had thought she would get used to it—that when she heard the whole story, for I knew mother would be sure to tell it—perhaps she might forget my looks, and like me a little in spite of them.

But no; she never jests with me—never indulges me in those pretty, little familiarities she lavishes so freely on father and Dan.

How charming she is when she lights father's pipe for him! How bewitching when she arranges Dan's curly locks, as he often begs her to do; in fact, everything she does is done in such a way that I cannot help looking for my life. Indeed, I look too much for my peace of mind, for I see plainly how it will all end.

Once, when she was playing with Dan's hair, he said, half laughing, "Why, Jean, you ought to take Malcolm in hand, too—you could hide part of that scar on his temple, I dare say, you are such a skillful hair-dresser!"

I saw her shudder, or tremble. It was the idea of touching this unsightly scar, I know, and I spoke immediately, "No, thank you, our cousin's hands are already full, I should judge;" and left the room abruptly, thus strengthening her in the opinion that she must already have formed, that I am a brute!

Well, well, I may learn to bear these things better one day. When the end comes, I must learn.

II.—HER STORY.

AH, me! I wonder what is the matter with me! Why don't I feel like my old self. It seems as though I never felt happy now-a-days!

Even, when I laugh the most with Dan, it isn't me that laughs, it is only my face. I have a dreary feeling at my heart, all the while, that I cannot account for.

I had so longed all these years to get back to this dear old farm. I had dreamed of it by night and by day for so long. And I had thought I should be so happy if I once got back here. But I am not—no, I am not happy at all. Perhaps, if Malcolm would be like he

used to be, I should feel differently. If he would only treat me as the rest do, I think—yes, I know I should be happy. But he will not; he never will, I think. He has forgotten, it is evident. But how could he forget? He was older than I—eight years my senior. It must be that boys forget sooner than girls.

It seems to me that I have never got over the pang I felt the first night I came; I can scarcely think of it now without tears.

I believe I had really fancied myself still a child until that night. I knew I had grown tall, of course; but my heart was as childish as ever; and I felt such a longing to see Malcolm's dear face. I really thought—I can speak of it now that everything is so different from what I had fancied—I really thought he would fold his arms about me, and kiss me, as uncle and aunt did. Even Dan kissed me; but then I thought he was Malcolm when he did so. How absurd in me to have mistaken Dan's good-natured face, which has a certain animal beauty in it, 'tis true, but no *soul*, for Malcolm's noble features—and that reminds me. Aunt says he is very sensitive about the scars on his face; how can he be? He ought to be proud of them; I should be, if he were my— if he were anything to me, I am sure, when I remembered how he came by them. He got them by saving his mother's life—she told me all about it; how she had neglected to fill a little lamp they needed to carry about the house; of her attempting to fill it, standing, as she supposed, at a safe distance from the burning candle; how the oil in the can caught fire, and blazed in every direction, burning poor aunt Elsie; and how, at her first cry, Malcolm came rushing out, and flinging off his coat, enveloped her in it so closely, that it smothered the blaze about her at once. By great exertion he succeeded in extinguishing the blazing oil; but he burned his own face and hands—and he will carry the scars to his grave. But they are honorable scars; and I, for one, love him all the better for them.

Dan says that on the never-to-be-forgotten night when I arrived here, Malcolm was at the stage-door to meet me, too. I am sure he couldn't have been—I should certainly have known him anywhere, in spite of the scars. I never could have mistaken Dan for him, had they been together.

I know he thinks me silly and thoughtless, talking as I do with Dan; but I must do something, or my heart will break. He does not like me, it is evident; why, I cannot tell. I know he used to be very fond of me once.

Now, yesterday, when we were getting in the hay, how sober Malcolm was; not a word for me—not a smile; yet he can smile, he can be tender.

I saw him the other night when he didn't know I was near. He said he felt like taking a lunch before retiring; and his mother jumped with great alacrity to wait upon him—for Malcolm's will is law with her. They went into the kitchen, and I was left alone; but the door swung open, and I could not help seeing and hearing. How merry he was with her; how I longed to be out there, too.

Nevertheless, I noiselessly changed my seat then. I didn't like them to see that I had been a witness to what had been said and done. I wouldn't have him know for the world that I was fairly homesick, to rush out there, as I would have done twelve years ago, and seat myself on his knee, sure of a welcome, and be talked to, and petted, and amused, as he, and he alone, could do in the way I liked.

But, no; all advances must come from him. I haven't forgotten my parting words to him; if he cares for me, he has not forgotten them; so why does he treat me so coldly?

Oh! I fear I am not a welcome guest in this house to Malcolm! I have not forgotten what Dan told me of the young lady from the city, who boarded here one summer. She and Malcolm were "great friends," he said. That accounts, I think, for it all.

I see plainly what the end will be; and when Malcolm gets married, this will no longer be a home for me. Yet even this does not explain to me why he should dislike me so much.

Now, the other day I was brushing Dan's hair, as I often do, when he said, thoughtlessly, that I ought to be Malcolm's hair-dresser, so that the scar on his temple might be covered. I saw plainly his gesture of repugnance, and saying coldly that he thought my hands full already, he went out of the room, to avoid any officious advances on my part, I suppose. But he need not have been afraid. I would never, never do it, however much I might like it, except he asked me.

I would not have him guess that his love would be more to me than that of the whole world beside; that I am hungering and thirsting for it—in the old way, I mean; to have him call me, as he used, his little Jean, his pet!

III.—HIS STORY AGAIN.

SOMETHING entirely unlooked for has come to pass. And this is how it happened. Father and Dan had gone into town. It had been a

very hot day, and I came home early from the field, tired, and feeling the need of rest.

Mother and Jean were sitting in the shade, on the front steps, with their work; and I soon joined them there with my newspaper, talking and reading by them. I can talk when mother is by. She is so fond of me that I always feel, when I am with her, as though I was still "somewhat," in spite of my face. And constantly I met Jean's eyes fixed upon my face, but instantly withdrawn as my eye met hers. I do not know why, but the pertinacity with which she avoided my gaze, instead of depressing me, as it had always done before, seemed to stir my heart in some mysterious way, and make my pulses thrill.

If she is simply indifferent, I thought, she certainly would not behave like this; and if she dislikes me, she would not look at me at all.

Soon mother went in to see about supper, refusing Jean's offers of help; she told her to "stay and entertain Malcolm," which called a blush to the fair cheek, as she hesitatingly resumed her seat, glancing shyly at me.

As for me, a new spirit had taken possession of me, so that I scarcely knew myself. I felt a certain audacity and recklessness which had been strangers to me for a long time.

"Come," I said, folding my arms, and leaning lazily back against the door-post, as I watched her, "mother says you are to entertain me. Please proceed."

She gave a swift little glance at me, and then my unwonted spirits seemed to infect her, for she answered gayly,

"That's not etiquette; I am 'the company,' consequently, I am the one to be entertained."

"But I must obey my mother," I answered, stoutly, "and her commands were for me to be entertained. Therefore, I shall wait."

Perfectly at ease in her presence for the first time since she came, I sat looking at her with a mixture of mirth and wistfulness, which the gathering darkness may have half concealed.

"What shall I say, then?" in her very old tone of childish *naïvete*—a tone she had not used to me since she came.

"I shall not instruct you! Teaching is poor entertainment," I answered, with mock gravity; "besides, I think it is a new idea for a fashionable young lady, versed in etiquette, and acquainted with the usages of society, to come for instruction in conversation to a rough farmer like me! I thought it was natural to young ladies—born in them—to know just what to say on all possible occasions. I am the one who should be at a loss."

For answer, Jean remarked quietly that she really was not posted upon the habits of fashionable young ladies, she had never inquired into them. And then there came a pause, until Jean broke out abruptly and half pettishly with,

"I wish I wasn't a young lady. There!"

I opened my eyes in astonishment.

"Why, Jean, do you wish that?" I asked, softly, after a moment, drawing nearer to her, for there was a little trembling hope tugging at my heart, and begging to come in.

She did not answer; she had covered her face with her hands.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked, half incredulously. "Were you happier as a child than now? You and Dan used to quarrel a deal, I remember—now you are excellent friends. Hadn't you forgotten that?"

She shook her head petulantly, and I saw her red lips pouting disdainfully, for my little Jean was no saint—she was only a loveable, willful girl, who, to me at least, embodied all that the best woman is by nature, both saint and sinner.

"You and I used to be very good friends," I went on, watching her as I spoke; "indeed, I thought you were fond of me when you were a child. I wonder, if you were one now, if you could like me as you used, in spite of this;" and I touched my temple and cheek with my finger as I spoke.

Still she did not answer. I knew, however, that she understood me. Her very silence encouraged me.

"Stay here a moment, Jean," I whispered; and I leaped up the stairs three at a time, went to my chamber, and back again in a moment. I laid a little package, wrapped in tissue-paper, in her lap. "Do you remember that?" I said.

She opened the package with trembling fingers; there lay the little pin-cushion just as her tiny fingers had fashioned it long years ago; its mandate still untouched, although the pins had grown black and rusty from disuse.

She looked at it one moment, gave a little

cry; and then down went her brown head upon it, hiding her face from my view.

A sudden tremor shook me from head to foot. Still I hardly dared believe such great happiness was in store for me. I bent over her, and took her pretty brown head gently between my hands. I had determined now, whatever came, to know my fate.

She blushed violently, but did not resist as I lifted the drooping face so that I could look in her eyes.

"Little Jean," I said, tenderly, "I have obeyed, to the letter, the words on that cushion. I have never forgotten you for an hour; no, not for a moment. Even in my dreams you were present with me. How I longed for your coming, and how eagerly I ran to meet you that night you came! But I saw at once that you did not remember me. You mistook Dan's healthful, handsome face for my poor scarred one. I had forgotten how fearfully I was altered, and I rushed away, and up to my room without making myself known. When I *did* meet you, I saw a look of repulsion on your expressive face. Your feelings were changed. In place of the love you had for me, aversion, I feared, dwelt in your heart. To-night is the first time I have dared to hope. Tell me, oh! tell me, am I deceiving myself? Have pity on me, and speak!"

I stopped, breathless, waiting tremblingly to hear her answer.

"Oh, Malcolm! how could you?" she whispered. "If anything could make you dearer to me than you always were, it is this, and the knowledge of how it came;" and she laid her tiny hand on my poor scarred face.

"Here I set my seal!" she added, and lifting her head, no longer blushing, but with a face radiant with happiness, she pressed her dear lips to the unsightly spot.

I had found my love. Henceforward we go, hand-in-hand, as of old, but far more peaceful and happy.

S O N G.

BY H. E. MEXFORD.

I KNOW where the violets blossom,
And the roses first unfold;
And the sunshine gives to the lilies
The light for their torch of gold.

I saw such sweet violet-blossom
This morn in my darling's eyes,
That the spell of their wonderful beauty
E'en now on my senses lies.

And I saw the sweet roses blush redly
On her cheek, as I stole a kiss;
And I said, "There are all kinds of roses,
But none, love, as charming as this."

And her hair fell all over her shoulders,
In a shower of sunny-bright gold;
And I saw the new-blossomed white lilies
Their torch, to its glimmer, hold.

A NITE OF TROUBLES.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

TRULY last nite wuz a nite ov troubles with us. We wuz kept awak all the fore part ov the nite with cats fitein—it duz beet all how they went on, how menny there wuz ov them—I dont no—Josiah thought there wuz upwards ov 50—I myself made a kalm estimate ov between 3 and 4. But I tell u they went in strong, what there wuz ov em. What under heavens they feund to talk about so long, and in such unearthly voices, iz a mystery 2 me. u couldn't sleep no more then ez if u wuz in Pandemonium, and about 11 I guess it wuz, I herd Thomas Jefferson holler out ov his chamber winder,

“U hev preached long enuff brothers on that text—Ill put in a seventhly fer u” and then I herd a brick fall. “Uve protracted ure meetin here plenty long enuff. u may adjurn now to somebody elses winder and exhort them a spell.” then I herd another brick fall. “Now I wonder if u'll kum round on this circuit agin rite away.” His room is rite over ourn, and I raised up in end ov the bed—and hollered out to him to “stop his noise.” but Josiah sed—“Do let him be, do let him kill the old creeters, I am wore out”

Sez I “Josiah I dont mind his killin the cats—but I wont have him talken about their holdin a protracted meeten, and preechin, I wont have it” sez I.

“Wall sez he Do lay down, the most I care fer is to get rid ov the cats”

Sez I “U do have wicked streaks Josiah, and the way u let that boy go on is awful—sez I where do u think u will go to Josiah Allen?”

Sez he, “I shall go into another bed if u cant stop talkin, I hev been kept awoke till midnite by them creeters, and now u want to finish the nite.”

Josiah is a real even tempered man—but nothin makes him so kinder fretful az to be kept awoke by cats, and it is awful—awfully mysterious 2. For sumtimes az u listen, u say wildly to urself—how kan a animal so small giv utterance to a noise so large, large enuff fer a elifant. Then sumtimes agin u will git encouraged thinkin that last yawl has really finished em—fer u think they are at rest, and better off than they can be here in this world utterin such deathly and terrific shrieks—and

u no u are happier. So u will be real encouraged, and begin to get sleepy—when they'll break out agin all ov a sudden seemin to say up in a small fine voice—“we wont go home till mornin” drawin out the “mornin” in the most threatnin and insultin manner, and then a great hoarse grum voice will take it up—“We Wont Go Home Till Mornin.” and then they will spit fiercely, and shriek out the appaulin words both togethah. It iz diskouragin and I couldn't deny it, so I lay down, and we both went to sleep.

I had'nt more then got into a nap when Josiah waked me up groanin. And sez he “Them darned cats are at it agin.”

Wall sez I “U neednt swear so if they be” I listened a minute and sez I—“it aint cats”

Sez he—“It iz”

Sez I, “Josiah Allen I no better—it aint cats”

“Wall What is it,” sez he “if it haint”

I sot up on end ov the bed, and push'd back my nite cap from my left ear and listened and sez I “It is a akordeun”

“How kum a akordeun under our winder” sez he “Sez I, It is Augustus Peedick sernadin Tirzah and he haz got under the rong winder” He leaped out ov bed and started for the door.

Sez I “Josiah Allen kum back here this minute—sez I do u realize ure kondishun, aas I u aint dressed”

He seazed his hat from the buro and put it on his hed and went on. Sez I “Josiah Allen if u go to the door in that kondishun ill prosikute u, What do u meen actin so to nite? sez I u wuz young once ureself.”

“I wuzznt a konfounded fool, if I wuz young”—sez he.

Sez I “kum back to bed Josiah Allen! do u want to get the Peedicks'es and Dobbs'es mad at u. I should think u wud be ashamed swearin and actin as u hev to nite, and sez I u will get ure deth cold standin there without ure kloze on. kum back to bed this minute Josiah Allen”

It aint often I set up, but when I do Josiah knows I will be minded, so finally he took off his hat and kum back to bed. and there we had to lay and listen. not 1 word could Tirzah

hear, fer her room is clear to the other end ov the house—and such a time as I had to keep Josiah in the bed. The first he played wuz what they call an involuntary, and I konfess it did sound like a cat, before they get to spittin and tearin out fur u no they'l go on kiuder melankolly. He went on in that wa fer a length ov time which I cant set down with any kind ov akuracy, Josiah thinks it wuz about 2 hours and a $\frac{1}{2}$, I myself dont believe it wuz more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ ov an hour. Finaly he broke out singin a tune the korus ov which wuz—

Oh think ov me—Oh think ov me.

“No danger ov our not thinken on u” sez Josiah—“no danger on it.” It wuz a long peece and he played and sung it in a slow and affecten manner. he then played and sung the follering

Kum oh kum with me. Miss Allen
The moon is beaming
Oh Tirzah kum with me
The stars are gleaming
All around is bright
With beauty teeming
Moonlight hours, in my opinion
Is the time fer love.

My skiff is by the shore
She's light, she's free
To ply the feathered oar Miss Allen,
Would be joy to me
And as we glide along,
My song shall be
(If you'll excuse the liberty Tirzah)
I love but thee.

Tra la la Miss Tirzah
Tra la la Miss Allen
Tra la la tra la la
My dear young maid.

He then broke out into another peece the chorus of which wuz

Curb oh curb thy bosoms pain
Ill kum again—ill kum again

“No u wont” sez Josiah “u wont never get away, I will get up Samanthee”

Sez I in low but awful accents, “Josiah Allen if u make another move I'll part with u,” sez I “it does beet all how u keep actin to nite, haint it az hard fer me az it iz fer u?” Sez I “du u think it iz eny kumfert fur me to lay here and hear it?” Sez I “that iz jest the wa with u men, u haint no more patience than nothin in the world—u wuz young once yerself.”

“Threw that in my face agin will u? What if I wuz! Oh do hear him go on” sez he shakin ‘his fist, “hear him agin—‘curb oh curb thy bosoms pain’ If I wuz out there my young feller I would give u a pain u couldnt curb so easy—though it might not be in your bosom.”

Sez I “Josiah Allen u have showed more wickedness to nite than I thought u had in u”—Sez I “would u like to have ure pasture—and Deacon Todd and Sister Graves, hear ure revengful threats? if u wuz layin helpless on

a sick bed—would u be throwin your arms about—and shakin your fist in that way?” Sez I “it scares me to think a pardner of mine should keep actin as u have, sez I u have fell 25 cents in my estimation to nite.”

“Wall” sez he “what kumfert is there in his prowlin round here, makin two old folks lay all nite in perfect agony”

“It haint much after midnite, and if it wuz,” sez I in a deep and majestic tone—“Do u calculate Josiah Allen, to go through life without any trouble? if u do u will find yerself mistaken.” Sez I, “Do be still.”

“I wont be still, Samantha.”

Jest then he begun a neu peece durin which the akordeun sounded the most melankolly and cast down it had as yet, and his voice wuz solemn and affectin. I never thought much ov Augustus Peddick, he is Thomas Jefferson's age, about 17, h's moustash is if possible thinner than hiscn. I should say whiter—only that is a impossibility. He is jest the age when he wants to be older, and when folks are willin he should, for u dont want to call him Mr. Peedick, and to call him bub as u always have, he takes as a dedly insult. He thinks he is in love with Tirzah which is jest as bad as long as it lasts, ez if he wuz—jest as painful to him, and to her. As I said he sung these words in a mournful and affectin manner.

When I think ov thee thou lovely dame,
I feel so weak and overcome,
That tears would burst from my eyelid,
Did not my stern manhood forbid;
For Tirzah Ann,
I am a melankolly man.

I scorn my looks—what are my hats
To such a wretch—as silks cravats;
My feelings prey to such extents
Vittles are of no consequence;
Oh Tirzah Ann,
I am a melankolly man.

As he wait'd on you from spellin skool
My anguish spurn'd all curb and rule,
My manhood cried be calm! forbear!
Else I should have tore out my hair,
For Tirzah Ann—
I wuz a melankolly man.

As I walked behind he little nu,
Whut danger did his steps pursue;
I had no dagger to unseath,
But fiercely did I grate my teeth.
For Tirzah Ann—
I wuz a melankolly man.

I'm waster slow, my last years vests,
Hanc loose on me—my nightly rests
Are thin as gauze,—and thoughts ov u,
Gashes em madly through and through.
Oh Tirzah Ann,
I am a melankolly man.

My heart is in such burning state,
I feel it soon must conflagrate;
Put ere I go to be a ghost,
What bliss could thou tel me thou dost
Sweet Tirzah Ann,
Think of this melankolly man.

He didnt sing but 1 piece more after this I dont remember the words for it wuz a long piece. Josiah insists that it wuz as long as Miltons Paradise Lost

Sez I "dont be a fool Josiah u never read it"

Sez he "I hev hefted the book and no the size ov it—and I no it wuz as long if not longer"

Sez I agin, in a kool kollected manner—"Dont be a fool Josiah, there wuzzent more than 25 or 30 verses at the outside." That wuz when we wuz talkin it over to the break-fast table this mornin, but I konfess it did seem awful long, there in the ded ov nite; though I wouldnt encourage Josiah by sayin so, he loves to have his own hed now, and I dont no what he would be if I enkouraged him in it. I cant remember the words as I red, but the korus ov each verse wuz,—

"Oh! I languish fer thee—Oh!! I languish fer thee,
Wherever that I be
Oh, oh! oh!! I am languishin fer thee—I am languishin fer thee."

As I sed I never sot much store by Augustus Peedick, but truely everybody haz their strong pints, there wuz quavers put in there into them "ohs!" that never can be put in again by anybody—even Josiah lay motionless

listenin to em in a kind ov awe. Jest then we herd Thomas Jefferson speakin out ov the winder overhed—

"My musikel young friend havn't u languished enuff for one nite becaus if u have, father and mother and I bein kept awak by other serenaders the forepart ov the nite, will love to excuse you—will thank u for your labers in our behalf—and love to bid u good evenin; Tirzah bein fast asleep in the other end ov the house. But dont let me hurry u Augustus—if u haint languished enough—u keep rite on a languishen—I hope I haint hard harted enuff to deny a young man and a naber, the privilege ov languishin."

I hurd a sound of footsteps on the grass under the winder, follered seeminly instantaneously by the rattlin ov the bord fence at the extremity ov the garden, judgin from the sound he must have got over the ground at a rate seldom equiled and never outdun. A button wuz found under the winder in the mornin—bust off we suppose by the impashioned beets of a 2 ardent heart—and a 2 vehement pare ov lungs exercised 2 much by the boldness and variety ov the quavers durin the last tune—that button and a fu locks ov malta fur is all we hav left to remind us ov our sufferins.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

BY MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

I *SOMETIMES* think when the morning
Peeps forth from the crystal bars,
And before the glow of the daylight
Fades out the glimmer of stars,
Of days that my heart remembers,
When earth like a fair bride shone,
In her tinsme of mist and sunlight;
Sweet days! they are dead and gone!

Oh! rich were the robes of Summer;
And royal is Autumn's crown;
Late lilies and roses wreathing,
With myrtles, scarlet and brown.
But soft it sighed through the zephyrs,
And it makes the forests' moan,
That passionate cry of the spirit,
For the days that are dead and gone.

'Tis well to be up and doing;
'Tis brave to be marching on;
But we were not so heavily weightied,
In the joyous days agone.
Oh! the heart kept time to the music
That lightly tripped from the tongue,
In the days of our dreams heroic,
When we and our hearts were young.

Oh, lad! with the brown hair waving,
From the fair, unwrinkled brow;
Oh, lass! with the downy ringlets,
And cheeks where the roses glow,

You may ripple your silvery laughter,
And sing as ye list to-day,
For there's never a day before you,
That shall wear such a bright array.

And yet to our clinging natures
Comes pleasure amid the pain;
And if we could, we would not,
Call the sweet past back again.
With regret that is not sorrow,
With the shadow of a shade,
We look through the mists of evening,
On the morning where we played.

So, haply, dear souls in Heaven,
In the pauses of the song,
When the angels are not looking,
Press to the edge of the throng.
And, though infinite bliss around them,
Like a halo of light is thrown,
They may send a thought of yearning,
To the dear earth past and gone.

Break, purple pomp of the morning,
Out from the crystal bars,
And sweep away in your splendor,
The faint fair beaming of stars.
I am glad in your glowing beauty,
Though the heart in an undertone,
Like a child, half-tired of pleasure,
Cries out for the dead and gone.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.

CHAPTER II.

A WOMAN had followed Count Mirabeau when he went to St. Cloud—a young woman, some three or four-and-twenty years of age, but looking older from the stormy passions that had swept across her youth, and the corroding jealousy that consumed her now. She had ridden behind him all the way from Paris, but took good care not to come near enough to that imposing figure to give him a glimpse of her person, or allow him to hear the tread of her horse. When he halted in the grove, and tied his horse to a sapling, she drew back of a clump of beech-trees, and watched him as he passed through the gate; then she dismounted, fastened her own horse, and taking a circuit among the undergrowth, came out by the gate, which she tried cautiously and found unlocked. By this time Mirabeau had disappeared, and the young woman was at a loss to guess which way he had taken. At her left, she saw the roof of St. Cloud rising in irregular glimpses among the embosoming trees. If his business was with the king or queen, she argued, he would take that direction. If he came to seek some meaner object, there was not a tree in that vast Park which might not shelter him and the rival which she came to discover.

Which way should she go? Not toward the palace; Mirabeau, the orator and friend of the people, would never venture there unless he was, indeed, a traitor to his party, and led on by some passion which was treason to her. More likely he had sought a building, or covert place in the grounds, where some person connected with the royal household would meet him. Nothing but political or social treason could have brought him there.

As the young woman wandered slowly on, meditating in this fashion, a sound of quick footsteps and the rustle of shrubbery startled her. She drew back of a huge tree that stood near and watched for the cause. It was a lady passing swiftly forward through the purple twilight, her head enveloped in the shadowy blackness of a lace shawl, her dress half up-

lifted by her right hand, half trailing on the grass—a rich dress that glistened in the faint light which trembled over it.

The lady turned her head and stood still a moment, listening—a slight disturbance in the shrubbery near by seemed to have aroused her apprehension. The woman behind the tree saw a lovely face and a splendid figure stooping a little, as if arrested in some unlawful or dangerous step. It was but a momentary glance, but she recognized the queen, and the sight threw every passion of her most passionate nature into revolt.

“Traitor!” came hissing through her shut teeth; “double-dyed traitor! For that face he will sell us all!”

The queen passed on swiftly, moving through the green foliage and the purple atmosphere of the Park like a beautiful spirit. After her, creeping forward like a panther, came the other woman, her eyes gleaming, her lips in motion. She came in sight of a little temple built on high ground, sheltered under drooping elms; from its windows the last golden light of the day was falling back like broken arrows, and a soft, luminous haze quivered among the branches that swept over it.

There was too much light for the woman to venture forward, even though she saw the door open, and the person she had followed pass into the temple. Then through the still blazing windows she saw the shadows of two persons standing together. As she looked, they sunk away and disappeared from her eyes; but she was in a position to hear the murmur of voices. One, deep, sonorous and impressive, the other, clear, low and sweet; but no words uttered by these voices reached her. She could only guess at their meaning, and a vivid imagination lent poison to her conjectures.

Panting with rage, burning with curiosity, this woman stood in her covert, afraid to pass the stretch of open sward that lay between her and the temple. It seemed to her hours on hours before the two persons in that little building darkened the windows again; but at

last two black shadows rose up in the gathering darkness; for, by this time, all the purple and gold of the sunset had merged into the light of a silvery moon, and through the opposite windows came its pale radiance, in which the man and woman stood between two waves of light. She saw him bend and sink downward as if kneeling. She saw the lady bend downward, and leaped forward with the spring of a tigress to glare through the window, and see Mirabeau's lips pressed upon the hand of Marie Antoinette.

The two separated then, and the watcher saw that they were about to depart. She had seen enough. He must not find her there! If Mirabeau, the man she had loved, could prove secret and deceptive, so could she. If the fatal charms of the queen had ensnared him, they had set her whole being in opposition. As the door of the temple opened, the woman sprang away; and while Mirabeau lingered to cast one more look on the queen, who had fascinated him as no other woman on earth could have done, she threaded her way swiftly toward the Park gate, and the highway.

As Louison Brisot passed through the gate, a shadowy old man, with a long, white beard flowing down his bosom, crept softly along the wall, and glided through the opening. The young woman scarcely heeded him, for her mind was in a state of fierce exaltation, and she fled from the Park more afraid of herself than any earthly creature; for her soul panted to stop then and there on the highway, and in the fury of her jealous passion, rebuke that proud demagogue for his double treason. But the women of France, who first entered upon the revolution, possessed two powerful qualities, violent passions and a wonderful power of self-restraint. It was seldom that any of these women plunged into the awful tumult of those revolting scenes without being led there by the hand of some fierce demagogue, who called himself a patriot. Such men had no use for weak or vacillating women; but mated themselves, legally or illegally, with creatures of their own calibre, using them as political instruments, and casting them aside by mere force of will, or the mockery of a divorce, ruthlessly as the wild beast forsakes his mate in the jungles of a forest.

Louison Brisot was one of these women; born in the middle classes, gifted by nature with strong animal beauty, thirsting for knowledge, full of that keen vitality which feeds on action, and must have excitement, she had followed Mirabeau into the very heart of the

revolution. Haughty and imperious to others, she had always been subservient to him, because, in her idolatry of the man, and her vanity as a woman, she believed herself to be his sole confidant, and the supreme object of his love. She knew that the queen had, over and over again, refused even to see this man, who was to her a demi-god, and hated her for thus scorning him; while in her heart she rejoiced, perhaps unconsciously, that royal pride kept the man she loved away from a court, where so many had been won over to the king by the beauty and eloquence of his wife. The two great passions of Louison Brisot's life were thrown into a wild tumult by the scene she had just witnessed; so she saw this old man creep through the gate without heeding him more than she did the shadow that kept by her side in the moonlight. She plunged into the thicket where her horse was tied, and attempted to unknot his bridle from the sapling; but her hands shook with passion, and she was so long in doing it, that she fairly stamped down the earth with impatience before she could mount to the saddle, and ride away toward Paris.

The young woman was but just in time. She heard the tread of Mirabeau's horse following close upon her as she dashed by the palace, and on toward Paris with increasing speed. She must be home before him. It was possible that the count would call upon her that night, for he was a man who paid no respect to time, and cared nothing for the received usages of society. At her house much of his leisure time was spent, and she had believed herself the depository of all his secrets. But he had been deceiving her all the time! This thought wounded the woman through her heart, and leveled her evil pride to the dust. She had hated the queen before, now that hatred had settled into bitter detestation.

So it was that these two persons traveled home so near together, that the beat of hoofs sent back by her horse more than once struck the ear of Mirabeau, as he approached the rising ground which she was passing. Of this he took no heed. Though a demagogue and a profligate, this man had pledged his support in good faith to the queen, and his quick brain was even then forming plans, by which he hoped to unite her cause with that of France, and harmonize all contending elements into a constitutional monarchy. There was enough in all this to tax even his great brain to the utmost, and he had no time to notice the fall of those hoofs in the distance, which, perhaps, carried his destiny with them.

Not on that night, nor the next, did Louison Brisot see Count Mirabeau at her house. She waited for him with burning impatience, hour after hour, until a keen desire to reproach him got the better of her prudence; and she went at once to the sumptuous residence which had been Mirabeau's home since his first indirect understanding with the court commenced.

That day Count Mirabeau had not been at his seat in the Assembly; but, filled with such dreams of love and ambition as had made his youth one wild season of political and social riot, he kept himself in the solitude of his own library, thinking out the programme of action which was to make him at once the saviour of the monarchy, and the favorite of the people. It was a wild, and almost chaotic realm, over which this man hoped to rule; but he had infinite faith in his own genius, and built great hopes upon his immense popularity with a people who, in their passions and their prejudices, were changeable as the wind. But, to a man like Mirabeau, bold to audacity, gifted with marvellous eloquence, and made great by a will strong as iron, to guide this changing element and mould it as his own ambition might direct, seemed the easiest thing on earth.

All that day the man spent lounging upon the silken luxuriosity of a low couch, dreaming of the greatness before him, and of the royal lady, whose white hand had touched his lips for one instant in the little summer-house at St. Cloud. At last he had conquered his way to that proud, beautiful woman, who still sat upon the tottering throne of France. In her need she had been compelled to stoop to the fascinations of his voice, and blush under the ardent devotion in his eyes. In this he had triumphed over all his compeers—true, it was a triumph, secret as it was sweet. He who had been tried almost as a felon in the courts; imprisoned for rude violations of the law; hunted out of society like a mad dog, was now president of one of the most powerful clubs in France, a leader in the Assembly, and the secret friend of the queen, who had for years kept him from her presence, as a man too vile for the countenance of a pure wife and upright queen.

No wonder this man lay supinely on his couch, with his arms folded over his head, and his eyes wandering dreamily over the Cupids that peeped at him with laughing eyes from the flowers that clustered and glowed on the frescoed ceiling overhead. Mirabeau had reached that age when ambition becomes a power, and love an intense passion; from that day he

turned with loathing from the thing which he had called love in past days. The exalted rank of Marie Antoinette, her superb beauty and brilliant intellect had fired his imagination so completely, that his whole being, for the time, flung off its coarseness and became chivalric.

The door opened softly as Mirabeau lay with his large eyes wandering on the flowers, and a pleasant smile on his lips. He cared little what might happen in the Assembly that day; but would go forth to his Jacobin club in the evening, and there exert all the powers of his mind to moderate the ferocious instincts of these men, and lead them to the moderation of his own views so lately inspired by the queen.

A woman had been standing with her hand upon the door for a whole minute, and Mirabeau, in his pleasant preoccupation, knew nothing of it. Then Louison Brisot stepped across the room, and came close to the couch on which he lay, and spoke to him.

Mirabeau started, flung down his arms with an impatient movement, and rose to a half upright position, dropping one foot to the floor, and sinking his elbow deep into the cushions on which his head had rested.

"Ah! is it you, Louison?" he said, wearily. "How did you get in? I told my people to admit no one."

Louison laughed with some bitterness.

"They do not regard me as 'any one,' my good friend; or think, perhaps, there will ever come a time when I shall be excluded from Count Mirabeau's presence."

"But there may arise times when I am busy."

"Those times have arisen again and again; but you were always glad to have me by your side, especially when there was work to accomplish. Shall I sit down now? Or has my presence, all at once, become troublesome?"

The girl seated herself, as she spoke, upon the foot of Mirabeau's couch, and sat gazing on him with her great, black eyes, with an expression that disturbed him. This woman had frightened away all his pleasant dreams.

"You are never troublesome," he said; "but in the lives of all hard working and hard thinking men there is need of rest. This craving was upon me when you came in."

"Indeed!"

"I have been giving this day to thought, and sunk down here to rest awhile before going to the club. Had you delayed coming a little longer, I should have been gone."

"Ah! you go to the club, then!" exclaimed

Louison, brightening. "There you will meet Robespierre and Marat, your brother journalists; those two men who love France, and hate the queen."

"Ah, ha!" said Mirabeau, sharply; and his massive features expanded with quick suspicion. "How did you learn so much of Robespierre, and that animal who calls himself Marat?"

"I know that he is a patriot and a true Frenchman," answered Louison. "Be careful, Mirabeau, that he does not prove the serpent that may bite your heel."

"What, that reptile!" exclaimed Mirabeau, with careless contempt. "How can he hurt a man so much above him? He crawls, I soar!"

The magnificent demagogue made a circle around his head with one large, white hand, as if he were crowning himself, and repeated, "I soar! I soar!"

Louison understood that look of triumph, and smiled with bitter irony when she saw the gesture. "This man," she said to herself, "seems to feel the glory of a crown upon his head, since he has kissed the Austrian hand with those perfidious lips;" but she answered him calmly, looking downward with half-closed eyes, like a slumbrous panther.

"Still, you and these men have a common object—love of France and hatred of her oppressors."

Mirabeau turned his eyes quickly upon that handsome face to read the hidden thought that lay under these words. He saw a gleam break through the drooping lashes, and suspected that something was wrong, but could not understand what. He had no wish to disagree with Louison, for her talent had been of great use to him, and it was through her that a large portion of his popularity among the rabble of women, who were the worst disturbing element of the nation, was maintained.

"We must talk of this matter when there is more time," he said. "I sometimes think we are allowing the coarse minds of a few brutal men to carry the revolution beyond its proper limits. What, for instance, can be more vicious than these constant attacks on the queen?"

"Ha!"

His words had ran through Louison's heart like an arrow; her eyes opened wide, and flashed a look upon him that checked the breath on his lips.

"You speak of that Austrian woman," she said, controlling herself, "Louis Capet's wife?"

"I speak of Marie Antoinette, Queen of

France, Louison; a woman who has been cruelly maligned and basely persecuted."

"By whom?"

Louison spoke calmly, but her lips closed with a firm grip as this simple question left them, and she held her breath, waiting for his answer.

"Perhaps we have all done too much of it."

Louison Brisot, with all her secretiveness and self-control, felt her heart burn, and her cheeks grow hot. She arose and walked to a window; a pretty goldfinch, which had been taught to fly out of his cage at will, fluttered downward and settled upon her shoulder. She seized the tiny thing, wrung its neck, and flung it down to her feet. Mirabeau had settled back upon his couch, and his eyes were again wandering among the frescoed flowers. So this woman appeased her wrath by taking this little life before the poor thing could utter a breath of pain; and he only knew that his favorite was dead after she was gone. While the pretty thing was quivering on the floor, his murderer had sunk down by Mirabeau's couch, and took his hand in hers, where it lay indolently, not once offering to return the grasp with which she clung to it.

"Mirabeau!"

"Well, Louison!"

"You have ceased to love me?"

"Ceased to love you! Well, what then? To be good patriots we need not be lovers."

The woman turned deadly white, and her hands wrenched themselves away from his.

"You confess it."

There was a cry of pain in her words. All this time she had been actuated by a forlorn hope that he would contradict her.

"No! I confess nothing! How should I, not being quite certain myself?"

"Great heavens! you dare say this to me!"

Mirabeau started up fiercely and shook back his hair like a roused lion.

"Dare! Woman, is that word intended for Mirabeau?"

The man was fully aroused now, his light-gray eyes flamed, his sensuous mouth took a haughty curve; he had risen to his elbow, and his massive neck was laid bare almost to the bosom, where the delicately-crimped ruffles of his shirt fell open, revealing the blue veins that swelled and coiled over it, inflaming his face to the eyes, which suddenly became blood-shot.

"The man who offends Louison Brisot dares everything," answered the woman, in a low voice.

Mirabeau laughed, for all the evil daring of his nature was getting uppermost.

"And so you threaten me?"

"Cowards threaten!"

"And brave souls act. Well, Louison, you are no coward; and yet your speech had a threat in it. Tell me why?"

"Ah! nothing! It is only a little thing. During some years—that is, ever since I was an innocent girl, who never committed a greater sin than plucking a few clusters where the grapes first ripened into purple—I have loved you. It was not much, only a human soul flung at the feet of a man who has not yet trampled it under his heel. But this soul was all I had—and you took it. For your sake I worked hard, studied, learned all those arts by which women gain influence in the world; gloried in my beauty, and in that keen wit which is a weapon of power in these days, all because they might make me more dear and more useful to you. In the scale of your glory I flung my life. Is it strange that I ask something back; that out of the whole of an existence I lavished on you I ask a ray of light; only that which the moon takes from the sun, and feel defrauded of a right when it is withheld?"

The smile broadened and grew brighter on Mirabeau's face as the young woman made this passionate address. He loved to be adored; and the intellect of this woman gave piquancy to her homage; without that she would have been nothing to him, with it she had a hold upon his interests and his vanity stronger, by far, than any woman had ever held upon his affections. No man living possessed greater talent for turning the genius of other people to his own account than Mirabeau. Men and women were alike made available to his popularity. He had no desire to quarrel with the handsome young female, whose words, taking the form of passionate pleading, were sufficient to convince him of the power he still possessed.

Louison saw the self-satisfied smile, and it stung her. She broke forth then with passionate vehemence.

"But love like mine must have full love in return; faith like mine must meet with answering faith. If I have been strong as a woman, I have also been trusting as a child. Deceive me once, and you open my eyes forever; cease to be my entire friend, and you make me your bitterest enemy. Keep no secrets from me; if you attempt it, I will find them out, and then they are my property. I warn you now, in right or in wrong, make me your confidant."

It would have been well for Mirabeau had

he then and there taken the woman at her word; but, like all social traitors, he had no faith in the sex, and so only turned on his side and gazed on her flushed face with a sort of wonder that any one would believe him weak enough to trust one woman with the secrets of another.

"Upon my word, Louison, you are a remarkably beautiful person, and have a power of eloquence I never dreamed of before. They tell me Theroigne de Mericourt's to appear at the Cordeliers; we must have you at the Jacobins. She is beautiful—so are you; she is eloquent, but in that I have just discovered we can more than match her. I have a thing on my mind which must be brought before the club with great caution—a woman can do it; for we accept and excuse anything from beautiful lips—and yours are blooming as roses, Louison."

A faint sneer curled the lips he praised. Did he think to use her as a blind instrument in behalf of the lady whose hand she had seen at his lips, touched with such reverence? There was bitter satisfaction in the thought that she had this man's secret in her keeping, and by it could read the very changes of his mind. She had come there to upbraid him, but the secretiveness of her nature came uppermost, even in her jealous wrath, and prompted her to watch him, and if he proved treacherous, to fight her battle with his own weapons.

"The time has come," said Mirabeau, "when the women of France must make their influence felt in the nation. Theroigne will be received like a goddess by the Cordeliers."

If the demagogue thought to inspire Louison's ambition, he only succeeded in uniting with that passion one more dangerous still.

"It is said that this Maid of Liege has something besides the wrongs of France to avenge," she said, dreamily. "Among the minions who swarm around that Austrian woman is the man she loved—a noble, who plucked the soul from her life, and flung it away in haughty disdain of her happiness. Yes, yes! it is time that the women of France should test their power. Let Theroigne lead with the Cordeliers; as for me, in life or death, I stand by Mirabeau!"

"That is a brave girl; and now let me tell you a secret."

Louison's heart leaped in her bosom. Would he tell her all that she had learned? If so, that interview with Marie Antoinette might have only a political meaning. She listened breathlessly for his next words. They come to surprise and disappoint her.

"Before the year is out, my friend, Mirabeau will be president of the Jacobin club; then Louison Brisot shall test her powers against those of the amazon of Liege."

"Yes," said Louison; "she will test her powers then."

"The women of the markets are ardent and ignorant; they need leaders of their own sex. These women in their hearts love the queen."

"Ha!"

"Did you speak, Louison?"

"No, I did not speak, but listened. You think I might control these women?"

"You have the power; they would look up to you as they never have to the queen. She is so far above them that they cannot understand her. But you——"

"Oh, yes! I can make them understand me. I, too, am of the people," said Louison, interrupting him.

"But still, education and great natural talent has lifted you nearer to her."

"You think so? Well, perhaps it is true."

"You are brave."

"Yes, I am no coward."

"With a warm, earnest heart."

Here Louison sunk down to the foot of the couch, and bowing her face to her knees, began to sob. Mirabeau took her hand.

"Why do you weep, my friend?"

"Because I once had a warm, earnest heart, that is all," cried the girl, lifting her head, and sweeping the hair back from her face. "Women who aspire for love or power should have no hearts."

"You are wrong, my friend; a warm heart is necessary to true eloquence. Without that, the magnetism which thrills crowds would be wanting. It is because you can speak clearly and feel intensely, that I predict for you a glorious career among the women of France. That which Mirabeau is to the men, Louison shall be to the women of this nation."

"And this is all you have to tell me?"

"All. If I have nothing more to confide, it is because my heart is always open to my friends, most of all to you."

"Traitor!"

The word was not spoken, but it hissed like a serpent in the woman's brain. She dashed the tears from her eyes and stood up.

"I will go now."

Mirabeau fell indolently back among the cushions of his couch.

"Must you go?" he questioned, dreamily.

"Well, well, think of what I have said."

"I will."

"It would be well, now I think of it, Louison, to mingle more with the men of our club. They should be invited to your house. You must give them little suppers, sing to them, charm them with your conversation."

A flash of hot color came into the woman's face, and her black eyes kindled with angry fire.

"There was a time when you forbade me to know these Jacobins, even by sight; when you would as soon have opened my doors to a nest of vipers."

"Ah! but that time has gone by. The true patriot sacrifices his best feelings to the good of his country."

Louison reached forth her hand, but drew it back again. Mirabeau did not see it. So, with a firm step, she left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE old man who had so terrified Marie Antoinette, followed her with the keen, eager speed of a hound until she entered the private door, which had been carefully left open for her. He even tried to enter by the same passage, but she had bolted the door; and he turned from it in meek despair, muttering softly to himself, and smoothing his silvery beard in the moonlight. Another man would have gone home, perhaps, spending the whole of that beautiful night on his way to Paris; but this man had lost all ideas of home by a cruel confinement of years in the prison of the Bastille, which now lay a heap of ruins in the heart of the city. During all the months in which he had been at liberty, this broken being had never taken up his old habits of civilization; his limbs had never pressed a bed; and his food was always the same, a crust of black bread and a cup of water. Sometimes the free air of a bright day oppressed him; but when the clouds lowered, and the rain fell, a sense of enjoyment awoke in his bosom, and he was sure to wander into the streets, and move with mechanical fascination toward the ruins of his old prison, where he would set for hours with the tears streaming down his cheeks, as if pining over the awful home which suffering and habit had made the dearest place to him on earth. He had pined for liberty, prayed for it; but when liberty came, in storm and tumult, he shrunk from it, and entered what was a new world to him in trembling and terror.

This old man knew his own weakness and mourned over it; but he made no effort to con-

quer the apathy which years of suffering had left upon him. One thought alone aroused him from utter prostration, and this was a superstition which few persons could be made to understand. A ring which he held sacred had been taken from his finger on the night a *lettre de cachet*, signed by Louis the Fifteenth, took him to the Bastile. To the loss of this ring he imputed all the misfortunes that had fallen upon him; and the one object of his being since he was taken from the dungeon, he now almost deplored, was to find this ring, and through it regain the power of life, and strength of thought, which had been the happiness of his youth.

This ring, a serpent of twisted gold, clasping an Egyptian scarabes in its folds, he had that night seen upon the hand of Marie Antoinette. Gosner could not force himself to leave the home-park into which he had so recklessly intruded; but lingered around the palace, hoping, in a wild way, that the lady he had seen would come forth and bring back destiny within his grasp.

A bright sunshine, and even moonlight, clear and broad as that which lay around him, always oppressed and bewildered this man, who had spent nearly half his life in utter darkness. Below the palace was a thickly-wooded ravine filled with shadows, through which he could, from time to time, see the sparkle of waters leaping up to meet the moonlight. As I have said, imprisonment had made darkness a second nature to this poor man; so he stole away from the soft radiance that fell around him, and went down into this ravine. Here the moist atmosphere, to which all his frame had become habituated, cooled the fever in his veins, and the soft tinkle of falling waters lulled him back into the dull monotony of his prison days. He sat down at the foot of a rock, cushioned all over with emerald-green moss, and leaning his head against it, grew tranquil under the languid sense of solitude that crept over him. To be alone was now the great luxury of his life, as it had formerly been its punishment.

As the old man rested against this rock, a shadow broke the moonlight that quivered on the edge of the ravine, and the footsteps of a man coming down a path which wound in and out along the declivity startled him. With a thrill of fear he drew closer to the fragment of rock that sheltered him, and waited for the man to pass; but the path led close to him, and after a minute or two a gentleman stood within three paces of his retreat. He could see enough of the face to recognise it as that of a stranger, for a break in the tangled boughs overhead let

in a stream of radiance, which the surrounding darkness increased, and this lay full upon the intruder.

The stranger took off his three-cornered hat, and sighed gently as the moist air swept across his forehead. Then he moved a step forward, and seemed about to seat himself on the rock against which Gosner was leaning.

The old prisoner, seeing this, arose to his feet and stood before this man like a ghost; his soft, white beard sweeping to the wind, and his frightened face etherealized by the light that struggled down to it.

"Forgive me; I was but resting," he said, in the low, quivering voice with which he had been accustomed to address his keeper. "The air down here was so cool; and I love the sound of dripping water—it is such company!"

"Who are you, old man, and how came you here? Have you not been told that no person is permitted to enter these grounds but the household of the king?"

"No one told me; but I felt that it was wrong to be so near the palace, so I came down into this dark hollow, quite out of the way. Is there any harm in that?"

"I cannot think that harm of any kind need be apprehended from a person who speaks with such gentle humility," answered the stranger. "But tell me, what brought you here?"

"I was sent! I was sent! But for that I had not come."

"But how did you gain an entrance?"

"God opened the gate for me!"

"What? I do not understand."

"I was waiting on the highway, as I have waited many long nights, thinking that our Lady, to whom I have never ceased to pray, might, by some miracle, open some gate, through which I might pass to the palace. Well, at last the Blessed Virgin answered me. A lady came through a little gate which led to the gardens, and left it ajar. I crept by her, holding my breath, and went in among the flowers, which covered me with perfume, which I do not like—that which comes from sleeping water, green at the top, is best—the breath of flowers is so subtle it makes me dizzy; but I went through it bravely, for another person was in the garden, striding through its tangled greenness like a giant, while I stole away. It was not him I wanted."

"Who was this man?" questioned the stranger, with quick anxiety.

"One that I did not care to see."

"You knew him, then?"

"Yes; I saw his face."

"But you have not given his name?"

"Why should I? It might hurt the—the—"

"Well, speak out. I wish to know who this man was whom you saw in the private grounds of St. Cloud."

"Are you a friend to the king?"

A sad smile came over the stranger's face, and he answered with feeling,

"If the king has a friend, I am one!"

"Then caution him—there is some harm intended him or his; some traitor in his household, who lets his bitter enemy almost into his presence in the night. The man I saw was his keen enemy, the Count Mirabeau."

"Ah! I understand," said the stranger, drawing a deep breath; "and you saw him? I will warn the king; but in the meantime let me recommend silence about the matter."

"Silence! Ah, yes! I know how to be silent. No one shall ever hear me speak of this again."

"You speak wisely and kindly; the king shall hear of it."

"No, no! Why should he? This king, whose grandfather slew my youth, and turned my manhood into this!"

Here the old man grasped the end of his white beard, and held it up in the moonlight.

The stranger stepped back, and stood for a moment gazing with astonishment on the old man's face.

"Who is it that has wronged you so? What is your name?"

"The man who wronged me was Louis the Fifteenth. Once people knew me as Dr. Gosner."

"Gosner—Gosner! You were a prisoner in the Bastile?"

"Oh, yes! A prisoner of the Bastile!"

"Whom the present king pardoned?"

"And then cast into a deeper dungeon, while his minions gave forth that I was dead!"

"Was the king guilty of such treachery?"

"There was treachery somewhere; but what matters it now that you and I should ask where it rested? The peoples' hate has fallen with awful heaviness on one man—that one who so oppressed the sufferers placed under his despotism. When they led me forth from my dungeon into that carnival of blood, the head of Delauney went before me on the point of a pike. If vengeance had not died out of my soul years before, it would have sickened and perished then."

"How, you a prisoner of the Bastile, and do not hate the king?"

"Hate him? No! Come closer, and I will tell you. An evil thing fell upon him and the

fair girl he married on the day I was cast into prison."

"What was that evil thing?"

"A blessing and a curse; the blessing was taken from me and turned into a curse for the daughter of Marie Therese. Ah! if I could see her—if I only could!"

"You speak of the queen?"

"Yes, of the woman who was wronged and wounded worse than myself, when they buried my youth in the Bastile."

"But how?"

"Ah! that is my secret. I will tell it to no human soul—not even to her."

The stranger looked earnestly at the strange old man, whom he began to recognize as mildly insane. A poor wanderer, who had strayed into the Park through some carelessly closed gate. Possibly a victim of the Bastile, whose mind had gone astray in his dungeon; but, in any case, worthy of infinite compassion.

"Would you like me to show you the way out from the Park," he said, gently, as if he had been addressing a child. "In a few minutes the gates will be closed, and the guards doubled."

The old man shook his head.

"No. I will rest here till daylight comes; then, perhaps, I can see her again."

"Who would you see? Tell me, perhaps I can aid you."

"The woman who was up in the temple yonder with Count Mirabeau to-night."

"That woman—did you know who she was?"

"No."

"Did you see her face?"

"No. She gathered her veil over it and fled. Oh! if she had but waited! I would have wrenched it from her hand, if she had not given it up; but only to save her—only to save her. Fate has done its work with me."

There was something mournfully pathetic in the old man's words; his thin, white hand trembled visibly as he clenched it in his beard; his eyes shone in the moonlight, which now and then came down fitfully through the branches, and seemed to cover him with alternate smiles and frowns.

The stranger laid his hand in gentle compassion on the old man's arm. There was something so sweet and kind in his lunacy, that he could not resist the pitying impulse which possessed him. What if this gentle old man had, indeed, been a prisoner of the Bastile—a terrible place, which the nobility had used with such fearful recklessness, without pausing to understand what awful sins they were committing against human rights.

"Sit down," he said, "you tremble, and seem tired; and while I rest here, tell me something of that prison—of your life there. Was it, indeed, so horrible as the people say?"

The old man sat down as bidden, for he had learned to obey until submission had become an impulse. The stranger leaned against the trunk of a willow that drooped over him a perfect cataract of leaves, and prepared to listen.

"What would you have me say?" asked the old man, lifting his meek eyes to the thoughtful face of his questioner. "There is much suffering in twenty years—where shall I begin?"

"Tell me everything. It is well that I should know how far men can suffer and live."

The old man shook his head.

"Ah! it is all a dream now, a dull, heavy dream of darkness, and hunger, and awful rest. At first I yearned and struggled for the freedom which despotism, and not crime, had torn from me. I raved in my cell; I beat my hands against the great oaken door, which answered me with the mockery of hollow noises; I beat my head upon the stone flags of my cell, hoping thus to end the torment of my longing. I cried aloud for my wife and child. Oh, my God! my God! how I suffered then—I, who had done nothing that was evil, but always sought out the right; I, who had kept myself humble, and loved the poor with affectionate brotherhood, who had nothing on earth but my sweet young wife and her little child! At first I said this outrage against an innocent man cannot last. In a few weeks they will let me out, and I shall flee on the wings of love to find my wife and child; they will have suffered, but my coming will bring back all the old joy into their lives. Sir, do you know what it is to have such dreams die out of the soul?"

The old man clasped his hands, bowed his face down to his bosom, over which the white beard flowed, and began to sob. The tenderness of a most affectionate nature had come back to him so far that a swell of self-pity heaved his breast when he remembered the pangs of anguish with which he had given up all the hopes of his youth.

"Go on," said the stranger, in a broken voice; "it is well that I should hear this."

"It is wading through the darkness of a dungeon," answered the old man. "I felt my soul going from me, and struggled hard to keep it—but it went, it went; the cruel wants of the body conquered it. Hunger, cold, the eternal drip of stagnant waters drove me mad, I think, for days lengthened into black years, and

years grew into eternity. To me there was neither heaven or earth, nothing but that dungeon and its four dripping walls. I learned to love them as memory of my sweet home among the vineyards died out; my eyes transformed themselves for the darkness, and learned to watch the creeping things that came and went into my dungeon; the bright-eyed toads, that sat hour by hour looking into my face, as if they wondered what manner of animal I was, always sitting there so inert and helpless, while they hopped from place to place, and never felt the closeness of those four walls. After a time these creatures, so loathsome at first, became dear as children to me. I watched their coming with eager longing, and out of my scant food saved a little for them, that they might not be won to leave me. I would sit hours together holding one of these creatures in one hand, counting the emerald spots on its back with my fingers, and smoothing its soft throat with gentle touches, while his bright eyes shone on me like diamonds.

"Sometimes these pretty reptiles would creep into my bosom as I slept at night; and I would dream that the little hand of my child was caressing me. You understand, sir, as my sight had shaped itself to the darkness, so my heart, closed in by despair, found something to love even in that loathsome cell."

"Go on! go on!" said the stranger, sharply, "I am listening!"

"Sometimes a keeper was harsh and cruel when he came to my cell, but oftener he was grim and silent, refusing to speak or answer one word of the questions which at first almost choked me as they crowded upon my heart. By degrees I did not care—what was the outer world to me, sitting there in the darkness of my tomb. Sometimes this man brought a lamp, and let me cut off the long hair which flowed over my shoulders like a woman's. At first it was soft and golden, then it grew whiter—whiter—whiter; and by this I marked the time. When I came out it was white as drifted snow.

"One day the people rose like a great tidal wave, and swept over my prison. A woman plunged down into the bowels of the earth, and fell upon my neck, crying out that the people had won back my liberty. I did not understand her—I did not know her; her eagerness wearied me. She talked of things I had never heard of. She said that she was my wife. My wife, with those bright, eager eyes; those curling lips; that free speech, often sharp with denunciation. Too much light had changed

her more completely than darkness had worked on me. While her arms were around me, I thought of the fair, meek creature I had left in that cottage among the vineyards, and mourned for her as we mourn for the dead. Then they brought a young creature to me, so like my first wife that I stretched out my arms with a cry of joy; but they told me it was my daughter. Wife and daughter had both gone. The old king had dug a chasm of almost twenty years between them and me. I could not cross it—I could not cross it!"

The stranger took a handkerchief from his bosom, and wiped away some great drops that had gathered on his forehead.

"No more to-night," he said; "I cannot bear it."

"Then I will go, since you will not let me rest here; but the road to Paris is long, and suffering has made me an old man."

The stranger reflected a moment.

"Not here," he said, "the air is moist and the earth damp."

"Ah! but I learned to love this dampness in my dungeon," said the old man, plaintively.

"Still it is no safe resting-place. I must not turn you upon the highway in the night; besides, the guard might treat you ill. Come

with me; there is a place where you can be safe, and more comfortable."

The old man picked up his staff and followed the strange person, who had taken this singular interest in him, with docile obedience.

The two mounted upward from the ravine and walked toward the rising grounds of the Park until they reached the little temple where Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau had parted only an hour ago.

The stranger opened the door and let a flood of moonlight into the pretty place.

"Here are easy-chairs and cushions, you can make out a resting-place from them," he said, kindly, addressing the old man.

"No; I will sleep on the marble floor—a bed suffocates me."

"Have no fear, then; no one will molest you."

"Fear! What has a prisoner of the Bastille to fear—death? How many of us prayed for that every hour of our miserable lives," answered the old man, with a gentle smile. "You are kind, and I thank you. Gratitude, I sometimes think, is the only feeling imprisonment has left me. I am grateful to you, sir."

"Grateful to me! Do you know that I am THE KING?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REAPER'S CHOICE.

BY CLIO BERNARD.

An old man by the hearth-side,
Sat idly in his chair;
The changeful firelight flickered
Upon his snowy hair.

A maiden at the window
Tended her plants with care,
And fed her pet canary,
That hung in the sunshine there.

"I'm ripe," the old man muttered,
"For the harvest of the Lord;
I wait the reaper's coming—
I wait the Master's word.

"The world, with all its treasures,
Holds nothing more for me;
The country of the blessed
I only crave to see."

"Oh! say not so, dear grandpa,"
The maiden made reply,

"The world lies bright before us,
With blue, unclouded sky.

"Hope beckons from the future,
Where countless joys expand;
And life seems to my vision
Like an enchanted land."

A footstep on the threshold,
A knocking at the door,
The shadow of the reaper
Fell darkly on the floor.

"I'm glad," the old man said.

"You come for me at last;
Life's duties all are finished—
Life's pleasures all are past."

"Not me," the maiden murmured,
"My life has scarce begun;
Its joys are all untasted,
Its guardians not yet won."

"Not thine," the reaper answered,
"The choice to go or stay;
I do the Master's bidding—
I choose for him to-day.

"The bearded grain may ripen
As well beneath the skies,
But buds will open fairer
In distant Paradise."

At sunset-hour the reaper
Passed from the cottage-door;
And safely in his bosom

• The maiden's soul he bore.

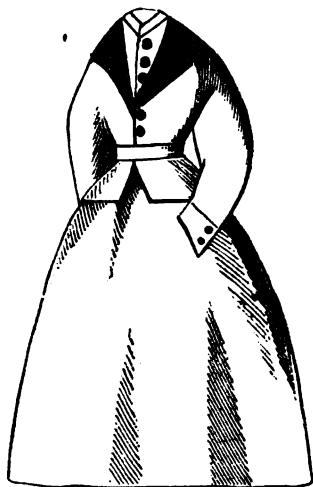
The flowers she loved are withered,
They miss her tender care;
Her bird, with drooping pinions,
Is slowly dying there.

And by the cheerless hearth-side,
The old man, sitting still,
Waits for the reaper's coming—
Waits for the Master's will.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, some more patterns for cheap dresses, house-dresses, children's dresses, etc., etc. The first is a home-dress of alpaca, which will require twelve yards of



alpaca, and is to be made with one skirt; the front breadth gored, and one gore on each side. The back is to be made full: three widths of alpaca. Cut a short basque fitted tight to the figure, and turned back with revers, which may be trimmed with black velvet ribbon, put on several rows, or scallop out the edges, and bind with the alpaca, or make the revers of silk either black or colored: the latter is very pretty for a young lady. Belt the basque in at the waist, and add bows at the back.

Next is a water-proof cloak for a little girl from nine to eleven years old. This will require two yards of material. It differs from the one we gave last month only in the cut of the cape and mode of trimming, both of which would be prettier for a girl of this age. Cut the under part a loose sacque, nearly as long as the dress, with sleeves: a circular cape is cut in two halves: the whole scalloped out and bound with alpaca braid, either plain or plaided. The cape is held together on the back with three bands and rosettes, as seen in the design. We give back and front views of this cloak.

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We now give a child's play-apron. This is to be made of colored linen, and bound with colored braid. The pocket for the playthings is simply one half of the apron, duplicated, both edges put together before binding; two or three plaits, with a little band, fastened with buttons, keep the pocket from sagging with the weight of its contents. These aprons are in great favor with the little ones, as they will carry a lap-full, without using the dress, as children generally do. The back of the waist is the same as the front, sewed into the belt, and buttoning up the back.



Next we give an infant's flannel sack. This comfortable wrap for a baby is made of colored

flannel, and will take one yard and a quarter of flannel. Braid around the neck and sleeves, buttons up the back, and add a drawing-string

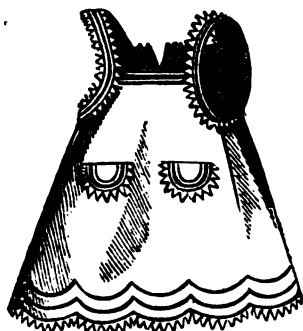


at the neck, also at the wrists, making the sleeves slightly full at the wrists. A ribbon to tie around the waist, makes it warmer than if loose.



Here is a jacket and waistcoat for a boy from five to six years old. The jacket may be

made of velveteen or cloth, and is trimmed with braid. The waistcoat of the same material.



We conclude with an apron for a little girl, say from two to four years old. It is to be made of brown linen, or white. Scallop it out on the bottom, and if made of colored linen, bind with colored worsted, which may be braid, either black or red, for those colors wash well. It is in three pieces, opening up the back, and seams under the arms, as much like a loose sacque as possible; trim around the armholes with the braid laid on flat; finishing the pockets, edges of scallops, etc., with points made of the braid, like tape trimming, or short, flat loops of braid, fastened under the first row of braid around the scallops. If the apron is white, trim with magic puffings, or a worked edging, or simply bind with a soft cotton braid, or linen cut on the bias.

COUNTER OR THREAD-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

See the front of the number for the engraving of this basket. Make of brownish cardboard of medium thickness. The bottom, which is of an octagon form, measures two inches and a quarter in diameter; each of the eight separate wall parts is two inches high, and cut out at the edge in three scallops, and sloped off

three-quarters of an inch at the under edge in breadth. In order to work the point Russo pattern of colored Andalusian wool correctly, draw the outline upon cardboard, and trace this over with separate stitches, and then sew the separate parts together with wool of the same color.

TIDY: ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The Tidy, worked on Java canvas, which we gave in our November number, for 1869, was so popular, that we present our subscribers, this month, with another of the same kind, but

of a different design. It is in the front of the number, and printed in the appropriate colors; the Java canvas in yellow, and the stitch in black.

FICHU—CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS Fichu is very simple in its execution; it is worked in crochet *Eccossais* with purple, or any other colored wool; it is trimmed with an edging in black wool, which goes entirely round the Fichu and the neck, down the sides of the sash, and the knot which finishes it. The engraving is so good, it can easily be worked from for the sash, etc.

You work the Fichu first, afterward the sash and knot, and join the latter to the Fichu; in consequence of this knot at the back of the Fichu, you must leave the Fichu open for a few rows, or it would not sit well.

MATERIALS.—Seven ounces of purple or any colored single Berlin or eider yarn, three ounces of black Andalusian wool, a long and a short crochet-hook, and three jet buttons to ornament the front.

You commence by working first the left side of the opening at the back of the Fichu, and for this make a chain of 17.

1st row: Take up 16 stitches or loops on the 16 chain, and work back.

2nd row: Take up 14 loops, then increase one by taking up the chain between the 14th and 15th loops. Take up the 15th loop, increase in the next chain; take up the 16th loop and the end loop. WB. (work back.)

3rd row: Increase 1 stitch as in the 2nd row before the last stitch in the row.

4th row: Increase 1 stitch before the two last stitches in the row.

5th row: As the 3rd row.

6th row: As the 4th row.

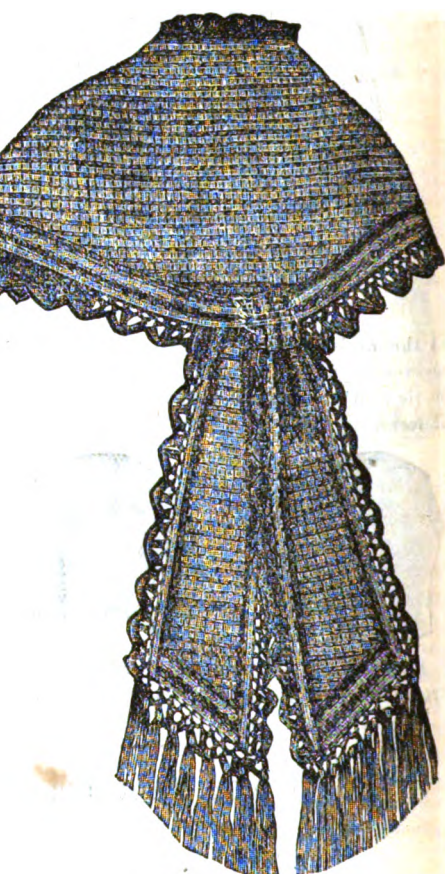
7th row: As the 3rd row.

8th row: Plain, and fasten off.

Cast on 17 ch, again work over these few rows, taking care to make all the increasings on the right hand side of the work instead of the left. Work to the 8th row.

9th row: Take up all the loops excepting the last, then take the piece worked first; take up the last loop of the piece being worked and the first loop of the piece worked together; take up the rest of the loops on the piece and wb.

10th and 11th rows: Increase after the 1st and 2nd stitches and before the two last stitches



in the row. Wb at the end of the row; make 3 chain.

12th row: Take up these 3 ch in last row as 3 extra loops; take up all the loops, and at the end of the row cast 3 extra stitches on the needle, as if you were knitting. Wb these 3 extra stitches as 3 loops, and all the rest on the needle.

13th and 14th rows: Increase 2 on each side.

15th to 17th rows: Increase 1 on each side.

18th row: Increase 2 on each side.

19th to the 23rd row: Increase 1 on each side.

24th row: Plain.

25th and 26th rows: Increase one on each side.

27th row: Plain.

28th to 31st row: Increase one on each side.
 32nd row: Plain. In the next row you begin to decrease for the shoulder.

33rd to 46th row: Decrease 1 on each side every row. You decrease by working the 2 first and 2 last stitches together.

47th row: Take up all the loops, wb 18, taking, of course, the two end stitches together.

48th row: Take up these loops just worked, decrease at the end, and wb 14.

49th row: Decrease at the end, and wb 10.

50th row: Take up the loops worked last, wb 6.

51st row: Take up these loops, wb all on the needle.

52nd row: Decrease. Take up 18, wb.

53rd row: Like the 48th row, only raising 14, with the loops decreased.

54th row: Like the 49th, raising 10 only instead of wb 10.

55th row: Like the 50th.

56th row: Take up all the loops, decreasing at both edges, wb.

57th row: Like the 56th, and fasten off.

Commence the right front on the right hand side of the back in the 33rd row, and take up the end stitch of each row, ending with the 56th row; wb of this row 6 loops only, take up 4 of these 6 loops, increase 1 before the last, take up the last, wb 10, take up these 10, wb 13, raise these, increase 1 at the end, wb 17, and continue to work in this manner, increasing every other row at the end until all are worked off, then work 1 plain row, then 3 rows, increasing at the end of each row.

6th row: Take the 2 first loops together, increase 1 at the end of the row.

7th, 8th, and 9th rows: Increase at the end of each row.

10th row: Increase 2 at the end.

11th row: Decrease 1 at the commencement, and at the end of the row cast 5 loops on the needle, which work back as loops.

12th row: Plain.

Now work 64 rows, decreasing at the commencement only of every 3rd row; then 14 rows, decreasing every row at the commencement. Then decrease 2 at the commencement until there are only 2 on the needle. Fasten off.

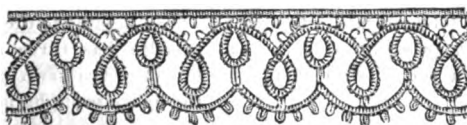
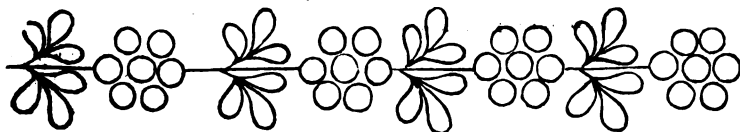
Now join to the other side the back, at the top, and take up the loops to the 33rd row of the back; wb all.

2nd: Increase 1, take up 6, wb, continue to work like the right front, only reverse a 1/2 the increasings, thus—increase at the commencement of each row instead of the end, when thus stated, and when finished, fasten off. Then work a row of double crochet all round the Fichu with purple; join the black, and work a row of dc, then a purple row, another row of black, and one of purple. Then commence

THE BORDER.—1st row: * 1 dc, (double crochet,) join the black in the next stitch, 3 ch; repeat. 2nd row: * 1 dc in the middle of the next 3 chain, 3 ch, 1 long in the middle of the next 3 chain, 3 ch, 1 dc in the middle of the next 3 ch, 1 ch; repeat from *. 3rd row: * 1 long on each of the next 3 chain on the long of last row, then the next 3 ch, 1 dc on the 1 ch of last row.

THE SASH.—Cast on 28 chain; work the length desired, and finish at the end with a point by working off 2 less each row; then work round a row of dc with black, then one with color, add the border, and at the end add a purple fringe. Work a little piece for the knot quite plain. Sew the buttons on in front, and make a loop of wool to fasten them with.

DESIGNS IN INSERTION AND CROCHET.



EMBROIDERED CAP-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our pattern (for which see front of the number) consists of two equal halves, forming a flat basket for carrying a cap or head-dress when going out to a dinner or evening-party. It is covered on the outside with brown cashmere, ornamented in the manner seen in illustration with point Russe in brown purse-silk. Both halves are joined along the middle of the lower part only, so that they can be spread out flat. The basket fastens with a button and loop sewn on the upper part. The outside is edged with thick brown silk cord. The basket can be made of cardboard, if preferred, and be covered on both sides with striped ticking, to be ornamented with point Russe embroidery, with different colored silks.

PATTERN FOR AN ALL-ROUND SKIRT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

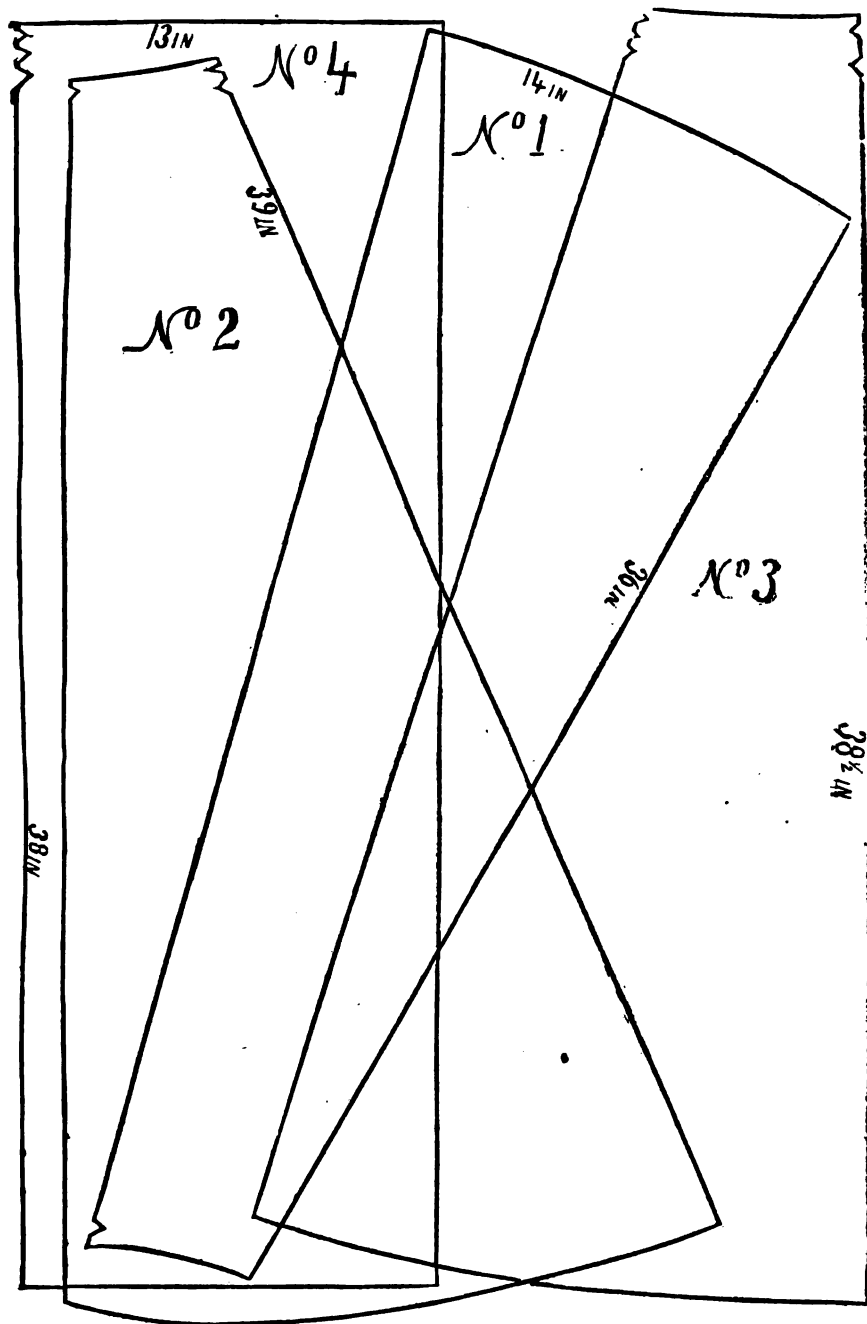


As All-Round Skirts are now so universally worn, a pattern of one will be found useful to our subscribers. These skirts are now trimmed in various ways, the newest style being a flounce from twelve to sixteen inches in depth, according to the height of the wearer. If the flounce is plaited, the folds all fall in the same direction in the Russian style: if gathered, either a heading or a ruche is added to the flounce.

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Our pattern consists of four pieces:—Half of front breadth, half of back breadth, and two side breadths. The order in which the pieces join will be known by the notches on the side of the diagram, which must correspond. The front breadth has a single notch on the side on which it joins to the next breadth. The back breadth has three notches. The two front breadths are sewn plain to the waistband, if the figure is slight, but they must be somewhat

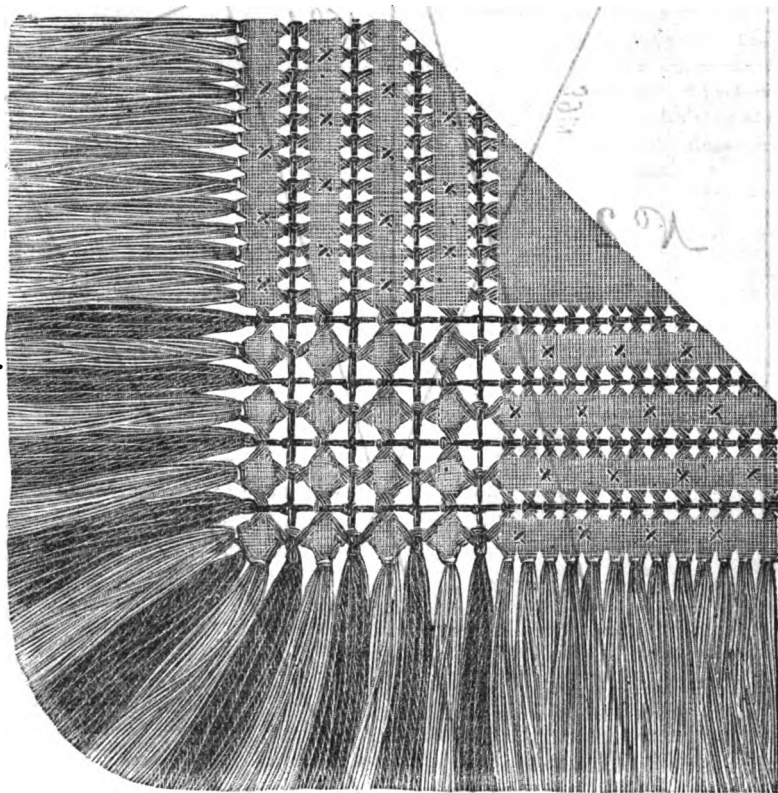
eased, should the figure be stout. The remain- illustration. This train, which can be slipped
 ing breadths are gathered. It has recently on and off at pleasure, imparts a very dressy



become fashionable to wear a train-skirt over appearance to the toilet for either in-door or
 a short All-Round one, and the style of the out-door wear. By the aid of this diagram,
 newest creation is given in the accompanying most ladies can make the skirt themselves.

TEA-TRAY CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give a corner of the cloth in full size. It is made of Irish linen, with the threads drawn out and arranged according to design. The spaces are drawn through with red working cotton, and the little crosses are worked with the same. The fringe is made by drawing threads and knotting them at the top with thread.

SPONGE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

SEE front of number. The materials are gray cloth, yellow toile ciree, a piece of white calico eleven inches square, two yards of red woolen braid one inch broad, black beads, red and black woolen cord.

This bag is very useful for hanging up in bath-rooms, or bed-rooms, over wash-hand stands, etc. The outer covering is of gray cloth. The border of black beads is about one inch from the outer edge. In the corners is a

raised bead flower, and a corresponding one may also be placed in the middle.

Lay a piece of linen between the toile ciree and the outer covering, turn the edges over, and back-stitch them together, and put a braid, ruche round the edge.

The cords, fastened at the corners, measure one yard and a half in length, and are fastened in the middle by a looped rosette, and knotted together to form a kind of bag.

BORDERS FOR JACKETS, ETC., ETC.

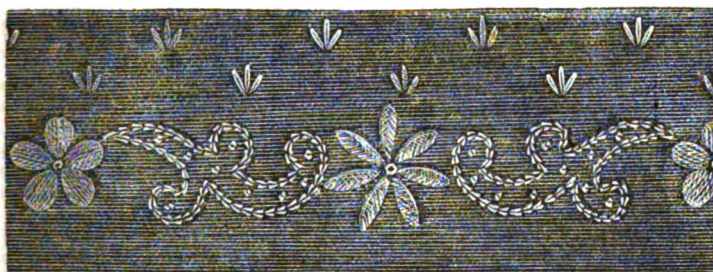
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two patterns for borders for jackets, opera-cloaks, chemise Russe, etc., etc. The first, printed above, may be worked in white or gold-colored silk; or silks of various colors may be employed, according to taste. Cashmere is the ground usually selected.

The second, printed below, is an arabesque pattern, of the full size, worked in chain-stitch of yellow silk cordon, with white knots in the middle. The stars are in raised embroidery, alternately blue, green, lilac, and red. The three loose stitches are also alternately worked in the same colors.

The second, printed below, is an arabesque



SHIELD NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give the engraving of this neat little affair in the front of the number. The materials are red cashmere, red and white cloth, fine white flannel, blue, black, and gold silk cordon, gold braid, narrow satin ribbon, cardboard.

Take two pieces of cardboard, four inches high and three inches broad, and cut out the outer edge as shown in the design. Cover the under part on both sides with colored cashmere or silk, turn the edges in, and sew the two pieces together; cover the upper side with the same colored lining, and draw white cloth over it, (the latter must not be turned in at the

edges.) Both are joined by a line of white button-hole stitch of black silk cordon. The red fields are ornamented with blue flat-stitch scallops. On the white field is a red, on the other a black cross, embroidered with gold at the edges. Two pieces of scalloped flannel are fastened on each long side of the upper flat part of the needle-book, and joined together at their outer edges. The handle, which is made of blue and white striped satin ribbon, half an inch broad, is sewn on to the under flat side of the needle-book, which is fastened by a little bow on one side, and a little loop on the other.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH.—Probably there is no flower more popular than the Hyacinth. This is partly because it is so pretty in itself, and partly because it can be cultivated in the parlor. Our subscribers will thank us, therefore, for some hints on the culture of this plant.

When hyacinths are cultivated in pots, the best plan is to grow each root in a pot by itself, in pots about four inches in diameter and six inches deep. If several are planted in a large pot, one or two may not succeed well, and then the effect is spoiled; whereas the plant is not, in any way, injured by being turned out of a small pot when fully established, and they can then be easily massed together in any way that is desirable. When the potting is complete, they should be placed in a dry, level place, and the tops covered six or eight inches deep with broken straw, decayed leaves, sand, tanners' bark, or cocoa-nut fibre, and covered with an old bass mat, or something to keep the rain off; the bulbs will not require watering, as they will absorb as much moisture from the soil on which they stand as is requisite. In eight or ten weeks, not less, the bulbs will have thrown out a sufficient mass of roots, and must now be uncovered and supplied gradually with an increasing amount of water.

Those plants which show the flower truss through the incipient leaves should now be selected and placed in a shaded spot for a few days, and, if wanted for forcing into bloom by New-Year's, must be removed to the forcing pit, where the pots should be plunged in a bottom heat of about seventy-five degrees. The pots should be placed on something hard to prevent the roots shooting through into the forcing material, and the plant should be slightly shaded until the leaves have become quite green. If it is found that the stem is being too much forced, a cooler temperature must be given; if, on the contrary, the flower truss comes too close, the top heat should be increased, and an inverted pot or paper funnel should be placed over the plant. As soon as the truss shows signs of coming into flower, raise the pots out of the bottom heat, and give the plant plenty of air and water. After the plants have remained on the surface of the bed for a few days, they can be removed to the green-house or sitting-room. When it is not required to force the plants into flower before their time, (March,) very little treatment is necessary, the chief thing being to keep them covered up, or in a perfectly dark place, until the roots are formed, for you cannot have good blooms without good roots. If, when potted, the plants are kept in the house, they must be put in a moist atmosphere, and in as dark a place as possible, for eight or ten weeks, and as soon as they are exposed to the light more water may be given them.

When hyacinths are cultivated in glasses, single hyacinths should be chosen, as they bloom more freely than the double, and are best suited for this purpose. Soft water should be used, and the glasses filled so as nearly, but not quite, to touch the bulb. Put them in a dark closet or cellar totally excluded from the light, and let them remain there for not less than a month, but five weeks will do better; they may then be removed to the green-house or sitting-room, where they get plenty of light, and are protected from sudden change of temperature. The water need not be changed while the roots are in the dark; but when brought to the light about half of it should be poured out every week, and filled up with fresh water without the roots being removed. A little guano added to the water strengthens the plant and improves the bloom. Care must be taken not to keep them in too warm a room, or they will run up very tall, and produce small blooms.

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When hyacinths are cultivated in the open air, a light, rich soil should be chosen: the best is a sandy loam, well dressed with thoroughly decomposed manure. If the soil is not light and sandy, add a third of sand or light mould; if the soil is clayey and rich, the bulbs are apt to rot or get mouldy. It is most important, however, that the soil be fresh and sweet, and the moment the bedding plants are done with, the ground should be ridged up, and the air allowed to get to it as much as possible, and if this can be done two or three times before the bulbs are planted, so much the better. The bulbs should be planted eight inches apart and four inches under the soil; as soon as they begin to make root they should be well watered. There are always some varieties that begin to root earlier than others, and these should be especially reserved for early blooming in pots and glasses. From the middle of October to the end of November is the proper time to plant in the open air; if put in much sooner, the bulbs are likely to be injured by the spring frosts.

"IN ONE OR TWO CHURCHES where I have been," writes a lady from England, "I have seen long strips of worsted-work laid on the front shelf of the pews. They were worked on very coarse canvas with a verse of Scripture, such as 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' in shades of yellow and brown wool on a red ground, with a border of the yellow and brown all round. They were made exactly the length of the shelf, and bound round with cord, and were not stuffed, but merely lined with brown holland or something with substance enough to give them a little firmness." Young ladies, who are fond of working for churches, may, perhaps, get a hint from this.

HATS, it is known, are not adopted for dressy occasions. Whatever may be the form, or however elegant the trimming, they are always really *neglige*, and suitable rather for country than for town wear. Bonnets are now such mere fantastic head-dresses, that no objection can be offered to them on the score of heaviness. Many bonnets are decorated with quillings of velvet in front in the form of a coronet, and a tuft of velvet flowers at the side, which tuft is changed to match or harmonize with the toilet worn.

WORTH, the great Paris milliner, introduces into his toilets the points, the ruffled sleeves, and the frills of old. He has a manner of draping trains over dresses which is inimitable. Van Dyck himself never draped the queens and princesses he painted more gracefully than does this famous man.

"THE BURIAL OF THE BIRD" is from an original picture, by the celebrated artist, Schuessel, and tells its own story. We do not know when we have published a more charming engraving. We invite comparisons between the engravings in "Peterson" and those in other magazines.

THE FRILLS made of muslin (they call them "frases" in Paris) and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, have quite replaced the plain linen collars.

"MY WIFE says she cannot live without your Magazine," writes a gentleman from Kansas, who remits two dollars, "and I admit the house is lonesome without it."

"I HAVE TAKEN THE MAGAZINE for ten years, and like it better every year," writes a lady from Winchester, Illinois.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER has been pronounced everywhere to be the handsomest number ever issued by any magazine.

ADVERTISEMENTS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at \$1.00, we send an extra copy, and also "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at \$1.00 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. And so of all our clubs.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Studies In Church History. By Henry C. Lea. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Henry C. Lea.—The author of this work is one of the few living American writers who have secured a really European reputation. He owes this success to his extensive erudition, to the comparative novelty of the themes he has discussed, to his sound judgment, and to his animated style. The present volume had its germ in an essay, in the North American Review, on "The Rise of the Temporal Power." Two other articles, one on "Benefit of Clergy," and the other on "Excommunication," have now been added; and the first has been considerably enlarged. We have thus, in these three papers, an account of the rise and development of principles which have not only played an important part in the history of the Church, but have also, through the Church, powerfully affected modern civilization. The title of the book is almost too modest. The work is really much more than a mere study. The volume, we may add, is very handsomely printed.

Hayden's Dictionary of Dates. Edited by Benjamin Fiscel, and Revised for the use of American Readers. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As a book of reference this work is, probably, without a rival. It quite deserves the title of "a dated Encyclopedia," which the editor has given to it. Originally appearing in England in 1841, it has passed through more than a dozen editions, and has been improved every time it has been put anew to press. In order to render it still more complete, the American publishers have added to it copious notes on American events. The type is distinct, and the paper good. The page is a double-column octavo of large size. Altogether, the book is a very valuable one.

Through Night to Light. By Friedrich Spielhagen. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leopoldt & Holt.—This is a sequel to "Problematic Characters," a novel which has had a great success both in Germany and in the United States. These German novelists are becoming more and more popular with the American public, and many persons prefer Spielhagen to even Auerbach. The present story is quite equal to its predecessor. The translation is by Professor Schele De Vere. We believe the author has an interest in this edition.

Wives and Widows; or, The Broken Life. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the story which appeared originally in this Magazine, in 1861, under its second title of "The Broken Life." Our older subscribers will remember it as one of the best novels of their favorite author. If any of our new subscribers wish an excellent story to read, during these long winter evenings, they cannot do better than to buy this one.

Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets. By E. Paxton Hood. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—The quaint title of a quaint book, which, under the guise of lectures on the vocation of the preacher, is full of anecdotes, biographical, historical, etc. The volume is well printed.

The Primal World of Hebrew Tradition. By F. H. Hedge. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A history of the world, up to the period of the deluge, as deduced from Hebrew tradition. The volume is beautifully printed.

Wild Sports of the World: A Book of Natural History and Adventure. By James Greenwood. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There are no less than one hundred and forty-seven illustrations in this volume. The book might almost be called "Animals of Prey, illustrated with Pen and Pencil." The letter-press is as spirited, in its way, as the engravings, and both together give a very vivid idea of the wild animals that men hunt for sport, or in self-defence.

Hitherto: a Story of Yesterdays. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is a new novel by the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," and "The Gayworthys," stories which we remember reading, a few years ago, with great pleasure. It is naturally written, with capital sketches of New England life scattered through it, and breathes an earnest and sincere spirit.

Rena; or, the Snow-Bird. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the beautiful edition of the novels of Mrs. Lee Hentz, of which we have so often spoken lately, and in such high terms of praise. "Rena" is a real, old-fashioned love-story.

A Winter In Florida. By Ledyard Bill. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Wood & Holbrook.—This is a book which is particularly valuable to invalids, if their disease is of a type requiring a mild climate. All Florida needs is good hotels, and a little cheerful society: the climate, at least in winter, is delicious, and as healthy as delicious.

The Family Doom. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Hardly any novelist violates probabilities more than this one; but she always keeps up the interest of the story; and her descriptive powers are very great. Hence her popularity.

Jack and Florrie; or, The Pigeon's Wedding. By Harriet B. McKeever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.—A small, thin octavo, intended for children. It is positively delightful, just the book for your little ones, well written, and profusely and handsomely illustrated.

Great Mysteries and Little Plagues. By John Neal. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This pretty little volume contains three charming sketches, among them, "Children, What Are They Good For?" John Neal may be an erratic genius, but he is a real one, nevertheless.

Moral, Intellectual, and Physical Culture. By Professor F. G. Welch. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Wood & Holbrook.—A very excellent work, written by Professor Welch of Yale College, and showing the philosophy of true living.

The Spanish Barber. By the author of "Mary Powell." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—Whatever this author writes is excellent, and the present story is no exception to the rule. We heartily commend it.

Down the Rhine. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is the sixth and last of the first series of "Young America Abroad," in which instruction and amusement are very successfully combined.

Lost In The Jungle. By Paul Du Chaillu. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a book for young people, and is full of stirring incident. It teaches, also, while it amuses. The volume is profusely illustrated.

My Enemy's Daughter. By Justin McCarthy. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel by the author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," but a very much better one even than that. It is a cheap edition, and illustrated.

The Cloister and the Hearth. By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap edition of one of the best, if not the very best, of Reade's novels.

Luck and Pluck. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—A well-written story, intended for the young. The moral is excellent.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"A MILE OF CABINET ORGANS," says the Boston Traveler, "would seem a large number, yet, if the instruments manufactured and sold by the MASON & HAMLEN ORGAN COMPANY, during the past year alone, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than three miles, or if arranged three in a tier, would make a solid wall, nine feet in height, around the Boston Common.

"We hardly know which is the most surprising, the demand now existing for these Organs, or the improvement made in them during the past few years; that which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument, becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs both in this country and Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite parlor instrument amongst all classes of society."

THE COOK-BOOKS, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, are a library in themselves. They supply the wants of every kitchen, from that of the plainest family dwelling up to that of the most luxurious hotel. Those who wish to master the mysteries of French cookery, find in Francatelli's Cook-Book, published by this firm, a full and complete guide to every, and all, the most delicate dishes of the most famous Parisian eating-houses. Others, who desire plainer and less expensive eating, will find in Mrs. Widdifield's Cook-Book, and others on their list, receipts by the hundreds, each one of which is almost invaluable. Catalogues of these Cook-Books, and of the other publications of that firm, sent, post-paid, on application to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"I HAVE IN MY FAMILY," writes Gilbert Pratt, of Old Saybrook, Conn., "a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, that has been in almost daily use for the past ten (10) years, and not a thing has ever been done to it in the way of repairing; not a screw loose, or any part of it out of order in all that time. It has been used in making coats, vests, and pants, of the thickest woolen goods, besides doing all kinds of family sewing, and is now, this day, the best machine for work I ever saw."

A CHOICE OF FIVE ENGRAVINGS (large-sized for framing) is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Our Father, Who Art in Heaven." When no choice is made, this last, "Our Father, Who Art in Heaven," is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs our extra copy is sent in addition. But see the Prospectus on the last page of this number.

AN ILLUSTRATED CYCLOPEDIA.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with three thousand illustrations, is not simply a dictionary of words, but it is at the same time an *Illustrated Cyclopædia* of Natural History, Physiology, Geology, Botany, Architecture, etc. Certainly no scholar can be without this Dictionary, and it ought to be within the reach of every child in the land.—*Central Ill.*

THE WORKS OF MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ would make a very desirable present for a young lady. A complete set, in twelve volumes, beautifully bound in green-morocco cloth, can be had for \$18.00. Or any one of the novels can be had for \$1.75, in morocco cloth, or for \$1.50 in paper covers. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"THIS IS THE THIRD YEAR I have got up a club," writes a lady from Illinois. "The Magazine improves every year."

ALL LETTERS, etc., intended for "Peterson's Magazine," must be addressed to C. J. PETERSON. Be particular about this!

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Veal à la Menagere.—Melt a good lump of butter in the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let it brown gradually while stirring. Next put in a piece of veal and turn it until well moistened. Then pour in some hot water, and stir until it boils. Season now with herbs, salt and pepper. Let it cook gently, and at the end of an hour add the vegetables—onions, carrots, mushrooms, etc.—with which the dish is to be garnished. These vegetables being cooked, serve the piece of veal imbedded in them, and with the sauce poured over. If it is desirable to have the sauce thick and light-colored, mix it with some yolks of eggs. In this case sprinkle in a little vinegar.

A Rich Gravy.—Cut beef into thin slices, according to the quantity wanted; slice onions thin, and flour both; fry them of a pale-brown, but do not on any account suffer them to get black; put them into a stew-pan, pour boiling water on the browning in the frying-pan, boil it up, and pour on the meat. Put to it a bunch of parsley, thyme, and savory, a small bit of knotted marjoram, the same of tarragon, some mace, berries of allspice, whole black peppers, a clove or two, and a bit of ham, or gammon of bacon. Simmer till you have extracted all the juice of the meat, and be sure to skim the moment it boils, and often after. If for a hare or stewed fish, anchovy should be added.

Minced Veal, with Poached Eggs.—Mince part of a fillet of veal extremely fine, put into a stew-pan, and pour over it a sufficient quantity of good, hot sauce to make it of tolerable thickness; then have a stew-panful of water, with a little vinegar in it, and as soon as it boils break in two eggs, and keep boiling quickly, but not so as to boil over. When they are done, take them out with a colander spoon, put them into another stew-pan with clear, warm water, and so on till six are done. When you want to serve, squeeze a little lemon-juice in the mince, pour it on a hot dish, take the eggs out of the water, neatly trim them, lay them on some veal, and serve.

Omelet of Ham, Tongue, or Sausage.—There are three methods of making a ham or tongue omelet: First, by simply cutting the meat into small dice, tossing it in butter, and pouring the well-beaten and seasoned eggs upon it in the pan, and letting them remain until set, when serve; or pound the meat to a paste in a mortar, and beat it up with the eggs, and fry in the usual manner. The third method is to beat the eggs and fry them, then lay upon them the meat, (which has been previously tossed in butter,) fold in the ends of the omelet, and serve as hot as possible.

Pressed Beef.—Procure a piece of brisket of beef, cut off the bones, and salt it, but at the same time adding a little extra sal prunella to the brine, and a little spice. Let the beef remain in pickle rather better than a week. When ready to cook, roll it round, tie it in a cloth, and let it simmer gently in plenty of water—about seven hours if a whole one, but four hours if only the thin end. When done, take it up, remove the string, and press and serve it in the same way as spiced beef.

DESSERTS.

Hot Pudding-Sauce.—To four large spoonfuls of rolled, clean brown sugar, put two of butter, and stir it together in an earthen dish until white; then put it into a sauce-pan, with a teacupful of hot water, and set it upon the coals. Stir it steadily till it boils, and then add a spoonful or two of wine, lemon-juice, or rose-water, and let it boil up again. Pour it into a sauce-tureen, and grate nutmeg over the top. The advantage of stirring the butter and sugar together before melting it, is, that it produces a thick, white foam upon the top. The reason for stirring it steadily while on the coals, is, that it would otherwise become oily.

Brown Bread-Pudding.—May be made with half a pound of stale, brown bread, coarsely grated, half a pound of Valentin raisins, cut in halves, the same of chopped suet, sugar, and nutmeg. Mix with four eggs, two spoonfuls of brandy, and two of cream; boil it for three or four hours in a cloth that exactly holds it. Serve with sweet sauce. Prunes, or French plums, instead of raisins, make a fine pudding, either with suet or bread.

Oatmeal-Pudding.—Take a pint of the best fine oatmeal, pour a quart of boiling milk over it, and let it soak all night. The next day put it in a basin just large enough to hold it; add two eggs, beaten, and a little salt; cover it tight with a floured cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. It may be eaten hot, with cold butter and salt; if left cold, it may be sliced and toasted.

A Cheap Baked Custard.—Boil two pints of milk with the rind of a small lemon, a stick of cinnamon, and four ounces of sugar. Let it cool, and strain it; beat the yolks of eight eggs, and mix the milk gradually; have shallow tart dishes lined with paste, pour in the custard, grate a little nutmeg over it, and put into the oven immediately. Bake in a slow oven half an hour. Serve it cold.

Plum-Pudding.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of suet, half a pound of plums, half a pound of currants, half a pound of brown sugar, a large teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little salt and nutmeg, half a pound of raw carrots, grated, half a pound of raw potatoes, grated. The vegetables are sufficient to mix; neither eggs or milk. Boil six hours.

A Good Plain Family Pudding.—One pound of flour, or flour and bread-crumbs mixed, half a pound of suet, half a pound of plums, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, a little salt and spice, a teacup of milk. Mix as stiff as possible, and boil six to eight hours.

Treacle Sponge.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of suet, two large teaspoonfuls of soda; a breakfast-cup of treacle. If not sufficient to mix, add a very little milk. Boil three hours.

Lemon Treacle.—A teacup of treacle, a teacup of bread-crumbs, the juice of a lemon, a little of the rind, grated. Put it into a dish, and bake.

CAKES.

Raisin Bread.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, eighteen ounces of flour, twelve eggs, half a pound of citron and lemon-peel. Mix as for pound-cake. If the mixture begins to curdle, which it is most likely to do from the quantity of eggs, add a little of the flour. When the eggs are all used, and it is light, stir in the remainder of the flour lightly. Bake it in long, narrow tins, either papered or buttered; first put in a layer of the mixture, and cover it with the peel cut in large, thin slices; proceed in this way until it is three parts full, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Plain Cakes.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of dripping, quarter of a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, and nearly half a pint of milk. The powder to be mixed with the flour, and the milk when going into the oven. **A Plain Cake for Children.**—One pound and a half of flour, seven ounces of brown sugar, four ounces of dripping, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a pound of currants, or one ounce of caraway-seeds, half a pint of warm milk.

Gingerbread Loaf.—Two pounds and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, one ounce of ginger, four eggs, half a pound of moist sugar, one dessertspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in a cup of water. Melt the butter on the molasses, then add the sugar, soda, and eggs. Mix all together with the flour, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Some think it a better plan to mix the soda first with the flour, and then when the molasses, etc., are added a slight evolution of gas takes place, which makes the gingerbread light.

Oat-Cake.—Take a handful of oatmeal, and mix with it the smallest quantity of water, just sufficient to form it into a hard paste. Roll it out as thin as a sixpence, and bake on an iron bake-stone over the fire. After it is baked, place it close before the fire for a few minutes to harden. The thinner it is, and the less water used in mixing it, the better. You must mix again for every cake.

Princess Cakes.—Butter, half a pound, sugar, half a pound, rice-flour, one pound, six eggs, one gill of sweet wine, one teaspoonful of caraway-seeds, one teaspoonful of soda, quarter of a pound of raisins; add water sufficient to form a batter, drop into buttered pans, and bake until done.

SANITARY AND THE TOILET.

Chilblains.—To prevent chilblains the best plan is to take as much exercise as possible, and avoid tight wristbands, garters, and everything that prevents the circulation of the blood. The most frequent cause of chilblains is the warming of numbed hands and feet at the fire; this habit should be carefully avoided. Encourage children to use the skipping-rope during cold weather—this is a capital preventive—together with regularly washing and rubbing the feet. We give a few household remedies for the cure of these disagreeable companions:—1. Take half an ounce of white wax, one ounce of ox-marrow, two ounces of lard; melt slowly over a fire in a pipkin, and mix them well together; then strain through a linen cloth. Before going to bed spread the ointment on the parts affected, feet or hands, taking care to wring them up well. Lemon-juice rubbed on the inflamed parts is said to stop the itching. A sliced onion dipped in salt has the same effect, but is apt to make the feet tender. When the chilblains are broken, a little warm vinegar, or tincture of myrrh, is an excellent thing to bathe the wound, and keep it clean. Another useful remedy is a bread-poultice, at bed-time, and in the morning apply a little resin ointment spread on a piece of lint or old linen.

Baked Milk.—Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, and tie it down with writing-paper. Let it stand in a moderately warm oven about eight or ten hours; it will then be of the consistence of cream. It is used by persons who are weak and consumptive.

Cold Feet.—Cold feet are the precursors of consumption. To escape them, warm your feet well in the morning, and covering the sole with a piece of common paper, carefully draw on the sock, and then the boot or shoe.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE CRAPE.—The skirt is trimmed down the sides with a ruffle of white blond, put on very full; the sleeves, the little basques in front and at the back and the body, are also trimmed with white blond; the body is high at the back and on the shoulders, but low in front. Sleeves and body are trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a ten-inch flounce, not made very full; the upper-skirt is looped at the sides with large gauze bows, and is untrimmed. Jacket of black spotted net, trimmed with black lace.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF CLARET-COLORED POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, headed by a plaiting of the same material; the upper-skirt, which is looped up very high at the sides, is quite plain around the edge, but has a pelerine trimming on the front; coat-sleeves.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three black and two white flounces; the paletot has revers turned back on the front, small cat-sleeves, with deep cuffs and revers at the neck, all trimmed with a narrow ruffle of white silk. The paletot opens over a white cashmere body. Small Tyrolese hat.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW SATIN, with a white tulle over-dress, which is profusely trimmed with a quilling of white tulle. The waist is high on the shoulders and at the

back, but open very wide and low in front, where it is filled in with white blond; the waist and upper-skirt are cut in one piece, and the latter is also trimmed with white blond. Yellow tea-rose in the hair.

FIG. VI.—BABY'S DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with a narrow quilling of rose-colored ribbon. Metternich cape, confined at the back by large loops of rose-colored ribbon. White felt hat and plume, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—Flounce round the bottom, with a fluted heading and two rows of black velvet. Tunic fringed with a fluting and two rows of velvet. This tunic is looped up at the back and forms a large puff. Plain bodice, trimmed with a plastron of black velvet, and a fringe forming a collar at the back. Sleeves with velvet revers. Oval-shaped hat of black velvet, with bow of velvet and sigrette of feathers.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is only of medium length, and is trimmed with one deep flounce, headed with two narrow bands of silk. Upper-skirt of blue and white striped silk, also trimmed with a flounce and two bias bands of the blue silk. This skirt is made like a polonaise at the waist, and is seen in front beneath the blue cape, which opens there in two points. The sleeves, pannier at the back, and bows, are all of the plain blue silk. The upper-skirt reaches to the top of the flounce in front.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—A LOOSE HOUSE-JACKET, back and front views. The material may be either black cloth or cashmere. The jacket is cut up at the sides and back, so as to form four square *dents*, each four inches deep. The trimming consists of black and gold insertion, and gold drop buttons. Pagoda sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, some hats, but they do not differ materially from those already given. The collarettes are also of the newest, and the two square ones look very well when worn over dark dresses when made high in the neck; the chemisette with the lace ruffle at the back, and the revers, must, of course, be worn with a low-necked dress.

THE WATTEAU STYLE continues to reign; *paniers* at the back, skirts looped up at the sides, and richly trimmed petticoats, are still as popular as last winter. Some of the sleeves of these dresses are of the coat shape, with deep cuffs, others loose, of the old pagoda shape, over a close sleeve.

OVER-SKIRTS are more worn than ever. The most graceful style for upper-skirts, with apron fronts, is to make them as long as the under-skirt, and drape them in deep plaits on the hips, making them only short enough to show the trimming of the under-skirt beneath. Scrolltops, or castellated points, or else flat bands, trim upper-skirts better than frills that rumple easily.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE COSTUMES are made with a tunic, forming at once a bodice and mantle. Pointed waists are becoming more and more popular, and for any, save the slightest figures, they are infinitely the most becoming, though much more difficult to fit nicely than the round waist. All skirts are draped; for ball-dresses, a thin overdress is always draped over a silk, or over a satin, which is much more lustrous.

THE NEWEST combination of colors is light-blue worn with dark violet, or amethyst color.

ALL MANTLES and dresses are made so very high, that great changes have, in consequence, taken place in lingerie. Instead of plain collars turned down, one now wears small standing-up collars, or else, what is infinitely more becoming, ruffles of fine muslin, tulle, or lace round the neck. For demi-toilet, finely gaufréed ruffles of clear muslin, simply trimmed or edged with a narrow strip of tulle, have a charming effect; for more elegant sets we see ruffles entirely of Valenciennes or Mechlin lace. It is only with bodices open in the shape of a heart that linen collars, with large turned-down revers, are worn.

IN THE EVENING, there are still *Schuss* and *peletrines* of

tulle and lace, with satin trimmings. With demi-long sleeves, open to the elbow, one wears ruffles of lace, which are extremely becoming, and give much grace to the toilet.

THE NEWEST and most coquetish form of bonnet is that called "Bebe," or "Infanta;" it has a small, soft foundation, a tiny curtain at the back, and a high coronet in front. All round the bonnet some *gras grain* ribbon is twisted. Sometimes the curtain is replaced by a bow of ribbons, and, obviously, a desire to return to curtains is not conspicuous.

Bows are now universally worn on the head; no lady appears to fancy that her toilet is complete without one. They are made in all colors, and to match the dress; but black velvet bows are usually selected by those of simple taste, and exceedingly well do they assimilate with every toilet. The hair is now worn so low at the back that nets are again fashionable, and the variety called "invisible" are once more called into requisition. The bows are made of wide ribbon, and have two loops; they are arranged precisely as Alsation women wear them. Sometimes they have four loops, and are made of narrower ribbon, but then they are neither so pretty, nor so stylish-looking.

THE MODE of wearing the hair has very much changed in appearance since last year; instead of being entirely taken up by an enormous chignon, the hair falls in large plaits, or thick curls, or again, in great rippling waves, low in the neck. This does not prevent the coiffure being very high, for one begins by combing off the hair as high as possible, above the forehead, afterward one lets it fall on the neck. The long switches of slightly crimped hair, in two massive plaits, are also exceedingly fashionable. These plaits are attached to a comb that is placed far forward on the head, and are long enough to extend straight back to the nape of the neck. To be stylishly worn this coiffure must be narrow, not extending beyond the natural width of the head. The braids must not taper, but be of the same width their entire length, must set closely to the head, and be turned under squarely below. The hair is brushed back smoothly from the temples and sides of the face. This is the style for the street and house, and for all occasions except for full dress, when a few flowing curls are mingled with the braided tresses, and a single rose, or a coronet is placed in front. A tiny bow of bright-colored ribbon on the left side of the braids, or a band of narrow ribbon around the head, with a bow on top, and flowing ends behind, are pretty for afternoon wear.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF GAT TARTAN PLAID FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt is plaited very full, and trimmed down the front with black velvet buttons. Short, black velvet jacket, with wide sailor collar.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN FOR A LITTLE BOY.—It is made with an apron front, trimmed with fringe and buttons.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BROWN POPLIN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one fluted flounce. The upper-skirt is made with an apron front; the back part of the skirt is filled into the front, and is made quite long, so as to loop up gracefully. It is trimmed with a fluted ruffle. The body has a deep, pointed cape, narrow on the shoulder, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle. Hat of brown felt, ornamented with a pink rose.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed with one deep ruffle. Cloak of gray cloth, with a deep, round cape, trimmed with a row of black velvet on the edge, and two rows of black braid, the inside row being put on in a small pattern. Gray felt hat, with a long gray veil attached to the back worn carelessly twisted round the throat.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, TRIMMED WITH THREE FLOUNCES, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—White cloth sacque, trimmed with a band of blue silk and fringe, and with four rosettes of blue silk down the back, and two on each arm. White felt hat, with blue plume.



Illustration by J. M. W. Turner, 1840. The painting is in the collection of the National Gallery, London.

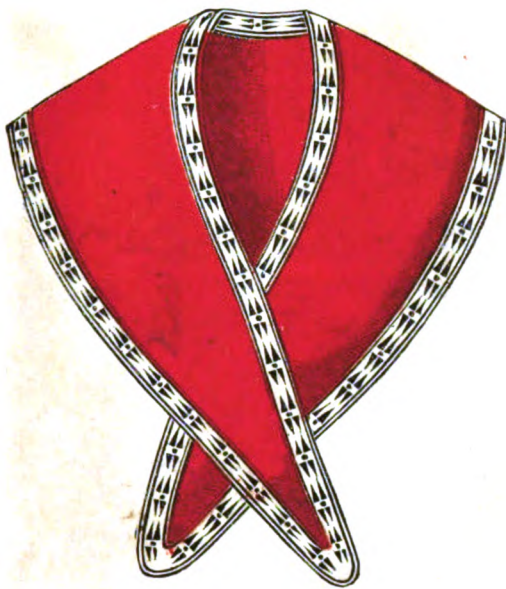
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MUFF BAG, (CROCHET.)

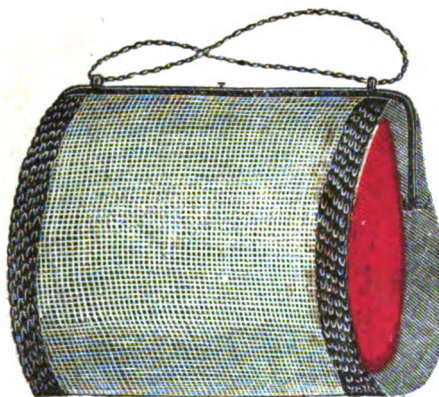


THE MORNING KISS.

Designed expressly for Peter's Magazine.



CROSS-OVER SHAWL, (KNITTING.)



MUFF BAG, (CROCHET.)





"MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR."

[See the Story.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



LATEST STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESS AND HATS.



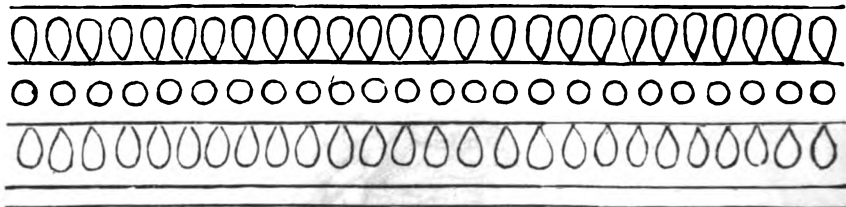
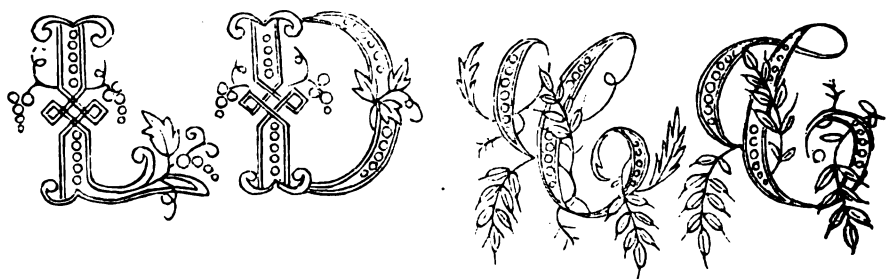
WATER-PROOF CLOAK. LATEST STYLES FOR HATS.



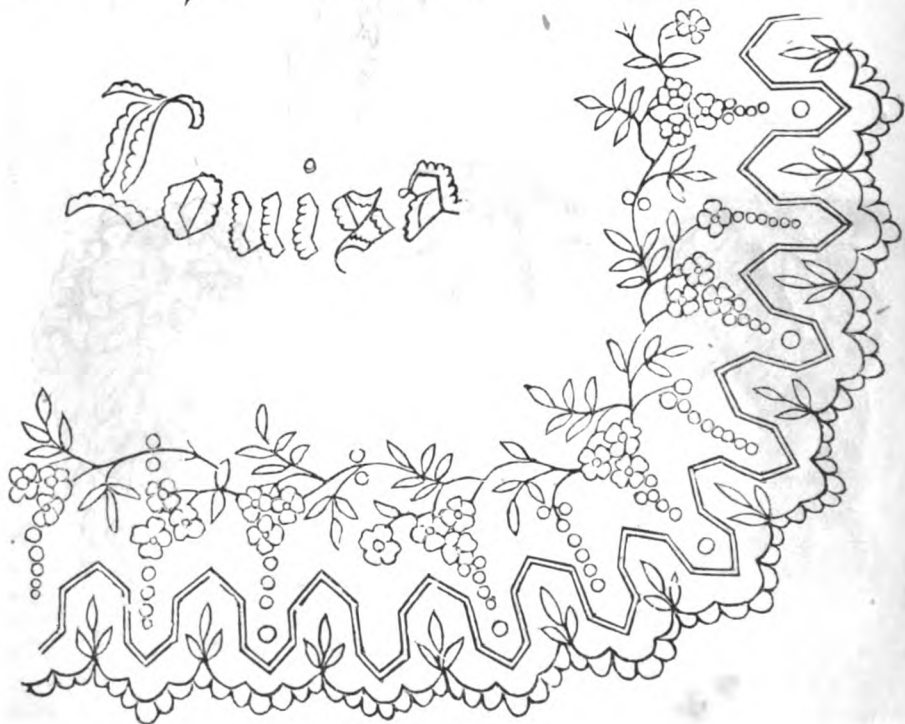
NEW STYLES FOR WEARING THE HAIR. NEW SPRING BONNETS.



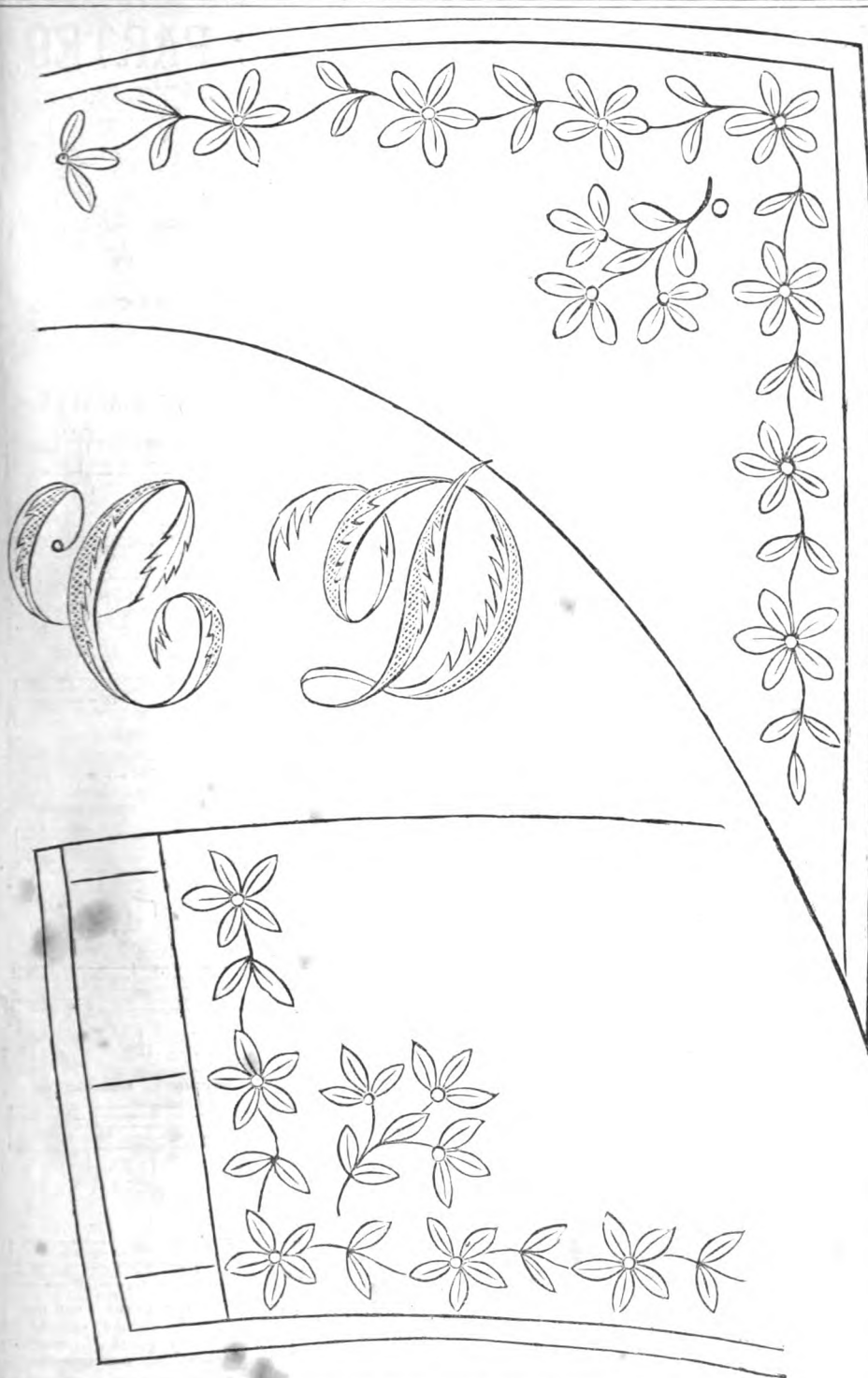
NEW STYLES FOR WEARING THE HAIR.



Louisa



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. NAME FOR MARKING. INITIALS. EDGING.



COLLAR AND CUFF. NAME FOR MARKING.

WE HAVE MET, LOVED, AND PARTED.

COMPOSED FOR THE GUITAR.

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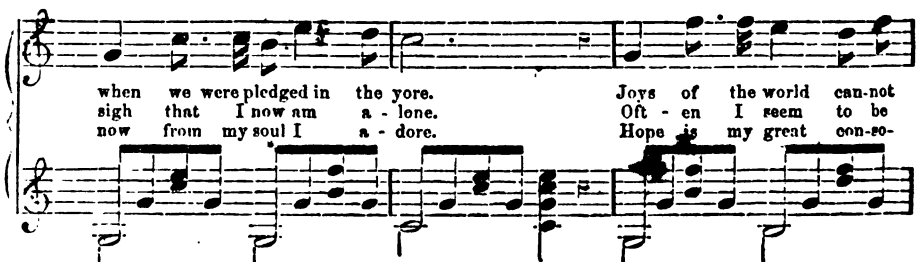
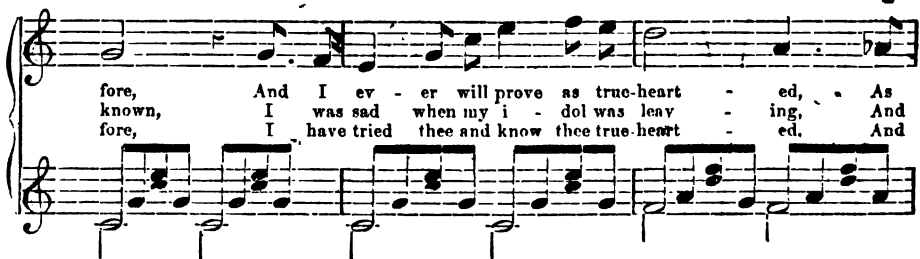
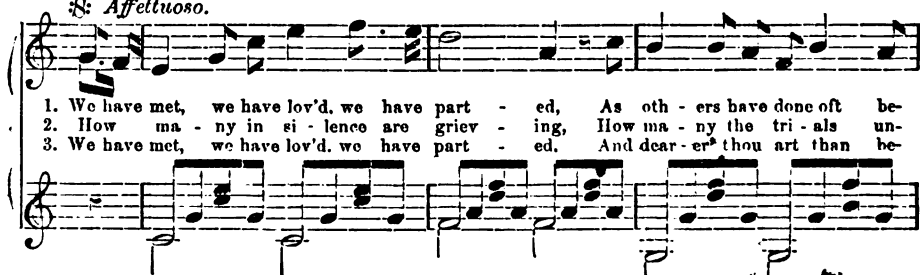
WORDS BY E. RUAN COATES.

MUSIC BY EASTBURN.

INTRODUCTION.



♩: Affettuoso.



WE HAVE MET, LOVED, AND PARTED.

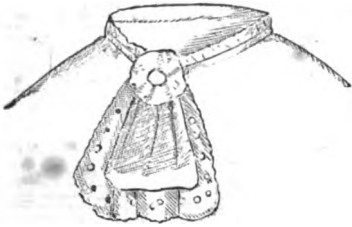
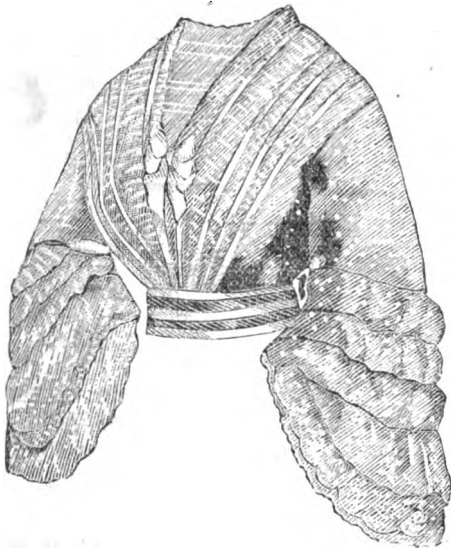
sev - er, The links that have bound thee to me, And tho
cheer - ful, I smile and they think I am gay, But a
la - tion, I'm trust - ing the time that's to come, And the

smiles of an-oth - er can nev - er E - van - ish my dreaming of thee.
las! I am gloom-y and tear - ful, Be - cause of the one far a - way.
woe of our long sep - a - ra - tion Will make us for-ev - er as one.

CHORUS.

Ho - ping, long - ing and dreaming, Heed - ing not the joys a - round, But I

see, in the fu - ture a gleam - ing And light o'er my pathway is found.



LACE BODIES. COLLARS. NIGHT-DRESS. WHITE MUSLIN BODY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1870.

No. 3.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

THE spring was just coming in, when the house opposite, which had been vacant all winter, found a tenant. The house was not exactly opposite, however, for it stood on a side street, and fronted, therefore, at right angles to my boarding-house. But the "second story back," which I occupied, overlooked its garden, and that is the main point in my story. I say "garden" advisedly, for, unlike most city houses, the house opposite had a deep yard behind it, part of which was shut off by a trellis-work, and was full of flower-beds; and my first knowledge that the house was occupied at last, was the sight of a young lady, a very vision of beauty, who appeared, one morning, in a charming, yet simple costume, rake in hand, to attend to these very beds.

I had always been passionately fond of flowers. I watched her, accordingly, with deep interest as, day by day, she directed a neighboring florist where to set out new plants. Afterward, she herself attended to the garden, watering the flowers, night and morning, hoeing the earth when necessary, and carefully snipping off the dead wood.

She would have been beautiful in any dress, but in this pretty garden-costume she looked divine. Graceful and tall, womanly in all her movements, I had never seen her equal. At the end of a week, I thought of nothing but my opposite neighbor. At the end of a fortnight I was hopelessly in love.

Sometimes, the notes of a piano were heard from within the opposite house; and then a voice rang out, so elastic, so sympathetic, so thoroughly cultivated, that I was ravished. Now the songs were gay; now they were sad; but always the voice was superb, the execution perfect. Several times an elderly gentleman came out into the garden: her father, no doubt.

I had often passed the house, but no name was on the door; so I did not, as yet, even

know who my opposite neighbor was. I did not like to make inquiries. But, at last, Mrs. Day, my landlady, said, one day, at the table, incidentally, that the name of the people who had taken the opposite house was Vaiden, and that the young lady was the wife of the elderly gentleman.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard this intelligence. But I rallied, after awhile, and asked, boldly, if Mrs. Day was certain. "There is such a disparity in their ages," I said, "it seems impossible." But she answered very positively, as landladies do, "that she had it from the best authority."

My dream was broken. Once or twice afterward, I saw my opposite neighbor at her gardening; but I always left my window when she came out; and in a fortnight went out West, more to cure myself of this hopeless fancy, than because I had anything to do in Chicago. When I came back, in the fall, the opposite house was closed, and my neighbor gone.

That very afternoon, walking down Broadway, I met an old college chum, Tom Birdsell. "Why, bless me!" he cried, "we haven't met for years. I'm just going to Delmonico's to dine. Join me, and we'll talk of old times, unless you're married, and must go home to dinner. Not married, eh?" he added, gayly. "Lucky fellow! I'm not exactly married, but I'm engaged, and I want to make the most of my liberty. So come along."

"Alice is a charming girl," he said, getting confidential as the dinner progressed. "I'm going there this evening, and, by-the-by, why won't you come, too, and give me your opinion of her? Lots of money, I can tell you. It's rather a romantic story: my engagement to her, I mean. Her father was an old chum of my father, just as you and I are, but they hadn't met for years. In fact, Alice's papa had lived at the West, and only came here last

spring, when he rented a house for six months, till he could look around and buy one for himself. The two old fellows ran against each other accidentally in the street, were frightfully glad, insisted on Alice and I meeting, and finally, planned a match between us. My charmer was a little distant, at first; but she's coming round now; and though the wedding-day isn't fixed, the marriage is to come off, the old folk say, some time next spring."

"And do you love her?"

"Oh! enough for all practical purposes. She's lady-like, and cultivated, and pretty, and all that, and has lots of tin. It would be a pity to disappoint the old people, eh?"

"But you haven't told me her name?"

"Alice Vaiden. But, bless me, old fellow! what's the matter?"

"Nothing, or only a sudden cramp."

"I forgot to show you her picture," he said.

"Here it is, a very good one, too, though I must say it flatters her slightly: all porcelain pictures do."

I knew before I took the miniature in my hand that it was my opposite neighbor's. And I had thought her married—oh, how blind! I turned aside, as if to throw the light more directly upon the picture; no one must see me while I looked upon her. How I had loved her I never knew till now.

It was she, looking upon me with calm, soft eyes—eyes that might have been my heaven!

"Well, it's seven o'clock, and I am to be there at eight. It is pretty far up, and we had better be going. No excuses. Come along," he said, as I drew back.

I allowed myself to be led away.

We reached the place, an elegant mansion, and were ushered into the drawing-room.

"I'm very glad to meet you, my dear, young friend," said Mr. Vaiden, on my being introduced to him. "I like your face, sir; and, by-the-way, it looks familiar. Still, I never heard your name before, I think."

Alice soon made her appearance. Stately and star-like she glided in, greeting her betrothed with a careless grace that seemed more like friendship than love.

I was introduced. As she gave me her hand a crimson flush shot over her face.

"I thought you were alone," she said, turning to Tom; "but your friend is very welcome."

Tom was evidently very proud of her. He was himself handsome, but superficial and selfish. I felt that, though she might admire him for a time, such a woman as Alice Vaiden could never be happy as his wife.

"Hal, you are so fond of music, you must hear Miss Alice sing," Tom said, directly.

He led her to the piano, and motioning me to a seat near her, returned to resume his conversation with Mr. Vaiden.

"Sing whatever you like best, please," I said, as she turned to ask me as to my favorite.

"My sister used to sing to me before she was married; but of late I know but little of home, or home songs."

Softly she swept her white fingers over the keys, and then broke into a song full of feeling.

"I have heard you sing it before, Miss Vaiden," I said, quite forgetting myself, when she stopped.

"Ah!" she said; and again her face flushed crimson.

"This is not the first time," I went on, "I have seen you, though you do not remember me. The house you occupied, last spring, was opposite my boarding-place. I remember your face well, and your songs cheered many a lonely evening for me."

"I have seen you at your window," she replied, half shyly, in a soft, low voice, that made the blood quicken in my pulses, though why, I could hardly tell.

"Sing something more, please," I said, directly.

She chose a simple ballad, a sad one, and her voice seemed like the wail of a broken heart. When she had finished, she suddenly rose, and said,

"Are you fond of flowers? We have some very fine ones in bloom now. Tom," she added, "won't you come into the conservatory?"

Tom rose, giving her his arm as he did so. Mr. Vaiden and I followed.

"Alice, dear," said Tom, with an uncalled-for show of affection, "give me a flower. A rose, say: I like roses best."

Alice broke some rose-sprays hastily, and presented them to him. "You will not forget my friend?" he said, patronizingly.

She paused by a camelia, which was crowned with rich, white blossoms, and plucking one just opened, she timidly placed it in my hand.

I understood her. She saw my love for her, and pitied me. I could not look up when I thanked her. Oh! could she but know what I knew—that the love I would give all I possessed to win was held so cheap by Tom.

"I am almost afraid I have offended papa Vaiden," said Tom, after we left. "The old idiot has gone to dabbling in stocks, and it's plain to be seen that he isn't inside the ring. It won't take very long for him to lose all he

has. But I'll say no more on the subject. Are you going there on Tuesday night?"

"They asked me, but I have not yet decided."

"Go, by all means," he answered, carelessly.

"They seem to like you; and old Vaiden doesn't take to every one."

Tuesday evening found me at Mr. Vaiden's. I had determined not to go; but I could not stay away. It was not a party, only an informal gathering, with music, dancing, and cheerful talk.

It was exquisite pleasure to be near Alice, although I knew that she was lost to me, and that I must crush out the love I felt for her.

"Come and see us often," said Mr. Vaiden, as I was leaving; "come at any and all times."

But I hesitated. I had noticed that Alice had shunned me all the evening, nor did she now join in this invitation. I stammered something, and left, resolving never to enter the house again. Tom was my friend; at least, I owed my introduction to him; and I would not be a traitor to him, even if I could. Never to see Alice again was the honorable course.

Three days after I met Tom on the street.

"Well, old Vaiden has done it at last!" he said, stopping me. "Lost every cent, just as I knew he would! That sudden tumble in stocks yesterday did it."

"And Alice?" I cried, breathlessly.

"Oh! Alice has just written me a note, asking to be released from the engagement, on account of her father's failure. Which I did, of course," he continued, with a laugh.

"The heartless scoundrel!" I muttered between my teeth, as I turned on my heel and abruptly left him.

An hour afterward, I was at Mr. Vaiden's. The old gentleman clasped my hand eagerly.

"My dear boy, do you know——" he began.

"I know all," I cried, interrupting him; "and I came to see if I could help you."

"No, I have something left; and even if I

had not, I am not so old but I could work for Alice."

"And Alice, Miss Vaiden, how does she bear it?" I stammered.

"Like a heroine. But she has had more than this to bear——"

"I know it. The villain! May I—I wonder—would it be asking too much," I blurted out, desperately, "if I might see her?"

"Of course, my dear boy," he said, but with some surprise. "She is in the conservatory."

I flew to her side. She was sitting, listlessly dipping the fingers of one hand in the water of the fountain, while she leaned her head pensively on the other. At the sound of footsteps she looked up, and rose in confusion, crimsoning all over face and neck.

"Alice, darling!" I cried, excitedly. "You are free now, and I can speak. I do not dare to hope. But I love you! Oh! give me but a chance to show that I, at least, am honest and true! Ever since I used to see you gardening, ever since I heard you sing, last spring, I have loved you——"

She had sunk, breathless, into her seat again. Her bosom was heaving convulsively. Her face, one moment was pale, and then was dyed with blushes. All at once a great hope leaped up in my heart, and I stopped in my passionate, almost incoherent address.

"Can it be?" I said, seizing her hand, and speaking in a whisper. "Oh, Alice! do not play with me. Is it possible you may learn to love me?"

She returned the pressure of my hand, ever so faintly, and murmured, as her head fell on my arm,

"I'm afraid I have learned it already."

And then I heard, in broken sentences, in answer to my eager questions, that she had long loved me; but that when she found out the truth, she was engaged to another, and honor kept her silent, as it had kept me.

GERALDINE.

BY P. C. DOLE.

Come, take a seat upon my knee,
And sing a merrie song to-night;
One full of ringing melody,
Twill make the passing hours bright;
And let your arms around me twine,
My gentle child-wife, Geraldine!
Before I found you, little one,
I never knew affection's tone;
A dreary world without a sun,

A bark upon the sea alone,
Was like to me; but now divine
Is life with you, sweet Geraldine!

Then take a seat upon my knee,
And wake for me a joyous song;
Seraphic eyes alone shall see,
Our merry moments glide along,
Here in this little cot of mine—
A Heaven below, my Geraldine!

THE MALTESE FAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Not a Maltese dog, nor a Maltese scarf, but a Maltese fan! I call it a Maltese fan, not because I know of any peculiar kind of fan which owns that name; but because Charley Livingston bought the article in Malta, that best abused of cities, one day when we were waiting for a steamer which saw fit to be behind her time. An idle, pleasant, sunny day, which left the whole party with a different impression of Malta from the usual one; for most people feel bound to talk against it, since Lord Byron cursed it so heartily in rather lame verse.

Charley Livingston bought the fan, and gave it to Cora Van Brock, the greatest coquette within half a dozen of the adjacent kingdoms, and bright enough to perform thoroughly the mission of a beauty and flirt—that of tormenting to the verge of frenzy any unfortunate male who might fall within the orbit of her fascinations.

That Charley was hard hit, we all knew, and I think Cora herself was in deadly earnest, at least for that day; for she put by her worldliness and her chill common sense, and lived her idyl to its full, regardless of after pain for herself or him.

We found the fan in an old curiosity shop, kept by the quaintest, most withered-looking Jew, with a beard like Mohammed, who spoke a polyglot of languages, and was so deprecatory and meek, that it was quite a pleasure to be cheated by him, as each was in turn. He produced the fan from a sort of wooden casket, that might have been carved centuries ago by some fanciful monk, to hold his illuminated missal; for on one side was depicted Jacob and his family in their chariots, probably on the road to Egypt; on the other side, the Blessed Virgin, with the angel holding before her the bunch of lilies, whereby, according to the ancient legend, she was warned of her approaching death. The ends had figures of saints in relief, and the top was decorated with a figure of the wounded traveler, watched over by the Good Samaritan. The carving really was wonderful, and Livingston pounced upon the box at once. It contained all sorts of odd curiosities and ornaments; among them the fan, which Charley bestowed on Miss Van Brock. It was a marvelous bit of workmanship, of ebony,

carved so finely that it looked like lace, the sticks quaintly inlaid with coral and mother-of-pearl, ending in a twisted snake of coral, and gems that served as a bracelet.

He gave it to her, and I, bending over the box, which they had called me to examine, heard him whisper,

"No matter what comes after—if it were possible that we should be separated for years—any time that you will carry the fan, I shall know you remember this day, and wish me to remember it."

She was all woman at that moment. Seldom since that day, I think, has any mortal seen on Cora Van Brock's face the expression which softened and elevated it then.

"I shall never forget," she answered; "never!"

It struck me that it was time for me to be discreet and move away; and I was doing it with my usual amiability, when it was rendered unnecessary by the approach of Cora's old aunt, the Dragon, as she was familiarly called among her niece's friends, though she was happily unconscious of it, and wrote herself, with great dignity, Mrs. Schuyler De Lancy Vander Schoven, and was as woodenly obstinate an old woman as ever traced her lineage back to Amsterdam.

She had fortunately been confined to her room all the morning with a headache; she said a nervous one; but as I had seen her feed like an ogress at supper the night before, I grinned incredulity, and thereby caused her to hate me more heartily than ever, which was not necessary. She had come out of the house for a walk, with her maid and her pug dog, that was afflicted with a chronic snarl, and a stumpy tail like a peg to lift him by, and had scented us out in the old curiosity shop, and as soon as she found what was going on insisted upon returning home.

"I feel very unwell, Cora; very unwell," said she, with that reproachful severity elderly women so often exhibit when speaking of their ailments, as if they had been caused by the person to whom the complaint chances to be made.

"I wonder at your coming out then, aunt," returned Miss Van Brock, with a cruel lack of

sympathy, for she was in a mood to be sentimental and romantic, and did not wish to be brought back to reality and common sense by any old, crooked fairy of a godmother.

"I thought the air might do me good," snapped the dragon; "and I was tired of staying alone—I have been alone all day."

"Most people like it when they are suffering from dyspeptic headache," said Charley, sweetly.

"Never had anything of the sort in my life," she snapped back; "never!" The Schuylers are famous for sound stomachs; and the De Lancys might be made of oak."

"I don't see exactly how you could inherit the peculiarity from them," observed Cora, wickedly; for it was the old cat's first husband who had been a De Lancy—she had killed off two unfortunates; her last husband had died in a fit after three months of the martyrdom, and I always thought he held his breath, choosing strangulation to a longer endurance of his mate's companionship.

"I must say," returned the dragon, plaintively, "I think the ills and pains of her nearest relative a very poor subject for a young girl to exercise her wit upon."

"We had better go back to the hotel," said Cora, resignedly; for she knew that when her aunt tried the plaintive "dodge," she would be utterly unendurable.

At that stage of the quarrel, I sacrificed myself: became a burnt-offering, so to speak, on the altar of friendship. I began to talk to the old woman about her family: she would hold forth on that subject by the hour. Finally, she took my arm to walk back to the inn, the patient maid and the pug dog following; and I lost her the way, and so harrowed up her soul generally, that when she did reach the house, she had to go instantly to bed, and we were free from her for the rest of the evening.

I think it was an evening to be remembered by several members of the party—we were nine in all—but to none had it so deep a meaning as to the pair whose little story I set out to tell you. What a moon that was which shed its soft, white light over the murmuring sea! How the voice of the waves, and the low whisper of the wind, added to the magic of the scene! What a dreamy, unsubstantial, enchanting time altogether! Ah! it was one of those nights that come to us occasionally, as we pass through our youth, something set apart entirely from the past and the future, complete in itself, and so beautiful, that, no matter what pain may follow in its wake, no after memories can

ever dim its recollection, or make it less beautiful!

And sitting by the sea, Charley Livingston told Cora of his love; and she listened; warning him sometimes that the hour was not real, but still listening, so softened and gentle, that he could not believe she meant to be ruled by the doctrines of cold, worldly wisdom, which she occasionally remembered to revive for his benefit.

Of course, I heard the story long after, word for word. There are conversations which men never forget; years may pass, other loves and other hates may come; but not a syllable of speeches, forgotten in these special colloquies, can be forgotten.

Cora Van Brock and her aunt had been wandering about Europe for a year. The last winter they had spent in Rome, the spring in Florence; and the old dragon had "assisted" at several marriages, wherein American girls gained titles as long and romantic as any you can find in a sentimental novel. She was now beset with the idea of buying one for Cora; and Cora, though she owned a host of good qualities, had been her pupil too many years not to have acquired any amount of false ideas and theories.

She had gone through a couple of years of belle-hood in New York, and her heart had never once been touched, and she had sagely decided that it never could be seriously; and three years of rush and excitement had worn out even the freshness of feeling which made ephemeral fancies possible to her. It was during the spring, in Florence, that she met Charley Livingston for the first time. In spite of his Knickerbocker blood, he knew little of America beyond the recollections of his childhood; his widowed mother having had, for the last fifteen years, an idea that she could not live out of Italy—not on account of her soul-yearnings, or any of the poetical reasons which make young ladies sigh for that land of romance—it was simply her stomach, and her bronchial tubes, and other physical unpleasantnesses, which influenced her.

My Charles was only twenty-three. He considered that a vast age, and so did I at the time. I have seen cause since to alter my opinion somewhat; but no matter how long I have had to do it in, I wish people would remember that story-tellers are like the inhabitants of enchanted castles in fairy-tales, always young.

Charles had inherited from his father a handsome face, and a good deal of sparkling

talent; but the fortune with which the paternal began life had diminished greatly, though it was still a fair competency for a man accustomed to Continental life.

The old dragon was so engrossed by her dreams of titled grandeur for her niece, and had such perfect faith in Cora's working hand-in-hand with her to attain that desirable end, that she paid very little attention to what went on where Livingston was concerned. If he chose, like a silly moth, to scorch his wings in the flame, that was solely his affair. I am not sure that Cora herself did not think so at first. But Charley was sufficiently superior to ordinary men to make flirting with him rather dangerous work for any woman—and so the calculating young lady found it before she was through.

She had found it so already, and meant to get away from his society; but one thing and another had prevented it; whether fate, or Master Charley's management, I am not quite certain. This Mediterranean trip the old dragon had consented to, or rather been eager for, because an old French marchioness and her nephew, heir to a long title, a tumble-down chateau, and a great many debts, were to be of the party. But destiny was cruel to the dragon. At the last moment, after we were actually on the steamer, news came that the elderly French lady was ill, and monsieur, her nephew, like a dutiful young man, remained with her. I wondered if he would have been so attentive if the little, dried-up marquise, with curls like a poodle-dog, had been poor, instead of the possessor of very respectable *rentes*; but you see, in those days, I was young, and thought it poetical to do the misanthrope.

But if the small Frenchman was not of the party, Charley Livingston was, to the dragon's surprise; and I thought it a very tidy bit of retribution, that it chanced to be Charley himself, who was the bearer of the courteous note, the young marquis wrote. He announced himself *desole*, *abime*, etc.; and the bow with which Charley placed the scented, coroneted billet in the dragon's claw, was as pretty a high-comedy point, as one could wish to see.

The poor dragon, however, had little leisure even for rage, for she speedily became the prey of sea-sickness—and a wretched old dragon she was. Her state-room was next to mine, and I could hear her groaning and gulping at all hours of the night.

And here we were at Malta; and Charley Livingston arrived at the culmination of his audacity, put all his devotion and love into

passionate speech, and made Cora's heart quiver, and her reason feel what a silly creature she had been, to play with fire, and burn her fingers so severely.

"It cannot be, Charley—you know it cannot; it is just madness, and there is the end of it," she said.

"I don't know it, Cora; you don't believe it, either. I am sure now that you care for me!"

"I am sure that you are very impertinent."

"Don't play with me, Cora; it is too late for that! This pleasant trip is over, we have to separate now, for I am obliged to go back to America, for a time."

"I am sure the voyage will do you a world of good. What a pity you are never sea-sick!"

He felt himself growing angry, but he would not give way to the passion, lest he should lose the little advantage he had gained.

"I shall return as soon as possible," he continued.

"You ought, on your mother's account," she answered.

"And I want you to say that you will be glad to see me."

"Of course I shall—if we happen to meet."

"Happen to meet?" he repeated.

"That was what I said; please, don't repeat my words, they are not precise enough for me to wish to hear them twice."

I have no doubt she suffered in acting the part she was forcing herself to act; but that only made her more cruel and hard. She meant to end matters here. She saw already the danger there was from her own weakness, and she was determined that her heart should not be the means of making her false to her worldly theories.

"Of course, we shall meet," he added; "you know that I will come to you, at once."

"It is not a matter of course at all; you will hurry on to Italy to see your mother; and I certainly have no intention of burying myself, for another winter, in any of those modern Pompeiis."

"Are you trying to make me angry, Cora?"

"What an idea! I am simply making a statement of facts—clearly as a prime minister could do."

Of course, he grew vexed, then they quarreled; and she was sufficiently softened, for the moment, to give him renewed hope; then her work was all to do over again. There can be nothing original, or new, in a quarrel between two lovers, from whatever cause arising; so I may spare you further repetition of what they said.

But they parted then, Charles Livingston went away to America, and Cora followed the old dragon up to Paris, and spent the winter there; and when spring came, they went over to London. Livingston kept his word. He had sworn, that night, not to intrude upon her, and, unless some mutual acquaintance chanced to utter his name, Cora Van Brook never heard it spoken.

Before the summer was over, the dragon had won for her niece the position she coveted. Cora became the wife of Sir Henry Dacre, Bart. "Only a baronet," scornfully said the relatives of young Yankees, who had wedded French marquises and German dukes. "Worth all their trumpery titles put together," pronounced the dragon, and was triumphant. She paid down the dowry, that was to be Cora's, according to her uncle's will, if she married to please her aunt—seventy thousand pounds. I reckon this amount in English money, because that was what Sir Henry Dacre, Bart., did.

The dragon only lived three months after that happy wedding morning: her earthly work was done; and she departed to her own place, as each of us shall in turn, wherever it may be. The chief consolation she found in her illness, during which she suffered great pain, was to look at Cora's visiting-cards, with Lady Dacre engraved thereupon, and to sort the ornaments of her dressing-case, decorated with the baronet's crest. I believe Cora was very good to her, and very attentive; and though her troubles had already begun, she kept them to herself; and the old woman died in peace. Her mind wandered during her last hours; she seemed to think herself one of the dead-and-gone Lady Dacres, and was particular about having the family coat-of-arms emblazoned on her coffin, and her winding-sheet, too.

"There's no knowing," said the old woman, frowning and moaning, "how far these modern enormities may extend, and I want to be prepared."

Then she revived for a little, and complained of being slowly driven out into the cold and dark. Though she recognized the people about her, she could not free herself from that delusion, and begged them piteously not to let her be forced away.

"Hold me fast!" she said, over and over, to Cora; "hold me fast! I can't go there! I won't go there!"

"You are safe here, on the bed," Cora would answer. "See, I am holding your hand."

"Yes, yes; but there's something behind the

curtains, pushing me away. I can't see them, but they're there! There's a dark road—oh! how narrow it is, and so cold—so cold! I'm freezing, Cora, I'm freezing!"

Her voice grew fainter, her struggles ceased; but still she murmured brokenly about the dark and the narrow way, "so cold—oh, so cold!" The voice was silent at last! The wrinkled form lay stretched upon the bed, never to move again; and the time was gone by when human lips had any right even to speak of the follies and mistakes of her past life. As for the future, that was in God's hands; and though her sins may appear abhorrent to your nature and mine, it does not follow that they were any worse than ours. Bury her. Let her rest!

Sir Henry Dacre was away from home when Mrs. Vander Schoven died. He was in Paris, where, indeed, the baronet saw fit to make his residence altogether; and Cora learned that England was not likely to be a pleasant resting-place for him, at any time to come. She learned a good many other things in regard to him; she saw for herself that he was utterly brutal and degraded; and after the first few weeks of marriage, he did not even make the pretence of concealing his vices from her. Certain dubious transactions on the turf had stamped his reputation indelibly, as far as England was concerned; and when he and Cora chanced, one day, to meet a noble kinsman of his, the noble kinsman passed the baronet without so much as a sign of salutation.

Four years passed. I was in Berlin, and found Lady Dacre living there. She had been a widow nearly two years. I learned from those familiar with the history of her married life, that it would be difficult to imagine a worse purgatory than that she had endured, while it lasted. There was no outrage which she escaped, scarcely any conceivable shame that was spared her. But, at last, the baronet died. Lady Dacre had her title, and a very small income from some American property, which she inherited too short a time before her husband's death for him to waste it. She could manage to live in tolerable comfort there, on her narrow means, and was free now to enjoy the life she had chosen for herself, if any faculty of enjoyment was left.

She was twenty-four years old at this time, and handsome still, though she looked older than her age, and all the youth and animation had gone out of her face. A relative of her husband's was ambassador there, and was very kind to her; so that she had society, if she

wished it; but with neither fortune, nor spirits to make it particularly agreeable, to a woman of her disposition at least.

I saw her often, and we became quite confidential; and it was I who told her the news that came across seas, concerning Charley Livingston. Charley had never been back to Europe. His mother had died suddenly, and he had sensibly gone into business, and in some of the mysterious ways in which New Yorkers do such things, had grown rich. I heard this, for he used to write to me at times. I knew he had not forgotten his old love, or its pain, either. But, for a year past, I had been in the East, and had gained no tidings of him. Soon after I got to Berlin, I saw, in a newspaper, that he accepted a diplomatic appointment to the Prussian court, and was coming over at once.

I told Lady Dacre. She received the news very quietly, having reached that stage of elegant breeding, which, I am informed, is the highest mortal can attain, where nothing startles one into pleasure or surprise. But under all her fine manners, Lady Dacre was moved, and I saw it. From that day she used to talk to me about the past. She spoke frankly of her mistakes and her weakness; her whole face changed; life came back to her face, and her eyes grew softened; and I knew that she was living over the old dream, and nourishing a new hope for the future, which had looked so cold and dead.

I waited and wondered. It did look like Fate's work, bringing those two together, after a separation that had been worse than the partings death makes. How would Charley act? I could form no theory whatever. Whether he loved her sufficiently to forgive the wrong she had done him and overlook it; whether he would be hard and unforgiving, I could not decide. But I was confident that, in her own mind, Lady Dacre had no doubt. She believed that, whatever his anger or resentment had been, her old power over him would easily be restored, when he was once more brought within the spell of her influence. I thought it quite possible, but could come to no decision.

Some weeks after, I was at a reception given by an American, and Lady Dacre was there. As I entered, and was making my best bow to my hostess, the latter whispered,

"Charles Livingston arrived this afternoon. My husband made him promise to come to-night. So unfortunate that Lady Dacre is here!"

She evidently had more to say, but I was in

too great a hurry to wait for it. I rushed off to Lady Dacre and told her the news, thinking it a little malicious of our hostess not to have warned her, as she knew the whole story as well as I did. But when I reached her side, I knew, without speaking a word, that Lady Dacre had learned who was expected.

She was looking very handsome, that night, plainly dressed in white, and in her hand she carried the fan Charley Livingston had given her, years before, in Malta.

She said, almost immediately,

"Did you know he was in Berlin—is coming here?"

"Mrs. Lorsing has just told me," I answered.

"She has said nothing to me. My maid saw him in the street, as he was talking to Lorsing, and heard him promise to come."

I remembered the words which had passed between the pair, when that fan was given and accepted; but Lady Dacre did not know that I had heard them, so she fluttered it slowly in my face, with beautiful unconsciousness. She kept me by her, trying to talk, so to appear as usual.

I did my little best, but it was hard work for both; and I could see her eyes turning constantly toward the outer-saloon, where Mrs. Lorsing was receiving her guests.

For a time there was a crowd in the doorway, and we could not see who entered: it divided, and I beheld Charley Livingston making his way through it. He was older, and altered, as was natural; but handsomer than ever: the same Charley still, that was evident. I quite forgot my good-breeding, and started forward with an audible exclamation. He saw me, and rushed up. "Another old friend here," I said. He turned, and saw Lady Dacre. She was leaning back in her chair, perfectly quiet, but very pale: in her beautiful hand slowly fluttered the Maltese fan. I would have let Charley go up alone, but he kept my hand fast in his arm, and we walked toward her. Another instant and he was bowing over the slender fingers she extended to him, with no expression in his face but that of extreme pleasure and friendliness.

"This is like old times," he said, "meeting you two here; and to think I didn't know either of you were in this part of the world."

"Didn't know it?" I repeated. I had thought, from the first, that he had accepted the position because he knew Lady Dacre lived there; I know she had thought so, too.

"No," he answered; "but it is a great, great

pleasure to me, Lady Dacre. I am sure you know that."

In spite of her training and her fine manners, the color came into Lady Dacre's cheeks, and her eyes sunk almost timidly under his. I began to think that I had better get out of the way, when Charley added,

"I must bring my wife and present her to you; she feels as if she knew you both already."

"Your wife?" This from me, in a shrill tenor, several octaves too high for true elegance.

Lady Dacre sat silent; but the hand, that held the fluttering fan, dropped slowly into her lap.

"Yes," continued unconscious Charley, "I was married just before I sailed. Wait till I bring my wife—I'll tell you all about it then."

He started off. I stood silent. Lady Dacre did not speak either. The hand that held the Maltese fan shook slightly. I heard the inlaid sticks creak ominously under the pressure of her fingers. I wanted to say something, to get away, but I could do nothing.

Back Charley came. Leaning on his arm was a pretty, bright, sensible-looking girl, exquisitely dressed, and Charley presented her to Lady Dacre as his wife. I was named in turn; and thus we four stood, face to face, in one of those odd chances of life that make such pretty points in novels, and such telling tableaux on the stage, but are so very uncomfortable to live through.

While I was conscious of looking more like a christianized chimpanzee than anything else,

I saw Lady Dacre draw the pretty bride down to the sofa, heard her say charming things in a charming way, and with an air of interest, faithful to her elegant manners and her woman's tact to the last.

Charley began to talk to me. In the midst of his happy rattle—and that he was happy it needed only one look in his face to be certain—I heard his wife say,

"Oh, Lady Dacre! you have broken your pretty fan!"

Charley turned. He had not noticed or remembered the fan, when he was first talking to her; he did not see it now, for Lady Dacre, with one quick movement, broke the slender chain which bound it to her wrist, and hid the broken toy in the folds of her dress.

"It is no matter," she said; "an old thing my maid gave me without my noticing."

She rose from her seat, held the bride's hands, and added,

"Now I must run away. I am engaged at my cousin's, Lord Ponsonby. I would look in here for a moment, because I was told that I should meet my old friend, Mr. Livingston. I hope I have met a new one, too, in his wife."

A few pretty words from the happy young bride, a cordial confirmation from Charley, then Lady Dacre took my arm, and I led her away down the crowded saloons.

Certainly, no great actress ever performed her most telling part more effectively than she. But, even in my thoughts, I respected her pride too much to presume to pity her. Whatever her pain was, she could bear it, I knew, if she believed her secret safe and unsuspected.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I STAND beside the moaning sea,
This dreamy Autumn day,
To muse awhile in solitude,
And cast life's cares away;
I gaze upon the distant ships,
The sea-gulls circling flight;
While over sense and soul there steals
A calm, a sweet delight.

After I hear mysterious sounds—
Old Ocean's endless roar;
While at my feet the wavelets break
With music on the shore;
And overhead the arching blue,
Flamed with golden light,
Bends lovingly, and tips the waves
With colors warm and bright.

I note the wide, outstretching sea—
The immensity of space;
The unfathomed waves, the realms above,
That man can never trace;
And in my soul I feel the power
Of Him who placed them there;
Who swells these waves upon the strand,
And made this scene so fair!

Beside the sea! Oh! here I feel
How vain has been my life!
How vain are all ambition's dreams,
And all this care and strife.
More nobler aims steal o'er the soul,
To seek that distant shore
Across life's dark, tempestuous sea,
Where toil and pain are o'er.

THE SECRET AT BARTRAM'S HOLME.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137.

CHAPTER IX.

"ROSAMOND!" And whispering the name, Walton Percival laid his hand upon his cousin's arm and bent toward her, trying to determine, in the dim light, whether her face was hidden from him in sport, or fright, or whether this were, indeed, herself. The human touch, the human voice, aroused the girl from the panic-fit into which she had fallen, and suddenly clinging to her cousin's arm, she whispered,

"Oh, Walton! I have seen——"

"What? In God's name!" he cried, infected by her terror, "not the lady who looks like you?"

"No—and I never saw any one that looked like him—but I am sure he was not like one of us."

"The man who looked out of the third-story window this morning," said Walton, thoughtfully, to himself, partially recovering his self-control.

"Let us go and sit down in the window," said Rosamond, falteringly, "I feel a little faint."

"Lean upon my arm! Poor child! it is too much for you, and I ought not to have asked it; but I thought it must be you for whom the appearance, so like you, was intended, and I fancied you very strong and brave in such matters."

"So I am, or so I will be," said Rosamond, recovering herself with an effort; and without aid she walked along the gallery to the stairs, and descended to the oriel-window, followed by Walton, who seated himself at a little distance.

At the same moment the low sound of a key turning in the lock was heard, and the door of the housekeeper's room swung softly open, and Mrs. Nancy appeared upon the threshold, stooping a little forward, and eagerly scanning the corridor and galleries, while the dim light from within the room threw forward her wierd figure, and extraordinary head, with an effect scarcely less startling than that of the supernatural appearances which had preceded it.

"She has heard our footsteps, or voices, and is looking for them," softly whispered Walton in Rosamond's ear; but, cautious as was the

whisper, it seemed to reach the ears of the old woman, who immediately advanced down the gallery toward the stair-case.

"She will find us here—and what will she think?" said Rosamond to herself. But suddenly between her eyes and the figure of the old woman, creeping stealthily down the gallery, appeared two other figures, standing at the head of the stairs for a moment, and then moving slowly toward the housekeeper, who, seeing them, stopped short, and clenching both her fists, shook them in angry defiance toward the figures, who steadily advanced until, almost reaching her, the woman paused, and the man, holding up his right hand with a gesture of menace and command, strode one step nearer, as if about to touch the old woman, who, withstanding him no longer, retreated step by step backward, closely followed by her strange pursuer, until gaining her own room, she rushed into it, and closed and locked the door. Then the male figure rejoining his companion, the two retraced their steps, glided along the gallery, and down the stairs, until reaching the level of the recessed window, where the cousins sat, they paused, and fixed their mournful and wistful eyes upon them.

Rosamond, creeping closer to her cousin's side, clung to his arm, and from that shelter examined, with shrinking curiosity, the appearance of the woman whom Walton had thought to resemble her so closely; and as she did so, found herself oppressed with the same sort of incredulous horror one might feel in suddenly encountering himself face to face—a horror ascribed by the Germans to their *doppel-gangers*, or persons afflicted with a second visible self, who accompanies or meets them at every turn, until the sufferer sinks at last beneath the unnatural life forced upon him.

Thus, in a measure, felt Rosamond Thorne, in scrutinizing a figure, a face so precisely her own, that it seemed to her as if the wasting and consuming sorrow, the terrible longing and questioning of that face must also be hers; and as she looked her heart sunk within her, with a sense of desolation such as never before had fallen upon her happy life. From this, her own most woeful image, Rosamond looked

at the male figure, whose stern, dark eyes were bent upon her own with an expression of mingled entreaty and command, so intense as to acquire an actually fearful power. Beneath that gaze Rosamond's eyes fell, and shrinking nearer to her cousin, she whispered,

"What is it they want? They are trying to ask something of us."

Walton did not reply; but, as if in answer to her question, the spectral Rosamond extended her clasped hands, with an imploring gesture; and then both figures turned and glided up the stairs, the man waving his hand, as if summoning them to follow.

"Let us go!" whispered Walton; and firmly clapping his hand, Rosamond suffered him to lead her up the stairs, and along the gallery, down which the spectres were gliding with the peculiar movement they always exhibited. At the entrance of the side corridor the figures paused, as if to make sure that they were followed, and then turned down it. Walton Percival and Rosamond quickened their footsteps, and reaching the corridor a moment later, saw the two standing at the remote end of the passage, beside the baize-door.

"This is just the way she led me, last night," whispered Percival; but Rosamond could not reply, and they passed quickly down the corridor. Arrived at the door, they missed their guides, but found them upon the other side, where they stood hand-in-hand, their wistful eyes turned upon the young people for a moment, then moved slowly toward the corner of the chamber, from which descended the stairs mentioned as conducting to the kitchen and offices, and there disappeared, how neither of the spectators could determine.

"They are gone," whispered Rose, with a gasp of relief, as the faint luminous aureola enveloping the two figures faded slowly away.

"Yes—but where, or how? I cannot understand this at all!" he exclaimed. "I do not believe in supernatural appearances, yet what else are they? What have we seen, Rose?"

"Spirits of the departed," said Rosamond, in a whisper of awe; "and they have work for me to do—for me especially. They have come to call me to do it. But, oh, Walton! how can I connect myself with phantoms? How can I understand, or how can I endure to see and meet them?" And Rosamond, clinging closer to her cousin's arm, suffered him to lead her back into the corridor, almost without consciousness of what she was about. At the door of her chamber Walton paused, and holding her hand in his, said kindly,

"I cannot answer these questions now, dear; but they shall be answered sooner or later. I have a theory, but I cannot keep you here longer. Go and get some rest, and to-morrow we will speak of it, again."

"Good-night, then, Walton."

"Good-night, dear child."

And with a cordial pressure of the hand, they parted, she creeping as softly as possible into her own room and quietly undressing herself; while Delia, watching her from beneath her almost closed eyelids, said to herself, over and over, "She has been to meet Walton! She has been to meet Walton!"

But when Rosamond, softly lying down beside her, said, "Delia!" the dark-fringed eyelids closed tightly, and the watcher became, to all appearance, a profound sleeper, so that Rosamond, after a moment's scrutiny, laid her innocent head upon its pillow, with a sigh of relief, and thanked heaven that she was once more in safety. Five minutes more, and she was sound asleep; and then it was Delia's turn to quietly rise, and with white, naked feet, and flowing, ghost-like draperies, to pace the chamber up and down through the faint starlight, and the heavy shadow, until far in the east broke the first gray of dawn.

Walton, meanwhile, having seen Rosamond in safety, went to his own room, and procured a light, and a stout hunting-knife, with a short, double-edged blade. He was about to put his theory to the test. Returning to the unfinished chamber, he softly closed the door, and holding the lamp above his head, deliberately surveyed the whole place, but especially the corner where the two apparently spectral figures had disappeared.

"That is rather an odd arrangement," remarked he, aloud, as he noted the construction of the stair-case occupying this corner: and, to tell the truth, it *was* a very odd arrangement. The stairs descended from about the middle of the side of the chamber, and ran toward the body of the house, the unfinished room being the first in a wing added to this side of the main building. Standing at the top of the stair-case, Walton perceived that the ceiling was carried down in a line parallel to that of the stairs, arguing another stair-case above, ascending to the third story; and yet, in the room where he stood, a smooth wall, built of lath and plaster, extended along the side of the stair-case quite back of the partition-wall. This wall was hung, too, with an old-fashioned paper, and both had evidently been there for years, precisely as they now stood.

"The upper stair-case should start from this point, and here is nothing but a dead wall," said Percival, impatiently, as he tapped the wall with the handle of his knife. To his horror, an answering tap replied to him from the other side of the wall.

"I will see what it is, at any rate," muttered the young man; and with his knife, he carefully detached a small piece of the plaster, and cut away a section of the lath which appeared beneath. A hole, large enough to admit a hand holding a lamp, was soon carved out, and the workman was carefully paring away some rough projections, preparatory to thrusting the lamp through it, when his knife was suddenly twisted from his hand, and fell with a loud clash to the floor within. Instinctively Percival stooped and put his eyes to the aperture, although he could have seen nothing in the darkness, even could he have got his head through; but no sooner had his face arrived opposite the breach, than a hand, armed with crooked, skeleton-like fingers, was thrust through, and twining itself in his beard, dragged him close to the opening, and there held him for a moment. Furious with anger, Percival tore himself away.

"Infamous fiend! Why do you haunt me in this manner!" he cried. But only the shrill, elfish laughter, already described, replied to him.

"I will know what this means, before I sleep, if I rouse the whole house for it," persisted the young man; and passing again through the baize-door to the side corridor, he knocked peremptorily at the door of old Nancy's chamber. Somewhat to his surprise it was immediately opened by the old woman, who appeared dressed, as usual, and holding a candle in her hand, whose upward light threw grotesque shadows over her impressive face and wild, gray hair.

"What do you want, young man?" asked she, as soon as the door was open, and without waiting for Percival to speak.

"Who snatched my knife? Who mocked me with their insolent laughter? What is the mystery of that hidden stair-case? What are these juggles of spectres, which glide about the passages by day and night? If you know, answer me, here and now, or it shall be the worse for you!" passionately exclaimed Percival.

The housekeeper fixed her stern, strange eyes upon his unwaveringly.

"Young man," said she, "you have either been dreaming, or drinking too much. There

are no spectres in this house. As to your knife, I suppose that was what I heard drop through the partition-wall, into the closet of my chamber. I keep my petticoats and cast-off dresses in that closet, and to-morrow, if you are still anxious to inspect them, I will show them to you. Meantime, I will advise you to go to bed and cool your brain."

CHAPTER X.

MISTRESS NANCY's advice, although not very palatable, was so exceedingly sensible, that Mr. Percival found himself constrained to accept it; and when the door was closed and locked in his face, he turned quietly away and sought his own. In entering it, he carelessly stumbled over a chair; and Capt. Page, starting up and reaching for the revolver lying upon the stand at his bed-head, shouted,

"Who's there?"

"Only I—no harm done," replied Percival, curtly; but the old sailor was too much accustomed to sudden alarms to be long in arousing himself, and rising upon his elbow, he looked first at his watch, and then at his room-mate.

"Half-past one, and you not undressed? What's up? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied Percival, in so reserved a manner that the captain said no more, and was presently asleep again; but the incident left an impression of annoyance upon Percival's mind, destined to be justified by later events.

The next morning, Mrs. Nancy returned the hunting-knife to its owner, as he passed the door of her chamber, with the remark,

"Here is your knife, Mr. Percival, and when you wish to look into my closets again, I shall be happy to show you through the door."

"Thank you, Miss Nancy; and I dare say I may trouble you to do so soon. There are various matters about this house, which I intend to look into before I leave it."

"Yes, sir, yes! Youth is apt to be an inquiring season," replied the old woman, turning again into her own room; and Percival found himself unable to decide whether she was jeering him, or speaking with the quaint freedom of old age.

Breakfast passed merrily, in spite of the fact that every one of the party, except alone aunt Matilda, had some secret anxiety, or suspicion, to make them thoughtful; for even Capt. Page, remembering that he had heard the sound of low voices in the hall a few moments before Percival's entrance to the chamber, could not but wonder which of the young ladies had

kept their host company in his vigil, and what the occurrence betokened.

The day passed without any remarkable event, and Ichabod performed his share of the household duties undaunted by the sights and sounds which had proved so terrible to the weaker nerves of Mademoiselles Susan and Katy. After tea, the whole party strolled among the green lanes bordering the estate; and Walton, conscious that the two young ladies had each good reason to expect his peculiar attention, exerted himself to be impartially polite and agreeable to both; and succeeded as well as could be expected in so arduous an undertaking.

Capt. Page, meantime, escorted Miss Matilda, and delicately angled after her opinion of her other two guests, and her wishes as to her nephew's preferences.

"Oh! of course, I like Rosamond best; and I should be very glad if Walton should fancy her," said Miss Matilda, frankly.

"And do you think Miss Rosamond encourages his attentions?" asked the crafty captain.

"Encourage? Well, Rosamond is not a girl to do much of that; but you can see how friendly she is with him."

"Yes, very friendly," replied the captain, abstractedly, and, to himself, added, "Something more than friendly, if she stays up until two o'clock in the morning with him."

"Are you tired, young ladies? Will you have my arm, or my arms?" asked Walton, as they came within sight of home, and the girls began to droop a little.

"Thank you," murmured Delia, and accepted the arm, leaning upon it in the confidential, almost caressing manner, which some women use and find so effective.

"And you, Rosamond?" asked Percival.

"No, thank you! I always thought it very selfish for the second drowning man to insist upon clinging to the spar which the first finds no more than sufficient," said Rosamond, gayly; and swinging the little walking-stick she carried, she tripped on in advance.

"I wish I were as independent, both of protection and of love as Rose is," sighed Delia. "She is sufficient unto herself always; but I cling so to those who are kind to me, I sometimes fear I become troublesome."

"Never to me, Delia," began Walton, bending his own to meet the bewitching eyes upraised to draw them; but, before the sentence could be finished, Rosamond came flying back, her face white in the deepening twilight, and her gray eyes dark with terror.

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"See, Walton! see there!" exclaimed she, and pointed to the house.

Walton and Delia looked, and saw the whole house brilliantly illuminated, as if for a *fete*; light streaming even from the shuttered windows of the third story; while through the uncovered half of one window at the front, several figures could be seen passing monotonously backward and forward.

"People in the third story again!" exclaimed Percival, while Delia clung to his arm, mute with terror, and Rosamond looked blankly in his face.

"Hillo, Percival! what is that?" exclaimed Capt. Page, from the rear. "Who's illuminating the old house?"

"That's what nobody knows," replied the young man, thoughtfully. "And, in fact, there's a great deal that nobody knows about the place."

"Never mind, Walton, don't talk about it now!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, who, ostrich-like, preferred anything to looking disagreeable matters straight in the face.

"Let us go and see what it all means," said the captain.

"Very well," replied Walton; and the party again moved forward, but more silently and more rapidly than before.

The light shone steadily, illuminating the arcades of the elm avenue, and showing each the pallid and wondering faces of his companions, until they arrived directly in front of the house, when it suddenly died out, not gradually, but in one flash, leaving everything, by contrast, in far more than its natural obscurity. The ladies paused, panic-stricken, and huddled together about the gentlemen; but Percival, with a parting word of encouragement, left them to the care of the captain, and rushing round the corner of the house to the side entrance, found Ichabod coolly smoking his pipe upon the steps.

"Come in here, quick!" ordered Percival, springing up the steps.

The man obeyed, without a word, following his master, who rushed through all the lower rooms of the house, and back to the door, before he asked,

"Where's the old woman?"

"In her chamber, sir. Just this minute I heard her shut a window," replied Ichabod.

"And nobody but you two in the house?"

"No, sir; nobody that you can put a name to."

"And you have not had any lamps lighted in any part of the house?"

"No, sir, not yet. I was waiting for you to get home. I'll light 'em now."

"Do so." And Percival slowly returned to his friends, saying,

"I can offer no explanation as yet. Let us go in."

The short remainder of the evening was passed in talking of everything but the subject uppermost in every mind, and that was by tacit consent avoided, except when Percival said, quietly, to Rosamond, who sat by herself in a window-seat,

"I shall watch again to-night. Will you join me?"

"It hardly seems worth while, unless I can do anything toward unraveling the mystery. I am not afraid, but I do no good, and may be in your way."

"Besides, 'it is so odd,' as you said before," added Percival; and Rosamond colored rather resentfully.

"I am sure you have no right to call me prudish," she began shy; but Percival, touching her arm, nodded toward Capt. Page and Delia, who were slowly promenading the terraced-walk below the windows, and were at that moment within ear-shot.

"Never mind, little cousin," said Percival, when they had passed. "I was only laughing at you, and I do not need you at all to-night; or, if I think you can help me, I will let you know."

Delia and the captain repassed the window, he earnestly engaged in the narration of a sea-fight, she listening intently—but not to him. At this moment aunt Matilda, who had been for some moments fidgeting about the room with her chamber-candlestick in her hand, approached the window, and said, in a low voice,

"Rosamond, I have been thinking—— Do you suppose Delia would be afraid to sleep alone?"

"I dare say not, cousin Matilda. Do you want me to sleep with you?" asked Rosamond, blithely.

"Yes, dear, if you would not object, and feel pretty sure that she would not be afraid. I should be very glad to have you. I sometimes have neuralgia in the night, and cannot sleep; and it is so much pleasanter to have some one with you."

"Don't be afraid, Rose," interposed Walton, laughing, "my aunt's neuralgia will keep neither you or her awake to-night. The real trouble will be cured by your simple presence."

"Nonsense, Walton! Well, dear, I am going

to speak to Ichabod, and, perhaps, you will ask your sister. Then, when I return, should you like to go up?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to," replied Rose, who of all things detested early bed, but would have gone at sunset, if thereby she could soothe, or comfort, somebody weaker than herself. So, while Miss Matilda went to consult Ichabod upon certain domestic points, Rosamond called Delia aside, and briefly inquired if she objected to sleeping alone, as, if she did not, Miss Percival would like her company.

"No, I am not afraid. What is there to be afraid of? Why is Miss Percival afraid?" asked Delia, rather contemptuously.

"She did not say that she was. She only asked me to sleep with her," said Rosamond, coldly; and the girls separated in mutual displeasure, Rosamond saying to herself,

"I do not know what has happened to Delia since we came here, to make her so unamiable and suspicious;" while through Delia's mind passed the thought, "She courts the opportunity of another midnight promenade with her lover. I will bring her out in it, and show her before them all."

A few moments later the ladies retired, and soon after Capt. Page followed their example. When he was left alone, Walton, first opening both doors of the library, that he might both see and hear what went on around him, established himself with a book and a stock of segars, determined to watch through the night.

The hours passed—eleven, twelve, one, struck, and nothing had broken the monotony of the watch.

"I will lie down on the sofa and rest a bit," remarked Percival, to himself; and in fifteen minutes more he was sound asleep.

Two o'clock, and Delia Thorne, lying awake and listening jealously for any sounds answering to her suspicions, heard voices and foot-steps, now near, now retreating. Springing from her bed, she pushed back the heavy masses of hair, and listened as acutely as only a jealous woman can listen.

"What!" exclaimed she, at last. "They are overhead! All that pretence of ghosts, and I know not what, was to frighten the rest of us away! They meet each other then—they are there now. I will surprise them, and expose her arts and wiles to the scorn of the whole house. Wait, Miss Rosamond; wait until I see how I can come at you best."

A moment she stood with clenched hands pressed upon her bosom, and fierce eyes wandering about the room, while still overhead the

soft footsteps and broken voices told of the midnight rendezvous.

"I have it now!" exclaimed Delia, and going to the window, she softly raised it, and looked out and upward.

CHAPTER XI.

"CAN I?" asked Delia, of herself, examining the projections and architectural ornaments of the balcony and bow-window over the front door, which were close to the window of the chamber appropriated to Rosamond and herself.

"Can I? Yes, I will!" muttered she, after a few moments of anxious hesitation; and hastily throwing on a few clothes, and a pair of soft slippers without heels, she stepped boldly out upon the window-ledge, from that to the balustrade surrounding the balcony of the bow-window, and then, clinging to the pilaster beside the window, and availing herself of its inequalities as footholds, aided, too, by a great woodbine, whose gnarled and twisted stem served almost the purpose of a ladder, she climbed upward until her head came upon a level with the lower edge of the window of the room above.

Here, however, all her aids failed her at once. The pilaster dwindled to a mere ornament; the woodbine grew so slender that it threatened to break beneath her weight; and it was only by grasping the sill of the window above, that she managed to draw herself so far up as to obtain a partial view of the interior.

But, as her eyes fastened upon this interior, fear, fatigue, shame, were forgotten and merged in an absorbing interest.

The room into which she looked was large, but low, and evidently formed one of a suite, for a door at either end stood open, and a light shone from within the one at the left hand. The sides of this room were lined with shelves crowded with books, and in the midst stood a large library-table, whose litter of papers, writing-utensils, books and pamphlets, showed it to be in constant use. Among them stood a shaded lamp, and beside it, in a study-chair, with his back to the window, sat a man, his head leaning upon his hand in an attitude of either deep thought, or dejection, perhaps both.

"Walton Percival! But I certainly heard voices as well as footsteps—where is she?" asked the spy, as her strained eyes wandered through the room, whose dense shadows the vivid, but limited circle of light beneath the lamp failed to dissipate.

Suddenly, and as if in answer to her demand, another figure appeared at the door of the chamber to the left; her graceful form clearly defined against the dim light at her back, and the rich abundance of her hair falling in glittering waves below her waist. A moment she stood leaning against the door-casing, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the student in the arm-chair; and then she glided forward, until she stood close beside him, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"My lady Rosamond, and bold enough!" muttered Delia, her dark face glowing with anger and jealousy, while her flaming eyes scornfully ran over the rich and peculiar dress worn by the new-comer.

"But why is she dressed in that style?" mentally commented she. "Is it to amuse herself and her lover, or are they playing ghosts to frighten the rest of us, and prevent our finding them out?"

While asking herself these questions, the unhappy girl ceased not listening and watching with the most acute attention, always hoping to secure some proof of the intrigue she suspected, some evidence by which she might ruin the sister-friend, who had through all her life treated her with nothing but affection and indulgence. But of all the sayings of the wise men, none is truer than that "jealousy is a consuming fire," withering and blasting every noble emotion of the human heart. For although the lovers appeared to talk in a low and confidential voice, not all Delia's efforts succeeded in catching a single word of their conversation; and she could only judge of its tenor by seeing that he whom she called Walton Percival, was holding Rosamond's hands in his, and occasionally raising them to his lips; while she, with drooping head, and face buried in her golden hair, seemed much distressed or confused, and only replied to him by monosyllables or gestures.

Suddenly the attention of the spectator was attracted by a slight movement of the door at the further side of the room, the one opposite to that through which Rosamond had entered, and the figure and face of an old woman gradually became defined upon the darkness—an old woman, whose straight, spare figure, white hair, and pallid face, with its dark and solemn eyes, Delia had no difficulty in recognizing as those of the housekeeper.

"Good!" muttered she. "Now I have a witness!"

But the two figures, beside the table, suddenly rising, moved hand-in-hand toward the

intruder, now as if they had a right to resent, than to fear her presence; and she, drawing back as they advanced, all three disappeared into the darkness of the room beyond, the light of the lamp upon the table seeming to follow and envelope them, leaving the library in darkness.

Delia, terrified at this strange phenomenon, weary with her constrained and difficult position, and anxious to return to her own room before her absence should be discovered, commenced her descent, but found it infinitely more difficult than the ascent, partly because her eyes were now of no service, and partly, also, because her muscles, cramped and strained by over-exertion, refused to obey her will as promptly as before. At last, in attempting to step from the stem of the woodbine to the railing of the balcony, her foot slipped, she fell forward, seized the stick supporting the window of her own room, and dragged it down, thus causing the window to fall violently, and fasten with a spring, which Delia had failed to discover in opening it. She herself, bruised, breathless, and, more than all, terrified lest the noise of her descent should arouse the house, landed upon the balcony of the bow-window, where she sat for a moment, panting and listening for sounds within the house. Rising at last, she tried the sashes of the window behind her, found them all fast, looked hopelessly over the balustrade to the ground, full fifteen feet below, and then, reaching as far out as she could, made a desperate attempt to raise her own window. In so doing she was attracted by a light within the chamber, a faint and glimmering light, more like that of stars or moon than of a lamp, and yet artificial, for the night had grown black and stormy. Seating herself upon the balustrade, and clinging to the open shutter, Delia leaned over and looked into the room.

To her astonishment, she saw Rosamond, still in the strange garb she had worn during her visit to the third story, standing before the wardrobe, all whose doors were now wide open, and arranging with deliberate care the rich dresses and other garments that hung within. Over one in particular she seemed to linger fondly, and Delia, to her astonishment, recognized in its silken folds and peculiar brocaded figure, the fac-simile of the dress her sister at that moment wore.

"This is where she gets her masquerading costume; and pretending all the while that she could not open those doors without permission," thought Delia, angrily; and she was

about to tap upon the window for admission, when Rosamond, turning from the dress, opened one of a set of drawers filling the center of the wardrobe, and taking up a folded and sealed packet, turned it over and over, examined it sadly, and then, suddenly dropping it back into the drawer, began to pace up and down the room, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, while the glittering wonder of her golden hair fell like a mantle about her, and the rich folds of the old brocade robe trailed after her in sheeny waves.

Delia, more and more astonished, more and more forced to believe that there was something beyond the mere love-intrigue her jealousy had first suggested, drew back to the balcony and stood wrapt in wondering thought, when a noise close behind her caused her to turn abruptly, and find the figure of a man attentively observing her through the window at her back. As she turned, he seemed about to retreat, but Delia, who had recognized Capt. Page, gesticulated eagerly to him to return and open the window, which, after a moment's hesitation, he did.

"Is it you, Miss Delia?" exclaimed he, offering his hand to help her into the window.

"Yes—can you believe it?" asked Delia, sinking breathlessly upon a chair.

"Hardly; but it is not for me to form, or, at least to express, an opinion upon a lady's conduct," said the captain, gravely.

Delia hesitated. Should she preserve silence, and retire at once to her own room, she could not doubt the unfavorable impression that would remain upon the mind of this gentleman, who, no longer young, preserved the traditions in which he had been bred, regarding the position and demeanor of women. To explain, was to sacrifice Rosamond. To refuse to do so, was to sacrifice herself. Delia soon resolved which was the better course for her own interests.

She rose and approached Capt. Page, who had withdrawn a few steps toward his own room.

"I cannot bear to have you think badly of me, whether you express the opinion or not," said she, humbly. "But, tell me, is it wrong for me to look after my sister, as Rosamond allows me to call her?"

"No; surely that cannot be called other than most amiable and laudable conduct," ceremoniously replied the captain.

"Well, that is what I have been doing; upon my word it is. Capt. Page, Mr. Percival is your room-mate; tell me, did you leave him there when you came to open this window?"

"No, Miss Delia, I did not."

"Nor has he been there to-night, has he?"

"No; since you ask the question, I must truthfully reply that he has not."

"And shall I tell you where he has been?"

"No, Miss Delia; I have no desire to ask. My friend's secrets are sacred from my investigation."

"But, for my own sake, I must explain. You found me in a very ambiguous situation, and you must listen to my explanation. I had reason to believe that Rosamond had left me to go and meet Mr. Percival. An hour ago I heard their voices in the rooms above—those rooms which Mr. Percival has so often assured us were inaccessible; reluctant to believe in such culpable imprudence, and knowing no other way to reach the third story, I clambered out upon the railing of the balcony, and gained a position where I could look into one of the upper windows. Capt. Page, I saw Mr. Percival and Rosamond Thorne with my own eyes; and I saw him kiss her hands, and she leaned upon his shoulder—"

"Miss Delia, I can consent to listen no longer," interrupted Capt. Page, in much agitation. "I have no sort of right to inquire into Miss Thorne's or Mr. Percival's behavior; nor had I the least claim to the explanation of your own movements, which you have kindly given me. If I can be of any service to you, command me; but I sincerely trust you will pardon me, when I say that I consider it dishonorable in the highest degree to play the spy and eaves-dropper upon one's friends, either directly or at second-hand."

"Capt. Page! Do you apply those names to me?" demanded Delia.

"Madam, I never in my life was guilty of a quarrel with a lady, and I shall not begin to-night," said the captain, offering his arm to escort his antagonist to her own room; but Delia scornfully rejecting it, walked away without another word; while Capt. Page, slowly and sadly pacing along the gallery to his chamber, muttered, "Poor Rosamond! poor, foolish Rosamond!"

CHAPTER XII.

DELIA's first movement upon entering her room, and finding it dark and deserted, was to procure a light, her next to examine the seals over the locks of the wardrobe. They were perfect, and bore the same curious device which she had at first noticed upon them—a monogram of the letters AB, curiously interwoven and ornamented.

"A. B.," repeated Delia to herself. "That must stand for Ann Bartram, and the seal is, probably, somewhere in the house. If I could only find it, or make one of bread, as I have heard of persons doing. I want to see the inside of that wardrobe; and if Rosamond opens it slyly, why should not I? I will do it to-morrow night, and I will see what is in that sealed paper, too."

Revolving her purpose, Delia threw herself upon the bed, and, spite of a disturbed mind and guilty conscience, slept soon and soundly; for it is only when the gilded newness of the fetters of vice is worn away, that they corrode and waste the life and strength of him who has voluntarily assumed them.

The next morning, at his usual hour of arising, Walton Percival presented himself in his apartment, which, as we have said, was shared with Capt. Page.

"Good-morning, Page," he said, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Where do you suppose I spent the night?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," briefly replied his friend.

"On the sofa, in the library. I sat reading until a little after midnight, and then, feeling tired, lay down upon the sofa. The next thing I knew, there was Ichabod shaking me by the shoulder, and the sun shining in at the window."

"Indeed. That is rather remarkable," commented the captain, in a tone of such undisguised contempt, that Percival turned from his toilet operations to stare at him.

"What do you mean, Page? What is remarkable?" he asked, in undisguised surprise.

"Your story."

"Remarkable? Why? Oh! I see, you think I was tipsy."

"Oh, no!"

"What then? What, in the name of common sense, do you mean?"

"It is not in the least necessary for you to explain your movements during the night, and I beg you will not attempt it, that is all."

The captain was leaving the room, after this curt speech, when Walton sprang before him to the door, and set his back against it.

"Capt. Page, will you be so good as to explain your meaning?" asked he, very quietly.

Thus adjured, the elder man paused, drew himself up, fixed his stern eyes upon the flushed and angry face of his junior, and said,

"I mean that I already know so much of your affairs, although through no effort of my own, that it grieves me to the heart to hear you

trying to deceive me by a false account of them. Let me pass, Percival, and in an hour or two I will relieve you of my presence in this house."

"What can you be talking about?" said Percival, in mingled astonishment and anger.

The captain's grizzled mustache curled in a scornful smile.

"Perhaps you will understand me, when I say that I am aware of your visit to the third-story of this house, last night," said he, contemptuously. "And now, sir, let me pass. I wish to leave this room."

"Not until you hear me, sir," replied Percival, sternly. "For although your words are utterly incomprehensible to me, your manner assures me that you are laboring under some unfortunate delusion. Capt. Page, upon my word and honor as a gentleman, I never have been in the third-story of this house, either last night, or at any other time."

"What, sir! Walton, I have known you from a boy; I knew and was the friend of your father before you, and I would rather have seen you in your grave, than have heard those words from your lips; for, young man, you were heard, seen, watched for many minutes, in a room of the third-story of this house, and not only you but another, whom you are right in attempting to shield; but not by a lie, Percival; not by the sacrilege of pledging your honor to a most dishonorable deception. Bah! Let me go. I say—I cannot breathe the air of this room a moment longer."

And grasping the young man by the shoulder, the stern, old warrior removed him from his path, and strode out of the room.

Pale as death, his teeth set, and his hands clenched, his mind filled with a whirl of angry emotions, Percival stood for a moment looking after him; then rapidly finished his toilet and followed him down stairs.

He found the captain standing at the open door, leading from the back of the long hall into the orchard. Going directly up to him, he said, in a low voice,

"Come with me into the garden, if you please."

"Certainly," replied the sailor, with haughty courtesy, and without another word followed his host. When quite out of sight from the house, Percival paused, and turning to his friend, with a face as calm and stern as his own, said,

"Capt. Page, I call upon you to explain, clearly and distinctly, the insinuations you made just now. I do not know what you mean,

or who has been filling your ears with lies; but this I do know, that you have no right whatever to doubt my word, or to believe that I am capable of falsely pledging my honor to any statement whatever; and although I cannot say what is involved in your suspicion of my having been in the third-story of this house last night, or to whom you refer as my companion, I do again most solemnly declare, and if need be swear, that I have never been in that part of this house; that I know of no means of getting there, if I wished to do so; and that I had no companion last night, neither seeing or hearing a human being from the time I parted with you at eleven o'clock, until I met you again this morning in our chamber. Now, please to explain yourself as distinctly as I have done."

Capt. Page fixed his steady eyes upon those of the young man, who met them unflinchingly. Then he extended his hand, and slowly said,

"I must believe you, Walton; and I beg pardon for having supposed it possible that you could lie; but this is very strange—very strange, indeed! nor, I am sorry to say, can I explain myself, without implicating another person, which, of course, I will not do. Can you be satisfied to let the matter rest here, Walton?"

"Hardly; but, if you are bound in honor not to expose your informant, I suppose I must not urge you. As you say, captain, this place is filled with marvels, and this appears to be the most complicated of all. Wait until you hear my experiences since we came here."

And in short, clear sentences, Percival gave the details of those adventures through which we have accompanied him, not omitting the vigil which Rosamond Thorne had held with him, or the remarkable likeness of the female apparition to his cousin. In hearing these two latter circumstances, the captain started, pulled at his gray mustache, and cast one keen glance into Percival's unconscious face, but offered neither comment or question until he had finished, then he said,

"Long ago, I was forced to believe that there are matters in heaven and earth deeper than my philosophy; and although credulity is a sign of weakness, a pig-headed incredulity is no sign of strength; so let us accept the theory that there are other than physical manifestations of life in this house, and go to work in accordance with that theory. According to you, these manifestations principally resolve themselves into the apparitions of a young woman, a man, and an old woman; the two first of whom appear anxious to convey some intelligence, or effect some object; and the last of whom, the

old woman, seems merely anxious to annoy and drive away the human intruders upon her domain. Is that all correct?"

"Perfectly."

"And the closed third-story of the house, and the conduct of the housekeeper have, in your mind, a distinct connection with these three apparitions, and their manifestations?"

"Yea. That woman's indignation, but not surprise, when I speak of them; her determination to keep the upper-part of the house free from intrusion, while, at the same time, I feel sure she knows of some way of reaching it; a dozen little occurrences, which I will not detail; and, above all, something in her manner and appearance convince me that, if she chose to explain these events, she could."

"Well, then, force her to explain."

"How can it be done?"

The captain twirled his mustache thoughtfully.

"If it were a man aboard ship," muttered he. "But an old woman—it's a difficult matter to manage."

The two men paced thoughtfully up and down. At last the younger said,

"Perhaps Rosamond could help us."

The captain shook his head dubiously.

"Miss Thorne is a charming young lady, and nobody has more admiration and respect for the sex than I have," said he. "But the dear souls are so romantic, and so headstrong, that it is extremely difficult to control them, when once you allow them to take the helm, or even to put a hand upon it."

The younger man, however, suggested,

"A woman's wit is generally an overmatch for a man's method in solving such irregular problems as this."

The captain elevated his eyebrows, and got the end of the gray mustache between his teeth, his ultimate gesture of perplexity and hesitation, before he answered; then he said,

"I had infinitely rather every petticoat were

out of the matter before we take it up; but if you insist upon calling your cousin into council, I must yield. I must stipulate, however, that Miss Delia Thorne and your aunt shall not be informed of our proceedings."

"Agreed! And now let us go to breakfast. After that we will call Rosamond out here, and have a consultation."

But the strange series of events which, since the arrival of Percival and his party at Bartram's Holme, had seemed to control and direct their footsteps, was destined to arrive at a crisis in a manner, and through agencies peculiar to itself, and not to be directed by either of these men.

Mrs. Nancy did not appear at breakfast; and Ichabod, when sent up stairs to summon her, returned with the tidings that both her doors were locked, and that no sound was to be heard from within, in answer to his knock.

"She is sick; we must force an entrance into her room, and take care of her," said Rosamond, compassionately.

"I don't believe she is sick; she is, probably, sullen, and don't choose to answer," suggested Delia.

"We must find out. Ichabod, get a ladder, and see if you can enter one of the windows: gently, of course; and not at all, if the woman does not need help. If she does, unlock the door and let us know," said Percival.

Ichabod, with a suppressed grin upon his face, left the room. But, five minutes later, he returned, saying, "Every window is fast, sir, and the shutters closed inside."

"Then we must force the door," said Percival, rising, and following the servant into the lobby.

"There'll be no need to force it, sir," said Ichabod, mysteriously, showing a key which he held. "Somebody just threw this key down stairs, right at my head, sir. I'll bet it is the key of Nancy's chamber."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TO PAULINE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

When sorrow's dark cloud wrapped my soul,
And not a twinkling star was seen,
There came a kindly voice and smile,
A helping hand—all thine, Pauline.

And never, since I saw thee first,
A blight has fallen on my trust;
No cruel word has pierced and stung—
Love and confide in thee, I must.

My life's task may be nearly done;
But few the ills I've still to meet;
Whate'er betide, by thy dear side,
Existence yields me something sweet.

I pray bright blessings on thy head;
And blest thou shalt be, well I know;
Thy planet sheds soft influence,
And white-winged angels with thee go.

SIVOLI'S SUITORS.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS

SIVOLI's album was missing.

"Have you seen it, mamma?" she said.

Mamma smiled, then answered in a way that seemed to betoken superior information. Sivoli pouted, and said no more.

Sivoli was properly named Cecile, but every one preferred her pretty nick-name. Only M. Hamilton, the boarder, who occupied the second floor of Mme. Laurent's dwelling, addressed her ceremoniously as Mlle. Cecile.

Sivoli was pretty, though she pouted. A white, opaque complexion, eyes and hair of jet, a look half-sweet, half-haughty, and a perfect shape—these things in part describe her. For the rest, she was affectionate, caressing; a glint of sunshine in the sombre house. A little willful at times, but oftener duteous.

Mme. Laurent was a widow, and Sivoli was her only child. Her husband had died, leaving her but a small income, the year after he had come from France, which country he had left in hopes to better his fortunes in America. Instead, he found a grave. Mme. Laurent's narrow means were eked out by the sum she received from M. Hamilton, the boarder, to whom allusion has been already made. He was a handsome, reserved man, past his first youth, and devoted to study. His rooms were filled with all manner of beautiful and curious things; strange contrast to the remainder of the abode, which was bare as the poverty of years could make it.

One fine morning, the album was again in its accustomed place. Sivoli let it lie a full half-hour, and disdained to look. At the end of that time curiosity prevailed over pique. Rapidly turning the leaves, she was arrested by a page hitherto blank, a charming little scene in water-colors, and the initials A. F. B.

"Oh, Ciel!" exclaimed Mme. Laurent, looking over her daughter's shoulder, and surveying, hands clasped in ecstasy, the pretty landscape.

"Is it not exquisite, my child?"

"It is well enough," said Sivoli, coldly. "But I wished for nothing of the sort."

"It is an admirable *morceau*," madame insisted. "Do you not say the same, M. Hamilton?"

The person thus addressed came forward.

"Permit me," he said, taking the book from Sivoli. "It is exceedingly well done. What do you complain of here, Mlle. Cecile?"

"I?" she answered, blushing. "I find no fault, save that M. Berard took my album without permission."

"*Ma foi!*" said madame, laughing. "What want of deference!"

"M. Berard is, indeed, unpardonable," said M. Hamilton, a look of amusement lighting up his serious brown eyes. "Still, such a pretty decoration should soften your just anger; and there, I suppose, are his initials—A. F. B."

"Yes; his names are Armand François."

"Can any young lady's heart be proof against an Armand? And an Armand who paints such pictures in honor of her bright eyes? I shall think you most ungrateful, Mlle. Cecile, if you do not thank M. Berard, when he comes to-night, with your sweetest smile."

M. Hamilton went to his own apartment, and Sivoli remained, flushed and resentful. "He treats me like a child!" she thought. "I to be captivated by a pretty name! 'Ungrateful,' too. Pray, what should I be grateful for? If he chooses to follow me everywhere with his ridiculous homage, it is no affair of mine."

Yet one would not be ugly, even in the eyes of an unwelcome suitor. Thus Sivoli, as night drew near, sought her own room, and pondered over her toilet. It was a dull bower for so bright a bird. The walls were bare, and the floor was uncarpeted. But all was spotlessly neat. There were no trifles, however, lying about, the overflow of a girl's lavish wardrobe; and the closet, when opened, gave no hint of gay attire within. Sivoli brushed her silky locks to jettier lustre; hung pendants of coral in the plain gold hoops, which of a morning decorated or disfigured her pretty ears; then she sighed for a robe of fresh tint and dainty texture. Unattainable! On, therefore, with the familiar skirt and boddice! Brightened with cherry ribbons, shaded at throat and wrist by delicate lace, it was very well. Few people, looking at her, would have noticed any lack.

M. Hamilton did not, for one. He often sat with the family of an evening, talking or reading, as he chose; an inmate of such long standing that no ceremony was observed with him.

To-night, from behind his book, he watched Sivoli's every motion. He found repressed impatience visible in all. She busied herself a little space with the bright-hued silks of her embroidery-frame; then threw them by for a volume, of which she found but a page or two worthy of perusal; she opened the piano, played a few strains, and then paused, lost in thought. Noting these things, M. Hamilton's face grew grave; but when Sivoli's eyes met his, he smiled again.

"Have patience, mademoiselle," he said; "it is early yet. You cannot be doomed much longer to our dull society."

"It is not dull to me," she responded. "I wish we were secure from interruption. Then one could sit down quietly and enjoy the evening."

M. Hamilton found this hypocrisy of a young girl sufficiently transparent. Still, it showed her kind heart; she was unwilling to let him see how un congenial was his sober, middle-aged to her bright youth. Soon the bell rang, and M. Berard was ushered in.

This was a youth of fair person and good mien, not wanting, either, in intelligence. His devotion to Sivoli was evident in every gesture. It interfered a little with his ease of manner, made him color painfully when she addressed him, caused some hesitation in his usually fluent speech. Why did M. Hamilton take a sarcastic pleasure in noticing these things?

"So, so," he reflected, and his lip curled slightly, "this is what all the world would call natural and fitting. I am too old—over my books I have grown even older than my years. If the spirit matured with the body, how well it would be, if we grew indifferent to the charm of youth in proportion to our loss of it. For the rest, here is a young pair, quite suited to each other; let me to my book, and leave them to their wooing."

He held so well to this resolve that Sivoli, piqued by his persistent neglect, devoted herself in earnest to the fascination of the suitor. Her smiles were not so valueless to everybody, she thought, with defiance; and those who prized should have them. Poor M. Berard brightened in the sunny atmosphere; his spirit expanded with a sort of adoring gratitude that made the little parlor a Paradise. Meanwhile, the student's brow grew darker and more grave, and ere long he excused himself. In his own room he could indulge, unobserved, whatever reflections suited his mood.

As for Sivoli, alone, a few hours later, she could have cried with vexation. Ever since

her childhood M. Hamilton had been of the household—a central figure there. Always she had held him in utmost esteem; his taste, his opinion, had been for her the unerring standard of propriety. In return, he had bestowed kindness and regard, on which she fearlessly relied. And now, it seemed, he was ready to give her up at once; at the coming of the first applicant he was willing to yield all right in her, and forget the pleasant tie of years. Sivoli felt that she should not have done thus; she would have contested, with all her girl's strength, the right of any one who had wished to usurp her place with him. Why could not all have remained as it was? Why must this useless homage come in to no purpose, but to show her how little she was valued? Sivoli sighed.

Early next morning there was a ring at the hall-door, and the girl, answering it, returned with a bouquet for mademoiselle. The spirit of defiance had deserted Sivoli by this time; she wished the offering back in its native green-house; still, it was not easy to refuse an attention so delicate and so little marked. There was clearly no resource but to accept it, and to thank M. Berard at his next visit for the courtesy.

But the youth did not content himself with offering flowers. By-and-by there came an invitation to the theatre. Not, indeed, for Sivoli: for madame, her mother, whom, it was suggested, Mlle. Cecile would, perhaps, accompany. Mme. Laurent accepted, graciously, for both.

Sivoli regarded the project with mingled longing and distrust. All her young fancy caught at a pleasure so new and so entrancing; yet what meaning might not be attached to her compliance? She wavered, wished; then steeled her heart.

"I do not care to go, mamma," she said.

"Not go!" exclaimed madame. "When monsieur has been at such pains! When the tickets are procured, the carriage ordered!"

"I am sorry," returned Sivoli. "He should not have counted on such ready acceptance. He would then have been spared unnecessary trouble."

"Ungrateful girl!" cried the mother; "you little deserve that any one should try to please you. Moderate your sarcasm, however, I had given consent, never dreaming that you could show such foolish obstinacy."

"I do not," rejoined Sivoli. "Neither am I ungrateful. I would go, and willingly, but you know what M. Berard will imagine, if I do."

"And why not?" asked madame. "Child,

you are fastidious to arrogance. M. Berard is your equal in age and family, your superior in fortune. For whom are you waiting?"

"For the prince in disguise," said Sivoli, gayly. "Mamma, why are you so anxious to be rid of me? I only wish to stay with you always."

"Yes," returned madame, dryly. "You will stay very dutifully, without doubt, till you wish to go. They manage these things better in France; I did not dare, when a girl, to act so—but you are of this land and its fashions. For the rest, I have already accepted the invitation; it is too late to withdraw. Surely, you would not condemn either the poor young man or myself to the absurdity of a *tele-a-tele* through an entire evening. Go this once; and hereafter, if you will, you may decline all courtesies from him."

The point once established, Sivoli could not but feel a kindling of youthful spirits through all the annoyance of the occasion. To go anywhere was so exciting an innovation on her recluse existence. The needful toilet was not easily compassed. Madame brought forth some hoarded fineries of her earlier days, not very promising one would have said; but from these slight materials French skill and taste devised a dress that was charming enough—at least, when Sivoli was in it. M. Hamilton watched her as she awaited the carriage, the sense of festivity brightening her eyes and color. She had never been so lovely, and he convinced himself anew of the wisdom of coolness and reserve on his own part.

I am quite proud of my Sivoli as she sits in the crowded theatre. People whose vision once alights on her are sure to turn and look again. She is so fresh, so girlish, and so graceful, with something irresistibly piquant in her quaint dress and ornaments. To her it is a scene of enchantment, this spacious interior, blazing with light, and filled with a gayly-dressed throng. The curtain, rising, reveals a world undreamed-of. Sivoli is no captious critic; she finds the illusion perfect. Forgetting the audience, her own party, everything, she follows the fortunes of the play. M. Berard watches her almost as intently as she watches the stage. Madame smiles at the spectacle of her absorbed delight, and draws from it the happiest auguries. Such scenes, she thinks, must dispose the girl's fancy favorably toward one who can confer pleasures upon her as often as she wills.

From a distant box other eyes, too, regarded her. Long since M. Hamilton had ceased to

care for amusements of this character; but Sivoli's delight reproached him. Why did he never guess the pleasure he might bestow? Why did he leave it for some one else to give her the first taste of enjoyment so rare and so enthralling? He recalled his own youth, its enthusiasm, its ecstasies, and sighed to think how long ago they faded. He has never remembered till within the last few weeks that Sivoli could wish for any other life than that calm one which contented him. If he had thought himself earlier, might he not have enlisted her girlish gratitude in his favor? And then he scorned the selfishness of the thought. Could he have taken advantage of her youth, her inexperience, to buy regard from her as one coaxes kisses with *bonbons* from a child? That would have been too base, and the regard itself too poor.

The play was over, the spell dissolved. As they left the theatre, Sivoli fancied that she caught in the throng a glimpse of a familiar figure. The next moment she felt the absurdity of the idea. "It is only because I am always thinking of him!" she accused herself. And the next morning at breakfast, when M. Hamilton asked, with quiet kindness, how she enjoyed the play, she felt afresh how wild was the suspicion.

Days succeeded each other—days in which Sivoli grew older and sometimes sad. Existence had changed. It was no longer possible to live, as once, without care or thought, happy in each hour as it passed. This regard, which she had neither sought nor prized, seemed to have altered everything for her. No longer content and secure, she found herself continually questioning how far she was valued. It is not pleasant to find yourself nothing, suddenly, to a friend whom you esteem. Sivoli felt this. If any tenderer sentiment mingled with the feeling, she was too inexperienced to recognize it.

M. Hamilton, meanwhile, guarded his speech and manner. If a sweet look, a kind word of Sivoli's sometimes surprised him out of his calm, set his heart beating with the tumult of ten years before, he endeavored to remember how useless and absurd were such emotions, leading only to suffering and disappointment. He remained more than ever in his own apartments, whither the young girl's image still pursued him. Often, recalling the evening of the play, he was tempted to gratify himself in witnessing anew her delight; but reason checked him. How unwise to court a danger already too powerful? His wisest plan was to

see Sivoli as little as possible; to let the course of her true love run as smoothly as might be, but to spare himself the pain of witnessing it. Occasionally, however, this philosophy failed him; there came hours when he yielded to the happiness of being with her, and put all thought of the future by. At such times Sivoli, too, was at her happiest. The shy, wistful affection that, scarce suspected, lurked in her heart, sunned itself in his kind words, and kinder glances. But too often the next morning froze her hopes again, and she believed, from his grave brow and serious mien, that his books, his pursuits, were all to him, and she but an unregarded trifle.

Mme. Laurent had her troubles no less. M. Berard's assiduities did not fail, but Sivoli would not learn to receive them properly. It was madame who was obliged to be amiable and entertaining, when Sivoli should have saved her the trouble. The long evenings were fearfully wearisome to the young girl; she came to hate the very sound of the bell that announced their visitor; and how doubly unwelcome was the sight of the young man himself, carefully dressed, admirably well-gloved, and full of devotion most respectful, yet most ardent. To be rude was not in Sivoli's nature; but this regard chilled her to silence. It was Mme. Laurent who had to make friendly inquiries after the well-being of M. Berard's mother, his aunt, his venerable grandmother; to exchange congratulations or condolences on the state of the weather, and go laboriously through the conventional round of small nothings. Sivoli vouchsafed no aid. She had held mamma to her promise, and refused, decidedly, every invitation to theatre or concert.

Meanwhile, M. Hamilton, from his own apartment, heard an occasional murmur of voices, and, by the aid of fancy, pictured a brilliant and charming scene, at which he looked perpetually, though the sight gave him continual pain. He never dreamed of Sivoli's *ennui*, nor of all the heavy work poor Mme. Laurent had to perform.

She grew seriously anxious at last—the prudent mother. She feared that the suitor's mood of patient worship would not last forever; yet how could she induce Sivoli to meet the change?

"M. Hamilton," she said, one morning, "I wish you would speak to that foolish child. She knows nothing of what is best for her, nor what she really wants. She has such sincere respect for your opinion that I am sure, if you advised her, she would be influenced."

Greatly to the good lady's surprise, M. Hamil-

ton drew back quite stiffly, and declined all interference, without even waiting for her to explain in what particular she desired his aid. As often as the subject recurred to her mind did his demeanor puzzle her. What could have offended him? What had caused such a change in his ordinarily calm and courteous manner?

M. Hamilton reproached himself in no small degree for his ungraciousness, and feared to have betrayed his feelings. Yet the very memory of the request was painful. "Am I so old?" he thought. "Is it impossible one should surmise that some susceptibility might still be left in me? Pshaw! what am I saying? Have I not done my best to conceal every trace of emotion? Ah, Sivoli! dear child! how little you guess all I have felt and could feel for you, old as I am, and far removed from all your sympathies!"

Then an uneasy curiosity possessed him to learn why his intervention had been sought. Was not the affair progressing, as he had supposed, prosperously toward the happiest end? Could Sivoli be coquetting? No! she was too frank, too true-hearted for that! Could she be indifferent? His own eyes, he thought, had assured him to the contrary. There was some girlish pique, caprice—perhaps a lovers'-quarrel going on. Certainly, of all things in this world, it least concerned him. He would think of it no more; and having thus decided, thought of little else.

As it chanced, he found Sivoli alone in the parlor that very afternoon; through the half-open door he had caught a glimpse of her listless attitude, and look of weariness and dejection. His heart yearned to cheer her; at sight of her trouble he forgot his own. As he entered she blushed deeply, and took up the sewing which lay neglected beside her. It was long since any words had passed between the two, save the merest exchange of daily courtesies; both were conscious of reserve, restraint, in meeting thus alone. All the pretty willfulness was gone from Sivoli's manner; whatever the cause, it was evident, thought M. Hamilton, that she was suffering.

"Mademoiselle," he said, kindly, "you surely are not happy. Is there nothing I can do to aid you? Believe me, I am most anxious——"

Sivoli's maiden pride took quick alarm; she drew back, cold and distant. "Nothing disturbs me," she averred. "I am perfectly well. Monsieur can comprehend that to be watched, remarked-upon, is not agreeable."

"Pardon me!" blundered poor M. Hamilton. "I surely have not meant to be officious. But

I thought I had understood from madame, your mother, that something was amiss."

"What!" said Sivoli, very pale and cold. "Mamma has been speaking of me to you—asking your advice, your intervention?"

"I know not what she asked, since I refused to listen."

"You did well! Pray continue your refusal whenever my affairs shall be discussed," she answered.

"Mademoiselle," said M. Hamilton, with something like indignation, "this haughtiness does not become you. However you may resent it, my wish is only for your happiness."

"Prove it, then, by leaving me at peace in future;" and the interview would have ended in a very lofty manner, only that Sivoli's composure suddenly gave way, and she burst into tears. M. Hamilton essayed to soothe her, but she repulsed his efforts.

"To think," she said, flashing reproachful glances at him through her tears, while her voice shook with emotion, "that you should turn against me, too!"

"I!" exclaimed M. Hamilton, cut to the heart by the cruelty of the accusation, and the vehemence with which it was urged. "Never! I know nothing of the circumstances; but if M. Berard has done anything to grieve you——"

"M. Berard!" said Sivoli, with infinite scorn. "As if his conduct imported anything to me!"

"Be careful, dear child! Don't let resentment carry you too far. Remember, all your happiness may be at stake."

"My happiness, indeed! How could it be influenced by that—that boy. But monsieur seems very anxious to advocate his cause," she added.

"You are unjust," returned her companion, quite desperate at this persistent misconstruction, "or you never would accuse me of advocating a cause so fatal to my own wishes; I do not say my hopes, for I know very well that I had never any reason to hope."

Sivoli's eyes fell; her cheeks burned with blushes. She must have understood his meaning, yet she uttered no word of rebuke, or of defiance. A gleam of joy, strangely contradictory of the words he had last uttered, flashed through M. Hamilton's mind.

"Sivoli," he said, with eagerness, "answer me one question. Can I have been mistaken all this time? Do you not care for that young man?"

"Not in the least, monsieur."

"And me, Sivoli—could you care for me?"

She looked up shyly, her eyes still wet. "That makes two questions," she said, "and you were to ask but one."

"Dearest, don't trifle with me."

No word passed Sivoli's lips, but her glance answered him fully.

MY BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A BEAUTIFUL vision oft comes to me,
When the work of the day is done;
When my heart throws off its weight of care,
And I sit in my room alone.

I dream of a home where no shadows fall,
Nor language of strife is heard;
Where anger and bitterness enter not,
But love breathes in thought and in word.

Wealth has not furnished its sunny rooms;
Art brings not its treasures rare;
But the hand of love has prepared it all,
And peace and content dwell there.

There are treasured books of earth's written lore;
Fair pictures the walls adorn;
Through wine-wreathed windows the sunshine falls,
And the breath of the flowers is borne.

And as I sit in that beautiful home,
Watching the sunset glow,
I hear a step on the graveled walk—
A step I have learned to know.
One stands on the threshold, whose tender love
Makes the world all bright to me;
Whose heart keeps the vow which his lips have made,
My own, and mine only to be.

There are grateful hearts in that happy home,
With the world and its cares shut out;
There is joy and peace that no words can tell—
All the pain of the past forgot.
No weariness now, and no bitter tears,
Unnoticed, unpitied fall,
But songs of thanksgiving ascend to Ilm
Whose favor hath given it all.

But I waken. Alas! it was only a dream,
Like the fancies I used to weave,
In those far-off days of my happy youth,
Ere my heart had learned to grieve.
Well I know the face I in dreams behold,
Though I have not seen it for years;
I have heard that voice, and its cherished tones
Are the sweetest of earth to my ears.

I'm a sad and lonely woman now;
No love-words are breathed in my ears;
Life's lessons to me have been sternly taught,
In weariness, pain, and tears.
But I love to sit, at the twilight hour,
While the shadows around me fall,
And dream of that beautiful, sunny home,
And the love that is dearer than all.

A NIGHT'S LODGING.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It was twelve o'clock on the last night of August; and bright, beautiful moonlight flooded the city streets with glory, and suggested dreams of loveliness way off among crystal waters and embowering trees, whither every one who was any one was supposed to be sojourning.

But the train of the — railroad due at nine, P. M., and delayed by an engine across the track until this late hour, poured forth a crowd of living freight at the up-town depot, who had returned, in spite of the season and the moonlight, to their city quarters. The temper of most of the freight had not been improved by the delay; and babies cried, men swore, and women scolded; while hack-drivers energetically added their mite to the general confusion, an element in which they seem to revel, and deafened every one near them with their hideous cries.

Two persevering Jehus were clamoring for the possession of a young gentleman, whose fine face was eloquently expressive of disgust at the situation in which he found himself; and the movements of his figure had in them an air of princely haughtiness. Mr. Stuart Neale was disgusted, intensely disgusted, not only at being deposited, at this hour of the night, in such a scene of vulgar confusion, where every face he saw seemed only more uninteresting than the last; but he was disgusted to the inmost recesses of his poetic soul at being brought to the city at all.

For the moonlight was silvering a certain hotel-piazza hundreds of miles away, and illuminating a face of more than ordinary beauty; possibly upturned, at that very moment, to some six feet of humanity, and listening, with the artless expression he remembered so well, to certain silly words (silly, because spoken by some one else) that men utter to women when, in the language of other men, they "make fools of themselves."

Or, perhaps, she was on the lake, in that little, fairy-like shell of a boat that she managed so gracefully, and wearing what she called her "Undine dress," pale, glancing green, with something white, and fleecy, and glistening, thrown over her head. And, perhaps—how his blood boiled to think of it!—

that empty-headed coxcomb, Dewsbury, who danced so well that he might have made his fortune with his feet, was lisping *his* nothings to her, with all the advantages of water, moonlight, and solitude.

Or, still less probable, possibly she was lying asleep on her couch, with the moonlight streaming in her windows, and lighting up face and figure with sculptured beauty, while she dreamed, in her graceful slumber, of him. Psha! that was scarcely likely; but what was she doing at that identical moment, he wondered? And what had *he* been doing all these weeks, that he had not gathered this exquisite Violet, so shy, and tender, and beautiful?

She was a perfect little wild-rose beauty, this evidently unsophisticated Violet; drawn by her worldly aunt from some quiet village home to shine as a fashionable belle, and give additional *eclat* to that lady's well-established position. That was just it, he believed; and Mrs. Clarkly was as watchful of her pretty niece as though dangerous animals had been prowling around to carry her off. It really seemed to Mr. Neale that *he* had been regarded in this light; for a sort of invisible barrier was between them every time he tried to come to any definite understanding with the bewitching little Violet, whose soft eyes seemed to express volumes of sympathy for his disappointment, while her words and actions were rigidly proper.

The very night before he left, did he not, with infinite pains and strategy, decoy the slippery damsel into a shaded walk, and fairly begin a passionate disclosure of his wretchedness? Just then, however, a voice shrieked his name in accents of the utmost alarm; and he ran to find Mrs. Clarkly in an adjacent walk, respectfully regarded by the mildest of dogs, who would have declined such a meal under any circumstances; but the lady gasped out rather affectedly,

"I am so afraid of hydrophobia! And as I had just caught a glimpse of you, I could not help calling. I am looking for Violet; she promised to dance with Mr. Dewsbury, and I do not wish her to offend him."

But Violet was not to be seen until they returned to the ball-room, when they beheld

her floating like a sylph, and smiling on Mr. Dewsbury in the most benevolent manner.

The glory of the ball had vanished for Stuart Neale. He dashed up to his room, and packed his trunk in a savage manner, ready for his journey on the morrow; and thought, almost with fierce relief, of the troublesome call his partner had received to his dying father in a distant town, which obliged him to leave all the delights of this charming watering-place, when every one else intended to remain at least two weeks longer.

Stuart had a mother and two sisters at the hotel—the latter very pretty, stylish girls, and much more amiable than their class generally; and they had sagely whispered, *Prenez-garde*, when they saw their handsome brother not only losing his heart, but, it seemed to them, every remnant of common sense, for “that artful little Violet.”

But Stuart Neale reasoned exactly like other men in similar circumstances, that it was astonishing how women, even the best of them, were always fastening upon some sweet little specimen of their own sex to abuse and persecute; especially if brothers or lovers seemed capable of appreciating her charms. He would quite have agreed with the worthy of Dickens’ creation, who observed, “Rum creeturs, sir, is women!” although, with his superior advantage, he might have phrased it differently. And Mrs. and the Misses Neale, being sensible women, came to the wise conclusion that, since brother Stuart would take hold of “the pretty fire,” he must just be allowed to get a serious burn—when he would, undoubtedly, drop it.

It was quite a relief, however, that he was called away, and that he would be obliged to attend steadily to business; although an empty house at night, during the two weeks that they intended to remain, might be rather favorable for sentimentalizing.

That disappointing Violet really seemed to cling to her aunt’s skirts, and thus frustrated all his attempts at a private farewell; but, consoling himself with the thought that he would write at his leisure, Stuart Neale turned his back upon green fields, and his face toward the city.

He fretted at the delay, for he had anticipated reaching the house at a reasonable hour; when James, the respectable man-servant, who had been left in charge, would be ready to receive him, and light him to his own comfortable bed-chamber. Now, however, James would certainly be asleep at the very top of the house; and as he slept at about ten-man power, rousing

him might prove no easy matter. He would have the pleasure, he thought, of letting himself in with his night-key, and stumbling through a dark house to his dormitory—possibly being shot, on the way, by James for a house-breaker.

The prospect was not agreeable; and compared with the moonlight picture on the lake or veranda, it roused in him a general feeling of injury, and made him stalk with so lordly an air toward the most inviting-looking he could see, which happened to belong to neither of the contending Jehus, but to one who had stood aloof as hopeless of success. The favored charioteer cracked his whip triumphantly in the faces of his brethren, and bowing deferentially, asked “his honor where he’d please to be driven,” received his orders for west Thirty-Fourth street, and put his fiery steeds in motion.

“Oh, Violet!” thought his passenger, sadly, “every step seems to take me further away from you. What a wretched night I shall spend in the miserable uncertainty of not knowing how you are employed!”

It is not at all probable that any thought about ignorance being bliss entered the young gentleman’s head; but he did think how miserably gloomy and deserted the city looked—quite forgetful of the fact that it was an hour at which honest people were usually in their beds; and he considered himself very ill-used in being obliged to leave Paradise for such a dreary place.

Of course, the Irishman stopped at the wrong number, and Stuart got out and walked to the right one—marking on the excessive gloominess of those endless blocks of brown-stone fronts, so exactly alike, that a man might live in them all in turn without finding out his mistake. To-night, they had a particularly forbidding look—solid and severe, like the Egyptian temples; and the only pedestrians in the deserted street were some dissipated cats, who were not troubled with grave reflections. How every footstep echoed on that stone-flight, and how utterly hopeless the house looked of anything like human occupancy.

He rang; but, as he had not expected an answer, he was not disappointed. Twice, three times the bell sounded, seeming to wake up all the echoes in the street; but it did not wake James. Having concluded, by this time, that it would be more agreeable to ring from the inside, Mr. Stuart Neale let himself in with his night-key, and plied the bell-wire, with fresh vigor. Ring—ring—ring; but it was like calling spirits from the vasty deep—the spirit that he called wouldn’t come.

"After all," he thought, when he felt tired of ringing, "why should I disturb poor James? honest, hard-working man, who is, probably, deep in his first nap, and would scarcely be sufficiently delighted at my return to enjoy being waked in the middle of the night to be informed of it. No, no! *requiescat in pace*, honest sleepy-head, while I thread the dark labyrinths of this silent fortress, until I am fortunate enough to find matches and strike a light."

Mr. Neale, although constitutionally a brave man, had a very reasonable dread of pistols fired at random in the dark; and as he knew James to be provided with a staunch revolver for his own protection and that of the house, he would have preferred arousing him by ringing the bell, rather than run the risk of being heard by him on the stairs. It was so long past the hour at which he was due, that he could not blame the man for giving him up for that night.

He groped carefully up the stairs, shuddering involuntarily when his outstretched hand came in sudden contact with the marble bust that stood in the first niche; while frightful stories of ghostly adventure, laid up in boyhood, rushed into his mind, and hurried his steps toward the door of the first sleeping-apartment he could reach. He seized the knob, but it would not yield to his efforts—the door was locked!

He tried the next, and the next, but with the same result; and quite unwillingly, he crept up another flight of stairs to his own room. It was really too exasperating to be locked out of that; and he shook and rattled the knob in frantic indignation.

Every other door was the same; and vowing vengeance on somebody, he was about making a speedy rush to James' quarters to shake him into a sense of present realities; when, suddenly, he remembered hearing his mother, in talking with another lady over their house-keeping arrangements, speak with some pride of having carefully locked up each separate room, leaving only the attic bed-room and the basement sitting-room for the benefit of James; and now she had forgotten to give him the keys.

What, in the world, should he do? He might try a hotel—but what chance of a bed at that hour of the night, and at that season of the year? However, as his choice lay between the hall-floor, with his traveling-bag for a pillow, and making the tour of the various houses of entertainment, he concluded to try the latter alternative.

In the first one he entered, a party of sleep-

looking men in the reading-room eyed him quite severely, and cast anxious glances toward the scant collection of mattresses that were being laid upon the floor by sleepy waiters. This was evidently to be their bivouac for the night. It was a discouraging prospect; but the new-comer made his way to the clerk's desk, and asked for a room quite as though he expected to get it.

That functionary, who was much like a French or Italian count, with a mustache that struck terror into weak-minded beholders, approached as near to the ghost of a smile as his magnificent self-importance would allow, and tried to look over and through Mr. Neale, with the evident expectation of looking him into nothing. But there was something in the gentleman's eyes that arrested his own; and having caught a full glance from those steady orbs, he lowered his crest, and said, almost politely,

"I am afraid, sir, that we can scarcely accommodate you—you see our condition."

Then, hastily turning over the large book before him, he said, musingly, "No. 201, one bed. Will you share a room with another occupant?"

"Certainly not!" was the indignant answer; and shrugging his shoulders, to imply that the interview was terminated, he of the mustache turned carelessly away—and Stuart Neale strode haughtily forth into the night again.

There were plenty more hotels, he thought, and he could try them all; but he tried in vain: all were equally crowded; and then he remembered, for the first time, that a political convention was to meet the next day, and that the city was literally overrun with strangers.

He tried hotel after hotel, for two hours. Then he thought he would spend the night walking the streets. But he found it dreadfully stupid and tiresome. He thought of Johnson and Savage, walking all night around St. James' Square for want of a lodging, with some degree of envy—for had not each a companion? There was some romance in that, as it was the result of unappreciated genius, and it was encircled by the nimbus of a past age and a distant land. But there was nothing in the least romantic in the fact that a young man of modern times, whose pocket-book was well-lined with greenbacks, was locked-out of his mother's house, in New York, and crowded out of accommodations at the hotels.

There was nothing to be done but to go back to Thirty-Fourth street, and to spend what remained of the night on the hall-floor, with his head resting on his soft and downy

traveling-bag. To Thirty-Fourth street, therefore, he turned.

"Oh, for one of the parlor-sofas!" he said, disconsolately, as he opened the door with his latch-key. "Could his mother have been foolish enough to lock-up the parlors? He tried a door very quietly, still remembering James; and, oh! delicious prospect of comfort and repose! it opened at his touch—and he actually stood in the lofty precincts sacred to visitors, with the sacrilegious determination of stretching his weary limbs on satin-damask and rose-wood.

His shins came suddenly and violently in contact with a graceful little table with sprawling legs; and something fell on the floor with an alarming noise. When he put his hand down to examine, the carpet was wet, and he touched a soft mass that seemed like flowers. He had no matches, and no knowledge of the whereabouts of any; and resolving not to trouble his head about what the morning light would fully explain, he found his way to a sofa—and in five minutes, was so soundly asleep, that he might have been carried off bodily without waking.

The sofa, fortunately, was covered by a linen-jacket, which made it both more agreeable to lie on, and less likely to be injured by the proceedings. All the other satin articles were protected in like manner; but it is scarcely probable that the wanderer would have been deterred by any results from sleeping then and there.

The few hours that remained before morning took to themselves wings, and flew away; and before long moonlight had given place to sunlight. Stuart Neale cared nothing for the flight of time—the affairs of this sublunary sphere had entirely lost their interest; he was wandering with Violet in some isle of the blest, when, horror of horrors! a demon, that had the four heads of as many distracted admirers, seized and bore her off to the water, while the distressed damsel uttered shriek upon shriek.

So vivid was the dream, that the noise of the shrieks wakened him, and he half-opened his eyes to a dim consciousness of being surrounded by figures in a great state of commotion, while the screams continued.

"Now," said a voice that had authority in it, "just get up, will you, young man, and give an account of yourself. How came you here?"

The astonished sleeper opened his eyes widely, and met the steady gaze of an elderly gentleman, who seemed trying to look ferocious, the timid glance of a very lovely young lady, and open mouth of the screaming female, who

was evidently lady's-maid, or some sort of functionary; while several heads in the background were thrust eagerly forward, as though to obtain a glimpse of some strange spectacle.

Mr. Neale looked at the carpet, which was blue where red should have been; looked at the walls, where strange pictures met his eye; looked at the table he had knocked over the night before—a gem of ebony and silver, that had never been in his mother's house—and slowly came to the conclusion that he had stumbled into a dreadful scrape. He started to his feet, and glanced almost appealingly at the young lady.

"Father!" exclaimed that very pretty personage, as a sudden light flashed upon her, "there is some mistake here—this gentleman is no house-breaker; he is Mr. Stuart Neale, our next-door neighbor."

Poor Stuart was ready to sink through the floor with mortification; what *must* they think of him for breaking into their house, knocking over their table, and actually spending the night on the drawing-room sofa!

"I hope, sir," said he, after bowing gratefully to the young lady, "that you will kindly look upon this strange conduct as a very stupid mistake on my part—for such, indeed, it is; and I would give much if it had not happened. But when you consider that I am locked out of every part of my mother's house, except the stairs and halls; that I arrived in the city at midnight, and spent an hour or more perambulating the streets in search of a lodging; that I returned, more asleep than awake, and having, as I supposed, entered our own house, tried the parlor-door with little hope of success, and scarcely got in before I was asleep, I think you will not withhold your sympathy. These tiresome houses are so exactly alike—"

"Say no more, Mr. Neale!" exclaimed the old gentleman, warmly. "You are as welcome as possible to your sofa-lodging; and I very much regret that you should have been disturbed by a silly girl's screams, and our own silly conduct afterward. We are neighbors, and, had I known of your situation, it would have afforded me much pleasure to offer you more comfortable quarters. My name is Bluxom; this is my wife, Mrs. Bluxom, and my daughter, Miss Bluxom."

Mrs. Bluxom had only just reached the scene of confusion; a very attractive-looking lady, much like her daughter; but she comprehended the situation in a moment, and said kindly to the embarrassed Stuart,

"It is a great pity, I think, that neighbors

do not oftener get into each other's houses, even in this manner. New York fashions, in this respect, are outrageously heartless. Just think of living for years separated only by a foot or so of brick-and-mortar from people whom, perhaps, you never speak to as long as you live!"

Stuart warmly admitted the truth of these remarks, and wondered what his sisters had been about not to notice and call upon such a girl as Miss Minnie Bluxom. She had such a very lovely face—not only painted with red and white, but "with brains, sir;" and her voice was music itself. The Bluxoms were strangers in New York, having only moved there in the spring; but they were evidently very cultivated people, who had visited all the places worth seeing in the old world, as well as the new, and who kept their books for use instead of show.

"I must inquire into the damage I have done," said the intruder, stooping to pick up the scattered flowers, and the broken crystal-vase. "I am afraid, Miss Bluxom, that this belongs to your jurisdiction."

"I shall not be very severe," replied the young lady, with a most forgiving smile; "a few worthless flowers, and a glass vase are easily replaced."

"Did any one ever hear the like of that!" exclaimed Matilda, the damsel who had exercised her lungs so vigorously, as she retreated with her comrades to the lower regions. "'Worthless flowers!' If the fine fellow that gave them to her could only hear it! She thought them beautiful enough yesterday; but this gentleman, who got into the house when he'd no business to, seems to have set them all beside themselves. 'A silly girl's screams,' indeed! The next time we have a house-breaker here, let him cut all our throats before I'll raise my voice! Who wouldn't have screamed, I'd like to know, to see a strange man lying on the sofa?"

"Tell us about it, Matilda," they clamored. "How did you come to find him?"

"Why," said Matilda, after a proper degree of urging, "I went in to dust up for the day; and first, I sees the little table knocked over, and the flowers on the floor; and then I sees a man asleep on the sofa. Of course, I hollered; and then they all comes and makes this fuss over him."

"Well, he looks every inch the gentleman," said the cook, appreciatively.

"I've nothing agin his looks," rejoined Matilda. "He's well enough in his place; but

I don't want him on the parlor sofa the first thing in the morning, giving me such a turn—I shan't get over it all day."

Mr. Bluxom took hospitable possession of his unexpected visitor, and insisted on conducting him to a dressing-room, where he could enjoy the luxury of a bath, and make himself generally comfortable. A most tempting breakfast was served in such a bright, cheerful room, with birds, and flowers, and nick-nacks, that Stuart resolved to ask his sisters to take a look at it, and arrange their dining-room on the same plan. He felt quite embarrassed by all these kindnesses from perfect strangers; but they were so kindly proffered that he could not doubt their sincerity.

"Now," said Mrs. Bluxom, when their guest rose to go down town, "you must promise us to look on this house as your home—at least, while you are locked out of your own. Your only choice," she added, laughing, as she recalled his experience among the hotels, "is between this and the street."

Mr. Neale went to his business, that morning, with a very confused notion of things generally; and a face that was wonderfully like Minnie Bluxom's rather overshadowed Violet's. In the course of the day, he received a letter from his mother, written in great haste, to tell him where the keys were to be found, and expressing the hope that he was comfortably established in some hotel. Rather a private one, he thought, as he called to mind the kindnesses of his new acquaintances.

This letter reminded him of the one he intended writing Violet; and he had almost seated himself at the task, when he suddenly concluded that it might be just as well to give her the opportunity of missing his attentions a little.

So, the letter was not written; and he did not spend that day, like the preceding one, amid imaginary scenes on a moonlit veranda, or a rippling lake. He found himself quite able, in the afternoon, to enjoy a drive in the Park with his new friends very much; and he returned to music and ices with them in the evening.

James, the serving-man, was infinitely astonished at the apparition of his young master, and was scarcely disposed to credit his tale of having arrived the night before; especially as he labored under the hallucination of being a particularly light sleeper. The keys were found; and Mr. Stuart Neale, now ready to appreciate his comfortable bed, thought it the very softest couch he had ever tried; his room

and dressing-room seemed palatial in their appointments; and, on the whole, the fastidious young gentleman was rather benefited by his rough experience.

The acquaintance, begun so inauspiciously between the hitherto unknown and unknown neighbors, progressed rapidly; and "the fine fellow," alluded to by Matilda as presenting the overturned flowers, came to the conclusion that further bouquets were useless. The dreariness of the street, in Mr. Neale's eyes, was now transformed into agreeable quiet; and freedom from the observation of countless neighbors, who might comment upon the frequent interchange of civilities between the two houses.

The nearest hotel graciously accommodated him with meals—when he did not take them next door, which Mrs. Bluxom thought it very absurd in him not to do all the time; and, on the whole, Mr. Neale was about as comfortable as it was possible for a young gentleman to be—and much more so than young gentlemen in love, when banished from their divinities, are apt to be. He had even got so far as to look upon his mother's forgetfulness of the keys as a most fortunate circumstance; for his burglarious entrance into Mr. Bluxom's house was, probably, the only entrance he could have made, as etiquette forbade their being conscious of each other's existence.

Those two weeks seemed shod with lightning; and one bright morning in September, the affectionate son and brother was paralyzed by the sight of three female traveling-dresses, with the owners therein; and six female trunks, three stories high, and bearing the appearance of having been danced on at that, to get them closed.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed all three, kissing him ecstatically, "we should have stayed a week longer, had it not been for you—how lonely you must have been!"

Stuart modestly insinuated that it was too great a sacrifice to hurry home for him; and that, on the whole, he had "done pretty well."

"But you must have been entirely without society," said Miss Fanny; "not a creature is in town yet."

Her brother wished to inform her that there were two or three creatures next door; but they scarcely gave him a chance. That story would have to lie over until they had relieved themselves of the burden of news that had accumulated during his departure.

"What do you think, Stuart, has become of Violet Withers?" asked his younger sister,

somewhat mischievously. "That 'dear, little, unsophisticated piece of nature,' as I believe you called her?"

"Ran away with Dewsbury, perhaps," he replied, with a composure that struck his anxious relatives as an admirable piece of acting.

"A very artful little girl," said Mrs. Neale, with a disapproving shake of her head.

"What has 'become of her?'" asked Stuart.

"Engaged to old Greenback!" replied Miss Fanny, triumphantly. "Mrs. Clarkly had been angling after him ever since his arrival."

"Why, he's deaf, and has grandchildren!" exclaimed her astonished brother.

"Likewise, deeds and mortgages without number," said Mrs. Neale, smiling; "and Miss Violet's engagement-ring might rouse the envy of a prince of Oude."

"I really think," said Stuart, gravely, "that it would have been more respectable to have taken Dewsbury."

"Therein consists the difference between you," laughed his sister Fanny. "Miss Violet did not think so; for poor Dewsbury was overheard laying his heart at her feet just before old Greenback committed himself. Oh! we've had gay doings, I can assure you!"

"And what have you been doing, my dear boy?" asked his mother, caressingly.

"Turning burglar," replied Stuart, laughing at the recollection of his adventure, "and breaking into our next door neighbors' house—all owing to my dear mother's carefully locking me out of every room in our own."

The three were quite dumb with astonishment as they listened to the recital; and Mrs. Neale scarcely knew what to think of it.

"You cannot tell how kind they have been, mother," added her son; "nor how much I have enjoyed their society ever since—they were a cluster of living palms in the desert. I have promised a call from you and my sisters at an early day. Miss Bluxom is a very superior girl."

"I should like to know something about them," replied Mrs. Neale, with true city reserve.

"Do you not know that they have been kind to your son?" asked Stuart, reproachfully.

"Mother," said Fanny, suddenly, when her brother had left them, "I do not think that Stuart really cared for Violet Withers, after all!"

"I do not think he cares now," replied Mrs. Neale, thoughtfully. "I wonder what this Miss Bluxom is like? I am afraid he has

gotten us, as well as himself, into a sort of scrape. We shall have to call, of course, and thank them for their kindness to Stuart."

They did call, and were fairly taken by storm. The frostiness of fashionable propriety was speedily dissolved by their kind reception; and there was such a catching warmth about the whole family, that it was impossible to make a ceremonious visit. Mrs. Bluxom and Mrs. Neale discovered that they had been school-mates; and "that sweet little Minnie" was pronounced perfectly irresistible.

Stuart very soon discovered that the home-powers were favorable to his wooing—much of which was done on a city balcony, without any "water-prospect" but that afforded by a

neighboring hydrant. They had, however, the assistance of the luminary that, according to Hood,

"— Makes earth's commonest scenes appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dream-like splendor."

When Mr. Bluxom was applied to for permission to do what had already been done, he said that he was afraid it would look like paying a premium on vice, to reward a man who had entered his house in such a questionable manner with his daughter's hand; but, nevertheless, he did it; and the act seemed to give general satisfaction to all concerned in it.

CONSOLATION.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

You cannot soothe my breaking heart;
You need not tell me to be calm;
Where love's warm clasp is rent apart,
On earth there is no balm.
Who else can feel the crushing weight
That makes my life so desolate?

Oh! what are words when souls are wring
With throbs of keen, unuttered pain;
When hopes to which we fondly clung,
All prove, alas! in vain?
What comfort, then, in pity's tone?
The heart would rather grieve alone.

You cannot bring my lost one back,
Send through this clay the fleeting breath,
Nor living tread the grave-yard track—
The phantom realm of Death.
Cold, rigid lies my darling there—
How can you chide my wild despair?

Your words are all in kindness meant,
But grief is deeper far than speech;
The heart with bleeding wounds all rent,
No human skill can reach.
Oh! leave me, friends, my loss to mourn;
In silence sorrow best is borne.

I would that earth were draped in woe;
These cloudless skies a mockery seem;
You call me selfish—is it so?
The past is all a dream;
I only feel this present pain
Strike upward swift from heart to brain.

There is no comfort save in God;
No balm that mortal lips can speak;
We cannot bend beneath His rod,
In saintly patience meek,
Until He draws us near His throne,
Communing with our souls alone.

OVERTASKED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Her large blue eyes with tears are wet,
The words swim while she reads them o'er;
No picture on her brain is set—
Her lesson she can con no more.

Upon her hand her wide brow droops,
And fancy takes the place of thought;
And vaguely there it softly groups
The varied shapes her brain has wrought.

What dreams are these that spread away,
Her close, substantial chamber-wall;
Dispelling evening's sober gray,
Sifting a sunlight over all?

They throw their sweetness on her face,
A softened shadow o'er her eye,

And win her, for a little space,
From dreaded tasks that wait her night.

You read her face, as she would read
Her lesson from her faded book;
Her bent of mind, her fancy's creed,
You gather from her misty look.

You feel a sorrow for her sake,
And sigh half-sadly; for you know
That to the real she must awake
From these bright dreams that charm her so.

And breathe a prayer, perhaps, that she,
Where'er her quiet footsteps turn,
May ever be from grief as free,
And find no heavier tasks to learn.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER DAY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Two pretty girls, in gipsy hats and segar-colored suits, took seats in an excursion-train from Boston to Lowell, one bright day last summer. They had for escort a middle-aged gentleman, who had much rather have been in his counting-house, than pleasure-seeking. "But then," said he to himself, as he handed the smaller of the two to her seat, "cousin Mabel's visit to Boston shall not be a failure."

But what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Only five seats behind, sat a slender, brown-eyed youth, who looked at the reflection of the other of these fair, girlish faces, in the glass at the end of the car, and envied Waverly Westgate with his whole heart.

"Oh, Nelly! do look at the charming bunch of water-lilies that young man behind us is buying! What a shame he should take them all!" cried Mabel. "Do you think he heard me?" she added, in a guilty whisper, as a slackening of the car threw her voice out high and clear on the sudden stillness. "Oh, no! He has gone out," she continued, quite relieved as she cast a stealthy look over her shoulder.

Then Waverly stepped out also on the platform, and when he returned he brought with him the water-lilies, which he laid in Mabel's lap.

"How splendid! Where did you get them? Thank you ever and ever so much," said Mabel, burying her face in the pure, sweet blossoms.

"You need not thank me. I did not buy them," returned her cousin.

Mabel looked puzzled; and just then her eye caught these words, written upon a petal of one of the lilies,

"From the truest to the fairest."

"Why, Nelly Natal, do see here!" she exclaimed.

Nelly looked at the peculiar backhanded characters, curiously at first, and then with a sudden flush and evident excitement. Apparently the trite sentiment brought some message to her, or touched some secret chord.

The puzzled surprise increased in Mabel's face; but before she could speak she was thrown violently against the seat before her, while the car swayed about like a boat on a stormy sea. Then came a sudden plunge, a horrible slipping out of consciousness, and the next Mabel

knew she was lying on a grassy hill-slope, with the sound of a water-fall near, and a bird singing and tilting on the swaying bough of an elm-tree overhead.

Mabel raised herself on her elbow and looked about. The bird, startled at the motion, stopped her singing, and flew away; and then there was no sight or sound of anything living.

"I wonder if I am dead," thought she, "and in the next world all by myself! I didn't suppose there would be worms'-nests on the trees there, or thorns on the blackberry-vines," she continued, reflectively, looking more carefully around.

Then she grew giddy, and, shutting her eyes, sunk back again upon the grass. Presently she was conscious of a footfall, so light that she felt rather than heard it, and opening her eyes, looked straight into the brown eyes of a young man.

"I am dead," she decided; "and here is an angel."

The "angel" had no wings, but wore on his head a Panama hat, and taking it off, now began softly to fan her till, little by little, Mabel's scattered senses came back; the color returned to her cheeks, and she perceived herself to be still in the body. Then she recognized the young man as the fellow-traveler who had bought the lilies.

"What happened, and where are the rest?" said she.

As she spoke, an engine screamed in the distance, as if in answer, followed by the rattle of a train of cars. Mabel rose to her feet in quick excitement, and then she saw, far down the hill-slope, an upturned car and mass of debris, with people standing and lying among and around the fragments of the wreck.

"Is Nelly killed?" she asked, in an agony of impatience. "Where is cousin Waverly?"

"Nobody is killed, and I think nobody is seriously hurt. Miss Natal has a slightly sprained ankle, and Mr. Westgate has another, so they waited for you below," replied the young man. "Excuse me; you will walk more firmly if you take my arm."

Mabel was beginning to feel tremulous again, so, without standing upon the order of her going, she thanked him and took the stranger's arm.

"I don't see why I am so weak. I am not hurt," said she. "And how came I away up the hill all alone?"

"I carried you there to have you out of the way of the confusion," replied the youth. "When I found you had only fainted I went back to look after the others."

He did not think it necessary to add that, deceived by the gipsy hat and sear-colored suit, he thought he had Mabel's cousin, Nelly, in his arms until far up the hill; and if it had been she, it was possible he might have felt it a duty to stay by her until she had entirely recovered from the faintness.

When they came down among the shattered fragments of the overturned car, among the confused groups of anxious and of suffering faces, Mabel's light touch upon the young man's arm became more and more heavy as the deathly sickness began to come over her again, and she was glad to turn away to a more sheltered spot beyond a little clump of barberry-bushes, where her cousins were seated, talking as cheerfully as though they were there merely for a picnic.

Then such a pretty pink color flickered up over Nelly's face, settling in her cheeks and burning them scarlet. But Mabel hardly noticed it, or the sudden conscious silence that fell over her; for Mabel herself, in the excitement of fright and sense of relief, put her head on her cousin Waverly's shoulder, and began to cry like a silly school-girl. So they all turned to soothing her; and presently the cars sent for the relief of the disabled train were ready.

"I hope you do not feel obliged, Dr. Farnsworth, to go back to the city on our account," said Waverly, as the young man, after arranging him and the young ladies as comfortably as possible, seated himself just behind. "We are greatly obliged for all your kind attention, but shall need no further care, and I insist you do not incommode yourself."

The young man bowed. "I hope you do not think I am so blind to the duties of my profession as to desert my patients half-way," he answered, smiling. "And, really, I have no especial business at Providence."

"Now that Nelly Natal is not going," he might have added in truth.

Waverly did not continue to "insist;" but was rather relieved that the doctor did, for the pain of his twisted ankle was all he cared to attend to, as the train rattled on with as many jolts and bounces as it is possible for the ingenuity of a Yankee railroad to contrive.

"How young he looks for a doctor," whispered Mabel to Nelly. "Did you know him before? I think he is splendid-looking."

Nelly did not reply; but the pretty color dropped out of her cheeks, leaving them so white that Mabel was terrified.

"You are going to faint!" she cried.

And before Nelly could hinder her, the impulsive girl, who was herself about as reliable in an emergency as a paper doll, beckoned to the doctor, who sat watching them with rather more than professional interest. He instantly came forward.

"What is it?" he asked, with an air attentive enough in itself to insure success to any practitioner.

"Nothing, nothing at all. You are such a goose, Mabel!" answered Nelly, sharply, turning away her face.

Poor little Mabel looked helplessly from one to the other; but she was such a goose she did not see there was anything the matter but a railway accident.

"I thought you were surely going to faint you were so white, but you are red enough now. Aren't you dreadfully warm?" said she, innocently, pulling her fan from her pocket, instead of going to look after Waverly, and thus take herself out of the way.

The car rattled, and jolted, and bounced its way along, stopping whenever it was fairly under way, and starting off afresh each time with a desperate jerk and strain; for the engine nearest at hand, when the dispatch for help came, was nearly disabled, and it was not safe to put on much steam. So it wheezed and tugged like an overworked behemoth, and made riding more effort than walking.

"I can't bear this any longer. How is it with you, Nell?" said Waverly, at last.

As he spoke, the engine, as though also discouraged, gave a hopeless scream, and stopped outright.

"Thank you!" continued Waverly. "Now let us get out and wait for the express train. We can get somebody from one of these farm-houses to take us to the nearest station when it is time. That will not be for four hours yet; but I had rather sit on a log by the wayside than endure this any longer."

So they got out, and the philanthropic doctor with them.

"Why, no, don't let us trouble you any further," protested Waverly, seeing the train begin to vibrate preparatory to trying to start once more.

"I don't see why I am obliged to be jolted

to death more than you," returned the doctor. "It seems to me the time in this strawberry-field, under these elms, will pass much more pleasantly."

Doubtless. Only the season for strawberries was gone a month; and in their season none grew within miles of that field; and the elms were shrub-oaks.

But the sun shone; the birds flitted through the clear air; squirrels scolded and chattered, swinging themselves from branch to branch; locusts, hidden among the green leaves, trilled in the drowsy noontide; roosters in neighboring farm-house answered each other with shrill cries.

"And a hundred happy insects
Sung in the warm repose."

Very near the railroad-track was a great, irregular rock, broken, yet smooth, and so surrounding the rough bole of a low-branched oak, with its grooves and hollows, as to make several natural seats with backs of living-oak. These rustic seats were soon made into luxurious couches and easy-chairs by buffalo-skins that Dr. Farnsworth borrowed at the nearest farm-house. He also brought from there milk, and bread, and berries, hard-boiled eggs, dough-nuts, and sweet-ferm beer; with "butter and honey in a lordly dish," namely, a cabbage-leaf, wrapped about to keep them cool. Then, oh! the scented, sunny summer day, with a quiver of bird-songs in the air, of fluttering leaves upon the tree-tops, and brown crickets holding cheerful monologues among the meadow-grass.

"Them city folks appear to be enjoying themselves out there under the trees. I gave them an invite to come and sit in the front room, but there ne'er a one of them won't do it," remarked the farmer, coming for a dipper of water to pour over the grindstone.

"I wouldn't come in if I were they. I wish I had nothing to do but to sit under the trees this warm day and enjoy myself," sighed the farmer's wife, with a weary look at the ironing-table and basket of folded clothes, and then at the picturesque group, happy and careless in their "elegant leisure."

Happy and careless! So they looked, but every heart knoweth its bitterness.

Waverly Westgate, to be sure, lying along the rock with his hat-brim over his eyes, and the mingling of soft harmonies in his ears, was in that delicious state when he hardly knew if he were "man or rose." And Mabel was always light of heart and head as the small, green grasshoppers jumping and trilling in

the new-mown hay. But there was something discordant somewhere between the blue and the green, for the summer meadow stretched out dreary as a deserted grave-yard before Nelly's eyes, while the doctor's eyes followed hers with sad yearning as he sat a little apart.

The hours sped and vanished, till the farmer's boy was ready with the wagon to take them to the coming train. It was a ride of only three miles, but the jogging, slow-paced horse made it six in the early evening, with the dropping dew, the glancing fire-flies, and, presently, as they came to a bit of woodland, a full chorus of katydids.

Mabel screamed with delight, till the white-faced horse pricked up his ears and ran two steps in astonishment.

"Katy did! Katy didn't?" What did Katy do? What didn't Katy do? Aren't they cute? I never heard them before, did you, Nelly?"

"No, never! Do stop the horse a minute, driver, and let us listen!" replied Nelly.

"Katy did? What did Katy?" repeated Mabel.

"I know," replied Dr. Farnsworth. "She did judge a friend with false judgment, and she didn't listen to his explanation."

Mabel laughed. "Do tell the story, if you know it," she said.

"Yes, I know it," replied Dr. Farnsworth, with a touch of dreariness in his tone.

"Katy had a lover; and she had promised to go with him to the grand concert by starlight in the maple-trees. All the day he thought of nothing else, but spent the time polishing his wings, and eating honey-dew to make his voice clear. However, on his way to her bower he heard a pitiful moaning in the grass, and turning aside, found a little black cricket, which had had its leg stepped on and broken by a rabbit flying past. He could not leave the poor creature, and by the time he had bound up the broken leg with plantain-leaves and grass, it was too late for the concert. And never from that night to this has Katy listened to his apology. Do you not think she should, Miss Natal?" asked Dr. Farnsworth, suddenly turning to Nelly.

"The story is not true," replied Nelly, hoarsely. "There was no broken-legged cricket, but a gay fire-fly—and the false lover danced with her."

"Never!" cried Dr. Farnsworth, earnestly. "It was surely a wounded cricket; or, to speak literally, a bricklayer, crushed by a falling building."

"Weren't you walking on the Common with

Julia Beidler, in the moonlight? My sister, Mary, saw you," answered Nelly, unconsciously dropping the slender thread of parable, and betraying herself.

"Never!" repeated the doctor, vehemently. "I was caring for the poor bricklayer, who died at midnight. But, very likely, your sister might have seen my twin-brother, Gersham, with Julia Beidler. He usually is."

At these few words, which seemed so simple, and meant so little to a stranger, something hard, and cold, and heavy, instantly dropped out of Nelly's heart, and left in its place a singing, winged bird; and, like Moses, she veiled her face to hide its shining. Was this, indeed, the world that looked so gray and gloomy a moment ago? Why this was Paradise, full of flowers, and birds, and sunshine; a spot where

"From the boundless green below,
To the fathomless blue above,
The creatures of God are happy
In the warmth of their Summer love."

And the affection that had been developing so shyly, so slowly, as though it had the life of a century-plant for its perfecting, burst into sudden bloom, like the flowers of an Arctic summer.

But Mable, too much bewildered to know what to say, looked from one to the other in curious wonder.

"What is it, Nell?" she cried, presently, for she was not a girl to long lose her voice. "Were you the Katy who did, and who didn't?"

Nelly did not answer. She did not even hear. For the time, she and Dr. Farnsworth

were alone in the universe. And the swinging branches, the fading daylight, the insect harmony, the jog of the plodding horse, the touch of the summer air on her forehead, and the merry babble of Mabel's voice, only made up a rosy background behind these two souls. Then orange-flowers budded, and burst in blossoms on every wayside weed; each farm-house turned into a palace of jasper, and the back-bone fences around pastures that bore two rocks to every blade of grass, were built of pearl, and inclosed glimpses of the lost Eden.

Such delusion! As Waverly Westgate could have told her! He knew perfectly well he was riding over a dusty country-road, passing houses whose inhabitants had gradually withdrawn into one end, which they patched with shingles and clap-boards from the other. He knew he was riding in a wagon without springs; that the falling dew was chill and heavy, and that, if the white-nosed horse did not mend his pace, they should fall behind the train, already whistling in the far distance. Just in time! The old farm-wagon drew up with an extra bounce and jolt on one side of the station, as the express, with a fussy snort, halted an instant at the other—and in another moment they were on their homeward way.

"Always remember, Mabel, whatever happens," said Nelly, sagely, with experienced wisdom, after they had gone up stairs that night, "to listen to explanations, even if you *know* you know. Now here are six whole months wasted, and even if Charley and I spend eternity together, we can never get them back."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

SHADOWY shapes through the lonely rooms

Of that gray old mansion are ever flitting;

And phantom forms, in the midnight glooms,

By its darkened hearth-stone are ever sitting;

And voices from lips closed long ago,

Through its silent chambers whisper nightly;

And hands grown cold as the Winter snow,

On sleeping foreheads linger lightly.

And names that are carved on marbles cold,

Where the silent stars their watch are keeping;

And lips that are mute beneath the mould,

Which the twilight dews are nightly steeping;

For lonely hearts, in the lonely rooms,

Lose in midnight dreams their weary aching;

And hear through the mystic midnight glooms,

The silent tones love's music making.

Oh! the haunted house, and the haunted heart,

Where the dead past lives in the phantom treasures
That memory makes, to seem a part

Of life, more real than its present pleasures;

Where the loved and the lost to the soul are bound

By ties that bind no later comer;

And the living and breathing forms around,

Seem but transient guests of a fleeting Summer.

What joy when the dream of life is past,

And death's dark night no more may sever;

And the souls that are sundered here at last,

Are reunited there forever;

Where darkness and death no more may come,

And the love of God is the light supernal

That illumines His children's happy home

'Neath that Tree of Life that is ever vernal.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

LOUISON BRISOT went from the presence of Mirabeau with a tumult of contending passions at war in her bosom. Ardent, vindictive, and egotistical, she guarded herself with a power of secretiveness and sharp cunning so completely, that it was not wonderful that a man so reckless as Mirabeau should have misunderstood the depth and danger of her antagonism. He had no idea of the wonderful self-control which curbed her fierce passions, and gave them double force when she allowed them to break forth in all their fiery strength. Her coarse nature had mated itself so vehemently with that of the eloquent demagogue, that he was sometimes startled to find himself completely duplicated in the form of a woman—so completely, that he began to dislike himself in her; and this feeling often broke forth mockingly, as he was apt to scoff at himself when the worst traits of his own character forced themselves on his intelligence. Mirabeau forgave himself for thus reviling his own rude nature—but the woman forgave nothing.

Men like Count Mirabeau are often the most fastidious beings alive, regarding delicate shades of propriety in their friends, and almost invariably look for objects of affection above their own level. In order to create a real impression upon this man, it was necessary to enlist his imagination, and that always lifted itself to the grand and beautiful, not to say the unattainable. Mirabeau held his immediate compeers but lightly, as, in his better moments, he often despised himself.

Louison Brisot was ambitious; and in the riot and turmoil of the Revolution she found scope for all her evil passions, and all her intellect. In this Revolution she saw but one leader, and that was Mirabeau. His eloquence inspired her; his stubborn will held all her own powers in thrall. She saw strong, fierce, brave men yield to his invincible force of character. If he moved, the people went with him; if he spoke they held their breath, and listened as if this man, with the blue blood of the nobles

of France soiled by all the baser passions known to themselves, were, in fact, a being to worship and follow with clamorous praises. With women like this, love is a score of baser passions disguised under one name, which they desecrate. Mirabeau knew this, and took no pains to deceive the woman regarding the amount of respect that he felt for her. Had he known from the first that she had come from that dangerous interview with the queen, his audacity would have tempted him to brave her. She felt this, and gave him no opportunity, being one of those extraordinary women who could wait, though every fierce passion of her soul were at a white heat. Two words broke from her lips as she left the house, and those were "Double traitor!"

For a day and a night Louison shut herself up in her own apartments, and strove to organize some plan of operation for herself. Should she make it known to the clubs that Mirabeau had held a private interview with the queen, whom they all hated with fiendish detestation, and turn the force of public indignation on him at once, or should she wait, watch, and gather up facts that would ensnare him completely, that all his great strength should be of no avail?

Her nature, which was at once fierce and crafty, led to the quieter course. With all her courage, she thought of openly assailing this powerful man with thrills of terror. She knew him to be unscrupulous as herself, and far beyond her in influence. Would the clubs, in fact, believe her if she ventured to stake her unsupported word against his? As yet that meeting had no results. If Mirabeau had sold his influence to the queen, money would be forthcoming; and no fear of danger would prevent the count from lavishing it with dangerous prodigality. For this money he must change his course in the Assembly; let him do this ever so adroitly, she could connect the change with his unusual expenditure, and thus sustain a charge it would be dangerous to make on her own unsupported assertion.

Louison resolved to take the coward's part, and wait; but not entirely. That which she dared not say to Mirabeau's friends she could whisper to his enemies. She had nothing to learn, her own eyes had seen enough; but, like a viper, she must creep on the earth till the time comes when she could erect herself, and bite the man she had professed to love.

The next evening found Louison worn out by the heat and contest of her own thoughts. She went into the streets, doubtful whether to make her way to the Cordelier Club, or find some church in which she might listen to vespers, and, perhaps, seek other religious help; for this woman, who was devoid of the first principles of morality, gave herself up at intervals to superstitions, which she absolutely believed to be religious. She did not turn toward the club, but walked on at random, threading one street after another until she reached the Bastille, which lay under the pale moonlight, heaped in ruins. The moat, half choked-up with fragments of stone, still toiled around the old foundations, lapping the huge stones, and seeming to writhe under them like a wounded serpent with a slimy, green back, on which the calm moon was shining in fitful glimpses.

It was a scene of wild devastation. Here and there patches of white plaster gleamed against the blackness of the broken stones like ghosts crouching in the shadows, and a part of the draw-bridge loomed up, as yet unbroken, from which huge chains were dangling, like fetters on a doomed man.

Weird and terrible as the scene really was, Louison regarded it with feelings of wild satisfaction. She had helped to tear down those mighty walls with her own hands. Her voice had led the women of the markets on to that awful attack, when despotism received its first fatal blow. She felt keen delight in roaming about this ghostly ruin, which was so fearfully typical of the fate which impended over the nation. In those disjointed stones she saw the real power which lay in the people, and the weakness of kings when that power chose to exert itself. If the people of France were strong enough to wrest this stronghold from the crown, what could prevent them from tearing away the very foundations of the throne itself?

Louison asked these questions of herself as she wandered among the black masses of stones that had once been a prison, so grim and awful, that the very children had run away terrified by a sight of its walls. A wild craving for liberty had hitherto filled her being; a blind

ambition to be the leading spirit of any tumult, that might spring out of the starvation and discontent which filled all France with tears and menaces. But now another and more bitter feeling possessed her; personal hate mingled itself with the fanaticism which had lifted liberty into the semblance of a god, at whose feet both religion and common sense must be cast. She longed to crush that beautiful queen as she had helped to hurl those stones down from their ponderous hold in the prison towers. She had no object in coming there but that of feasting her eyes on the ruin, which was a proof and a pledge of the greater overthrow yet to come, in which crowns should be trodden under foot, and thrones hurled from their base as these rocks had been.

In this place the demons of envy and hate entered that woman's soul, and she called them patriotism. Among the gaunt shadows that filled the ruins, there was one spot more dreary than the rest, hollowed out like an exhausted volcano, and partly choked-up with rocks, black and rugged as consolidated lava. The moonbeams penetrated into this abyss, and played whitely around its jagged edges. Louison could hear the trickle of water, as it filtered from the moat, and crept downward among the stones. This sight, more weird and dismal than anything she had seen, fascinated the woman, and she paused to look upon it. Above the slow trickle of waters she heard a human voice, utterly at variance with the place, for its tones were low and sweet as the murmur of a south wind, when the flowers are budding, but plaintive as that same wind is when it sighs among autumn leaves.

What could this sound mean? Had some prisoner been left among the subterranean dungeons, too feeble to make himself heard when that multitude of spoilers swept over the prison?

Louison was fearless; and this thought stirred all the humanity in her bosom. She sprang from the fragment of rock on which she stood, and leaped from point to point down into the chasm. She came at last to a platform, which had once been a corridor far beneath the level of the moat. This was partly filled with the rubbish of broken doors, and rusted iron, rent from the walls when the mob were raging through the foundations of the prison like wild beasts, making impossible efforts to annihilate the space which could only be filled up by the ruin going on above. More than one black hole in the wall revealed to her where a cell had been; and her progress was again

and again impeded by the links of some broken chain, coiling like a serpent in her path.

At last she came to an open cell, into which the moonlight penetrated dimly; for the rubbish directly before it had been cleared away, and some yards along the corridor were open to the sky. From this cell she heard murmurs; a soft voice, tremulous with the tender weakness of old age, was talking there, expostulating, caressing, murmuring fondly, as aged grandmothers caress their children's children.

Louison held her breath and listened, stricken with wonder and vague compassion.

"My pet, my little friend! and did you wait for me? Did you know my voice when I called out? Were you glad when I caught so many flies for your breakfast? Yes, yes! I found you waiting for me in the corner, wondering at the light, I dare say; but neither that, or the awful thunder of falling rocks could drive you from the old place. Did you hear me at work, day after day? Could you understand that I was in search of you, and that every stone I lifted took a load from my heart? They would not listen to me, our wild, fierce friends, and shouted with laughter when I told them I had a friend that must not be left, if I went. How could they understand that it was tearing my heart to leave you? But their kindness frightened me, and by force I was carried up, up into the sunlight, that struck me blind; into a home that was strange as a grave; and into a bed that tortured me with its softness. It was not home—that was with you, my darling. You shall have the sunlight as I do, and look out with me on the calm, white moon. It will seem strange at first, as it did to me; but you will not feel more afraid of it than I did."

Louison listened to the plaintive fondness of these rambling words, till they died away in soft cooing murmurs. Then she stooped a little, and passed into the cell, where, by a few faint gleams of the moon that trembled downward even to that depth, she saw a man sitting on the dungeon floor, his black garments trailing around him, and a beard, white as silver and soft as snow, sweeping down to his waist; his head was bent, and he was looking at some dark object in his hand.

When this man saw Louison, he laid his right hand over this object, lifted it to his bosom, sheltering it under his flowing beard, and turned his bright eyes angrily on the woman.

"Have you come again?" he said, querulously. "I know you. It was you, and the like of you, that dragged me into the hot sunlight. Have you come again?"

"Who are you, and how came you here?" demanded the woman, struck with wonder and something like dread.

"I was a man they called Dr. Gosner once, years and years ago; but they give me no name since then. Here it was No. 75; and out yonder, where the sun shines, they call me '*The Prisoner of the Bastile*.'"

"Ah! Are you that man? But I thought you were cared for, that you had a comfortable home with your own family. How came you here?"

"This is my home; it is shady and quiet. I have a friend here."

"What friend? Your daughter? Surely she does not come here; and I was told that she was an only child."

"Child! I had a child, fair as a cherub, bright as a flower, and they told me I was going to her; but when I cried out for my child, a young woman came and called me father—a fair, good woman, such as my wife was; but no child—no child; this one was another man's wife. It troubled me—it troubled me! Children change; but this one never!"

Here the man pressed both hands to his bosom, and his beard shook passionately.

"But your wife is still living? I know the whole sad story," said Louison.

"My wife! I think so. She called herself that, and I believed her. One day, when they took me in a great crowd to Versailles, saying that it might wring the heart of King Louis to look on a man who had spent half his life in the Bastile, this woman left my side, and sprang upon a cannon, carrying a flag in her hand, and wearing a cockade on her bosom. There was fire in her eyes, and specks of foam on her lips. She looked straight at the sun, and cried out, with a host of fierce, angry women, 'Bread or blood! Bread or blood!' Then I knew this woman was not my wife."

"Ah! I know well who it is—you speak of Madame Gosner. There is no voice at the clubs more powerful than hers. She leads the women and half the men of Paris with her enthusiasm and her force of will; Theroigne, of Liege, is not more powerful."

"My wife was young, sweet, gentle. She desired no power; but only asked for the pleasure of leading our child."

"But your wrongs have made her a patriot—a leader among down-trodden women and great men."

The old man shook his head sadly.

"The greatest wrong that can be done to any man is to deprive him of a wife he loves."

"But you are not deprived of this great woman. She is still your wife."

"Then let her go back to the vineyards which grew around our first home, out of this turmoil, where human happiness has no root."

"But that would be to cast away her power, and darken her own glory."

"Power over the vile passions of madmen; the glory which bathes itself crimson in blood! What has any man's wife in common with such things as these?"

"Then you scoff at a revolution in which women go breast to breast with brave men?"

"Scoff? No; it is long since I have forgotten how to scoff. We learn more humility in prison."

"But who sent you there? The king? Who was it that promised freedom, as a return for her own vile life, and then gave forth that you were dead? Marie Antoinette, the Austrian."

"The king who buried me is dead. God has long since judged him for the crime!"

"But the woman who ruled that weak, wicked man is still living."

"Let her live."

"But your wrongs belong to the people. They speak louder than the clamor of a thousand tongues against the man and woman who call themselves merciful, yet kept you a prisoner in this horrid place years and years after the original oppressor was dead."

"Hush! Speak lower, you disturb my little friend. It is always so quiet here."

Louison shook her head.

"Poor man, his mind is disturbed."

"No; it is my heart which shrinks from the strife going on up yonder. They dragged me into it; *she* did, the woman who calls herself my wife. She would gladly have mounted me by her side on the cannon that day, when hordes of frantic women might whet their rage over my broken life. I was not weak or afraid. Had the woman been on the guillotine, they would have found me by her side; but not there—not there. France has better uses for her women."

"Then you denounce the women who are ready to die for liberty; you side with royal tyrants?" said Louison, fiercely.

"Woman, if you are one of them, go away and leave me in peace."

"No, old man, I will not leave you. In these times the life and peace of every man and woman in France belongs to the nation. It is given some to fight, some to speak, and others to plan—you shall not sit here musing in silence. There is eloquence in your wrongs,

power in your white hair—glory to crown it when this government is overthrown. You are needed to inspire the people who have given you freedom. Old man, I charge you to join those who will have 'Liberty or death! Liberty or death!' These were the words of a great American patriot, who did more by that one outburst to win the freedom he pined for, than the swords of fifty common warriors. Your words may be equally powerful."

The old man shook his head, but made no answer. Louison spoke again, for his meek opposition excited her anger. She moved on one side in her rage, and the motion let in a gleam of moonlight, which fell on the old man's face. She started violently, and spoke again with bitterness.

"Oh! I understand; that face, I have seen it before. In the Park, at St. Cloud, that night when the queen met Count Mirabeau; you saw them together, heard what they said, perhaps. It is the witchcraft of her beauty that has silenced all sense of injury in you. You were lingering by the gate when I went out. Speak, old man—was it not so?"

"Who is it that asks?"

"One who knows that you spoke with the queen that night."

"With the queen—Marie Antoinette? No, no!"

"But you did. She was in the grounds alone that night. Mirabeau met her there; you saw her."

"I saw a lady; but how could I look in her face when *that* was on her hand?"

"Still it was the queen."

"No, no!" exclaimed the old man, with a look of innocent bewilderment, for he had lost a fair estimate of time. "She was younger, more slender; her eyes were bright and soft as a pretty child's. This lady was proud, positive, imperious. The same? Oh, no! I remember well how she looked standing by the side of her majesty, the empress."

"But that was years ago. The Empress, Marie Therese, is dead."

"Long ago? Yes, that may be. My old mistress dead. Alas! alas! When did she die?"

"While you were buried in prison."

"So, so; that must be true. She was a grand lady; but her child, the beautiful girl that came into France, she is not dead yet?"

"Old man, you are dreaming."

"Dreaming? Yes! One learns to dream when light and speech are forgotten; but this dream brings tears to my eyes—and they come with such pain now! Would it offend

you, madame, if I ask to be alone with my friend?"

"With your friend? What friend? I see no one here."

"No matter; but I am so used to being alone. Would it please you to leave me? In this place company seems so strange."

"Yes, old man, I will go, but on one condition. When the patriots want you, in order to deal out vengeance where it has been so foully earned, there must be no faltering—your wrongs belong to the nation. You were dragged forth from this dungeon that the people might learn something of the tyranny that oppresses them. All the remnant of your life belongs to them, and they will not be defrauded of it."

Again the old man shook his head with pathetic mournfulness; but Louison grew impatient, and stamped her foot on the broken stones of the floor.

"Are you thus ungrateful to the patriots who saved you?" she exclaimed, so fiercely that the prisoner shrunk within himself, and looked up frightened, while his hands trembled so violently that the object they held fell down upon the folds of his black cloak with a tiny shriek, as if its gentle life was also disturbed by the presence of that fierce woman.

"What is that thing you are caressing so?" demanded the woman, as Gosner laid his hand tenderly over a bright-eyed mouse that was trying to hide itself in the folds of his cloak.

"Oh! do not hurt it! Do not hurt it!" cried the old man, reading danger in her fierce glance.

The woman interrupted him with unutterable scorn in her face and voice.

"And it is for a reptile like this you creep away, and refuse to show your wrongs to the people, when every gray hair on your head would pierce the tyrants of France like a sword? Old man, I despise you!"

As she spoke, Louison gave a fierce snatch at the old prisoner's mantle, shook the frightened little creature that sought covert there to the floor, and dashed it against the wall with her foot.

With a cry of mingled rage and pain the old man leaped to his feet, seized the woman by the throat, and held her till she grew crimson in the face. Then he cast her suddenly away, fell upon the floor, and taking up the wounded animal in his hands, bent over it in pitiful misery, while the tears ran down his cheeks in great, heavy drops. Not a murmur left his lips; but you might have seen by the faint shiver of his beard that his mouth was trembling violently.

A thrill of human pity seized upon Louison when she saw this anguish. Forgetting her own injuries, she bent down and reached forth her hand to make sure if the old man's pet were living or dead; but that sharp cry again drove her back, and she retreated from the ruined dungeon really terrified by the misery she had wrought.

When the old prisoner knew that he was alone, he gathered up the folds of his mantle, and laid his little favorite down with such tender handling as a mother gives to her only child when she puts its little shroud on. He touched its silken sides with his shadowy fingers; breathed upon its eyes, and sobbed aloud when all his plaintive efforts failed to lift those tiny lids, or stir one of those slender limbs.

That which all his wrongs, and an imprisonment of twenty years had failed to accomplish, the heartless woman who had just left him found the power to do. The old man stood up in his cell, and lifting his clasped hands to heaven, called for vengeance on his enemy, and besought God to check the evil spirit which was filling France with demons in the form of women. After this outburst, he sat down in a corner of the dungeon, and shrouding his face, moaned over the little animal which had been his sole companion, year after year, in that dismal place.

While his eyes were shrouded, and his head bowed down in utter dejection, a young girl darkened the moonlight which streamed into the dungeon, and settled down by the old man with such delicate stillness, that he was not conscious of her approach until her hand was laid on his shoulder.

"What is it that troubles you, my friend?"

Her voice was sympathetic and full of sadness. At her touch all the gentle sweetness of his nature flowed back upon his wounded soul. The very touch of a kind, good woman stilled the wrath which a bad one had enkindled there.

The old man took both hands from his face, and pointed downward at his poor, little friend, upon which the moonlight was lying.

"Look there, Adela!"

"Oh! how cruel, how hard!" cried the girl, taking the little animal into her hands. "Dead, poor, little marmousette—is it dead?"

"Yes, it is dead; a woman killed it," said the old man, with a thrill of the old anger in his voice.

"A woman? No, no! What woman?"

"One of those who call themselves women of France, who have hunted me down like wolves,

hoping to make my sorrows the instruments of their vengeance."

"Oh! I understand," said the girl, mournfully. "It was one of those women who pointed my father out, as he stood guard upon the tower, when the Bastille was assaulted. The mob had seized upon me, but I would not cry out, from fear that he would come down to rescue me, and thus expose himself; but she saw the agony in his face, and pointed the carbine of a man who stood by upon him. I saw it, and flung up my arms to warn him; but that moment a dark mass fell, with a crash, to the pavement, not three yards from me. It was my father."

The girl paused abruptly, and the last word left her lips with a cry of despair that found a weird echo in the ruins. Then she fell into shuddering sobs that died out at last, and she only murmured,

"Never will the face of that woman leave my memory. It was that of a beautiful fiend."

"Alas!" said the old man. "How much innocent blood was shed that I and a few others might be set free."

"My poor father was not to blame. He put no man in prison; but only did a guard's duty, that I might have more dainty bread than could be earned elsewhere. Why did the mob murder him?"

"It was for me that your father lost his life, Adela."

"Then let us thank our Blessed Lady that he did not die in vain," answered the gentle girl.

The old man did not answer, his head was bowed down, his hands moved restlessly. No subject could take him long from a remembrance of the desolation of his loss.

All at once the young girl uttered a little cry.

"Oh, my friend! have some hope."

The old man started.

"Hope! hope! What for?"

"It is warm! Yes, yes! It moves!"

"What, what? Ah! it would be so cruel to deceive me!"

"Look, look! its pretty eyes are open."

"Oh, my God! is this true?"

"It is trying to stand up in my palm. Poor, little thing, how it quivers."

"Let me look—let me touch it!" cried the old man, trembling with eagerness. "My pet! my life! my little darling!"

The old man's voice broke into tears. He held out his hands, but they shook so that the mouse fell back when it attempted to climb them. Adela fell to caressing it against her

cheek awhile; then laid it softly into the outstretched palm of the old prisoner, and answered back his smile when he hid the little creature under his beard.

"There, you see our Lady has not altogether forsaken us," said the girl, drawing a basket from under her shawl. "I was sure that you would be here, and brought something for both you and marmousette to eat. Poor, little thing—does it tremble yet?"

"Yes; but I think it is not so badly hurt. Dreadfully frightened, I dare say, and all its little breath knocked out against the stones. I saw that odious woman pass, and hid myself in the ruins. My friend, I saw her face—that face. It was the woman who pointed that carbine at my father."

"And she," said Dr. Gosner, with a shudder, "is a companion and friend of the woman who calls herself my wife; who drags me into crowds that men may gaze on my white hairs, and curse the king. Adela, my child, do you understand that I think the king a good man?"

Adela flung her arms around the old prisoner.

"I did not expect to hear you say that, my friend, because you have been so cruelly treated; but I love the king, and the queen, too. Yes, if they tear me to pieces, I will love her to the end."

"That is a brave, good girl. I love them also—but what can we do to help them? You, a young girl, and I an old man, broken down in body, and confused in brain. What can we do, little one?"

"This we can do, my friend; it may not be much, because the lives of a young girl and an old man are of little value where the great of the earth are swept down and trampled under foot; but we can pray for them, watch for them, and give up our poor lives, if that will do any good. I never can forget that my father was their faithful servant. I will tell you a secret, my friend. There was a time when this mob of coarse women and cruel men thought to make me one of them, because of something they found in my manner of speech, and of a look in my face. When the faubourg St. Antoine poured itself out upon Versailles, all the women who cared for me went with it, and I was taken with them. Oh, my friend! that was an awful day! How the rain beat upon us! How the mud clung to our feet! With what appalling was those hideous women plunged onward, eager to hurl themselves and their troubles against the queen. You were in the crowd, my friend, I remember."

The old prisoner lifted his hand.

"I have forgotten much," he said, "let me forget that."

"The crowd bore me on with them. Among the leaders were some fierce, handsome women, who ruled the rest. These spoke for the rest when they broke into the Assembly and fraternized with the Jacobins. Twelve of these women were deputed to lay the general grievance before the king. I was selected in the number, because of my youth and innocence, they said; but I knew why it was. These women, so audacious among the enemies of the king, trembled to approach him, with his mild, earnest eyes upon them—they were struck dumb. That was why a young girl, who had no evil purpose to conceal, was selected when these people were called upon to test their courage.

"We went, my friend, out of the bosom of a howling mob; we entered the grand stillness of the palace. King Louis was ready to receive us. The deputation of women crowded into the saloon, sullen and dumb; the presence of that good man appalled them. They pushed me forward, whispering that I had a sweet voice and persuasive ways. I approached the king with reverence; my father had died for him, I, too, could have died for him then and there. I longed to tell him so; longed to fall down at his feet and embrace his knees, imploring of him only one thing—bread for the hungry people.

"The king looked in my face benignly, and held out his hand. I forgot all that the women had said to me; one cry arose to my lips—bread! bread! With that cry I fainted, and fell at the king's feet. He lifted me up, and said many kind words to me, which I heard as if they came to me in a dream. Then I whispered back, 'Sire, my father died for you; so will I, if one poor life will do you good. I came to say that, to ask bread for these poor, starving people, and then offer my poor life to you!'

"He listened to this, and understood it—no one else heard. When I looked up, his eyes were full of tears. He kissed me here upon the cheek. No man on this earth shall ever take that kiss from my face—it was the consecration of a vow that I made then and there."

The old prisoner became greatly excited as he listened; his eyes kindled, his lips began to quiver, and he spoke with energy.

"It was this man! It was the daughter of my old mistress, the Empress of Austria, they would have assaulted through me. Listen, little one. While I was here, day after day,

searching for my old friend here, clearing away the ruin that had buried my cell, these women had carved out their evil work for me. I did not know it. How should I? This man was not my enemy, and was ignorant that I lived. How was I to guess that my presence in the clubs, my harmless walks in the street, every word I spoke, was a spear leveled at the heart of the king—a man who was guiltless as a babe where I was concerned—a man who loves his people, and deserves their love. I, too, was lured into the fearful mob that went to Versailles. The woman, who should have honored the husband of her youth, was the first to point me out as a living proof of the king's cruelty. She could not guess how I loathed the whole thing, but would gladly have forced me onto a cannon, where half a dozen amazons were riding; but I escaped them, lingered behind, and went back to Paris in the night, not to the place they call my home, but here. I slept soundly that night, for a long, hard walk was before me when I fled from the mob, and my limbs gave way many a time; but here was peace and the old stillness. This spot, from which they rescued me, is, after all, the only home I shall ever know. But I missed my friend, my precious little comforter. It was in vain that I called for him; in vain that I stretched forth my hands in the darkness, and listened for some faint sound of his approach. Oh! that was desolation!

"More than one morning came, and I had not tasted food. I should not have cared for that had my pretty friend been with me; but I had called him so often, searched for him so long, that my hope gave out. It was worse than a prison now, for he had left me in solitude."

"Then it was that I found you wandering about the ruins," said Adela, with animation. "My father had told me about you; and when I saw a man sitting disconsolate amid these ruins, I understood it all."

"And brought me food. Better still; oh! a thousand times better! It was you, little one, who charmed back my companion."

"That was simple enough. He had been here, found the dungeon choked-up, and you gone. No wonder he crept off to some other part of the ruin; but a few bread-crumbs, scattered near the cell, one morning you awoke and found him in your bosom. I knew that it would be so. Come, now, let us eat something."

The girl opened her basket, and drew forth some bread, and a flask of wine. While the

old man eat and drank sparingly, Adela crumbled some of the bread into her hand and tempted the pet-mouse with it; but the poor little thing had been too severely hurt, and, instead of eating, closed its eyes, and lay down in the rosy palm.

"To-morrow," said the girl, answering the startled look of the old man, "to-morrow I will bring white bread, then it will eat."

With these words she laid the little creature into his bosom, and went away smiling cheerfully; but her face changed as she went along, and grew deadly white as she came near to the place where her father had been hurled down from that awful tower dead at her feet. When she reached the spot, her limbs seemed

to give way, and she sunk upon her knees. Then her pale lips parted, and her eyes were uplifted to heaven, as if she were making some vow, or asking mercy.

Almost every day this young girl visited this spot, and spent hours among those disjointed ruins, for to her there was a weird fascination in the place where her father had suffered. In the solitude of all this ruin she had given herself up to sorrow, until one day she found an old man sitting among the rocky fragments, and fell into mournful conversation with him. After that her gentle nature fell into deep sympathy with the prisoner, and a singular companionship sprang up between them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARRY AND I.

BY LIZZIE J. WILSON.

THROUGH long hours we sat together
By the fountain, deep and fair,
Listening to its silvery murmur
Softly floating on the air;
While the clustering boughs above us
Rustled to the starry night;
And the moonbeams on the wavelets
Leaped and flashed like living light.

Whispering tales of love's devotion,
Dreaming dreams of purest bliss,
Wandering in a world Elysian,
Sweet and pure as love's young kiss;
With my head upon his bosom,
And his strong hand clasping mine,
And his blue eyes earnest gazing,
Love-lit, downward, half divine.

Oh! what draughts of purest rapture
Quaffed we then from love's sweet spring;
Joy unmixed with care or sorrow,
All the sweetest earth can bring;
Dreaming naught of future moaning,
Entering joyfully into life;
Ah! we thought not that the roses
E'er would change to thorns of strife.

But those halcyon days are over;
Lost my fancy's blissful dream;
Lost to me my brave, young lover—
Things are rarely what they seem;
And the love I thought would never
Cease for me in Harry's heart,
Beats responsive to another,
And we walk through life apart.

EVENTIDE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

THE shadows lengthen slowly now;
The sun has gone to rest,
His last beams kiss the mountain's brow,
And gild the glowing West.
The daily toils are over now,
The aching hands are free;
The heated head and throbbing brow
Feel no more misery.

The moistened leaves and fragrant flowers
Nod faintly in the breeze;
And perfume floats around the bowers;
And birds have sought the trees.
The pulse of Nature beats so low
That life seems almost gone;
The earth is nearer Heaven, I know,
Than 'twas this early morn.

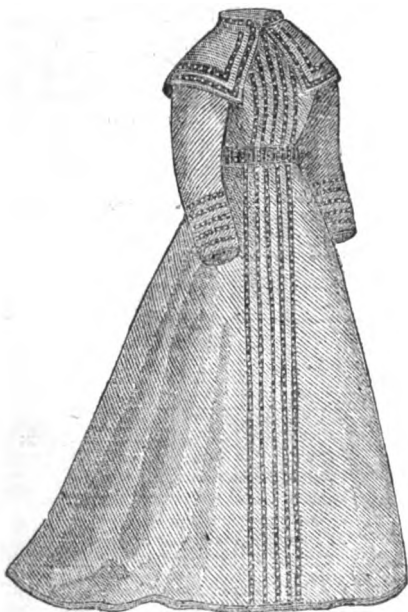
And as I look up toward the sky—
The sky so fair and blue,
I see the angels passing by,
And Heaven in fancy view.
I hear the rustling of their wings,
I hear their voices sweet:
At eventide sweet comfort brings,
And blessings pure and sweet.

The loved and lost come back to us
In this sweet hour of rest;
We feel the transport of caress
From angels pure and blest.
It nerves us with a firmer will
To battle on in life,
And bids us never yield, until
We pass this world of strife.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We devote our space, this month, principally to the lighter articles of a lady's apparel. We

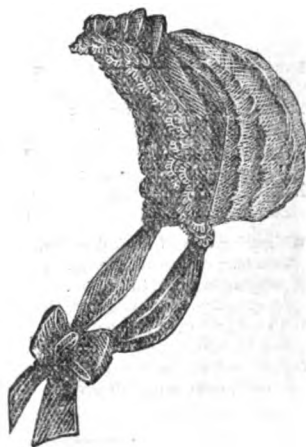


give, first, an illustration of a very comfortable flannel dressing-gown, (front and back,) which



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will prove invaluable in cases of convalescent invalids. It may be made of dark maroon-colored flannel, and trimmed with rows of black velvet, with tatted stars on the velvet. If this trimming is considered not sufficiently durable, bands of embroidered flannel can be substituted. If these trimmings are too expensive, cheaper ones may be substituted. Or blue flannel may be used, if the color is thought prettier, or more becoming; only, in this case, a white trimming would, probably, look best. We would add that the bodice should be made slightly full, and there is a small cape (as an additional protection against catching cold) that corresponds with the rest.



We give next an engraving of a cap for an elderly lady. In every family there is such a lady, a mother, an aunt, or a grandmother, to whom such a cap would be particularly acceptable, especially if made by a daughter, niece, or granddaughter. The crown is formed of bouillons of white tulle over a net foundation. The border is of white blond. The trimming of blue satin ribbon is arranged into a bow at the top, and comes down on either side, and forms the strings.

We follow with a new-style collar, to be worn with a dress with an open body. For this collar cut first the shape in stiff net, and then cover it with a bouillon of Mechlin net; cut away the stiff net underneath the bouillon, and edge the latter on both sides with narrow Valenciennes lace; sew on a Valenciennes lace



three inches and one-fifth wide at the lower edge.

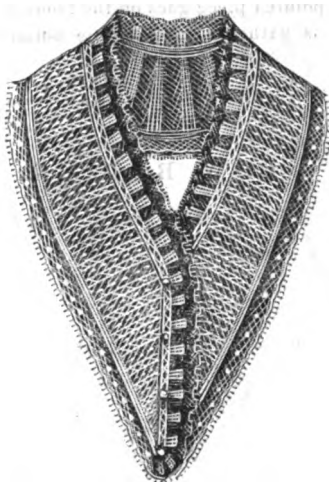
Next is a square chemisette pelerine. The foundation of this, finished with a colored satin bow in front, is of a piece of white net, which,



as seen, is trimmed with two rows of full white lace, one inch and a half wide. The upper edge of the collar, hiding at the same time the join-on of the lace, is made by a narrow piece of embroidery.

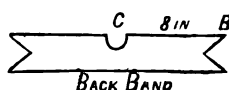
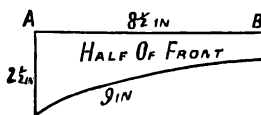
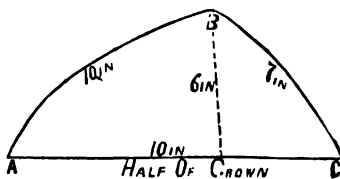
To some ladies, one of a different pattern would be more becoming, such as the pointed chemisette pelerine, which we give next. The ground part of this elegant chemisette is of fine embroidery and lace insertion. The outer edge is bordered by a row of jem-stitch woven in the stuff, to which a full lace, three-quarters of an inch wide, is joined. A stripe, three-quarters of an inch wide, of a row of lace insertion, a quarter of an inch wide; and pieces of muslin, two inches and a quarter wide, put together, edged on one side with a lace a quarter of an inch wide, the muslin parts of which

are to be arranged in quilled plaits, each three-quarters of an inch wide, makes the trimming for the inner edge, which becomes gradually smaller to the lower point of the button-hole side; the button side coming under has no



trimming. These chemisette pelerines, if made at home, need not be very costly. All depends on what lace you use.

We conclude with an engraving of a lady's



morning-cap. This cap is to be made of white Swiss muslin, trimmed with a ruche of the same, bound with a narrow, colored ribbon. We give a diagram, also, with half of the crown of the cap.

The pointed piece goes on the front, and the crown is gathered into it; the pointed part

comes over the forehead, and the part of the crown from B to C is gathered into the little band eight inches long and one inch and a half wide. Trim the whole with a quilling, and add a bow on the top. This cap, although called a morning-cap, is quite suitable for home-wear all day.

LOW BODICE AND PANNIER TUNIC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



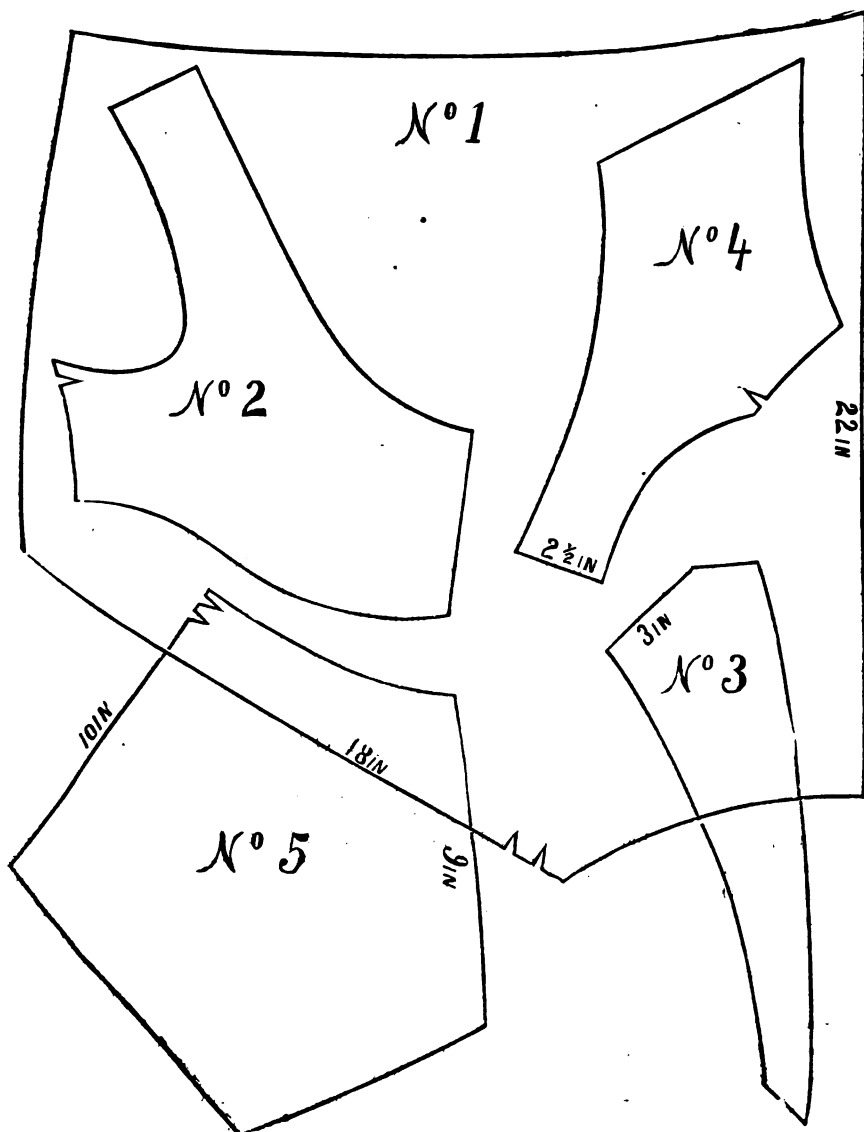
This pattern is one of the latest novelties from Paris, and can be made up in a variety of styles—in white tarlatan, with satin braces of some bright color, and edged with blond; in silk, with velvet braces; or, again, in velvet,

with lace braces. In one and all these materials it looks remarkably well. It is, of course, for evening wear.

We give a diagram, from which to cut it out, on the next page.

It consists of five pieces—three for the bodice and two for the tunic. The front and back and one brace form the pattern of the bodice; four braces will be required, as there are two in

The two pieces for the tunic now remain. The front is the smaller one; it turns back with a *revers*, the two notches indicate how it is to be joined to the corresponding two notches on the



front and two at the back; but as all four are cut exactly the same, only one has been given. The small holes that mark the darts show the front of the bodice; the position of the brace is marked in a similar manner on both the front and the back. The braces may be either cut in one piece for each back and front, or joined on the shoulder, as most convenient.

panier. The edge of the side of the *panier* is to be gathered and sewn to the side of the front. The back is to be bunched up according to the illustration, and a short, wide sash added over it. Ruches, plaited ribbon, lace, feathers, and fringe, may be used for trimming; the selection to be ruled by the material used. The whole costume is an exceedingly stylish one.

ROUGH TOWEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A **ROUGH** towel may be made, economically, if made at odd moments, when time would otherwise be wasted, by taking wooden pins (about No. 12) and coarse knitting-cotton, and casting on ninety stitches, and knitting two hundred and sixteen rows. Then, cast off. Next, take lengths of cotton eight inches long, tie them together into a round, and draw the loops through the last row of stitches, slipping the end through the loop.

MUFF-BAG IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, we give a pattern for this pretty affair.

MATERIALS.—One yard of crimson sarcenet three-quarters of a yard wide, one roll of fine cotton wool, one yard of lining calico to match the sarcenet, one ounce of light gray wool, one ounce of two or three shades darker, a fine bone long tricotee-hook, a leather-bag, with a clasp about ten or eight inches across the snap.

With the light-gray wool make a chain of 42 stitches. 1st row: Double crochet. 2nd row: Raise all the loops as for crochet Ecossais, and work back. 3rd row: Instead of taking up the long loop in front of the work, as is usually done, take up a little knotted loop over the top of the long loop, but rather to the back of the work. The whole of the bag is worked by taking up this little loop instead of the long loop in every row; it gives the crochet a ribbed appearance. Work back in the usual manner; work nine rows like the third.

10th row: Take up the 1st loop, then make an extra stitch by taking up the chain that runs between the 1st and 2nd long loop. Work like the 3rd row until you come to the last stitch, before which you increase again in the same manner, as at the commencement of the row. Take up the last loop, and wb. Three rows plain.

14th row: Like the 10th row. Four rows plain. 19th row: Like the 10th row. Four rows plain. 24th row: Like the 10th row. Work 24 rows' plain.

49th row: Decrease 1 stitch on each side by working back the 2 first loops together, and the 2 last together. Five rows plain. 55th row: Like the 49th. Five rows plain. 61st row: Like the 49th. Five rows plain. 67th row: Like the 49th. Five rows plain. 73rd row: Like the 49th. Six rows plain. A row of double crochet, and fasten off.

Join the dark-gray wool to the stitch you

fasten off, and work down that side of the work (holding the right side of the work toward you) the following border:

* 1 dc (double crochet) in the 1st loop; take up the 2nd stitch, work 4 ch one after the other through it; take up the 2nd stitch again, draw the wool through 2, then through 2 again; repeat, taking up the stitches on the side of the work successively.

2nd row: Commence with a looped stitch, and work a dc over the looped stitch of last row; work 5 rows of border on each side the work, repeating from the first row.

THE PIECE FOR THE END.—This piece is worked in the same stitch as the bag, in light-gray wool; make a ch of 35.

1st row: Dc. 2nd row: Raise all the loops and wb. 3rd row: 5 dc, taking up each loop as a dc; take up all the rest of the loops, excepting the last 5, which leave; wb. 4th row: Take 2 1st loops together as one, and the 3rd and 4th together; decrease 2 at the end of the row in the same manner. 5th row: Decrease one on each side; 20 rows plain. In the 26th row decrease 1 on each side; 1 row, dc, and fasten off.

The making up of the bag is the most difficult part of the work. First of all cut out a piece of paper the shape of the bag you are going to cover, and make it long enough to go from the clasp on the one side to the clasp on

the other. Have the pattern rather too large for the bag. Cut a piece of lining muslin this size, allowing for turnings. Then cut a 2nd piece the same size. Now take the wadding, lay it open, do not cut it, but pull it to the shape (the wadding need not be much shaped.) Cover the wadding over entirely with silk on both sides. Then lay the two pieces of the lining muslin together on one side of the silk only, tacking the first piece to the silk and wadding, and leaving the other tacked half-way only. Upon this lining lay the crochet-work, and tack to the piece that is not entirely tacked to the silk. Double over the piece of silk and wadding, so that the two edges meet at the top, and sew neatly together, sewing in the edge of crochet with it. Now pin them to the bag. The muff part, which you have just doubled over, goes on one side only of the bag. The piece of lining and crochet-work which were left free pass round to the other side. Sew in the little pieces for the end to this last part of the crochet-work, and about half an inch beyond the shaping at the bottom, and an inch at the top of the opposite or second side, (which makes it close slightly,) sew the crochet neatly to the silk. When all this is finished, it is best to send it to a jeweler's, pinned in its place. Any jeweler, for a small sum, will open the rivets of the clasp, and rivet the work in its proper place.

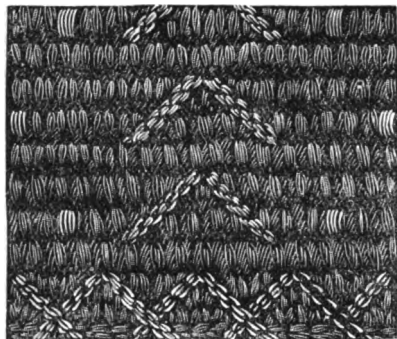
GENTLEMAN'S CAP IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials are black Berlin wool, violet color over the twine, always sticking through both threads; begin with sixteen stitches, close and black purse-silk, and medium-sized twine. Work in plain double stitch with wool of one

a flat round seven inches in diameter, making the requisite increase. With these stitches work an edge two inches and three-quarters



high and twenty-three or twenty-four inches wide.

The cap is ornamented with a kind of cord of chain-stitch chain, worked with purse-silk

taken double in a bright color to correspond with the ground, and little embroidered patterns worked in.

The crochet-cord, represented in proper size in a portion of the edge of the cap in our engraving at the side, is sewn in with a worsted needle. The arrangement of the star at the top may be seen in the engraving at the top. Unless a silk lining throughout be preferred, the cap will require a one inch and a half broad lining, which must be placed all round.

The head of the tassel, which is five inches and a half long, is formed with two tied balls of wool of the same color as the cap, with a wooden button covered with silk, and a large black head in the middle.

The silk bunches of the tassel are surrounded by a colored net-work of crochet, consisting of three rows of chain-stitch scallops with fringe knotted in. The tassel is fastened to a crochet double cord.

CROSS-OVER SHAWL, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in the appropriate colors, we give a pattern for this charming shawl.

MATERIALS.—Four ounces of brown or scarlet fleecy wool, four-ply, two ounces of gray double Berlin, one ounce of scarlet double Berlin, or fleecy, a pair of wood knitting-pins, No. 9, a fine bone crochet-hook, two yards of ribbon, one inch and a half wide.

Cast on 26 stitches, knit 12 rows plain. 13th row: 1 knit for the edge stitch; * 2 purl, 2 knit, 2 purl, 2 knit, * twice more; bring the thread forward, knit 1. 14th row: * knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, * 8 times, knit 2; thread forward, knit 1. 15th row: knit 2, * knit 2, purl 2, * 6 times, knit 2; forward, knit 1. 16th row: knit 2, * purl 2, knit 2, * 6 times, purl 2, knit 1; thread forward, knit 1. 17th row: knit 3, * purl 2, knit 2; * repeat. Make 1 before the last stitch. This changes the pattern. Continue to work in this manner, increasing 1 stitch by bringing the thread forward before the last stitch in every row, and reversing the pattern every 2nd row, until you have 110 stitches upon your needle; then knit 1 row of the pattern above, without increasing a stitch at the end. In the next row knit the edge stitch. Continue the pattern until you have

knit off 45 stitches on the right-hand needle, then cast off the next 20 stitches. These 20 stitches are in the center of the work, and are cast off for the neck. With another needle, or the same, if preferred, knit the rest of the stitches, keeping the pattern, but do not increase at the end of them. Work this last little row of 45 stitches for one side the front. Knit 1 plain stitch on each side, and no increasings at the end of the row. Continue the pattern until you have worked 48 rows (or 12 rows of patterns.) Then decrease 1 by knitting 2 together every other row on the neck or inside of the shoulder, until you have only 2 stitches on the needle, which cast off. Now take the other 45 stitches left unworked, and knit in the same manner.

THE BORDER.—With the gray fleecy or double Berlin wool, and a short crochet-hook, commence at the point of the right-hand side of the front. Work 3 double crochet in the corner stitch. Work all round the sides, neck, and outside edges in double crochet, taking care always to work 3 double crochet in each corner stitch. Work in this manner 2 rows of double crochet. In the following rows of border, remember always to work 3 in each corner stitch.

3rd row: 3 gray in corner stitch. 5 gray

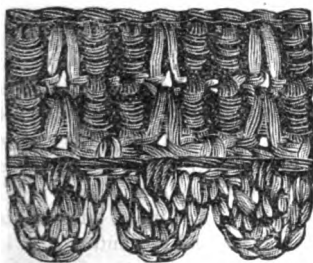
double crochet. Join red. * 2 red, 1 gray, 2 red, 7 gray; repeat from * all round, taking care not to work a pattern in the corners, and working over the wools as you change the different colors. 4th row: 3 gray in corner, 5 gray, * 3 red, 1 gray, 8 red, 5 gray; repeat. 5th row: 3 gray in corner, 6 gray, 7 red, * 5 gray, 7 red; repeat. 6th row: 3 gray in corner, 10 gray, 1 red, * 11 gray, 1 red; repeat. 7th row: 3 gray in corner, 8 gray, 7 red, * 5 gray, 7 red; repeat. 8th row: 3 gray in corner, 9 gray, 3 red, 1 gray, 8 red, * 5 gray, 3 red, 1 gray, 3 red; repeat. 9th row: 3 gray in corner, 11 gray, 2 red, 1 gray, 2 red, * 7 gray, 2 red, 1 gray, 2 red; repeat. 10th and 11th rows: Plain gray and fasten off. Sew the strings on the ends in front, and wear it well crossed over on the chest.

LADY'S UNDER-PETTICOAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this warm and comfortable affair (nothing equally comfortable can be bought at a store) are scarlet and white five-thread fleecy, wood tricot-hook (No. 10 bell gauge.)

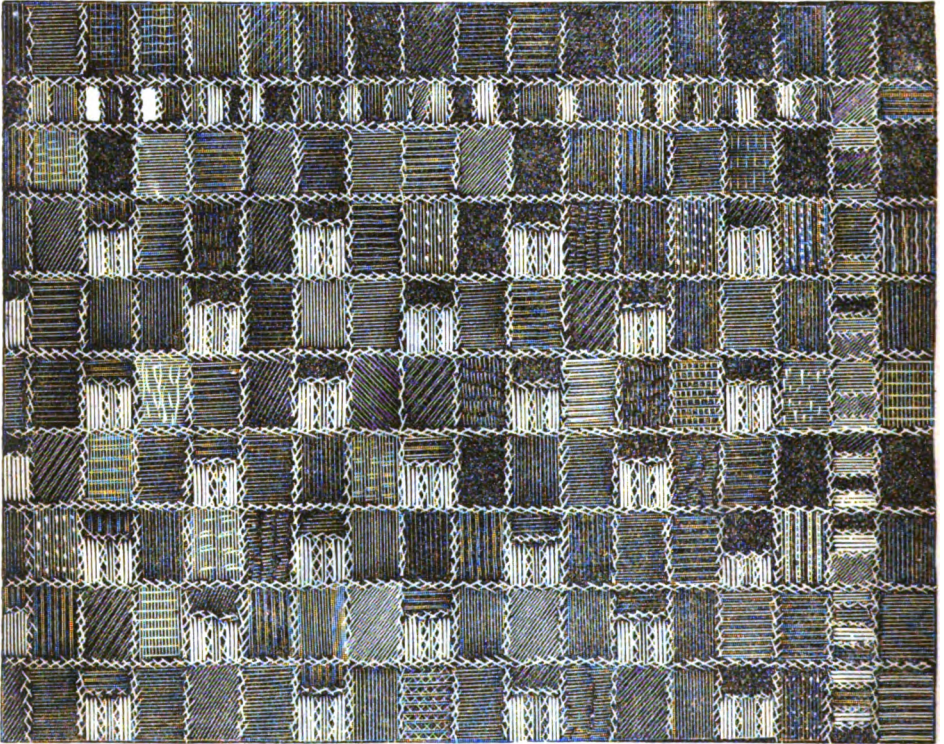


The petticoat must be worked in four breadths. Begin with 100 stitches for each breadth. Make the chain and work up with white wool. Work

off with scarlet. This is done in three rows. Then three rows of white wool (that is the working up and working off.) Now six more rows of white, working off with scarlet. Four rows entirely of white. Three rows of white worked off with scarlet. The remainder of the breadths are worked entirely in white. The back breadth is worked quite straight; the two sides are gored by gradually decreasing stitches—at the back of each width—that is the side to be joined to the back breadth. The front breadth is decreased on each side. In the middle of the back breadth a slit is made about nine inches deep, by working the sides separately. The breadths are sewn together, stitch upon stitch, and a calico band is put on. The back breadth is gathered into the band. We give, at the side, a pattern for the border.

MOSAIC CARPET IN CLOTH AND FLANNEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS carpet may be made of odds and ends in cloth and flannel. Such carpets, when of pretty designs, are very desirable, as they out-wear any carpet that can be bought, and are far more economical.

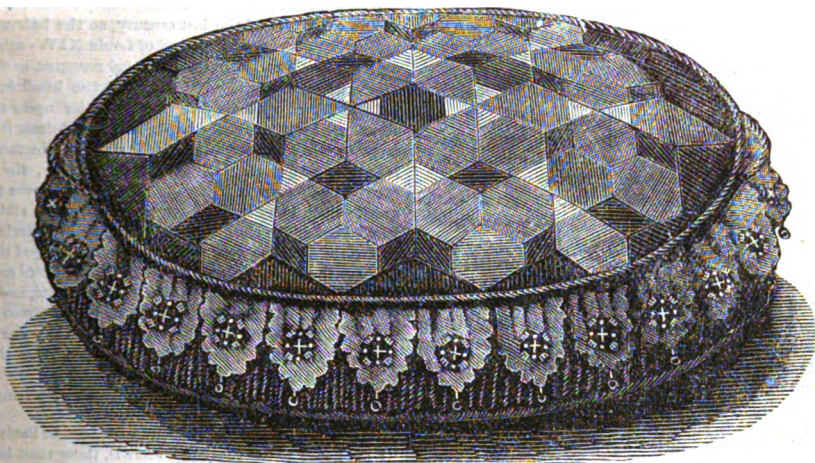
The mosaic fields are all three inches and a quarter long, and two inches and a quarter broad. The pattern consists of a regular succession of separate fields of four separate parts placed together. They consist of alternately two lines of two white flannel stripes with red in the middle, ornamented with fish-bone stitch of Berlin wool, and two gray cloth stripes with a pink flannel stripe in the middle, ornamented with white fish-bone stitch. A part placed across completes the whole. For this, as well as all the other large fields, use black, brown, and gray cloth, which must be plainly worked and striped according to fancy, and alternated. All the parts are then edged with herring-bone stitch. The border, which is worked round with yellow herring-bone stitch, shows a bright variety of cloth and flannel pieces of various

colors. The cloth part consists of alternate squares of one inch and three-quarters, and oblong pieces of one inch and three-quarters long, and two inches and three-quarters broad. The latter are ornamented in the middle with white and red herring-bone stitch. The one inch and three-quarters long narrow stripes, which interrupt the squares of the border, are half an inch high, and one inch and a quarter broad—namely, the narrow stripes of pink and dark-red flannel, and the broad stripes of dark-red and white flannel. All the dark-red stripes in the border are ornamented with yellow, the pink with white, and the white stripes with alternately yellow or red on the outside, and green in the middle, and green on the outside, and in the middle yellow or dark-red. Complete the border by a line of large cloth fields, edged with green and red button-hole stitch.

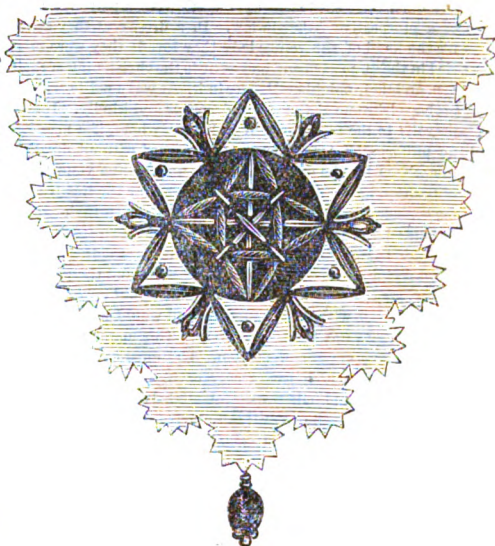
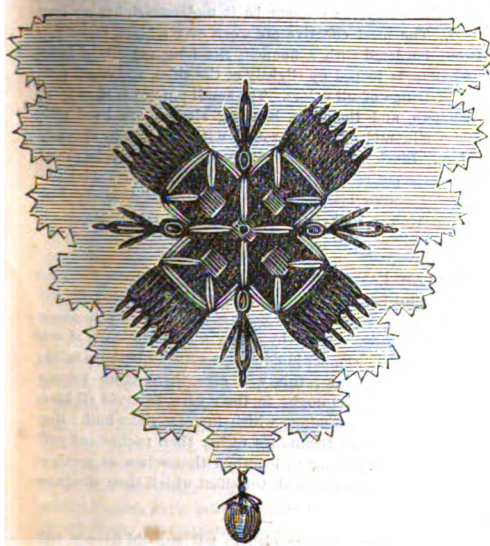
The mosaic-work must be carefully and accurately sewn together on the wrong side, and ironed. The whole must be bound with black woolen braid an inch broad.

FOOT-STOOL OF PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



To be made of scraps of silk or velvet, after the design. A deep furniture fringe covers the border of cloth round the stool, and above the fringe is a drapery of embroidered cloth designs of which are given in the full size in engravings below



EDGING



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN is a subject on which a lady writes for our opinion. We hardly know exactly what our fair correspondent wishes to learn, but presume, from what she says, it is as to what is considered "good manners" in Europe, which she thinks is, or ought to be, the guide for America. Perhaps the best way to answer her is to tell what is thought good-breeding in England. Paris, which still sets the fashions for women, has resigned the fashions for men into the hands of London. Once it was accepted as a principle, in France, that persons who were the guests of the same host had no need of being introduced to one another. The host's invitation was taken to be a sufficient guarantee of respectability; and the result was that continental parties were exceedingly animated, the guests talking to one another, and dancing with one another, very often without knowing each other's names. At present the English form of introduction is a necessity, and without it a man is as complete a stranger, in a foreign drawing-room, as he would be in an English. It is the same at the opera, in first-class railway-carriages, at public dinners, and at fashionable cafes. In all these places it was formerly the custom for foreigners to speak to their neighbors whether they knew them or not; but the well-bred Frenchman or German thinks it right to maintain that armed-neutrality demeanor which he has borrowed from England, and if spoken to will often answer more icily than even an Englishman would.

Evening-dress was once a positive symbol abroad. Men put on a tail coat to call upon a minister, a patron, a lady, or a prospective father-in-law. In a dress-coat they asked for the hand of the young lady they loved; they were married in the same garment, and went to the christening of their own and their neighbors' babies in it. It was a polite custom, perhaps irksome at times, but decorous and kindly. It still prevails to the fullest extent in Russia, where, if a man has no uniform, he cannot even leave a card without dressing himself as for the opera. At Paris and Vienna young men of position have taken of late to dressing for the theatre and for bachelor-dinners, which was not usual with their grandfathers; but they pay their afternoon visits in frock-coats, and are beginning, though timidly, to discard the practice of marrying in evening-dress. Time was—and the period is not so far remote—when a Frenchman would never address a woman but with his head bare, and would wait to cover himself again until bidden to do so. This manner of doing things has gone out of fashion. The most correct form of salute is that which passes current in Hyde Park—a bow, half familiar and half respectful, slightly, and very rapidly performed. Frenchmen still raise their hats when they enter a reading-room, a shop, a cafe, a restaurant, or a railway-carriage, where strangers are seated. They also discharge the same act of courtesy when they stop to ask their way in the streets, even though the person interrogated be a policeman, a flower-woman, or a mere crossing-sweeper.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to get up clubs, or to subscribe singly, for "Peterson." Back numbers, from January, inclusive, can always be supplied. "I can do without a new bonnet," writes a lady, "but I cannot do without your Magazine."

SWEETNESS OF TEMPER is the best of cosmetics: it always makes your face look beautiful.

THE STEEL ENGRAVING in this number, "The Morning Kiss," is another gem of art.

THE NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR, of which we give several engravings this month, frequently recall the fashions of the early part of the last century, as the hair was worn during the Regency and the end of Louis XIV.'s reign. The hair is waved in front quite in a novel manner, and so as to represent small curls. At the top of the head this waved hair is mixed with ringlets arranged tier upon tier, and which are very long at the back. This head-dress is combed more or less high, according to the style of the face of the lady who adopts it. MM. Albert and Leroy, the famous court hair-dressers in Paris, stud the head all over with exquisite little bows made of narrow *gross grain* ribbon, and fringed out at the ends. The loops cross and interlace so as to form a *pompon*; so cleverly are they managed that each bow has the effect of a pretty flower. These bows are generally made the same color as the dress—pink, blue, and mauve, and of all sizes. Sometimes three, and sometimes even as many as five, are worn at a time; but they are always arranged irregularly, scattered, as it were, over the head without any design or model. Sometimes they are made in black velvet; but in that case the ends are never fringed out.

DRAPING INDIA SHAWLS.—A correspondent in Paris writes: "I am happy to say that India shawls, those most beautiful articles of a lady's wardrobe, are once again brought to light, and are now decidedly the fashion. There is nothing so handsome as fine cashmere. Clever *modistes* manage to convert them into capes and mantles without cutting; but during the last few weeks I have seen them made into beautiful costumes: the scissors, be it understood, having been used. The most effective are worn over a black velvet petticoat, bordered with a flounce; the long tunic is of India cashmere, is looped up slightly at the sides, and edged with a silk fringe of all colors. The small *paletot* is likewise of cashmere, and the wide, hanging sleeves are lined with cerise silk and edged all round with the fringe of many colors. Black velvet sash with wide ends. A long shawl makes the entire costume. French cashmeres are also made up in a similar manner; they are exceedingly costly; but do not look so well as the genuine article from the Eastern looms."

BALL AND PARTY DRESSES are, perhaps, less coquettish, but more beautiful, than last year. The Medici collerettes will be adapted to low dresses. Bows of ribbon and voluminous waistbands will be worn by young girls only. We should advise, for very slender ladies, corsets with basques falling over a puffed tunic; this will give them more volume. Rather stout ladies ought, in their turn, to avoid all kinds of dresses and trimmings which increase their bulk; they should choose flat trimmings rather than ruches and puffs. By endeavoring to lengthen themselves as much as possible, they will diminish the effect which their stoutness would otherwise produce.

THIS MAGAZINE, we are glad to tell our old friends, still keeps its hold on popular favor to a degree far in excess of that of any other of its kind. Our edition, for 1870, is, probably, as large as that of all the other ladies' magazines combined. This great circulation is the result, we flatter ourselves, of the superiority of "Peterson" in its fashions, its engravings, its literature, its work-table, etc., etc.

BERLIN WOOL is what is sold in this country under the name of "sephyr." Our fair correspondent, who asks for this information, can buy it at almost any shop where trimmings are kept.

WE ARE NOT MERE chroniclers, as we have often said, of the fashions: we are also critics of them. Hence we must say that head-dresses seem to us to be getting more eccentric and exaggerated every month. As to dresses, we cannot too earnestly counsel our readers against the enormous panniers which many ladies now venture to wear. These panniers, which raise the dresses on the hips, produce a very unsightly effect when they exceed certain limits. We never see one of our own elegant ladies walking in the streets without fearing every instant that she must come down head foremost; her *tournure* and her chignon look as if they must meet. This season the chignon is placed as much too low as it was too high last year. Fashion changes, the exaggerations remain, to the scandal of good sense and right reason. As to hats, they have become alarmingly high: they threaten to get absurd.

LARGE NUMBERS of fashionable Parisian ladies carry the passion of flowers so far as to wear none but natural ones. They are maintained in their freshness by adapting to them small tubes of gutta percha filled with water, very ingeniously disposed and hidden in the foliage. This is especially easy for the large puffs of flowers of the coiffure and the bodices: for garlands it is another thing; but when the caprice of a fair lady is in question, the inventive genius of Parisians is capable of many wonders, and we do not despair of seeing ladies changing themselves this summer, through a new system of coquetry, into bushes of roses or honeysuckle.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and also a copy of either of our premium engravings. What a charming present for a lady!

OUR ARTICLES on "Every-Day Dresses," etc., are pronounced invaluable. "It was the only thing wanting," writes a lady, "to make your Magazine perfect."

WE REPEAT that we cannot undertake to return MSS sent to us for inspection. All MSS must be at the author's risk.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this handy octavo volume of some two hundred pages, we have the poetical works of Tennyson, complete, including "The Holy Grail," his latest production. The page is a double-column one, yet neat; and the type, though small, is distinct. Among the illustrations, are three different portraits of the poet, one taken from quite a recent photograph. The other engravings are of various merit, but generally are very good; a particularly striking one is "Elaene," floating, dead, "in her right hand the lily." Many of the illustrations, in fact, are reduced copies of those by Dore. One would hardly have supposed that it was possible to put Tennyson's poems into so compact a space, and yet retain that beauty and legibility of type, without which such attempts become mere traps to bring on blindness. No household, however economical, need now be without an edition of this, the greatest of living English poets.

The Autograph of William Shakespeare. By George Wise. 1 vol., 12 mo. 32 pp. Philada: Peter E. Abel.—A beautifully printed little volume, with wide paper margins, and rich, vellum-like paper, that will, by-and-by, be almost worth its weight in gold to bibliomania. Mr. Wise tells all that is known of the autographs of Shakespeare, and gives fac-similes of five genuine ones, as well as of two that are in doubt. In an appendix are four thousand variations in the spelling of the name, most of them, of course, exceedingly fanciful.

Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths. By Lyman Abbott. With designs by Dora, Delaroché, Durham & Parsons. 1 vol., small 4 to. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very elegant book, the paper, type, and engravings being unexceptionable, and the binding particularly neat. The author seeks to decipher and interpret the parables of the Old Testament, all of which, he says, are "finger-posts pointing to the Cross of Christ." His style is lucid, and often picturesque. To the religious public, especially, this will be a book of great value.

Ernest Linwood. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is not only a story charmingly told, but also an autobiography, in some respects, of the author. On this latter account, the novel will be even more interesting than the others of the series, if that is possible. This is the fifth of the new edition of Mrs. Hentz's fictions, and the others will follow, at intervals of two weeks. The binding of these books is particularly tasteful.

Puck: His Vicissitudes, Adventures, Observations, Conclusions, Friendships, and Philosophies. Related by Himself and Edited by "Ouida." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—As a bit of literary work this is hardly as good even as "Ouida's" former novels. As a story, it is, perhaps, quite as extravagant as any of the others. "Ouida" has certain popular traits, but to us she seems too turgid for good taste.

Compensation. By Anne M. H. Brewster. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A second edition of an art-novel, which originally appeared four or five years ago, and of which we then spoke at large. Its present dress is an improvement on its earlier one. Indeed, in the neatness and taste of their publications, J. B. Lippincott & Co. leave nothing to be desired.

Mirthfulness and Its Exciters; or, Rational Laughter and Its Promoters. By B. F. Clark. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this work was pastor of the Congregational Church, at North Chelmsford, Mass., for thirty years. He has shown, by his compilation, that mirth is not inconsistent with true religion, and that to be humorous or witty, it is not necessary to be coarse.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. With Introduction and Commentaries. By Lord Lytton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the translation, a metrical one, lately made by Lord Lytton, which the English critics, generally, have been extolling so highly. It is brought out, by the Harpers, in excellent style.

Fairy Tales for Little Folks. By Madame La Comtesse De Segur. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—An excellent translation of the Countess de Segur's charming fairy tales. The translation is by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughters. The volume is illustrated.

Russet Leaves. By James Pemmell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Some prose and poetical sketches, showing, on the part of the author, a real love of nature. The book is charmingly illustrated, and the typography exceptionally elegant.

A German Course. By George F. Comfort, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A text-book for students of the German language, especially adapted to colleges, high-schools, and academies. The author is professor of modern languages in Alleghany College.

Kitty. By the Author of "Dr. Jacob." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Although the best novel this author has yet written. The heroine, "Kitty," is drawn with great truth and force. She is not, however, one we can esteem. Mrs. Corford is also a capital character.

Under The Holly. A Book for Girls. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—A very well-written story, by an anonymous author. It is neatly printed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

EVERY ONE THINKING OF PURCHASING A CABINET ORGAN, should send for the circulars of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which contain as much matter as a good-sized volume, yet are sent without charge and *postage paid* to all who desire them. They contain not only full descriptions, with correct drawings of the various styles of Organs manufactured by this Company, but many interesting explanations of the construction and differences of instruments of this class, showing what are excellences, what defects, etc.; so that they are valuable to every one having any thought of purchasing an instrument of this class.

This Company, whose Organs have a European as well as American reputation, have recently reduced their prices, and are now selling their Double-Reed Organs with Five Stops, having Tremulant, Knee-Swell, Double Bellows, Center Pressure Valves, in elegant Solid Walnut Cases, Carved and Paneled, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. These, it must be remembered, are Organs of the best quality, for this Company will not make the cheap instruments which are hawked about the country, but are dear at any price. It is claimed by other makers that instruments of this quality cannot be afforded at this price, but the M. & H. Organ Co., declare they are enabled to fix the price so low by their unequaled facilities for manufacture. The great demand for their Organs has enabled them to construct ingenious machinery, and to perfect a division of labor, by which they secure not only more perfect work than would be otherwise possible, but this at a reduction in cost. But be this as it may, this is an illustration of the prices at which they are selling their famous work. If anybody loses by it, it will not be the public.

WHEELER & WILSON.—“I purchased,” writes Mrs. M. L. Peck, of Mexico, N. Y., “a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it without instruction, broke one needle; after that, for more than nine years, I had the Machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing, and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the Machine, without breaking a needle. My Machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome babe in my lap, working upon fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men’s and boy’s clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my Machine has become, as it were, a part of my being.”

“PETERSON’S MAGAZINE for February,” says the West Bend (Miss.) Democrat, “is at hand. The ladies all say that the colored embroidery pattern in the present number is worth the full price of the subscription for a year—to say nothing of the superb engravings and fashion-plates, and the whole bookful of excellent reading matter.”

BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS, by J. W. Watson. *The Sensation Volume of the Season.* Price, \$1.25, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Turner Brothers & Co., Publishers, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. For sale by all Booksellers. Send for our Catalogue of new Books.

THE PRICE of “Our Father Who Art In Heaven,” or of either of our premium engravings, is \$1.00 to subscribers to “Peterson.” To all others it is \$2.00. Any member of a club, by remitting one dollar, can have it, or any other of our premium engravings. Address, “Peterson’s Magazine.”

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. “Peterson’s Magazine” is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BRONCHITIS.—In acute bronchitis the symptoms resemble those of catarrh, only that they are more referred to the chest; there is more decided cough, and there is a sense of oppression and tightness. The difficulty of breathing, too, is more marked, and there is at first a scanty expectoration, which in the course of the disease becomes more profuse and frothy; and, as the case is terminating favorably, it may change again in character, becoming thick and yellow. Sometimes it is streaked with blood.

Acute bronchitis often occurs in young children, in whom it is a most dangerous disease. In adults it is not so dangerous; but, nevertheless, the greatest care is required, both in the treatment and in guarding against exposure.

TREATMENT.—When a person is attacked with bronchitis, he should confine himself to his bedroom, the temperature of which is to be maintained by means of a fire at about sixty-five degrees, and for the first few days he should abstain altogether from spirituous and fermented liquors, unless used to taking them to excess during health, and then he may be allowed a little wine negus, or warm whisky and water; but these are always better withheld so long as the patient is doing well and does not complain of extreme prostration. When, however, the acute symptoms have passed away, and it is evident that the patient is suffering from the exhaustive effects of the disease, champagne and other effervescent and light wines may be given somewhat freely.

A very excellent rule to be observed in the treatment of bronchitis is this: When the cough is tight and the phlegm is brought up with difficulty, never give medicine containing opium. When, however, the cough is loose and the expectoration very profuse, an opiate will afford almost instant relief. The use of opiates, then, is indicated when the cough is moist; ipecacuanha and other known expectorants when it is dry. Whenever the functions of the lungs become embarrassed by the presence of disease, from inflammation of their substance, or of the smaller bronchial tubes by which the substance of the lung is traversed, those medicines must be employed that are best calculated to promote a greater or lesser determination to the skin, according to the severity of the symptoms; and amongst these may be mentioned acetate of ammonia, nitre, ipecacuanha, antimony, etc.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Use Cold Mutton.—If you wish to be very economical with a leg of mutton, you should carve it pretty much as you do a ham, then the next day put it for twenty minutes into a vessel containing boiling water; take it out and sprinkle some salt and a little flour over it, and put it to roast for twenty minutes before a good fire, basting frequently with some dripping melted for the purpose. The result will be a very fair second edition of roast leg of mutton. Some, however, may object to carving mutton after the fashion of ham, and in that case a hash, or a mince, are the only ways of turning cold mutton to account; but there are many ways of hashing mutton and other meats, and of mincing them, too.

The great desideratum of a second-hand dish, so to speak, is, that it should not taste as such. Nothing is more abominable than the *rechauffe* taste which is so prominent in the attempts at warming up cold meat, which your plain cook is pleased to call minced veal, hashed mutton, etc. The only means to avoid that taste is to remove carefully from the cold meat you are going to use every part that has seen the fire, as well as gristle and fat. Let every slice be carefully trimmed, and let them all be as near as possible similar in size and shape. Then make your hash, and, even if you

are not expert at combining sauces and spices, at any rate it will not have a warmed-up taste.

To Boil Calf's-Head.—Split the head in two parts, and remove the brains; wash the brains in three waters, and lay them for an hour in cold salted water. Wash the head clean, and soak it in tepid water until the blood is well drawn out. Put it in cold water; when it boils, remove the scum, and simmer gently until a straw can be run through it. A head with the skin will take three hours, if large; and without the skin, two. Scald the brains by pouring over them boiling water; take them out and remove the skin or film; put them in plenty of cold water, and simmer gently fifteen minutes. Chop them slightly, stew them in butter; add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, or not, as desired, and a little salt; when done, skin the tongue, lay it in the center of the dish, and the brains round it. Send the head to the table very hot, with drawn-butter poured over it, and more in the tureen.

Force-meat.—Take equal quantities of cold chicken, veal, and beef, shred very small and mix together; season at the same time with a moderate quantity of pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and grated nutmeg—that is to say, if intended for white meat, or for anything delicately flavored; but if meant for a savory dish, add a little minced ham, and an atom of garlic or a shalot. Put the whole in a stone mortar, and pound it until quite fine, then make it into a paste with a raw egg, some butter, marrow, or fat of some kind. When used, it may either be rolled into round balls and fried for any made dish, or put into any joint of meat or poultry as stuffing; and if kept in a cool place, and well seasoned, it will keep good for several days.

Beef Stewed with Onions.—Cut some tender beef in small pieces, and season it with pepper and salt; slice some onions and add to it, with water enough in the stew-pan to make a gravy; let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly done, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be done in the same way, only the onions must be stewed first, and the meat added. If the water should stew away too much, put in a little more.

DESSERTS.

A Good Baked Custard.—Boil two pints of good new milk, with four ounces of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, the rind of a small lemon, and a teaspoonful of rassaia. Beat well the yolks of eight eggs, and stir into them a quarter of a pint of cream; stir round rapidly a few minutes, then pour the whole into a deep dish or mould. Bake for ten minutes. Leave it to grow cold, then turn out, and serve with jam round it. Should you require one of a richer character, it may be made as follows: Boil one pint of new milk and a pint of cream, with the pared rind of half a lemon, and a little grated nutmeg; beat eight eggs with a wineglass of brandy, and sugar to taste. Mix all together thoroughly, and bake in a pie-dish, with puff-paste, for half an hour.

Friar's Omelet.—Ingredients: Six apples, one lemon, one egg, butter, eight ounces of powdered sugar, bread-crumbs. Mode: Stew the apples with two ounces of sugar until quite tender, add half the lemon-juice and peel, finely chopped. Beat the egg for five minutes, and add it to the mixture. Butter a shallow pie-dish, and cover the sides and bottom thickly with bread-crumbs fine enough to form a crust when turned out. Pour the apple mixture into the dish, cover with bread-crumbs, and bake for half an hour. Turn out on a white d'Oyley, and serve with sweet sauce.

Nice Baked Pudding.—One quart of milk, six eggs, quarter of a pound of seeded raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, sugar to the taste. Beat the eggs, and add them to the milk with the fruit. Pour it in a pudding-dish, cover the top with slices of bread, well buttered. First dip the bread in the milk, so as it may be brown when it is baked. This is generally eaten cold. It may be flavored with lemon or vanilla.

Spanish Fritters.—Ingredients: Two rolls, one pint of cream, grating of a nutmeg, one ounce of sugar, pinch of cinnamon, one egg. Mode: Cut the crumb of a French roll into lengths as thick as a finger, or into any form desired; warm a pint of cream, in which throw one ounce of powdered sugar, a pinch of powdered cinnamon, and an egg; stir well, and soak the roll in the mixture, letting it get cold; when well soaked, fry a nice brown, and serve for breakfast.

Coffee-Cream.—Boil a quart of cream and put it to cool; make some coffee very strong, and put it to cool; sweeten it with sugar-candy; boil half an ounce of isinglass in a little cream, then put the coffee and cream into a deep pan, with a glass of brandy, and sugar sufficient to make it sweet; whisk it up; when it begins to get thick put in the isinglass; keep on whisking it; when quite thick fill the cups.

Pudding a L'Elegante.—Cut thin slices of light, white bread, and line a pudding-shape with them, putting in alternate layers of the bread and orange-marmalade, or any other preserve until the mould is nearly full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four well-beaten eggs have been mixed. Cover the mould with a cloth, and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with wine-sauce.

CAKES.

Sponge-Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, nine eggs, one ounce of caraway-seeds, one pound and a half of flour. Wash the butter, and beat it up with the hands ten minutes before the fire; break the sugar to powder, then add it to the butter. Drop one egg in at a time without first beating them, but beat the ingredients all together all the time you are mixing. Add the seeds, then the flour, no beating after flour is put in.

Perpetual Lemon Cheese-Cakes.—To quarter of a pound of butter add one pound of lump-sugar, broken as for tea, six eggs, well beaten, the grated rind of one lemon, and the juice of three. Put these ingredients in a pan over a slow fire, gently stirring it till it thickens to the consistency of good cream. Crumble quarter of a pound of Savoy biscuits into this quantity while boiling. Pour it into jars, cover them with paper, and keep in a dry, cool place.

Dutch Cake.—Six ounces of butter and lard mixed, four eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar; beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix it with the eggs, well beaten; then add the flour and sugar, both warmed, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon; when well beaten, add a spoonful of brandy, and bake a full hour, in a buttered mould, in a quick oven.

Rough Biscuits.—One pound of flour, five eggs, leaving out two of the whites; one pound of sugar; beat the eggs and sugar together half an hour; mix with the flour one ounce of ground ginger and one ounce of caraway-seeds; then mix all together; drop upon tins, so as to look rough when baked.

SANITARY.

Cure for Burns or Scalds.—First apply sweet-oil freely, and then saturate it with whiting. In the absence of medical aid, to adapt the nature of the application to the kind and degree of the injury from the burn, the above will be found very useful, as it effectually excludes the air, and at the same time affords a soft covering—the chief points in the treatment of burns. It answers the same purpose in these respects as common white paint, which is sometimes employed without the same risk of danger from absorption. Or the following method may be tried: Let the clothes be taken off with great care and tenderness, and then apply spirits of turpentine, or lay on a thick plaster of fresh yeast, renewing it as often as it becomes hot or dry; or dash the part with cold water in which some yeast has been stirred, or with vinegar, or with strong brine, or with the liquid which runs from potatoes sliced thin and sprinkled with salt; or cut a large cucumber in slices and lay it on the part.

To Clean Hair.—Take one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor, powdered fine, and dissolve in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be fit for use, and with it you should damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents it from falling off. The camphor will, after being dissolved, form into lumps again, but that will be of no consequence, as the water will have been sufficiently impregnated.

Strengthening Jelly for an Invalid.—Two ounces of white sugar-candy, one ounce of isinglass, one ounce of gum-arabic. Put these ingredients into a basin, cover them with cold water, and let it stand all night; the next morning put it on the fire and let it simmer until all is dissolved. Then add one pint of port-wine, and boil it all together half an hour; strain it, and let the patient take a tablespoonful three times a day.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.—The lower-skirt is made with one pleated flounce; the upper-skirt and body are made in one, and the skirt is looped up with black velvet bows, and trimmed with wide, black lace. Sash of gay plaid ribbon, with double loops and short ends. Small black velvet hat.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt of this is made of blue poplin, with one deep ruffle; the waist and skirt-dress are of nasturtium-colored silk, looped up high at the sides, and trimmed with fringe. White jacket of heavy cloth, made with revers, which, with the cuffs, are trimmed with black velvet. Black velvet hat, with nasturtium-colored flowers in front, and a long gauze veil.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK-BLUE SILK.—The skirt has but very little train, and is trimmed with one deep flounce. The casaque is made open in front, is moderately long, and is trimmed lengthwise with stripes of velvet, and finished around the edge with a quilling of the silk. The sleeves are puffed to the elbow, and correspond with the trimming of the upper-skirt. Small black velvet cape, with a blue silk trimming on the edge. Black velvet bonnet, with blue flowers in front, and small veil falling over the hair behind.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY FRENCH POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed down the front and around the bottom with three rows of cherry-colored ribbon. The upper-skirt is looped up in puffs, with bands and loops of the same. Sleeves tight to the arm, with a large puff fastened with the same ribbon on the shoulders. A full pleated standing ruff at the neck. This dress is somewhat in the Henry Second style.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with three ruffles bound with blue; blue ribbon sash.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—A flounce is put on under the lower trimming of green, and takes the course of the trimming, which makes it narrower in front and at the back than at the sides: this flounce is not very full. The upper trimming takes the same course as the lower one, and has a large bow with three loops of ribbon at either side. The basque is cut low and square in front of the neck, and is not deeper behind than at the sides. The skirt is made quite full at the back. Small black velvet hat and plume.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK POPLIN.—The front width is trimmed with three pointed ruffles, put on in a scallop; the bottom of the skirt has one narrow-pointed ruffle, put on straight around; the casaque, which is made open at the waist, has two revers pointed like the ruffles; this casaque is very full at the back, and deeper there than in front, and is trimmed with a ruffle like the lower-skirt. Small black velvet hat.

FIG. VIII.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK, made of dark-blue serge; there are sleeves fastening at the wrist with elastic bands; and the long hood is made without any fullness, and lined with silk.

NEW STYLES OF HATS.—We also give a variety of hats this month. The first is a toquet of gray felt, slanting very much on the forehead, with a border of black velvet round the flat crown, and two enormous loops of velvet in front; between these two loops, three tips of peacocks' feathers are placed as an aigrette.

Then a Tyrolean hat, of Russian green felt, trimmed round with velvet of the same shade, and ornamented with a thick gold torsade, and with a long gold buckle, fastening the foot of a handsome green and black cock's feather. Then a cap, a real boy's cap, of black velvet, ornamented with a large rose and its foliage and buds. A scarf-veil of black spotted tulle, folded into a torsade, is placed across the visor of the cap, is fastened at the side, goes round the neck, and is loosely tied at the back.

Next a small Louis XV. *chaperon*, entirely made of black lace, with rose-buds of several shades, from rosy white to deepest red, mingled within a *ruche* of lace and headed with a large curled feather; two long lapels of dark-red are fastened by a gold buckle; a necklace of the same velvet takes the place of strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The weather continues so damp that, although spring is really here by the calendar, winter wraps are found as necessary as they were a month ago. In fact, great changes in dress do not take place in the spring; the new fashions are decreed in the winter in Paris, though the initiated and favored have peeps of them much earlier. The dresses cut in a heart-shape, or square at the neck, gain in popularity every day; the body is quite high at the back and on the shoulder, and, as a general rule, not open very wide in front. Then the half-long sleeves, with the wide ruffles at the elbow, are great favorites; dresses made in this way have a much more "dressy" look than with the older style of "high necks" and tight sleeves. Flounces are more worn than ever; and upper-skirts looped up, or made open and looped back with graceful knots and bows of ribbon, add very much to the graceful style of dress. To add to the last century appearance of our ladies, lace is also plentifully used on dresses; but it should be put on fully and richly to look well.

We repeat what we have often said before: the rich costumes or dresses we describe, may always be copied in low expensive materials. It is the style, not necessarily the material, that you must follow.

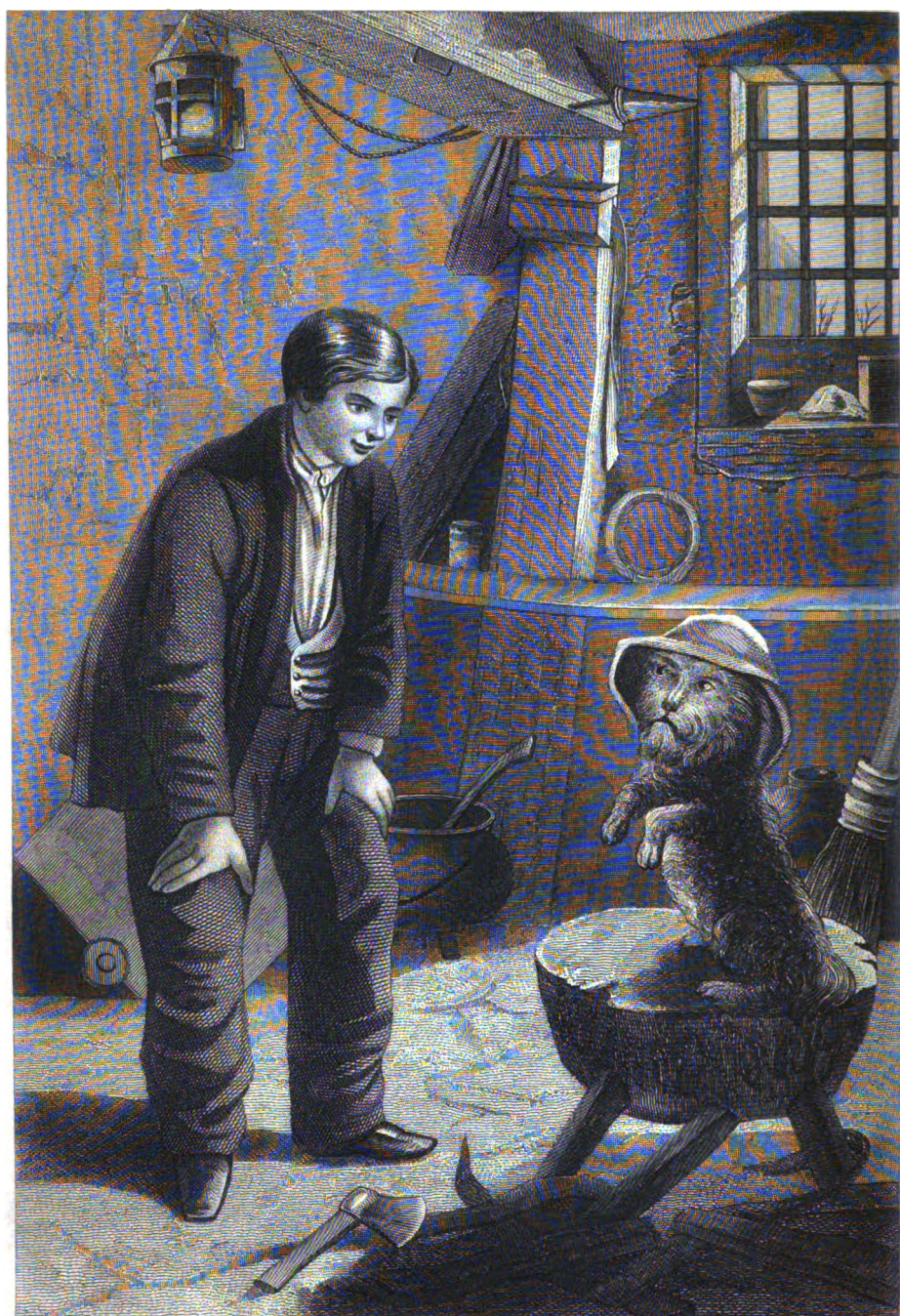
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF PINK CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with four narrow ruffles. The casaque is made plain, and is trimmed around the bottom with a band of black velvet. The sash, lapels, and cuffs, are also of black velvet; a double row of black velvet buttons down the front.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with a row of swansdown. The upper-skirt is also trimmed with swansdown, and is looped up in the back by a large bow of ribbon. Short casaque, with tight sleeves, and cut up in the back, also trimmed with a swansdown. Blue velvet hat and plume, with a band of swansdown on the brim.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A SMALL BOY.—The frock is of white Marseilles, and the casaque of white cloth, with blue velvet sailor collar, cuffs, and buttons. White felt hat.

FIG. IV.—SUIT OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE FOR A BOY.—The trousers are short and loose at the knee; the vest and jacket are of the same color and material as the trousers, and the jacket has a rolling collar and cuffs of rich, brown velvet, and all the buttons on the suit are covered with brown velvet.



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THE END OF THE WORLD

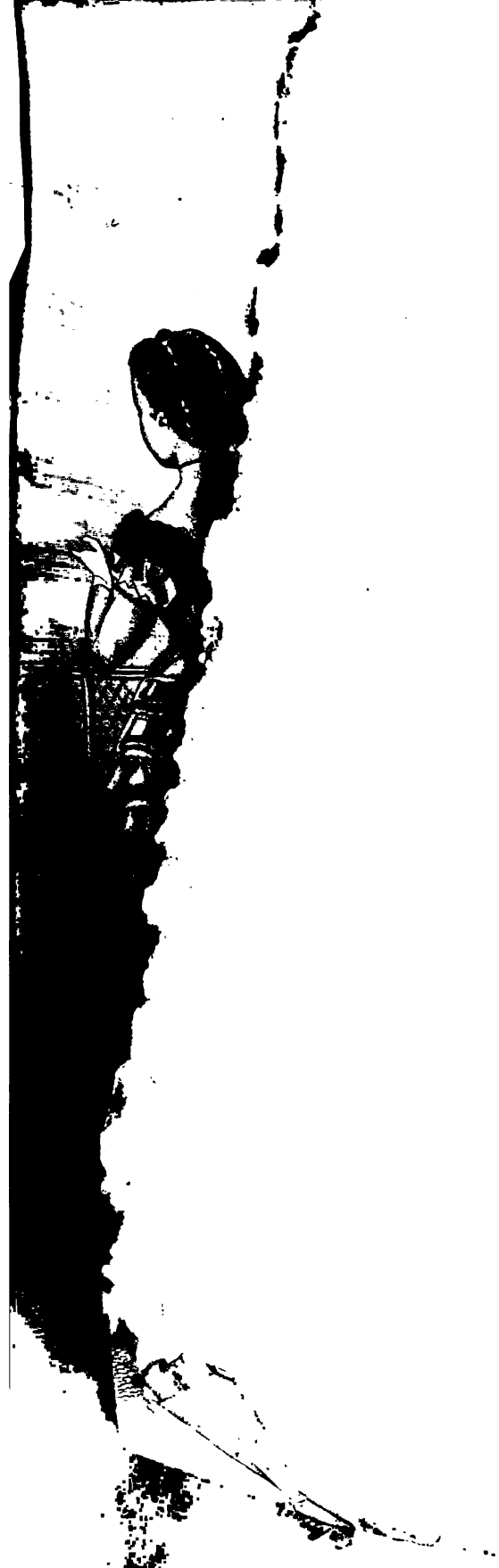
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"HARSH LIGHTS"

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BABY'S AFGHAN IN CROCHET.



HOME AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS.

[See the Story.]



RIDING-HABIT, HAT AND VEIL.



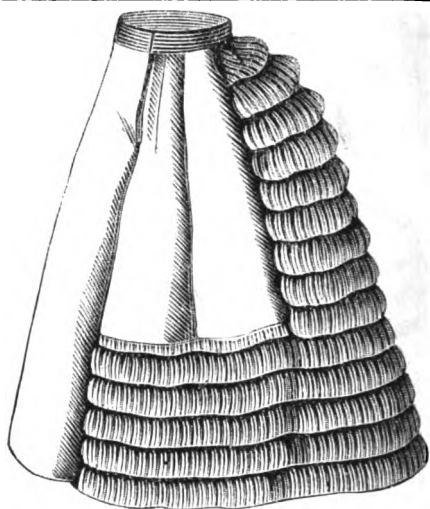
WALKING-DRESS. COLLARS AND SLEEVES.



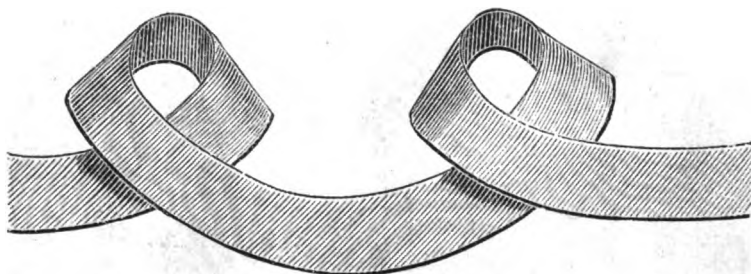
HOUSE-DRESS. JACKET: FRONT AND BACK.



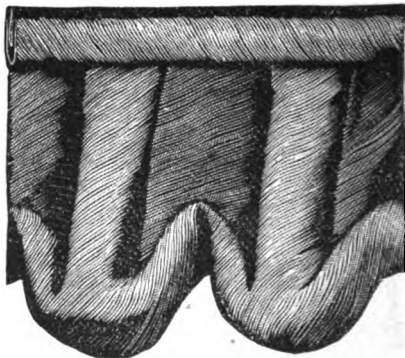
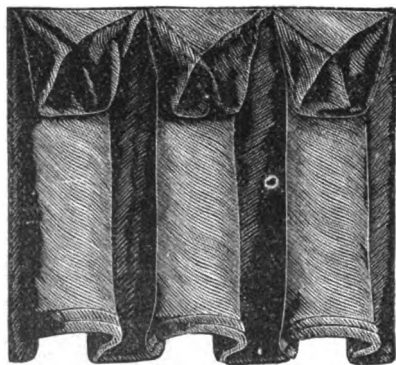
BLACK SILK UNDER-SKIRT.



CRINOLINE WITH TOURNURE



TRIMMING FOR INFANT'S CLOAK.



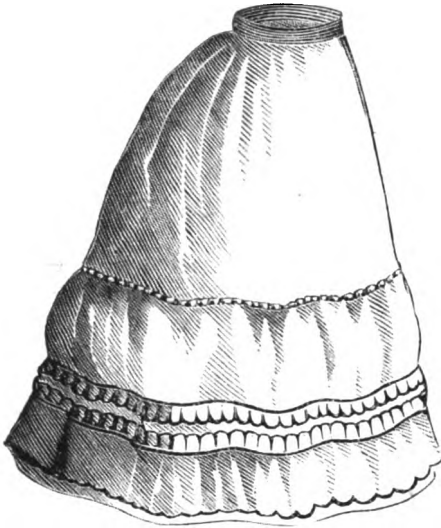
TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



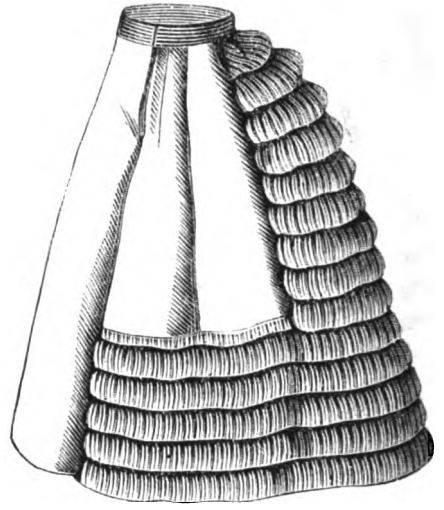
INFANT'S CAPS.



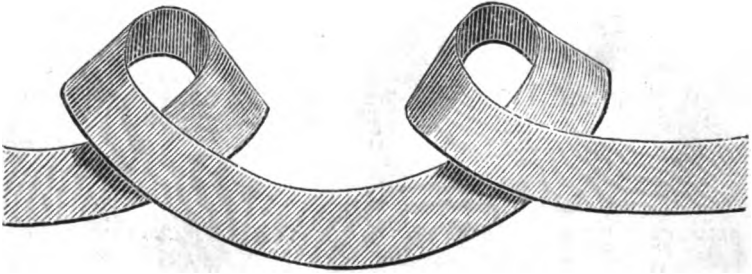
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



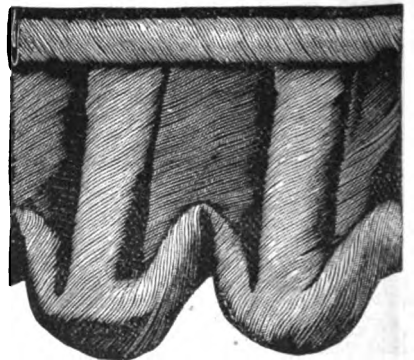
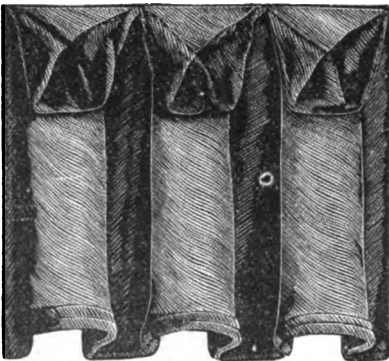
BLACK SILK UNDER-SKIRT.



CRINOLINE WITH TOURNURE



TRIMMING FOR INFANT'S CLOAK.



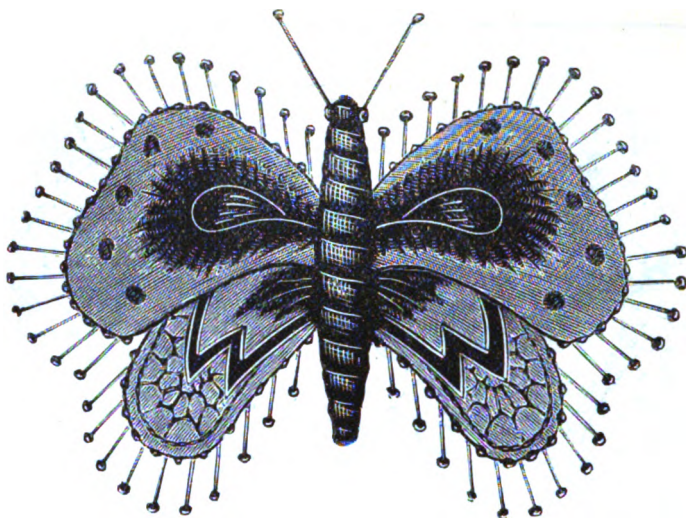
TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



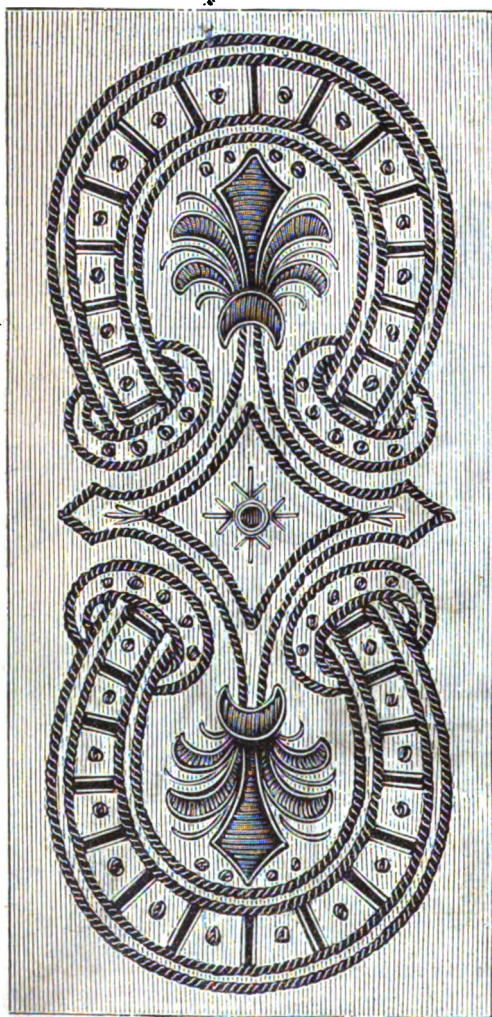
INFANT'S CAPS.



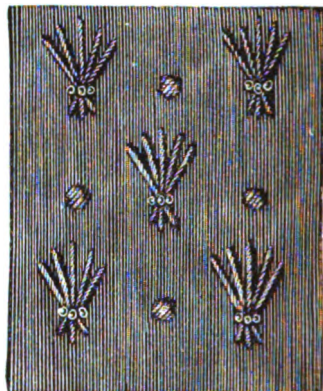
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



BUTTERFLY PIN-CUSHION.



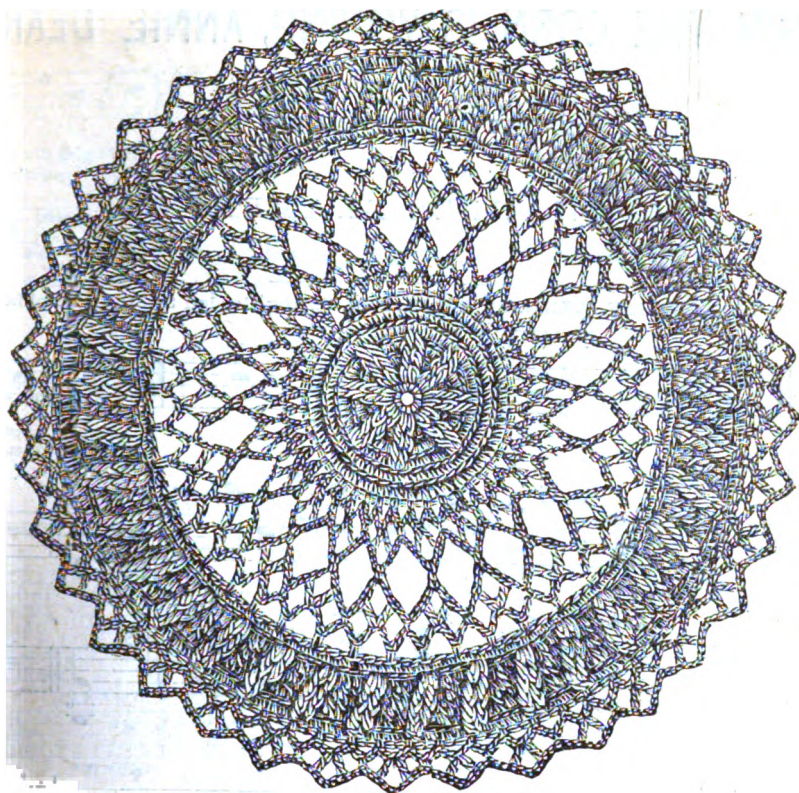
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR POCKET-BOOK.



DESIGN IN 'LONG STITCH AND BEADS



BOOK-MARK IN GOLD BRAID AND FILLING.



CROCHET ROSETTE FOR ANTI-MACASSAR.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



MONOGRAMS.

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

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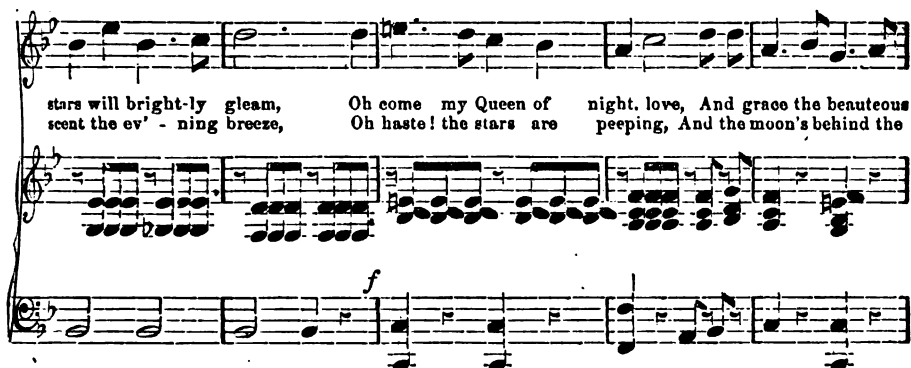
PIANO.

1. When the
2. When the

corn is waving, An-nie dear, O meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle
corn is waving, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-side the gentle,

voice a-gain, And greet thy winning smile. The moon will be at full, love, The
flowing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where wild flow'rs in their beau-ty, Will

WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING, ANNIE DEAR.



stars will bright-ly gleam, Oh come my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous
scent the ev' - ning breeze, Oh haste! the stars are peeping, And the moon's behind the

CHORUS.



ATR. *mf*
ALTO. The corn is wav - ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the
scene. trees.
TENOR. *mf*
BASS.



stille, To hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, and greet thy winning smile. *Repeat ppp*
Repeat ppp
Repeat ppp



DESIGN FOR A PALM. BUTTON-HOLE EDGE FOR FLANNEL. NAME.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1870.

No. 4.

"THIS HUMDRUM LIFE."

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"I AM so tired of this humdrum life," said pretty Ellen Wentworth. "Every day the same dull round! I wish something would happen: I don't care what; if it would only bring a little excitement."

"My child!" said her mother, in a tone of mild reproof. "How can you talk so?"

"How can I?" replied the daughter. "Because I think it's very hard on me, having to slave, in this way, at house-work, and never, or rarely, get any new dresses; while Helen Somers, who's no better than I am, and not so good-looking, has dresses from New York, and doesn't have to work her fingers off. What have I done to have so different a life. It's all because her father happens to be rich. I don't see why I was born, if I have to go drudging, in this way, day in and day out."

"I am really shocked, Ellen, to hear you talk so," said her mother, now speaking severely. "I've no doubt, if we knew everything, we'd find out that Helen Somers has her troubles as well as the rest of us. Probably, just like you, she envies some one richer than herself. Perhaps she is discontented because she can't live in Paris. Everything, my dear, in life is relative. Content comes from a rightly disciplined mind, and has very little, indeed, to do with the mere accidents of fortune."

"Oh! but it's different. Helen Somers don't have to sprinkle and fold clothes, and mend stockings, and make shirts for her father. I don't believe there was anybody ever had to drudge as I do."

Her mother sighed, and was silent for a moment. Then she resumed,

"Ellen, don't you think your father, whose shirts, it seems, you rebel against, has to drudge also? He is not a clerk from choice, I assure you; and at his time of life! But he was ruined, years ago, by a friend; lost all he had; and has never since been able to save

enough money to go into business on his own account again. Yet he toils on, without a complaint, and at work that is particularly distasteful to him. How often he comes home at night, utterly fagged out! He has been drudging, too, in this way, for twenty years. Many a time, to my knowledge, he has sacrificed his own comforts, in order that you might have a new dress. Believe me, my dear, there are worse troubles than wanting new dresses, or having to drudge, as you call it."

The tears sprung to Ellen's eyes. She was not really a bad daughter. She sincerely loved her father. But she was young, and her somewhat unevenful existence often fretted her, as it did to-day.

What answer she would have made we cannot say, for at that instant there was a loud, hurried knock at the door. There was something in the knock that made mother and daughter look at each other with white faces; and then both started simultaneously for the front entrance.

They shrank back at the scared face that met them. It was that of a son of Mr. Wentworth's employer, a young gentleman they knew but slightly. His very presence there foreboded disaster, and he looked as if he had some terrible message to deliver. He began to speak stammeringly, but before he had uttered more than a word or two, the hushed, monotonous tread of men, as if bearing a heavy burden slowly and carefully, smote on the ear. With a shriek, the wife and mother would have rushed past him, but he caught her by the arm, and said, hurriedly,

"It is not as bad as you think. Mr. Wentworth is only hurt. He fell down the hatchway. He is not even insensible. Let us hope for the best."

But Mrs. Wentworth was not to be kept back. She broke from his grasp, rushed down the

steps, and, in another moment, was by her husband's side. Ellen made an effort to follow her, but suddenly everything seemed to swim about her. Instinctively she stretched out her hands. The next moment she would have fallen to the ground, if young Mr. Ewing had not caught her just in time.

The weeks that followed were anxious ones. For many days Mr. Wentworth's death was daily expected. The physicians feared some inward hurt, and hesitated to hold out even the slightest hope. But fortunately their prognostications proved incorrect. Mr. Wentworth's leg was broken; but that was all; and after a week, the danger was past.

But what a week it had been for Ellen! There was not an hour in which she did not reproach herself for what she now called "her wicked words." Half the night she lay weeping. Often she was on her knees, in the privacy of her chamber, praying, with sobs and broken articulation, for her father's life. "Spare him to us, oh, God!" she cried, "spare him: let him not die for my fault." It was like the wail of a broken heart. Her heart would have broken if her father had died.

She realized now the truth of what her mother had said, that "there were worse evils in life than having to drudge." She wrung her hands as she thought of it. "Oh! I would drudge forever," she cried, "and be thankful, if only father could get well." When the phy-

sicians said, at last, that there was no serious internal injury, and that Mr. Wentworth, with good nursing, would recover, she flew to her room, and on her knees, poured out her thanks again and again.

We might finish our story here. The moral is told. But sometimes, out of the deepest sorrow, there blooms, as if to teach a profound lesson, unexpected happiness. It was so in this case. Young Mr. Ewing saw much of Ellen during her father's illness. He called daily to inquire after Mr. Wentworth's condition, and as Mrs. Wentworth herself rarely left the sick chamber, it was Ellen that generally came down to him. Subdued, and softened by distress, she had never appeared to better advantage: indeed, she had never been as worthy as now; and the influence remained through life. A mutual attachment sprang up between the two. There was nothing to delay the marriage; and the first day that Mr. Wentworth went out, was when his daughter was united, in church, to the husband of her choice.

Mr. Wentworth is now a partner in the house of Ewing, Son & Co. Young Mrs. Ewing lives in elegant style. She has everything, so far as fortune goes, that she can reasonably desire. But she finds that life still has its troubles. Happily she learned the valuable lesson, that a cheerful, contented spirit can discharge its duties, however monotonous, without ever finding them tiresome.

THE ROBIN'S NEST IN THE MAPLE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

When the rays of the sun, at its setting,
Come in to enliven the gloom,
Its glances fall fitful and broken
On the floor of my snug little room;
For it comes through the branches, close woven,
Of the maple, whose broad, shining leaves
Are tossed, by the breezes of even,
'Gainst the moss on the low cottage eaves.

A curtain of green to my window
It gives in the sunshiny Spring;
But a drapery of gorgeous crimson,
The bright, frosty Autumn days bring.
No hangings in palaces royal,
Though woven by Persian loom,
Can equal in splendor the curtain
That shadows my one attic-room.
In the Spring of the year, when the birdlings
Were building their nest in each tree,
Two robins made love in its branches,
And chanted sweet music to me;
And ere many days had departed,
They made them a nest 'mid the leaves
Of twigs and dried grass, interwoven
With moss from the o'erhanging eaves.

All day could I watch, from my window,
The robins a-building their nest,
And lining the home for their children
With down from each warm, throbbing breast;
And listen, unseen, to their music,
That made all the echoes resound,
When blue eggs gleamed out through the branches
Of the maple, above and around.

And then, after long, patient waiting,
I heard the young birds in their nest
Chirping low, as, with carols so joyous,
The fond mother sang them to rest.
And all through the long Summer hours,
They chanted their hymns in my tree;
While the young birds, uniting their voices,
Melodiously sang unto me.
And when, with the first breath of Winter,
They fled to some far distant clime,
I hoped they might come to my window
Again in the sunny Spring-time.
When the flowers are opening in beauty,
And green leaves hang thick on my tree,
I will listen to hear, 'mid its branches,
The sweet songs they warble to me.

HOME AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SUE was at home, actually standing in the old familiar library; Maud's arm was about her neck, and Elinor was kneeling on the floor, and already making friends with the little girl. The boy, more shy, or else with a precocious want of confidence in feminine nature, was peering at the new aunt from behind the shelter of his mother's dress, clinging fast with one hand to his cap, as if to be ready for flight at a second's notice; while little Nell had dashed her turban on the carpet, and twice stepped on it with her usual heedlessness.

There Miriam Peyton stood, for the first moments so overpowered by the meeting, that she could only hold fast to Maud in speechless excitement, while the room swam before her tired eyes, as the cabin of the ship had so often done during her long voyage.

Everything was so natural, and yet so changed. Even the girls' faces and appearance were so new, and still so familiar, from the old-time likeness, that clung about them. Seven years ago, Maud had been seventeen, and stately Elinor, a wild, frolicsome girl, two years younger; and now they greeted her as matured women, able to understand and sympathize with the sorrows that had fallen upon her.

The sisters had met her in the hall, when the sound of carriage-wheels announced her arrival, and seizing upon the group had hurried her thither. For many moments the scene was like a picture of still life, in spite of the agitation all three felt; for even Maud's tearful greetings were uttered in whispers, and Elinor's attempts at friendship with the little girl were made in gestures, while she waited for her choked voice to come back.

Presently there was a sound of an opening door, unnoticed by Miriam; but Maud turned her gently round, and she found herself standing face to face with Walter Ainslie. Cousin Walter he had been to her, in the old times, though the relationship was so far removed, that nothing but close intercourse from childhood would have made that familiar name habitual in the household.

Something more he had been to Miriam, personally, in the vanished days. He had been her patient, devoted lover, though in her girlish

vanity and pride she had thought more lightly of the offering, than a good woman ever should of a man's affection, however impossible it may be for her to return it.

There he stood now, and added to the mingled strangeness and familiarity of the scene. He was so changed; and yet it was the same kind, manly face; worn, lined, almost middle-aged looking, till the smile, that Miriam remembered so well, softened his mouth, and brightened the honest, blue eyes into positive beauty.

"Walter!" she exclaimed; "dear, old Walter!" involuntarily calling him, as she had done in the vanished time.

He came forward and took her hands, saying pleasant words of welcome, outwardly less moved by the meeting than she; for Miriam would never lose her excitability and impulsiveness, if she lived to be a hundred, and struggled through blacker sorrows than those which had darkened the past seven years.

Then the girls darted upon her again, with incoherent exclamations, and that mingling of smiles and tears which is very pretty to witness, if not carried too far. At last the children became so much excited by the tumult, that they flew at their mother also, impressed with the idea that something terrible had happened; and Miriam regained her own composure in trying to restore theirs.

By the time that happy consummation was reached, wise Elinor remembered that they had all done the pathetic as much as Miriam's nerves could well stand, and she began to laugh and talk nonsense, and frowned secretly at Walter for showing so plainly in his tell-tale face the pain he felt at Miriam's altered appearance. Not that she had lost her beauty, but those seven weary years had taken the warmth and girlishness away; and Walter could have cursed the man whose acts had made the years so heavy, only Morgan Peyton was dead. "Come," Elinor urged, "now we will go in a grand procession, and show Miriam her rooms. Maud, call the nurse; or no, I'll take care of the twin birds myself."

So they all went to survey the pretty nest, on which the sisters and Walter had bestowed such pains; and Elinor said,

"We choose these rooms, Miriam, because they have the winter sun."

Miriam smiled; but she knew that the girls had not given her old apartments to her, lest she should be saddened by the recollection they must rouse. She was right as to the reason of the change; but the thought was Walter's, only nobody ever told her so.

At last, the two sisters and Walter went down stairs. Nurse took away the two children, voluble and wide-eyed with questions and sage remarks concerning their aunts, and all the varied wonders of this new place. Miriam was left in solitude. She was left alone, for the express purpose of lying down to rest, and had been commanded so to do by every one of her visitors, from the sisters to the children, and she really thought she meant to obey. She exchanged her traveling attire for a loose dressing-gown, that had been got out of the already opened boxes, and was on her way toward the bed, when she caught sight of her own face in the glass, and before she knew it, she had seated herself by the table, had leaned her elbows on it to support her head with her hands, and sat gazing intently at her image, remembering with sudden distinctness the girlish face that used to look out at her from the mirrors in the old house, and feeling as if the pale, tired features which confronted her now must be those of a stranger. Presently she forgot the phantom of the girl's face, with its joyous smiles. She forgot the tired countenance, and the melancholy eyes that stared at her from the mirror, with a languid surprise. Her thoughts had drifted back to the day she left that house, seven years before, and dwelt with cruel persistence upon all that spread between her and that season. Every detail of those miserable years came up; and though she had, months before, tried to shut the door between her soul and the past, had prayed to forget, for her own soul's sake and that of the dead, she was powerless in these first hours of her return to check the weary tide of reflection.

She had gone away a bride, after less than a year's acquaintance with Morgan Peyton. She had married him, dazzled by the brilliancy of that first dream, which young people call love, but which, nine times out of ten, is a sentiment, that can no more endure wear and tear, than hot-house plants can bear the chill winds of the north.

Miriam did not remember her father. Her mother had died when she was sixteen. Aunt Ainslie lived with her and the younger girls,

(she still resided in the house, but was absent now,) and at Miriam's request they had gone to New York for awhile. There she met Peyton, and during the next summer he followed her out to her country home, and the pair were married.

The wedding was hurried on, because Peyton was obliged to go to India. He had an old English uncle there, whose heir he was to be; and the uncle talked of dying, and wanted his nephew. But old Peyton lived long enough to learn more of Morgan's character, and thanks to his common sense, Miriam and her children were not to-day penniless. Her own fortune, girl like, she thought it sublime not to have secured to herself, and every trace of it had vanished.

Miriam Peyton had lived seven frightful years. Before she reached Calcutta, her dream had been so coarsely dispelled, that, in the madness of youth and inexperience, she prayed wildly to heaven that the ship might go down, down, and she never catch sight of land.

I could make a harsh sensation story, but I think such writing can do no good to any human being: it is enough that she knew her dream was killed beyond the possibility of revival, though as yet the agony and the insanity remained. In less than a year the twins were born. They were healthy and strong—so Miriam knew why she had to live. Months and years passed. She had gone so far beyond the power of jealousy, that her husband's presence was only a dread and loathing to her; but after the uncle died, she found that there were depths of suffering and ignominy that she had not before sounded.

Most men, given to wrong courses, have some besetting sin and many good qualities. But Morgan Peyton was a man-tiger—I can think of no other comparison for him. He had a positive genius for cruelty. Often his behavior was so like insanity, that Miriam used to wonder if he were mad. The Bible tells us of unfortunates who were possessed by devils. I think a legion haunted and ruled Morgan Peyton; and the worst sins of ordinary men were his mildest failings.

This sounds exaggerated, but I am wording my description as mildly as I can, and I am writing the exact truth. But Miriam lived. She could not die because of the children. But why God compelled her and them to stay seemed to her a mystery so cruel, that often she doubted whether there were any more mercy in heaven than she found on earth. There was a season, when she was so rebel-

lous, that she could have followed the advice the woman of old offered, could have cursed God, and died. There were times of horrible apathy, when, sunk in black thoughts, she was ready to believe, that, for some unknown sin of those gone before, she was under a ban, here and hereafter. There was the dreadful sound of anguish, remorse, rebellion, which no words could make clear to you, unless observation or experience has unfolded to your knowledge the whole extent of human misery.

Freedom came at last, without warning. Morgan Peyton had been absent from Calcutta for several weeks, when news reached Miriam of his death. He had been killed in a drunken brawl. Everything connected with him was in God's hands now. She had no right to remember his errors harshly. She tried to forgive. She wrote to the girls at home, and prepared to return to America. She had never complained to any human being. As her sisters grew up, and wrote enthusiastically of her happiness, she felt that she could not bear it; but all she did was to request them never to ask questions about her life. They knew she suffered. Walter, too, knew the whole story from a friend. But there were no confidences.

It was all over now. She was safe in her old home! Some sudden noise from below roused her from the trance of memory, and she recalled her strength and courage by that thought.

She dressed herself and went down stairs, stopping in the children's room, on the way, where she found them tumultuous over bread and marmalade, and loud in praises of aunt Elinor, who had been in to inform them that they should be sent for when dessert was on the table.

It was growing dusk, for the autumn days had begun to shorten, as Miriam entered the library. It had always been the family habit to assemble there before dinner. Aunt Ainslie had now returned from town, and was there to greet Miriam, not in the least changed by these seven long years. Miriam had left her a commonplace nonentity, and found her the same. Aunt Ainslie kissed her niece; hoped her journey was pleasant, as if it had been a little trip of fifty miles; then began to relate a wonderful coincidence, which was none at all; then to lament that she had lost three skeins of embroidery-silk; then fell into a doze, which lasted till dinner was announced. She was a worthy soul, but more like a fat pillow, physically and mentally, than anything else.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. The children were a great resource, because people

who have been long separated always find it hard work to talk at first. So the youthful pair were kept up, long after they ought to have been in bed; and nurse scolded her familiar, the tea-pot, in consequence. Nurse was always drinking tea, and made all her confidences to the tea-pot. It was noticeable that very soon her tea-pots got an astonished, wide-awake look, as if the effect of all the marvelous revelations she made to them.

Cousin Walter lived at his own house. The grounds adjoined Beechmore, so, at bed-time, he took his leave, and the sisters departed to their rooms. Miriam was dreary enough. But she laid her head on her pillow with a feeling of rest and security, to which she had long been a stranger. She was safe! No more fear of waking to find a madman standing over her with a loaded pistol in his hand. No more danger of being roused by a noise of some one trying to break into the house to steal her children. Once these had been almost nightly incidents in her life.

The night passed. Miriam woke from a restful sleep, and the first day of this new life began. It was a very quiet, peaceful existence. For months and months there would be nothing to chronicle. The girls had their little amusements and interests; visits to town; guests in the house; admirers and pretty romances; but Miriam lived very quietly, and gradually, to her surprise, found that she was resting herself into strength.

Spring came, and summer. The children thrived. Serious Maud married a young clergyman, and departed to her new home. Elinor was soon to follow her example, though her lover was a naval-officer, and her destination, for the first years, was a pleasant Italian city on the Mediterranean.

The weeks slipped on. Maud and her husband came back to the old house for a short visit; and the morning they went away Elinor was married. Miriam and her aunt were left alone in the homestead. Elinor had pleaded hard for her sister to accompany her to Europe, promising all sorts of gayeties and pleasantness; but it was precisely such alluring inducements that made Miriam stoutly refuse to comply. She preferred the quiet of the old house, broken only by the merry voices of her children, the entire seclusion, even the companionship of aunt Ainslie, who had a certain number of stereotyped remarks for each day, and never varied from, or went beyond the number. The thought of going out into the great world was abhorrent to the weary woman:

she had neither part nor lot therein. She could not bring herself to sit by, in the crowd, and watch other people, like a sad ghost, who had no feeling in common with mortality, save that of pain.

A year had gone by since her return home, and she had, at least, found peace, or if not that, a repose which she called such, and which was very welcome after the tumult and storms of the past, lonely as she often found herself. She wondered, sometimes, that her children did not completely fill up her life, as was the case with so many other women. She loved them passionately. There was not a sport that she did not share with them, not a childish pain but she felt as acutely as if it had been some trouble to herself; but all that absorbing affection brought no completeness into her existence; and she reproached herself bitterly therefor. She had nothing else to look forward to. No fresh hope could ever come near her. Her life was dead, save as she lived through those tiny beings. Frequently she chafed under that knowledge, and the old, bitter cry rose in her soul, that God was cruel—he treated her more harshly than he did others! Then the spasm of restlessness would be followed by seasons of acute remorse, and she would wear the night out in supplications for forgiveness of her own ingratitude. She had prayed for deliverance in the darkness of her trouble; and now that it had come she was not content, and her thanklessness seemed to her an unpardonable sin.

But the girls were married and gone, and Miriam was mistress in the old house, which was haunted by so many memories, that each room seemed filled with the phantoms that had been living presences or hopes in her girlhood.

She returned few visits, and, of course, guests became rare at the house, for aunt Ainslie was eminently unsocial, too. Cousin Walter was a daily visitor, and his interest and kindness never flagged. He persuaded Miriam out, to ride and walk, in the beautiful autumn days. He devised amusements for the children. He bought new books, persuaded Miriam to arouse her old talent and love for painting, and in every way possible brought sunshine and occupation into her melancholy days.

So the glorious October faded. The leaves fell from the trees, the soft November haze gathered over the landscape, and the entrancing beauty of Indian Summer glowed in earth and sky.

One lovely day Walter appeared at the house, and tempted the little party off upon an expe-

dition among the hills. Between him and the children, Miriam was so taken out of herself, that the lovely afternoon faded like a dream. He went home with them to dine, and as aunt Ainslie, by some dispensation of a merciful Providence, was smitten with toothache, and forced to go to bed, the cousins had dinner to themselves.

The children came down for awhile in the evening, and Walter romped with them to their hearts' content, until nurse swooped down, like a ferocious eagle on a pair of helpless lambs, and carried them off to her eyrie. But little Maud did try to be rebellious, and would only consent to depart on condition that Walter conveyed her up stairs, pic-a-back, which he willingly did, crooning an old nursery melody as he went, which made Miriam smile, as the tenor notes floated softly down into the drawing-room.

Presently Walter returned and found her standing by her harp. She was looking so much better than usual, to-night, that, seeing her in that attitude, it struck him, with a momentary pang, for she was so like the idol of his youthful dream. She had thrown off her widow's weeds, at the time of Maud's marriage, though out-of-doors she still dressed in sufficiently sombre garb. But to-night she had put on a white dress of some soft woolen fabric, that was lighted up by violet ribbons, and the fatigue of the day had brought a slight pink into her cheeks. For the first time, since her return, she was like the Miriam of other days.

"I am going to reward you for being a bad, old boy, and spoiling my children," she said. "I have been secretly trying to get back a little of my skill, and now you shall hear what the harp will say."

He sat down, without a word; and she played: and after that they sang together; then they had tea; and finally, they drifted off into a conversation more confidential than they had before held. Miriam told Walter freely of her loneliness, and of her remorse at her own discontent. The strong man's heart was moved to the core. He could not have told how it came about; but he found himself saying, with an odd quiet,

"Miriam, I may as well tell you the truth. I love you, more deeply even than in the old days. Come to me, if you can. I can help you to make more of your life. It is not possible for you to find entire peace as you live now. I would try to make you happy——"

"Oh! Walter, Walter!" she broke in.

"Couldn't you do it? Do I pain you?" he

asked. "Then think no more of it. I only gave way to a little insanity—just forget it."

Miriam sat looking at him, in a trouble which made it difficult for her to speak. A sudden revelation had come to her. She comprehended the desolation and unrest of the past weeks. She discovered that she loved this man at last.

"Don't look so, Miriam," she heard him saying. "What an ass I was to worry you! See, I'll go straight home, by way of penance, and you shall forget my idiocy."

He rose to go. She stretched out her hands with one eager sob, calling,

"Walter, Walter!"

He made a step toward her, his face fairly convulsed with contending emotions.

"You don't mean—you couldn't——"

"Walter!" she called again, "Walter!"

He was at her feet, holding her hands fast, saying brokenly,

"Could you marry me, Miriam? Could——"

"I can love you," she whispered, leaning her head on his hands. "Forgive me—I never knew it till now."

There are crises, in this life, for which there is no earthly comparison. Walter Ainslie knew, in that bewildering moment, how the freed soul feels when the last earthly mists are left behind, and when the glorious vision of the eternal shore opens upon its dazzled sight.

He held her fast in his arms, and for a time not a word was spoken. But they thought they were talking all the while.

Look you, there are matters too sacred to write about; too holy to speak of, save to the few, whom we know have learned what the purest and highest type of love is. I leave them here. Only let us thank God, that he has left on earth the capability of such bliss; and be still.

The next morning Walter was early at the house, and there was a long talk, broken by many episodes, but at least a few important points were settled upon. They were to be married in the spring. Outwardly there was to be no change in their lives until then—not even a word was to be written to the girls.

The winter passed on into spring. The close of the last day that their secret must be kept had come. In the morning Walter was to tell the story to aunt Ainslie. In a week they were to be married. Walter was obliged to leave early, for his business agent was at his house. Miriam sat in the library, where he had left her. The windows that opened on the veranda had the shutters ajar, to admit the moonlight, that played like a silver mist about the room.

Miriam sat down at the table and began to write to Maud. A sudden noise roused her, as of a hand tapping impatiently at the glass. Her first thought was that Walter had come back to steal a parting look at her. She started up, and ran toward the window, and confronted her husband, or his spirit.

She could neither swoon, nor cry out. If she had a definite thought, it was that his ghost had been permitted to come back and torment her. It was only an instant's delusion.

His hand tapped again on the glass. She heard his voice,

"Open—I want to come in."

Mechanically she flung the casement ajar. Peyton stepped into the room, closed the window, and stood regarding her with the old mocking smile.

"Are you a living man? What are you?" she gasped.

"Your husband, my dear," said he, "fresh from the grave. Come to do a new version of Orlando, the brave, and the false Imogen."

Miriam tottered back into a chair, and sat staring at him.

"Now listen," said he. "I know everything. I have been watching you for weeks. I have been in this house twenty times. I did think to steal the brats would hurt you worst; but I believe stopping the second marriage is best, though I was uncertain if it wouldn't be pleasanter to wait and have you tried for bigamy."

She did not move or speak. Hell had opened and closed upon her once more.

"It's a pretty clear case," he went on, "and I have brought two witnesses. You sailed from India under the care of Col. Watson; that is, you ran off with him. He left you in England, (by-the-way he's dead,) and you came here dressed in widow's weeds. You thought I could not trace you. That's the story for the world. Don't you think any court will give me the children?"

She sprang to her feet.

"I'll kill them first, with these hands," she said, in an awful whisper.

"That's motherly love," sneered he. "I've read of it in books, beautiful Medea!"

She sat down again. She could reflect enough to know that insanity was very near.

"Now I don't want the animals," said he. "I am penniless, and I want money——"

"You shall have it," she broke in. "Sign a paper that shall be a legal separation, and I'll give you all mine and theirs."

He laughed outright.

"I thought you didn't believe in a divorced

woman marrying," said he. "No, I want you, too. Upon my soul, I have missed having you to torment. Go away with me, and it's all right. If you don't, I'll bring the matter into the courts. I'll take the children, and make them infamous through you. Come, take ten minutes to decide—not a second longer. You go with me, or suffer the consequences."

"The children?" she gasped.

"You shan't take them. Leave them here with the old woman."

She heard his voice again.

"Time's up! Do you go, or stay?"

She stood still and looked at him.

"I will go," she said. "Let me tell my aunt."

"Not a word," he answered. "Here's a cloak and hood. We'll walk to the village, and take the midnight train for New York. Your jewels are all there at the banker's, and to-morrow you'll have the stocks and English property made over to me."

He threw the cloak about her. He had hold of her arm, when the door opened, and Walter entered. He had come back, haunted by a presentiment. He recognized Peyton, at the first glance, and comprehended, in a measure, what had happened. He darted forward, with some wild thought of murdering him on the instant; but Miriam stepped between them. The sight of Walter brought her reason back.

"Stand still," she said. "He was not dead. He can make it appear that I ran away. I am going with him. Take care of my children."

"Not to-night!" cried Walter.

"This instant!" exclaimed Peyton.

Miriam put her two hands on Walter's arm.

"I must do it," she said, "for the children, Walter. Oh, let me! You and I are parted any way—let me go! You can't spare me. If we had a trial, either way it ended my children would be disgraced. Walter, I must go."

There were mad expostulations from Ainslie;

bitter merriment from Peyton; but Miriam held firm to her purpose.

"Good-by, Walter. In the next world we shall know why. I shall ask you for my children there. I shall ask you for your love—God will let me have both."

Walter stood paralyzed. Her clasp upon his arm relaxed. She turned toward her husband.

"I am ready," she said: and in a breath they were out of the room.

This, that I have written you, is absolute truth. But you will not believe it. People never believe the truth.

For five years Walter Ainslie had his aunt and the children in his house; and during that whole time no news ever came from Miriam. The children grew toward maturity. Aunt Ainslie faded and died. Walter was a gray-haired man, but there was no change, no break.

Miriam allowed her husband to take her away to Europe. Her fortune was large, but he squandered it long before those years were at an end. He dragged her through every species of shame and abasement; but she lived; and never once did her faith in God falter! It was mercifully granted in her misery, the fullness of trust that never before would come.

It was the fifth anniversary of that terrible parting. Walter Ainslie sat alone, in his room, at early dusk. You know where his thoughts were. There was a sudden commotion below stairs. But he did not hear it. There was a step outside. The door opened, and, through the gloom, he heard Miriam's voice,

"Walter, God has let me come back!"

He had! Morgan Peyton was, indeed, dead at last. It was vouchsafed him, that the devils were exorcised before his soul went forth. I cannot tell why, any more than I can tell you why his innocent victims were allowed to suffer at his hands, but I do know that God cannot err! You shall have faith, but not reason. Maybe, somewhere, in eternity, the explanation of such mysteries shall come also.

MY SISTER'S PICTURE.

BY MRS. A. F. ADAMS.

When gazing on thy features fair,
These bright blue eyes, this dark-brown hair,
Methinks I hear the soft voice say,
"We love you still, though far away."

And when the day has closed in gloom,
Assembled in the dear old room,
We talk of scenes to memory dear,
In by-gone days when you were here.

Or when, beneath the leafy grove,
The spot you still so dearly love,
Wandering at dawn or twilight sweet,
We almost hope yourself to meet.

But if the forms no more we see,
So cherished in our memory,
Faith shows, in the bright home above,
A reunited band of love!

THE SECRET AT BARTRAM'S HOLME.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 207.

CHAPTER XIII.

ICHABOD's surmise proved to be correct. The key, so mysteriously hurled at his head, as he said, by "that grinning old body that scared the women off," fitted the lock of the housekeeper's door perfectly. With some little hesitation, Mr. Percival unlatched and opened the door to the width of a few inches; then called,

"Mrs. Nancy, are you there?"

A low groan replied to him; and then the housekeeper's voice, faint and broken, but still as stern as ever, muttered,

"Go away—let me die in peace."

"She is very sick; call Miss Percival, Ichabod," said Walton, softly; and when his aunt appeared so suddenly as to suggest that she must have been listening at the foot of the stairs, he pushed the door a little wider, whispering,

"Don't be frightened, aunt Mat. I will wait here, while you see what is the matter."

"I am not frightened, of course," replied Miss Matilda, scared nearly out of her senses as she entered. The room was so large and dark that she had not yet discovered its inmate, when a harsh voice cried, "Go away—be off with you. Send Rosamond Thorne to me. I won't have anybody else."

"What shall I do, Walton?" tremulously inquired Miss Matilda, retreating to the door. "She says she won't have any one but Rosamond, and—and it's very dark in here."

"Perhaps it will be as well to call Rosamond," replied Walton, dubiously. His aunt, very willing to divide the responsibility and the peril of her task, leaned over the banister, and called,

"Rosamond! Rosamond!"

"Yes, cousin Matilda," replied the clear voice of the young girl—and in a moment she came running up the stairs. Taking her a little aside, Percival and his aunt explained the emergency; and Miss Matilda eagerly added,

"But if you are afraid, dear, and it certainly is very dark and unpleasant in there, you shall not go in. We can find somebody at one of the farm-houses, I dare say."

"But I am not in the least afraid, cousin

Matilda; and if the poor thing fancies my company, I should be very unkind to refuse it to her, I'm sure," replied Rosamond, cheerfully. "So you and Walton go down and see to matters below, and I will take up my position as nurse at once."

She spoke so cheerily and so calmly, with so little appearance of sacrifice or effort, that Miss Matilda, with many qualms of self-reproach, took her at her word; and Percival, leading her to the door of the chamber, said softly,

"It is what I thought of you, little Rosamond."

"You are very good, after my cowardice the other night," replied Rosamond, with a smile and a blush; and then pushing the door a little wider, she went in, closing it behind her.

Walton and his aunt listened for a moment; then hearing nothing but the girl's soft movements about the room, they left her and went down stairs.

Rosamond's first care was to admit so much of light and air as enabled her to breathe more freely, and also to see her way, with some degree of certainty, about the crowded room. She found all the windows protected with stout inside shutters, and secured by iron bars, the windows themselves fastened, and the outside shutters or blinds fitted with the spring catches, which had prevented Delia's re-entrance to the house after her midnight exploration. Removing all three of these defences from the window furthest from the bed, Rosamond threw it wide open, admitting the pure summer air, the sunshine, the perfume of flowers, the song of birds, and the hum of bees, with which the tangled, old garden was redolent. Catching one hurried breath and glimpse of these delights, Rosamond next turned to the bed, saying kindly,

"I am very sorry you are sick, Mrs. Nancy."

The old woman made no reply; and the young girl coming closer, looked down upon her with the sweet sympathy which suffering, and especially that of sickness, arouses in the heart and summons to the eyes of good and tender women.

Lying straight and stiff upon her back, the housekeeper returned the look with such

solemn, unwavering eyes, set in so ghostly white and motionless a face, that Rosamond, after a moment's hesitation, laid her hand upon the forehead of that corpse-like face, almost expecting to find it cold with the touch of death.

"No, I'm not gone," muttered the harsh voice of the sick woman; "not dead, though I think I'm dying."

"Oh, no! I hope 'not; but we will have a physician at once," began Rosamond, moving toward the door.

"Stop! I won't have it. I won't have any doctor come into this house, or into this room! I forbid it, and you had better not try to disobey—you will only kill me the quicker. Come back here and sit down, Rosamond Thorne, I have a good deal to say to you."

Uneasy and doubtful, feeling unwilling to thwart wishes so strongly expressed, and yet anxious to summon medical assistance to decide whether Mrs. Nancy were really in a dying condition, Rosamond returned to the bedside.

"All that I want is some one with me. I am so tired of *her* all the time," said the house-keeper, in a low voice; and glancing, as she spoke, toward the back of the bed, which was hung in the old-fashioned style with curtains of dark-green moreen. These curtains had been looped away from the side upon which Rosamond stood, and from the foot of the bed, but they still hung at the back; and the young girl had fancied several times, since she entered the room, that they shook and rustled, as if some one were concealed behind them.

"Who is it? Whom do you mean by 'her'?" asked Rosamond, softly, as she glanced again at the curtains, and then back to the wild, pale face of the dying woman.

"They say that death breaks up all ties, both those of love and those of hate—but it's a lie," muttered the old woman, fiercely, but brokenly. "They loved each other, and death has joined them together—and I hated them; and now they never leave me; and that old woman and I were like two galley slaves, chained together while she lived; and death, instead of breaking the chain, has only added horror to it; for now I cannot keep her out—no, I never can be rid of her now—"

A low sound, the sound of harsh, crackling laughter, interrupted the moaning monologue; and Rosamond was sure, that, between the heavy curtains, she caught sight of a ghastly, grinning face, the eyes fixed upon those of the sick woman. Without a moment's hesitation,

she walked around the foot of the bed, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked between it and the wall. The space was empty. But even as she looked, there sounded, close behind her, the unearthly laugh, and now with an accent of fiendish malice and triumph. She started, and glanced fearfully over her shoulder from where the laughter seemed to come. But no one was there: and her blood ran cold.

"There is no use in pursuing her," said Mrs. Nancy, wearily. "I have tried that—you never can drive her away; nor them, either—and I cannot shut them out; sometimes I go to them, and sometimes they come to me; but we are always together—always—always; either they or she is with me. Rosamond Thorne, how will it be when I am dead?"

The dark, solemn eyes, staring up into the face of the young girl, seemed to repeat the terrible question. Rosamond, by this time, had recovered herself.

"No one knows what will be when we are dead," said she, gently. "But we can always trust in One who does, you know. Now you must not talk any more, please, but let me make you and the room comfortable, and get you something to eat or drink, and then, I dare say, you will go to sleep, and forget all these fancies."

"Sleep! Girl, I have hardly slept, only in snatches, for weeks. Not since that old woman died, for she has haunted me night and day. No, Rosamond, I shall never sleep; I shall never eat, or drink. 'Fancies,' did you say? Would to God they were! My time is short, and I have much to do—and yet I cannot speak it out. Rosamond, you see that door?"

And the long, tremulous hand feebly extricated itself from the bed-coverings, and pointed to a door, defended with bolts, chain, and a lock, all of them fastened.

"You see that?" repeated Mrs. Nancy, scornfully.

"Yes. It is well secured."

"I had it made so, but," she added, in a tone that made Rosamond's flesh crawl, "it never did any good—they do not mind bolts and bars. But what I have to say, child, is this There is a secret behind that door, a secret nearly concerning you and yours—I suppose when it is known they will rest, that is what they linger for; and it was that I should repair; no, that cannot be done; but that I should atone to you for what they suffered; to you and to the young man, if you love him, that you were summoned here. Do you love him, Rosamond?"

"Love whom?" asked Rosamond, in a low voice.

"Walton Percival—your cousin, and the heir of this estate."

"No, I do not love him other than as a cousin," began Rosamond, and there paused, with the sudden conviction surging in upon her heart that she did love Walton Percival, and had not known it until the question was thus rudely forced upon her.

Mrs. Nancy watched her keenly.

"Well, well," said she, wearily, at last. "You need not answer—all will be right, for it is your destiny to become his wife—he is the heir, and yet atonement must be made to her blood——"

The weak voice died away in a confused murmur, and Rosamond, agitated and wondering, did not continue the conversation, but busied herself in making the room and the invalid comfortable and tidy.

Suddenly the old woman spoke again, clearly and sharply,

"You are to go up there, remember, and then you may do as you like about telling the rest."

"Through that door?" asked Rosamond, turning as pale as she had been red, and glancing at the dungeon-like and forbidding portal, the entrance to what she knew not of horror and mystery.

"Yes; they will come, by-and-by, to lead you there—it is what they have been trying to do ever since you were here; they will come, they will come."

"I will wait," said Rosamond, steadily. "Shall I unbar the door now?"

"Yes; but do not open it—I cannot have it opened until the last. Wait, wait for them."

And moaning feebly, she sunk away into silence, and as Rosamond hoped to slumber; but when presently she stole a look toward the bed, the solemn, wistful eyes were wide open, and with such a look of weary misery in their depths, that Rosamond could not bear again to meet them, but seated herself beside the open window.

The sick woman lay perfectly quiet and motionless; a solemn silence fell upon the chamber; the very air seemed to still itself, waiting until the end should come, until the secret should be revealed, and the weary soul of that sinful and suffering woman find release and rest, if, indeed, such hope might still be hers.

The long hours passed. Miss Matilda, Walton, and even Delia, came, from time to time, to the door of the sick chamber, with questions

and offers of help, or with entreaties that Rosamond should relinquish her task to one of them; but, except two brief intervals for food and rest, during which Mrs. Nancy refused to allow any other attendant to enter the room, Rosamond kept her place, performing such offices as the sick woman would allow, and waiting with an intense anxiety for the hour which was to conduct her to the solemn revelation she had been led to expect.

Suddenly, in the evening twilight, the dying woman spoke,

"Rosamond Thorne, it is time now; they are coming—go with them; then come back to hear my story, for I shall die at midnight."

CHAPTER XIV.

STARTING to her feet in confusion, for she had been dozing with her head upon the window-seat, after the fatigues and emotions of the day, Rosamond looked around. The room, in the deepening twilight, loomed larger and more gloomy than ever before. All its space, except the circle of pale light about the window, seemed crowded with weird and fluctuating shadows, which confused her brain and chilled her blood, the more she gazed upon them, the more she tried to penetrate them. These shadows gathered darkest and most ominously about the bed, where lay that pallid and stern-eyed woman, as if they were waiting for the moment when they should close in upon her, their long-delayed prey, and should hide her from mortal knowledge forevermore.

Out from among the shadows, as Rosamond looked, two forms slowly shaped themselves. The shrinking girl, whose blood was now running cold again, recognized in one the face and figure so like her own, and in the other, the tall, stern man who had so terrified her in the gallery. They moved slowly toward her, while she stood spell-bound.

"Yes, here they are—always together, always together now; they had better have lived, for then I could have kept them apart—sometimes, at least; but now, whether I see them, or whether I do not, they always see each other—love each other—haunt me; and when I am dead—tell me," she cried, in a shrill shriek, "will you haunt me when I am dead, you two?" And with the last words the old woman arose, stretching out her long, lean arms, and screaming out her questions in the wild accents of despairing terror.

The two turned as they stood, half-way between her and Rosamond; turned and fixed

their sad eyes upon her; and the man, slowly raising his right hand, with a gesture of command, seemed to control her to submission and silence; for she slowly sunk back upon her pillows, and lay there, cowering and moaning, without attempt to speak again.

Slowly gliding on, the spectres led the way to the door which Rosamond had unbarred, and disappeared. Rosamond hesitated a moment, but remembering her promise, and stimulated to courage by this, as well as by curiosity, and by what even yet was skepticism, she opened it and followed, guided by the soft light which seemed to emanate from her guides, and by which they had so many times become visible in the darkest night. The door led into a large, dark closet, filled with clothes hanging from pegs about the wall; but as Rosamond stood uncertain what to do next, she saw that another door, formed to look like a portion of the wall of the closet, had swung partially open, and boldly passing through this door, she found herself at the foot of a ruinous staircase.

"Just where Walton thought," said Rosamond to herself; and in some manner she felt herself encouraged and strengthened by the association of his name with her undertaking.

Lightly stepping up the broken stairs, she came to a wide landing, with a door at the further side. The key remained in the lock, and Rosamond turning it, pushed open the door, and found herself in a large chamber, filled with boxes, baskets, and the general lumber accumulating in a large house used for many years. Two windows at one side showed that this room was at the end of the house, and a door opposite them conducted to rooms beyond. This door stood open, and upon the threshold, looking earnestly back at her, Rosamond saw the figure of the golden-haired woman. Her heart beating almost to suffocation, she advanced, the other receding, until she stood in the middle room of the suite, this room fitted as a library, into which Delia had peeped upon the previous night. It was now empty, and hovering upon the threshold of the one beyond, the sad-eyed woman still summoned Rosamond to follow. She did so, hardly pausing to look about her. She passed the table with its litter of books and papers, the arm-chair, and finally, the shaded lamp, whose light had died so many, many years before, and since been replaced with that strange lustre which now filled the room, and the one beyond. Still hurrying on, Rosamond crossed the threshold of the third and last apartment of the suite, stopped, looking shrinkingly about

her. In the center of the room stood an artist's easel, and a number of pictures leaned against the wall, some finished, some scarce begun, many of them blotted out, as if the artist were impatient of his work. At one side of the room was a little table, supporting a salver with a plate and pitcher, and two goblets of rich and curious cut glass upon it. Toward this table, and these relics of some little feast in the long-forgotten days, Rosamond found herself irresistibly attracted. But still the mournful eyes of the woman led her on, and on, and on, quite to the far end of the room, where stood a large Indian screen. Behind this the guide passed, and disappeared. Wrought to the last pitch of nervous endurance, Rosamond followed, moved aside the screen, and then, with a stifled cry, started back in horror.

Upon a low couch, heaped with cushions, lay extended a human skeleton, its small size and slender conformation indicating it as that of a woman. Upon the floor beside it, the skull resting upon the edge of the couch, the limbs folded as if in kneeling, lay another and larger skeleton.

Rosamond caught at the wall for support. For some minutes her eyes could not leave this horrible spectacle. Then, happening to raise them, she saw, on the wall above them, the following inscription, written on a paper scroll:

"ARTHUR BARTRAM AND RACHEL THORNE, FALSE HUSBAND AND TREACHEROUS SISTER OF ANN BARTRAM, WHO PRAYS THAT THEY MAY SUFFER TO ETERNITY WHAT THEY HAVE CAUSED HER TO SUFFER IN THEIR LIVES."

As she read these words, by the pale and flickering light which filled the room, Rosamond was conscious of a light, electric thrill passing down her arm, in distinct lines, as if a hand had been deliberately drawn down the limb—a hand charged with that subtle and powerful fluid which we call magnetic, and whose properties we comprehend as little as we comprehend our own souls. Looking steadily down at her own hand, with a courage that suddenly came to her, and that surprised herself, Rosamond was presently aware that another, as small, but infinitely more powerful, was extended above and nearly touching it, and that this hand was gently and resistlessly impelling hers forward and upward. Yielding to the impulse, and relinquishing all conscious volition, Rosamond sought only to obey this strange power, which had taken possession of her, and found her hand carried to the scroll, whose terrible device has just been repeated;

as her fingers touched it, they contracted convulsively, and dragging it from the wall, she tore it into a thousand fragments. As she did so, a soft, low sigh, as of infinite content, sounded close in her ear, and turning suddenly, she saw the face of the beautiful woman looking at her out of a shadowy cloud, which seemed to be gradually absorbing her into itself. Not knowing what she did, or what she said, carried away by the wild impulse of the moment, Rosamond held out one hand as if to detain the vanishing form, and pointing with the other to the mouldering skeleton before her, she solemnly said,

"Rachel Thorne, if these, indeed, be your remains, and if you be the mother of my dead father, let me know the truth before you leave me forever. Are you innocent of the crime with which that accusation charged you? Were you a true and pure woman, or were you what Ann Bartram believed you? Answer me, I charge you; and you, too, Arthur Bartram, appear and answer me!"

A silence followed, broken only by the moaning of the sad night-wind, that sobbed past the desolate house, and by the heavy throbs of the daring girl's own heart. But through the silence, and through the gathering gloom, for the strange light was now fading rapidly from the chamber, Rosamond was conscious of a terrible struggle among the invisible faces surrounding her; a struggle as if those whom she addressed were striving to answer her, but had already divested themselves, or had been deprived of the power to do so, and could hardly regain it even by the most resolute effort. By some incomprehensible sympathy, the young girl's own soul entered into this struggle, this effort, and fought and wrestled with the laws of nature, as if for its own life.

Many minutes did this endure, while Rosamond, white, breathless, panting, stood with clenched hands and parted lips, staring into the darkness, catching, waiting, hoping she knew not what, but feeling all the anguish of that mortal combat thrilling through her own heart, wasting her own strength.

All at once fell a great calm, and with a painful gasp of relief, Rosamond felt the strain removed from her unstrung nerves, and the deadly weight from her chest. Passing her hand over her eyes, to ease the burning pain that seemed consuming them, she stood for an instant, recovering herself; then opening them, beheld the two figures she had evoked, standing hand-in-hand, at the head of the couch where lay the mortal relics. They gazed at

her with faces no longer stern and sad, but full of immortal hope and joy, and radiant with truth and purity.

Fixing her shivering eyes full upon those of the girl, the woman, dropping the hand of her companion, clasped both her own, raised them slowly toward heaven, as if appealing there for a witness to her truth, raised her own face, every moment becoming more angelic and more impalpable; and so, with a smile full of eternal triumph, faded slowly from the sight. Her companion lingered an instant longer, fixed his noble and commanding eyes upon Rosamond's, raised his open hand, as if in solemn affirmation, then bowed his head with a gesture of corroboration, and turning toward the sweet shadow at his side, laid his hand reverently upon hers, and so departed.

"They were pure and innocent, and most foully wronged," said Rosamond, with solemn conviction; and then the narrow bounds of human experience and human daring seemed to close in upon her, and, with a sudden thrill of terror, she fled hastily through the dark and whispering rooms, and down the stairs, until she stood in the hardly less awful chamber of death, where the shadows crowded yet thicker and darker about the funeral bed, where that strange woman lay gasping away her miserable life.

"Have you come?" muttered she. "You are but just in time; something has happened—a change has come over me; I am about to die. But first I must speak. Call Walter Percival—no one else."

Without reply Rosamond obeyed, and when her cousin entered the room, she softly locked the door behind him. Then lighting the night-taper, which from its screened corner made the darkness in the far corners of the room seem deeper, she came and seated herself beside the dying woman.

"We are here, Mrs. Nancy," said she, softly.

CHAPTER XV.

"Yes, you are there, and they are gone," muttered the dying woman, and then suddenly rousing herself, she spoke clearly and rapidly, and with a strength which astonished Rosamond,

"You called me, Mrs. Nancy," said she. "My name is Ann Bartram, and I am the mistress of this house, where you have chosen to consider me a servant." The two listeners started and looked at each other. "She who died and was

buried was Nancy Burke, my companion and servant these many years. When she went, I knew I should soon follow; and I dared not stay alone in this house, filled, as it was, with dead men's bones and dead men's memories. Nor could I bear to be made, in my old age, the victim of the flatteries and deceit, which young people use toward those of whom they expect benefits, or to be forced into the old routine of formal observances long laid aside, and well nigh forgotten. Besides, I wished to make my choice of an heir, for that will in your possession, Walton Percival, is but so much waste paper; there is a better one to be filled up to-night. So I resolved to die to the world, in Nancy's person, and also to live to the world in Nancy's name—and you know how I have succeeded.

"The rest is this: fifty years and more ago, I was the proud and handsome wife of a man whom I adored. We had been married but one little year, when my beautiful sister, Rachel, became a widow, while yet but little more than a child, and was left with her baby, alone and destitute, in a distant part of the country. My husband proposed that we should send for them, and make them a part of our own family; I blessed him for his kindness to me and mine, and Rachel came—came with her fatal beauty, her fascinations, her talents, her dangerous and pensive charm. He tried to rouse her from her sadness—to amuse, interest and instruct her in his own pursuits; and so well did he succeed, that soon more than half his time was spent in those rooms above there, long appropriated to my husband. She painted, she studied, she sat to him as model, she took refuge with him when I was severe, as after awhile I learned to be; in fact, those rooms became their house, and all the rest of the quiet, desolate house was but the tomb of my dead happiness. The room where you sleep, Rosamond, was her's, and there I used to sit, hour after hour, listening to their voices, their footsteps, to their play with the little child, who learned to love Arthur, and to hate and fear me, copying thus his mother's heart.

"Nancy, my foster-sister and attendant since we were born, soon learned the secret of my wasted form and haggard eyes, soon made herself my spy and informant; perhaps her own prejudices—for they were bitter enough—deceived her; perhaps she deceived me; perhaps I was more ready to believe harm than good of my beautiful, fascinating sister; no matter now; but I brooded over my wrongs, real or exaggerated, whichever they may have been, until

they curdled every impulse of love or trust in my whole nature. I came to hate these two, with an intensity of hate which changed me like death. I became silent, stern, self-absorbed. Rachel feared me and avoided me, and the child slunk out of my sight, as if I were a wild beast; he, my husband, tried his best to reason, to persuade, to tempt me out of my sullen gloom—but all to no effect. How long it all lasted, I do not know; for at times I seemed to lose my very reason in dwelling upon the injuries they had done me; and the slow, bitter desire for vengeance, which was swelling and blackening at my heart. Nancy saw it; Nancy knew and fostered it; and at last, when, one day they had stolen away from my presence, and crept up to their chosen retreat, I burst forth to her, in a storm of passion and denunciation; I called down the judgment of heaven upon their heads; I prayed that they might die and go to eternal torment. Well, well, girl, do not shudder and shake so, it is all over now, and of the three I have been the one upon whom that curse has fallen most heavily.

"Nancy heard my words," she resumed, after awhile, "watched my face, then went silently out of the room. A little later she returned, bearing a salver with some light refreshments upon it, and a pitcher of lemonade, of which drink my husband, and she, too, were very fond. Nancy held the salver before me. Ah! well I remember the diabolical smile upon her face, as she said, 'Touch the cake, and touch the pitcher; you are sending them to those people up stairs; you think best they should take something to support them in their long evening; and you bid them good-night, and hope they will rest well.'

"I looked her steadily in the face, I touched the poisoned food, the poisoned draught, and in so doing made them my own. Then Nancy carried them out of my sight, and I sat, feeling the curse of Cain settle down upon my brow; and there it has burned from that night to this. A few moments, and she returned, still with that horrible smile, and laid the key of the stair-case door upon my lap. I sat and stared at that key, until the night was old, and then a great wave of remorse and horror swept over me, and I started to my feet, and walked up the stairs and through the rooms, till I reached the last one. But then the sight that met my eyes steeled my heart afresh, and forever froze all yieldings of remorse or tenderness. In her agony, my sister had thrown herself upon the couch, and he, my husband, kneeling beside her, her hands clasped in his, his eyes looking

love and anguish upon her suffering, had there died with her; and their death was the seal of a union which life had rendered impossible.

"Oh! as I saw them lying thus, I cursed them over, and over, and over again, with curses so black and bitter that they seemed to blast the very air about me.

"Snatching the pen he had thrown down to go to her, I wrote their epitaph of guilt and shame, fastened it above their heads, and so left them.

"The next day the story spread that they had fled together, and I said nor yea nor nay to it; for, in very truth, I cared as little what the world thought as what became of me.

"Nancy it was who dismissed the servants, who closed the house, except this room and one below, which she shared with me, Nancy it was who arranged and controlled our death-in-life, for I cared no longer for death or for life.

"After awhile I had workmen to build up the stair-case to those rooms, meaning that they should never be seen of mortal eyes again; but no sooner was it done than I was consumed with a desire to enter them once more, and devoured with horror lest their awful secret should be revealed to other eyes than mine.

"So, sending for other workmen, I had the door opened through which you passed to-night—a door only accessible from my own chamber, and hidden even there.

"It was in those days they began to haunt me with their shadowy forms and faces," said the dying woman, in a hushed voice, looking fearfully around, with wild eyes, "his so stern and reproachful, hers so imploring and so sad. I knew they came to deny the accusation which my own hand had fastened upon their memories and above their mouldering forms; I knew that she was begging me to remove the stain from her name, and from her child's future; I knew that he was commanding me to do him justice, even in his grave; but I was not to be moved; I *could* not believe them innocent, for if I had, I must have lost my reason in the horrible storm of remorse and late-awakened love, which would have swept through my life.

"Sometimes, I used to fancy," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I was going mad; sometimes I wished to end my miserable life; more often I reproached the partner of my crime with having tempted me to it; then she retorted that it was my affair, not hers, my wrong, my vengeance, and that she had but been the tool. So we lived, year after year, eternity after eternity, until she died, raving and shrieking

of the torments that had seized her before her time.

"Then I settled upon the scheme of which I have told you," she went on, more calmly. "If Rachel was innocent, her child should be my heir; if not, my sister's son should be. I sent for you two, hoping that events would lead to a just decision. But my strength," she added, suddenly, gasping for breath, "is going. I must finish quickly. She—the murderess—is waiting. We must spend eternity together as we have spent time. Go and leave me—I wish to die alone."

"Mrs. Bartram," said Rosamond, eagerly, "before you die, let me assure you, with all the solemnity of a voice from beyond the grave, that those two were innocent. I know it, I have seen it, I would stake my life upon it."

The youthful face was glorious with the truth for whose sake she spoke. The dying woman, arrested by the words, looked fixedly into that face, and said solemnly,

"They were innocent—I know it now."

Then, at her urgent and reiterated request, they left the room. In no mood for meeting others, they went and sat themselves in the oriel window, upon the stair-case, where they first had seen the spectral shadows. Neither spoke. And thus hours and hours passed.

CHAPTER XVI.

DELIA, left alone the long day, had at first wandered restlessly through the house; but at last, after much lingering and hesitation, she shut herself up in her own room as the twilight fell, and applied herself to the task of opening the wardrobe, whose contents had so powerfully aroused her curiosity.

An impression of the seal was soon taken in bread-crumbs, and one among several keys found which would unlock the central compartment. With a guilty shame at her heart, Delia applied and turned it, pausing to listen and tremble at every sound through the dim and echoing house.

The opened doors disclosed, as she had seen before, a tier of shelves, with closed drawers below. Hastily opening one and another, Delia found them, as she had supposed, full of rich dresses, laces, jewelry, and all the charming accessories of a woman's toilet. But although, at any other time, Delia would have enjoyed examining them, she could not stop for it now; for she was searching for the packet, which she had seen Rosamond (or that form so like to Rosamond's) examining and lamenting over.

In the lowest drawer, carefully hidden beneath the other contents, she found it at last. Hastily concealing it in her dress, she closed and locked the wardrobe, fearing lest she should be interrupted. The precaution was wise, for, the next moment, Miss Matilda tapped at the door, and saying that the house was terribly desolate and silent below stairs, begged Delia to come down and stay with her and Capt. Page, who had been all day unusually reserved and quiet. The request was one which could not well be refused, so that it was not until a late hour of the night that Delia found herself at last alone, and at liberty to open and examine her treasure.

It proved to be, as she had supposed, a will, formally drawn and executed by a professional lawyer, but with this peculiarity; the legatee, who was to receive as her own and absolute inheritance the whole of the large property so minutely described, was mentioned only as, "—— real or reputed daughter, either by blood or adoption, of John Thorne——"

Delia laid down the paper, and a dazzling mist swam before her eyes.

"Real or reputed—by blood or adoption," repeated she, half aloud. "That is intended for Rosamond, or for me. What comes next?" And again she read,

"On condition, however, that she marry my nephew, Walton Percival, within three months of my decease; and if she refuse to do so, or if he refuse to do so, then the property shall be equally divided between the two."

Again Delia threw down the paper, and, with her hands before her face, gave herself up to the voice of the tempter. Rosamond, or her; and why not her? Rosamond, already, had an assured name, position, fortune—all that she lacked; and she would be generous to her, too; she would give her a handsome share of the fortune; but Walton Percival—ah! him she could not give up or share! Did not this will give him to Mrs. Bartram's heiress, and if she were that heiress—what then?

The night passed off slowly and solemnly, and the hour of midnight, the hour which Ann Bartram had proclaimed as her death hour, was close at hand.

Delia Thorne, ghostly pale, trembling, and looking about her at every step, like a murderer creeping upon his victim, rose from the chair where she had sat for hours, without change or motion, opened her traveling-desk, brought pen and ink, and seating herself again at the table, spread out the will before her.

"To Delia, real or reputed daughter," murmured she, and dipping the pen in ink, which seemed, to her heated fancy, to drip from it like blood, she was about to write her own name in the blank space, when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a stern voice in her ear, saying,

"Write Rosamond!"

Shrinking with terror, Delia cowered beneath that grasp, but could not escape it; and looking up, met the stern, dark eyes of Ann Bartram, the rigid, white face only a trifle more rigid and white than it had been the day before, the majestic and haughty air more determined.

"Write Rosamond," repeated she, yet more sternly, and with a ghostly terror at her heart, Delia obeyed, writing her sister's name in characters tremulous as those of age or palsy, and as her pen formed the last letter falling senseless upon the table.

"Twelve o'clock," whispered Walton Percival, as the old hall clock rang out the hour. "Rosamond, dear, should we not go to her now?"

"Yes; I was about to ask you to do so."

And with hushed steps and voices, the lovers entered again the death-chamber.

At the table, in the center of the room, sat Mrs. Bartram, a paper spread before her, pen and ink upon the table, but both unused.

She was quite dead.

"Her last act, dear, was to write your name here. Do you see it," said Walton Percival, pointing to Rosamond's name inserted in the will, "in the tremulous characters of age?"

And Delia never told, and Rosamond never knew who had written that name, and how.

The story is told—why linger upon the details?

The two, to whom those terrible confidences had been made, both by the living and the dead, kept them faithfully. Not even aunt Matilda, not even Capt. Page, ever fully knew them; and, indeed, so engrossed did these elderly, but fond, lovers soon become with their own affairs, that they had little time or thought for others.

Nor did Mr. Percival think it best to awaken public curiosity, by confessing the deception practiced by Mrs. Bartram in the funeral of her old servant; but as the maid had been buried like the mistress, he now allowed the mistress to be buried like the maid.

The night before the funeral, a coffin containing the mingled bones of that guilty woman's victims, was placed in consecrated

ground, beside the spot where she was to lie, and the same obsequies solemnized both of the graves.

There let them lie, their secrets, their sufferings, their guilt, buried with them, and apportioned to each in just measure by God's own hand!

The next day, after the funeral, the old house of Bartram's Holme was closed, never again to be inhabited; for neither Rosamond or Walton

would allow its solemn precincts to be desecrated by the foot of a stranger, nor would they themselves dwell there.

The happy and prosperous lives of these two need not be described, for, of all things, prosperity and happiness are least eventful, or interesting.

And Delia? Poor Delia, she yet waits for the name, the wealth, and the husband, whom no kind will has yet vouchsafed her.

UNTENANTED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

It stands alone, in all its grimness there,

Withdrawn a space from off the village street;

Its halls are empty, and its walls are bare,

And from the broad, uncurtained window-seat

The garish day looks in with curious eyes,

That neither wink nor close till daylight dies.

The wind's loud wail, the sighing of the breeze,

The ceaseless patter of the Autumn rain,

The Winter storm, which bows the leafless trees,

And drives its sleet against the window-pane,

Each in its turn; and o'er the bare, brown walls,

Sometimes the sunshine, sometimes shadow, falls.

The course of Nature still runs smoothly past;

The outer scene, indeed, is little changed,

Save where the nettles or the weeds o'ercast

The shapely borders, where once neatly ranged

The brightest treasures of the garden bloomed,

And with their sweetness all the air perfumed.

The same old roof-tree bends above the eaves,

Its kindly branches drooping downward still;

The same bright tracery the sunlight weaves

O'er all the surface of the emerald hill,

With gentle touch the kindly hand of Spring

Spreads o'er the turf her richest coloring.

But, ah! from out the mansion life is fled;

There are no sounds to break the silence here;

The quiet city of the pulseless dead

Is not more still, more desolate, more drear;

No sound, no motion, dust and stillness all;

And e'en the echoes shudder, break and fall.

How many times this threshold has been crossed

By bounding footsteps! Eager hearts have come,

Aweary of the strife, and tempest-tossed,

To the safe harbor of the early home,

And from its shadow, girded up anew,

Gone forth to fight life's battle bravely through.

And these old walls have looked on many a night

Of revelry and mirth; and music's note

Has roused pale Echo from her slumbers light,

That fair, young forms within the dance might float;

The diamond's gleam, the ruby's brilliant dye,

Have only been less bright than beauty's eye.

Oh! as I tread these olden halls, the ghosts

Of all the past arise; light forms float by

Of those that long since joined the angelic hosts;

The olden life goes on beneath my eye;

Brave youth, and manly port, and maiden grace,

Bloom out once more within the olden place.

I hear a silken rustle on the stair;

I catch the gleam of beauty's flashing eye,

The sun-like ripple of her golden hair,

The echo of her footfall gliding by,

And youth, and hope, and love, transfigured stand,

Within the compass of my outstretched hand.

Alas! the visions of my fancy fade;

These walls are bare, these halls are empty still.

The group is scattered. Death his seal has laid

Upon the silence, desolate and chill.

Blow, wind! fall hail! and let the tempest cry—

Echo alone is here to make reply.

NO LONGER FAIR.

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

No longer is she fair, the sad-eyed girl

You called your pride and pet in days lang syne;

Whose hair around your fingers used to curl;

Whose lips in love's first kisses oft met thine.

No longer fair! She owns the bitter truth,

Seeing the curls have threads of silver-gray;

Knowing the cheeks have lost the bloom of youth,

Sunken where once the dimples used to play.

No longer fair! Alas! no longer young!

She owns it with an agony untold;

For her love's sweetest song remains unsung,

As once she heard it in the days of old.

No longer fair! The eyes no longer bright,

But sad and heavy with a weight of care;

Looking at her from out her glass to-night,

They echo back her thought: No longer fair!

Oh! is it easy for a woman's heart,

That she may never have a loving home,

Where those of her own life and being part,

Welcome with sweetest kisses when she come?

THE CLARET-COLORED COAT.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Mrs. BURDOCK had been in a chronic state of jealousy of her husband ever since their marriage. Not that he had ever given her any occasion for suspicion; on the contrary, so far as she could learn, his conduct was the model of conjugal propriety. But as she often declared, with a mysterious shake of the head, "Joseph was deep, very deep; there was no knowing what he did when he was out of her sight and hearing."

Now the truth is, Mr. Burdock, though by no means obtuse, was not noted for the profundity of his intellect. Neither was he the sort of man calculated to make a woman jealous. He was a stout, red-faced gentleman of forty, or thereabouts, good-hearted, and with a pleasant and genial manner, but by no means disposed, either by nature or inclination, to be the gay deceiver that his wife imagined him.

But Mrs. Burdock adored her husband, and was firmly convinced that every woman of her acquaintance envied her the possession of such an incomparable man. She was equally as confident that none of her sex could resist his blandishments, whom he was desirous of pleasing.

"I, even I," she remarked, to one of her numerous confidants, "who have so much firmness and penetration, could not withstand his fascinations."

Contrary to what is usual, in such cases, Mrs. Burdock's heart was full of compassion for the victims of her husband's wiles; for that he had such she never permitted herself to doubt.

True, in spite of all her watchings, her peepings into his private correspondence, and questioning his associates and dependents, she had never yet detected him in any overt act—but what of that? It was only an additional proof of his duplicity, of the consummate art with which he covered up his infidelities. How else could he deceive a person of her skill and penetration?

"Mr. Burdock is deep, very deep," she would say, with a grim compression of the lips, after having followed some "very suspicious circumstance" until it resolved itself into quite a commonplace affair; "but he will be caught napping yet."

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Mr. Burdock was a lawyer, though not a very brilliant one. He had gained considerable wealth; but, from the force of habit, still plodded on in the old beaten track.

He had no children, but had taken a nephew into his office to study law, whom common report declared he intended to make his heir.

However this might be, Mr. Burdock seemed to be quite fond of his nephew, James, in his way; said way—like a good many other people's ways—not always being very agreeable to the object of his affection.

"It's high time you were settled in life," he said, to his nephew, one day. "I will give you five thousand dollars, and if you marry a wife with as much more, it will give you a very fair start. There's nothing like getting a good start. Let me see. There's Miss Bagley, daughter of old Tom Bagley, she'll have that, if not more. Just the one for you!"

But James did not seem to share in his uncle's enthusiasm, but was ungrateful enough to hint that the lady in question was some years his senior, and not of a very prepossessing exterior.

At which Mr. Burdock took great umbrage, bidding his nephew suit himself as to a wife; all he insisted upon was, that she should have the qualifications named.

James' countenance, which had brightened at the commencement of his uncle's speech, fell at its conclusion, the cause for which the story will develope.

We forgot to say that Mr. Burdock had a claret-colored coat—a very unimportant omission, perhaps, the reader will say. Apparently; but important results are often brought about by very trifling circumstances. So, if it hadn't been for Mr. Burdock's coat our story would have remained untold.

Said coat had been in Mr. Burdock's possession some years, and was different in make, material, and color, from any other in the place; but it was a great favorite with him, and he wore it a good deal, because it was so easy and comfortable. So he became to be known by his coat, as far off as its color could be distinguished.

"How did you like the lecture last evening?" inquired a lady of Mrs. Burdock.

"I didn't hear it."

"I saw your husband there with a lady, and I thought, to be sure, it was you. But now I think of it, it looked more slender and girlish."

There was an ominous silence. Mrs. Burdock looked unutterable things, and her visitor had the painful consciousness of having alluded to some unpleasant circumstance.

"Are you sure it was my husband, Mrs. Drake?"

"Quite sure. I saw only his back; but I should know his claret-colored coat anywhere. I don't believe its like is to be found in the city."

"And the—the young person with him was—a woman?"

The solemnity with which this question was put, brought a smile to Mrs. Drake's lips.

"She had the appearance of one; though I couldn't swear to it."

This discovery was rolled over and over, in Mrs. Burdock's mind, until she saw her husband at noon, its meagreness of detail fully supplied by her active imagination.

"Where were you last evening?" she inquired, with an air of assumed carelessness.

"In my office."

"All the evening?"

"All the evening. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing. I merely inquired," said Mrs. Burdock, indifferently; for it was, by no means, the purpose of this astute woman to put the deceiver on his guard.

After tea, Mr. Burdock went to his office, as was his usual custom, it being his practice to make, in his business, short mornings and long evenings. Removing his coat for something lighter, he proceeded to prepare himself for his work by the solace of a cigar, and a glance at the evening paper.

Not long after her husband left, Mrs. Burdock followed, disguised in the attire of an old woman, with a large, close bonnet, that quite concealed her features.

She moved slowly along on the opposite sidewalk, frequently pausing, apparently for the purpose of looking in the shop-windows, but keeping a close watch on the office-door.

She was soon rewarded by seeing the door open, and her husband pass down the steps. True, she could not see his face for the muffler, and the cap that was pushed down over his eyes, but his coat was as familiar to her as his features.

He moved hurriedly down the street, as if anxious to avoid observation, and Mrs. Burdock followed.

He did not slacken his pace till he came to a large tree on the edge of the Common, where he was almost immediately joined by a woman closely veiled.

The woman threw back her veil as she reached his side, disclosing a fair, sweet face, whose eyes and lips smiled an eager welcome.

Mrs. Burdock could not see her husband's face; but she did see what almost took away her breath to witness; she saw him bend his head, and to kiss his companion again and again.

Mrs. Burdock's first impulse was to rush forward and overwhelm him with her knowledge of his perfidy; but upon second thought she concluded to attain her object in a more sure and certain way.

The pair moved slowly down the path; and Mrs. Burdock thought that she had never seen her husband stand so erect, and walk with such a free, joyous step.

They appeared to be conversing very earnestly; but though Mrs. Burdock followed as closely as she dared, all that she could distinguish was the words "our marriage," uttered by the woman, in reply to something said by her companion.

"So he is passing himself off as an unmarried man!" thought the wife, with a feeling of grim satisfaction at the discovery of this additional proof of the moral turpitude of the partner of her bosom, and of the male sex in general.

Evidently fearful of being observed, the pair soon separated; and Mrs. Burdock never once took her eyes from the claret-colored coat until she had seen it re-enter her husband's office. She then returned home, a supremely wretched woman, you will say. Not a bit of it! We are sorry to lose this grand opportunity of enlisting the reader's sympathies; but truth compels us to say that never had Mrs. Burdock been in a more satisfactory state of mind. All the mortifying failures of the past were more than compensated by the triumph that was now in store for her.

And when her husband returned, it was better than any play to her to hear him relate, as she artfully led him on to do, the manner in which he had spent the evening.

"I may be an injured wife, Mr. Burdock," was her inward comment, as she listened. "I should rather think I was; but it by no means follows that I am a deceived one, as well!"

For three consecutive nights, at the same hour, the claret-colored coat issued from Mr. Burdock's office, going the same way, pausing by the same tree, where it was joined by the

same lady. And each time it was followed by the attentive eyes and steps of Mrs. Burdock.

Upon the third, she succeeded in tracing the young lady to her home, for the identification of the artful creature was the next move in Mrs. Burdock's carefully-laid plan to circumvent her faithless husband.

It was a modest house, in a retired part of the town. The name on the door-plate was Capt. Thorne. She learned, afterward, that he was a retired naval-officer, quite infirm, and whose family consisted of himself, one servant, and his niece, Jennie, the young lady in question.

The morning after this discovery, as Miss Jennie was seated in the parlor, thinking of—no matter whom, she was startled by the appearance of a dignified-looking lady, with a very grave and severe countenance.

"My name is Burdock," was the visitor's preliminary observation.

The young lady certainly changed color, but did not appear to be so overwhelmed by this announcement as her visitor expected. Mrs. Burdock, therefore, continued in a still more crushing tone and manner,

"You are in the habit of meeting, every evening, between the hours of seven and nine, a gentleman upon the Common."

The bright color rose from the cheeks to the temples, but there was no guilt in the clear, steady gaze that met her own.

"I have called on you with the impression—or, at least the hope that you are unacquainted with his true name and position."

"You are mistaken; I am very well informed on both points."

"Indeed! Then you know that his name is Burdock?"

"Certainly."

"And that he is a married man?"

The color suddenly receded from her cheeks.

"Married, madam? Impossible!"

"Being his wife, I think I ought to know."

"You his wife?"

"Yes. I repeat it, I am the wife of Joseph Burdock."

The young lady stared at her visitor in blank amazement; and then, as if overcome by some uncontrollable emotion, suddenly buried her face in her handkerchief.

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her with a feeling of mingled self-complacence at this proof of her husband's fascinations, and compassion for their victim.

"I am far from considering you blame-

worthy," she continued, in a softer voice, "except in the thoughtlessness and imprudence natural to youth. I am not ignorant of the peculiar charm that Mr. Burdock exercises over our sex. Even I, with all my firmness and penetration, am not proof against its powers. But I trust, now that you know his real position, that you will see the necessity of rooting from your heart a hopeless, and I may add, sinful passion."

Here Jennie removed her handkerchief from the eyes, that, certainly, had not lost anything of their old sparkle in the apparent grief that had convulsed her frame.

"Isn't it possible that madam may be mistaken in the person?"

"No, it isn't," was the positive rejoinder. "I followed him from his office to the Common three successive nights. I think I ought to know my husband's claret-colored coat, upon which I put a new collar, with my own hands, only a fortnight ago."

This proof seemed to be incontrovertible, and Jennie again hid her face in her handkerchief.

Whereupon Mrs. Burdock again addressed her in a consoling and admonitory strain; but unable to elicit any response, finally took her leave in a very serene and contented frame of mind.

Before Mrs. Burdock had decided upon the next move in her counterplot, James, her husband's nephew, solicited a private interview, for the purpose of getting her to exert her influence in his behalf with his uncle.

"I am attached to a worthy, and very charming young lady," he said, "Miss Thorne, niece of Capt. Thorne; but my uncle utterly refuses his consent on account of her want of fortune."

"On account of her want of fortune?" repeated Mrs. Burdock, with a smile of scornful incredulity. "Why don't you marry without it, then?"

"Because Jennie won't marry without her uncle's consent, which he will not give unless I get my uncle's also."

Inwardly delighted at the turn affairs were taking, Mrs. Burdock maintained a grave exterior. What a fortunate combination of circumstances this was that thus placed the game in her own hands!

"I thought I heard Mr. Burdock say that you could marry whom you chose, providing she brought you a dowry of five thousand dollars?"

"So he did; but then Jennie hasn't a penny,

and won't have. Her uncle's income, which is small, dies with him."

"That don't make any difference. I have property in my own right, as you know, and will give Miss Thorne the amount necessary on the day of her marriage. But only on the condition that you marry her directly, and without saying a word to your uncle until after the ceremony."

To this, highly elated at her generous offer, he eagerly agreed.

In order to assure Capt. Thorne, Mrs. Burdock attended the wedding, excusing her husband's absence on the plea of business. The ceremony took place very quietly in the morning; and after the ceremony was over, Mrs. Burdock redeemed her promise of dowering the bride; suggesting to the newly-made husband, ere she took her leave, that he should now call upon his uncle for the fulfilment of his, to which the bridegroom readily assented.

Mrs. Burdock had previously written a line to Jennie, urging her to accept her husband's nephew, and pledging herself to secrecy in regard to all that had occurred; but she was hardly prepared for the serene and happy face of the young bride, as the latter completed her terrible sacrifice. Especially was Mrs. Burdock at a loss to comprehend the dimpling smiles that broke over Jennie's face, as she privately assured Mrs. Burdock, "that so long as she was a good, true wife to her husband, he should never know of her entanglement with his uncle."

Mrs. Burdock would have been better pleased if Jennie had not been so easily consoled for the loss of the property, over which she had proved her exclusive ownership; but nothing could damp the anticipations of her approaching triumph.

She went home to await her husband's return, spending the intervening hours in dwelling upon his consternation at his nephew's announcement; mentally rehearsing the crushing manner with which she would swoop down upon him, overwhelming him with her knowledge of his treachery; the cutting irony with which she would allude to his congratulations to the happy pair, etc., etc.

Would he indulge in any more little pleasantries concerning her "wonderful discoveries?" And if he did, had she not now an argument that would effectually silence him?

Mr. Burdock was late to dinner—a thing that seldom occurred; the soup was cold, and the fish overdone. But his rosy face quite

shone with good-humor as he seated himself at the table.

"So James is married at last, and gone on his wedding-tour; and a nice wife he seems to have. They called at my office this morning. I didn't know that Miss Thorne had any fortune; but it seems that some friend settled five thousand dollars on her, on condition that she married James. Lucky dog!"

Mrs. Burdock looked her disgust at what she inwardly termed "a piece of fine acting."

"You may be surprised to learn, Mr. Burdock, that I am the friend you allude to."

"You!"

Mrs. Burdock surveyed her husband with a look that ought to have annihilated him, had looks the power in real life that they have in the world of romance.

"And not only the friend of that deluded girl, but of the man who sought her ruin, and whose baseness and treachery he need no longer attempt to conceal!"

Mr. Burdock placed upon his plate the potato that he had held suspended upon the end of his fork during this outburst of his wife's long bottled-up indignation.

"I suppose you know what you mean, my dear," he said, dryly; "but, I must confess, that you are either too high or too deep for my comprehension."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will allow me to offer my condolences on the sudden interruption that your nephew's marriage puts to your pleasant walks with Miss Thorne?"

"Never walked a step with the girl in my life!"

"D'ye think I don't know your coat, Mr. Burdock—your claret-colored coat? Three successive nights I followed you from your office to the Common, where you went to meet that girl! I advise you, in case you meditate any further gallantries, to wear some other outer garment than the one as familiar to those who know you as your face."

"My claret-colored coat, hey? By-the-way, where is my claret-colored coat? I've had it on my mind to ask you that question for a week past. It disappeared all of a sudden, a fortnight ago, and I haven't seen it since. It must have been stolen."

"A very ingenious excuse, Mr. Burdock, for which I give you all credit! But you don't explain how it happens that the thief should be seen three times leaving your office with the coat on his back?"

Before Mr. Burdock could reply, a servant entered with a brown paper parcel.

"A package that Mr. James left for you, sir."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Mr. Burdock, as he opened it, "if here isn't the very coat we were talking about!"

On one of the sleeves was pinned the following note:

"MY DEAR UNCLE—I return the coat, under whose friendly cover I enjoyed so many delightful interviews with Mrs. James Burdock, that now is, with sincere regrets that it should have thus endangered your domestic tranquillity.

"Give my kindest regards to your wife, to whom I owe all my present felicity, and believe me to be
Your dutiful nephew,

"JAMES."

Mr. Burdock's astonishment, as he read this note, soon changed into mirth, and he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"To think, my dear," he said, as soon as he could speak, "of your dodging James about

under the impression that it was me; and giving his wife nearly half your private fortune for the sake of getting rid of a supposed rival! Of all the queer blunders of the kind that you have made since our marriage, this is the queerest and most ridiculous!"

Mrs. Burdock beat a rapid retreat to her own room; the hearty "ha! ha! ha!" of her husband following her as she ascended the stairs.

She kept her chamber for some days, partly from chagrin, and partly from the effect of a severe cold, caught during her nocturnal rambles.

Mr. Burdock became very much attached to his nephew's wife, and the little Burdocks that sprang up around her; of which he left them at his death, some years after, many substantial proofs.

But no one thing among them was prized so highly, or cherished so carefully by the loving and happy pair as the well-known "**CLARET-COLORED COAT.**"

MOTHER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ALL night we watched her slumber,
And said, with awe-struck breath,
"If mother would but waken!
This sleep is like to death!"

Morn touched the hills with crimson,
And smiled upon the East;
And we saw the night retreating
In strange and sudden haste.

She woke—"The morning dawneth!"
She whispered, while we wept;
For a strange, unearthly beauty
Had changed her while she slept;

And looking on her features,
So fair and white, we knew
That her soul had grown so pure, that
The light of Heaven shone through.

"Ah, yes! the morning dawneth
Of an unending day;
And never cloud nor shadow
Shall hide the light away."

Was it a mist of the morning,
Or, was it tears instead,
That veiled our eyes, I know not,
While mother's spirit fled?

THE MEADOW-PATH.

BY E. B. EDGERTON.

It leads, in many a tangled curve,
Through reedy fen and yielding mosses,
To where, through rushes rank and green,
On stepping-stones the brook it crosses;
It circles in and circles out,
By ferny fell and wooded passes,
And hides away, in sudden sport,
Beneath the lush and tangled grasses.

It skirts the upland's shallow pool
With many a graceful scoop and hollow,
And runs away, on bare brown feet,
The faster, as you faster follow!

It sweeps along the fallow ridge,
In countless eddying curves and narrows,
And, swooping in and swooping out,
It frights the wee brown-breasted sparrows.

It flits away, with dainty grace,
Through spongy marsh and sandy shallows,
And dons the cardinal's gay hood,
To brighten up its barren fallows.
It braids the king-cups golden bells,
Like stars, amid its floating tresses,
And circling in and circling out,
It dices at last among its cresses.

LOVE IN A STAGE-COACH

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

AN old lumbering, shackling, rusty stage-coach is, perhaps, not the most romantic place for love-making.

Some people have an idea that stage-coaches no longer exist; but there are stage-coaches in plenty all over the country. To be sure, they are not magnificent concerns, with a boot and a rumble. To be sure, they are not drawn by six spirited horses with leaders. To be sure, the "ribbons" are not held in the practiced hands of the immortal Tony Weller.

Stage-coaches now-a-days have sadly degenerated. Instead of the picture that we all have in our imaginations of a shining yellow-bodied coach, with a racer painted on one door-panel, and a ballet-dancer on the other; dappled-gray horses, in fine condition, tearing down hill at a tremendous pace; a stout, red-faced coachman, his chin buried in a vast shawl; the "out-siders" having a monstrous good time drinking out of bottles, and carving chicken with case-knives; and one young lady, her blue veil streaming in the wind, in sentimental converse with a young gentleman in a loosely-tied cravat and curly hair; instead, I say, of this, we have a dusty, shabby, ramshackle affair, drawn by two lean horses, a driver who chews tobacco, and says, "I swow," and the sort; or, as the English would say, the outside, ignominiously covered with a tattered oil-cloth, to protect the luggage.

The country town in which I spent a portion of last winter had two stage arrivals and departures daily. One, the green one, came from a village called Appleton; and the other, a yellow one, from a lake-shore village, known as Idakane.

It happened that time hung somewhat heavily upon my hands, and I bethought myself of an invitation I had received to visit some friends in Idakane. They were a nice old couple who lived in a cottage on the lake-shore. I had visited them as a child, and retained a vivid remembrance of a small, low house, surrounded by a sandy garden. From this garden, a path led over the hill to a long, smooth beach, where common shells were to be found in abundance. I well remembered the shells, and the fact that all the pictures in the cottage were framed with them.

The old people had been very urgent that I should come; so, as the winter was almost over, and gayety at a low ebb, I determined to avail myself of the invitation. The stage called for me one cold, dreary morning. The roads, which had been thawed out by a bright sun the day before, were now frozen in rough ridges. The lead-colored sky threatened another snow-storm. The comfortless-looking stage, with its narrow seats and flapping curtains, did not present the most fascinating inducements for a morning's drive of eighteen or twenty miles.

It was with decided reluctance that I left a warm fireside, and cheerful, busy circle, to bundle myself up for the journey. The stage-driver stood on the steps, stamping his feet and swinging his arms. The horses looked melancholy, as they thought of the long route before them. For my own part, when I had said good-by, closed the front door, and taken an outside view of the miseries of the situation. I almost determined to send a note in place of myself. The driver's friendly nod and inquiry, "Are you well protected from the weather, marm?" were somewhat reassuring; and I determined to undertake the journey.

"Am I your only passenger?" I asked, as he was tucking the buffalo-ropes well about me.

"I am to call at the hotel for a gentleman, and I guess that'll be about all the load I'll get."

He climbed into his seat. I waved an adieu to the children, who soon gathered at the window, watching my departure with the greatest interest and longing—long over of the rosy group—that they were going, too. Poor little mortals! they did not know what cold fingers and toes they would have had to endure.

We jolted through a couple of streets, and around some slippery corners, where the old vehicle threatened to tip over, and was only prevented, I felt convinced, by the energy with which I leaned on the opposite side, and brought all my strength to the balance. Presently we stopped in front of the hotel. The silence after the rumbling, rattling, and squeaking of the coach, was almost oppressive.

"All right there?" asked the driver.

"All right," was the response from the house.

A tall man, wrapped in a dark gray overcoat, and with a seal-skin cap pulled closely over a quantity of crisp hair—which would have curled if allowed to grow long enough—appeared at the door. He had a traveling-shawl thrown over one arm, and a heavy leather-bag in his hand.

"Why does not the porter fetch my trunk?" he called out, somewhat impatiently. "I shall, of course, miss the boat if I am detained in this way."

I felt a guilty consciousness that I had kept the stage waiting for a half-hour, at least.

"Here I am, sir," said the porter, hurrying from the house with the trunk.

The driver and porter together strapped the trunk upon the roof, and almost shook the life out of me in the process. The gentleman took the front seat, and we were again *en route*.

My traveling companion took not the slightest notice of me after a brief "good-morning," and lifting of his cap. I was, probably, not at all an interesting-looking bundle, having on at least two cloaks, two shawls, a boa, a muff, fur hood, and a thick veil! Besides this, I was done up like a mummy in buffalo-robcs. For a moment I entertained the idea of taking off my veil and discovering to the stranger that I was neither old nor ugly. But the wind whistled in at one of the cracks, and asked me, in a sharp whisper, what I would gain by it? What, indeed!

So I sat in my corner and looked out upon the cheerless, wintry landscape. Only yesterday it had been smiling with a promise of spring, and now it was frozen and dark, as if winter had obstinately determined to have it all over again, and do his uttermost to make us miserable. The driver whistled, and spoke friendly words to his horses, as the old beasts trudged steadily along.

The stranger sat with his chin pressed upon the soft collar of his coat. He looked cold and tired, and occasionally gave an impatient twist from one side to the other of the coach. Once or twice I saw him glance toward me, as if almost inclined for a little conversation. But the immovable bundles seemed to discourage him from the attempt. We had, perhaps, accomplished eight or ten miles of our journey without exchanging a word, when something occurred that completely altered the aspect of affairs—we broke down.

"What is the matter?" cried the stranger, as we came to a sudden, jarring stop.

"Wheel broke," said the driver. "Jerushy! What are we going to do now?"

"Here, open the door!" ordered the gentleman, as he shook the crazy handle; "we shall have to mend it somehow, of course."

"Can't be done, I'm afraid," said the driver, opening the door; "it's pretty badly smashed."

"Is there no blacksmith's-shop near?"

"Four miles along. I'll take one of the horses and be back in no time."

"I shall take the other, and make my way to the lake. I am afraid I have lost the boat as it is. You can send my box after me."

"Going to Canada, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Who'll take care of the lady when we are both off, I wonder?"

I had raised my veil, and was looking anxiously from the window.

"I am not afraid to stay alone," I said.

"Pray don't let me interfere with any plan."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" said the gentleman, quickly. "I spoke without thinking. Of course, I remain with you while the coachman goes to find assistance."

"But the boat? You will be left."

"It is of no consequence, believe me."

"I will get back as soon as I can," said the driver, as he mounted his horse; it's beginning to snow, do you see?"

Sure enough the large flakes were coming down, softly but steadily.

"It looks like a heavy storm," said the stranger, after he had resumed his seat in the stage.

"Do you think the roads will be blocked up?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," he answered, smiling; "we will hope not—at least, before we have reached our destination."

I looked out upon the wide, bare fields and lonely road. There was not so much as a shanty in sight. But I discovered one little path, winding through a field, and into a dark pine-wood. I pointed this out to my companion.

"I must remember the direction of that path," he said; "it enters the wood, I see, this side of that half-burnt stump."

"Then you think there is some danger?"

"Indeed, I do not. But it is as well to take what precautions we can. Fortunately," he continued, looking at his watch, "it is early yet, and there is no fear of night overtaking us on the road."

"I reproach myself," I said, after a pause, "for having permitted you to remain with me."

"It was not you who permitted it," he said, laughing. "It was I who would not go."

"But you were anxious to go at first."

"Perhaps so; but then, you see, I did not know what it was in the corner of the coach."

"You knew it was a woman."

"How could I know it? You neither moved nor spoke."

I, of course, laughed; and presently we were talking together in the friendly, almost confidential, manner which one falls into so readily on a journey even with a stranger.

The ground was now white with snow, and the air so thick with the flakes that we could hardly see the pine-woods across the field. I kept an anxious look-out for the return of our driver. "What can possibly keep him so long?" I said, at last.

"He has only been gone an hour; and at the gait of that old horse, he has not much more than reached the blacksmith's."

"Then it will be another hour before he returns?"

"That, at least."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, drearily; "and I am so cold and hungry."

"You shall have my shawl. I only wish I had had the forethought to bring some luncheon."

"Indeed I shall not take your shawl," I interposed, as he stood up to fold it around me. "I really have more than enough; it is my feet that are cold."

"Then I shall put it around your feet," he said, kneeling as he spoke.

"And what will you do without?"

"If you will allow me, I will sit back with you, and share your fur robes."

"I ought to have thought of that before," making room for him. "By-the-by!" I exclaimed, "I have some biscuits in my bag, if I could only get at them."

"Where is your bag?"

"Strapped to my waist," I said, standing up and putting aside my numerous wraps. I succeeded in reaching the bag, and the biscuits proved a great comfort. We had a very jolly time over our poor, little feast—and the stranger and I were fast becoming friends. Once he got out to give our remaining horse some hay, which was found in the box-seat, and to cover up the poor beast with a moth-eaten old rug which the driver had used. The hour passed, and another, and almost a third; but still no sign of our deliverance. The snow was rapidly deepening, and the road being obliterated, I became very uneasy, and at last frightened. What if help did not reach us, and we

should be completely blocked up in the snow! My companion evidently shared my uneasiness to some extent, although he made light of our condition when I expressed my fears in words.

"If you are willing," he said, suddenly, "I think it would be as well if I explored that foot-path."

"And leave me alone?" I cried, in alarm. "No; please, do not. Suppose you could not find your way back again?"

"Will you go with me, then? For it is now four o'clock, and in another hour it will be dark."

"If you go, I go, too."

"Very well," he said. "I think myself that it will be best."

He got out of the coach, and commenced unbuckling the horse from the pole. "What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"You will see," he answered, laughing; and proceeded to fold up the buffalo-robe and strap it, saddlewise, to the horse's back.

"Now," he said, coming to me, "if you are ready, I will help you to mount."

"Am I to ride?" looking dubiously at the old horse and insecure seat.

"It is perfectly safe, I assure you; and, indeed, you would find it anything but comfortable wading in the snow."

I acknowledged this as I looked over the trackless field—so allowed myself to be lifted to the "pillion." The stranger took the bridle in his hand, and we proceeded diagonally across the field to the old stump, which was still visible, although almost covered by the snow. When once in the wood, the path became more distinct, and the thick, pine-trees protected us somewhat from the wind. The wood was dense and long, but we at last reached the end of it, and had the satisfaction of seeing a snug-looking farm-house perched on a hill half a mile off. We made our way gayly along now, and felt that our more serious troubles were safely over with.

"Perhaps it would be as well if we were to know each other's names," said the stranger, as we neared the house. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Edward Thorne, of Montreal."

"We must be cousins," I cried, holding out my hand. "I am Eleanor Thorne, of New York."

We shook hands cordially, and Mr. Thorne acknowledged the cousinship with flattering eagerness.

We received a noisy welcome from half a dozen dogs when we reached the house; and

immediately a white-headed little boy appeared at the door, and gazed at us in open-mouthed astonishment.

"What are you doing there, Tommy?" cried a woman's voice. "Come in and shut the door, and stop the dogs a-yelping."

Mr. Thorne had lifted me from the horse, and I walked as well as I could, for I was stiff with the cold, to where Tommy was standing.

"Ask your mother to step here," I said.

"Ma!" screamed the young one, at the top of his lungs.

"What ails the boy, I wonder!" muttered the woman, approaching the door. Then, seeing me, she exclaimed, "For mercy's sake! who's that?"

I explained who I was, and how I came there.

"Come right in," she cried; "and Tom, you show the gentleman the way to the barn. You'll find your father there."

She ushered me into a big, warm kitchen, where everything was as neat as wax. Drawing up an old-fashioned rocking-chair, she placed me in it, and commenced taking off my things, indulging in a running stream of exclamations and questions the while.

"You're here for a week, I guess," she said, at last, not very encouragingly. "It's an awful storm, and before morning the drifts will be over your head."

I was in hopes that there was some exaggeration in ~~the~~ statement; but when Mr. Thorne came in with the woman's husband, it was confirmed.

"I am going to take a sledge and fetch your trunks from the stage," said the farmer, giving my hand a grip in hospitable welcome. "Wife, take care you make everything comfortable."

"I'll take care," she answered. "I'll build a fire in the spare room, and have supper ready before you get back." Then, turning to me, she asked in a loud whisper, "Are you his wife?"

"No," I replied, blushing excessively at the blunt question.

"We are cousins," said Mr. Thorne, quietly.

"That's it, eh?" she said, perfectly satisfied. "I guessed there was some sort of kinship."

And she bustled out of the kitchen, probably for the purpose of building a fire in the "spare room." Presently there were loud calls for Tommy to bring some chips. That young gentleman reluctantly gave up his employment of staring at Mr. Thorne and myself, and went to do his mother's bidding. He reappeared in the course of a few minutes, looking as if he had bathed in chips; they were sticking to his

clothes, dripping from his shoes, and his hair was absolutely bristling with them.

I felt some embarrassment when left alone with Mr. Thorne. To be thrown into so great an intimacy with a perfect stranger, a man I had never seen before that morning; to be "cousins," and to be thought his wife—the woman's supposition was, after all, the most annoying.

But Mr. Thorne appeared to take it all very coolly, and showed no consciousness of my embarrassment. He commenced talking about our good fortune in falling into such kind hands, and declared that he quite enjoyed the prospect of a week in the farm-house.

"I should not mind it so much," I said, "if it were not for my friends in Idakance and——, who will suffer much anxiety on my account."

"If it had not been for our break-down," said Mr. Thorne, "we would have reached Idakance by this time. Therefore, your friends in—— will suppose that you arrived there safely; and your friends in Idakance will naturally take it for granted that the storm prevented you from undertaking the journey; and as it will certainly prevent letters from going either way, I think you you may conclude that they will be quite easy."

This explanation was so labored that, although not so satisfactory as he evidently supposed it would be, I could not help laughing.

"You are very consoling," I said; "and, indeed, I know there is nothing to be done but make the best of it."

Farmer Hutchins returned with our trunks, and we all sat down to a bountiful country supper. The bright kitchen, the friendly, homely faces of the farmer and his wife were cheery to look upon. My friend Tommy, quite cured of the chips, buttoned into his best clothes, and with his hair brushed and greased till it shone again, looked as if just prepared for Sunday-school.

The storm continued for five days; and then the sun burst gayly out, dispersed the snow-clouds after a brief battle, and sent them rolling sulkily off to the horizon. They quite disappeared after awhile, and left the sun a clear field of blue, in which he shone most radiantly. The great drifts of snow melted rapidly; the trees shook off their burdens; and before long the outlines of the roads and paths could be traced. I stood at the window and watched the transformation almost regretfully, for the five days had been pleasant ones to me. The life in the farm-house was novel, but full of

homely amusements. I had taken lessons in bread and cake-making from Mrs. Hutchins, and had succeeded wonderfully in the composition of a plum-pudding! Mr. Thorne read while I tried my hand at cooking, and never laughed too much over a spoilt batch of biscuits, or a burnt cake.

And all these pleasant hours had come to an end! Farmer Hutchins said the stage could get through the next day; and, of course, I had no excuse to linger, although kindly urged to do so.

"I declare it 'll be awful lonesome without you," said Mrs. Hutchins, with a sigh, as she helped me put the few things I had needed into my trunk again. "I guess you'll have to promise to stop and see us on your way back before I give you leave to go."

I gave the promise very gladly.

"Of course, I mean your cousin, too," continued Mrs. Hutchins. "He'll be along with you, I don't doubt."

"Oh, no!" I said, a little sadly, realizing that the journey back would be dull enough without him.

"I bet he will," said the farmer's wife, emphatically. "Why, I never see one cousin so fond of another before; he never takes his eyes off you when you're around."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Mrs. Hutchins!" I exclaimed, feeling the blood rush into my face.

"Well, perhaps I be," she said, laughing; "but I'm generally considered pretty cute at spying out love-making. And when I seen him picking up a little slipper of yours that had accidentally got swept out into the hall near your door, and go to kissing it, and put it into his pocket, thinks I to myself, I guess I know what's o'clock."

So that was what had become of my slipper! I had had a search for it that very morning, and had been loth to give it up, such a pretty, tidy fit as it was. But now, somehow, I felt perfectly reconciled to its loss.

The next day brought the stage to the door with our "driver."

"Well, you *did* get snowed in, didn't you?" was his only remark when he saw me.

"Yes; but we were lucky enough to find very comfortable quarters," I said. "I hope you came to no harm?"

"Not I! I lost my way in the storm, but I got out all right, and shouldn't have minded it if it hadn't been for you and the gentleman. However, I guessed you'd find your way here. We'll have a good time of it now getting on;

but if you don't mind being jogged, we might as well try it."

Of course, we said we did not mind being jogged. So our leave-takings were dispatched with regret on both sides, I am sure. Tommy howled a little, and was only appeased by some whispered words of Mr. Thorne.

Our boxes were strapped on top of the stage; and again was I made a bundle of, although this time I insisted upon having my face uncovered.

"I'll count on having you both stop on your return," cried out Mrs. Hutchins, as the stage moved off.

"We will not fail to do so," said Mr. Thorne, waving his hand from the window.

It was a rather odd promise for him to make, I thought. How could he know what I would do!

After a slow, tedious drive, and no lack of the threatened jogging, we reached Idakane. Mr. Thorne lifted me from the stage at the door of the little lake-shore cottage, which looked brown and bleak in the early winter twilight.

"How long will you remain here?" he asked me, as he pounded on the door with the brass knocker.

"A week or ten days, I thought."

"Farewell, then. God bless you!"

The door opened, and a flood of warm light fell upon us.

"Good-by!" he said again, pressing my hand.

"Good-by!" I murmured.

The driver lifted my trunk into the hall; Mr. Thorne re-entered the coach, and they drove off.

I received a joyful welcome from my two dear, old friends, whom I found sitting on either side of the open fire-place, watching the burning hickory-logs, and talking of their youth.

A week dragged slowly past—the longest week I ever lived! It was almost too cold to venture out for a walk; so I sat in the little window-seat in the drawing-room, looking at the blue waters of the lake, and pretending to read. Every evening at sundown I watched for a long line of smoke in the sky, which heralded the approach of the steamer from Canada; and then I was restless for another hour, listening for a knock at the door!

It came at last. Mr. Thorne was ushered into the room, and I received him, I feared, with almost too much cordiality. But it was so pleasant to see his kind face again, so

pleasant to hear his kind voice. I felt as if we were very old friends, indeed—or, in truth, the cousins we “played” at being.

It was arranged that I should return to — under his care, taking the stage the following morning.

The roads were in tolerable condition; the sun smiling cheerily and trying to warm the earth; and I felt as smiling and cheery as the sun itself when we started.

We drove at a good pace for some miles, the jangling, rattling old coach making so much noise that any attempt at conversation ended in laughter and a shake of the head, which meant, “I don’t hear one word!”

But it wasn’t a great while before we came to a long hill, and the coachman pulled up his fiery steeds and allowed them to plod slowly up, while he amused himself singing, in a very gruff bass voice, a sentimental song!

Then we had a little sentiment inside the coach; for Mr. Thorne took this opportunity of telling me a secret which I had already divined; and I managed to make him understand, in spite of the deafening accompaniments of the sentimental song and the squeaking hinges, that I loved him in return.

Tommy met us with calm delight, but with expectation depicted upon his expressive countenance. His eyes almost popped out of his head, when a large, brown package was handed to him, with the information that all it contained was for himself alone.

Mrs. Hutchins had everything in gala-day trim; her best gown on, and the dinner-table loaded with good things.

“Husband received your letter, Mr. Thorne, so I was looking for you. And I am powerful glad to have you back again, my dear,” to me; “I was real lonesome after you.”

Her delight when Mr. Thorne told her that we were engaged was very droll.

“I know’d how it would be when I see you kissing that slipper, it wasn’t natural conduct for a cousin, unless you were courting. I told her about it, too—didn’t I, my dear? And you just should have seen her blush!”

We staid two days at the farm-house, and then went on to —. Our friend, the driver, had evidently found out what had occurred, for he wished me much happiness, and insisted upon shaking hands at parting. And then went through the same ceremony with Mr. Thorne, seemingly much to his own satisfaction; for I saw him withdraw his hand with a crisp, green bill in it, which had not been there before, I am sure.

The old stage-coach rattled, and creaked, and groaned, as it drove off, as if it personally objected to the arrangement entered into under its protection, and wished us to understand that it repudiated us, and considered its confidence abused. But “I love” sounded as fresh and sweet inside of its musty curtains, as it could have done in a crimson drawing-room by the light of a blazing fire.

IN THE GLOAMING.

BY MARY F. HUNT.

I.

CURLS about a fair brow twining,
O’er whose height the gold is shining,
Like a soft cloud’s yellow lining.

Check the rose its hue hath yielded;
Mouth in dimpled beauty moulded;
Eyes like violet leaves unfolded.

Hands about the weary straying,
And where wrecks of life are awaying,
Lifted up in muteest praying.

Heart so tender in its loving
For the mourner, and the roving,
Sternest hearts with pity moving.

Voice along my spirit ringing,
With its softest notes of singing,
Through my life its sweetness flinging.

A bright vision to me coming,
On the path that I am roaming—
Dreamer in the Winter gloaming.

II.

This woman, with her golden hair,
Is standing close beside my chair,
And clasping mine with fingers fair.

She bends above me, full of grace,
And smooths the sorrow from my face,
And leaves soft kisses in its place.

She whispers words of hope and cheer,
Till in the valley’s darkness here
A starry crown seems floating near.

And I have grown a better man,
With strength to walk earth’s weary span,
Since this bright dream of mine began!

My darling! with white finger-tips,
With crimson cheek and glowing lips,
May life for us have no eclipse;

But waft us on to fairer skies,
Where love at anchor ever lies,
Sweet woman, with the dreamy eyes!

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER V.

LOUISON BRISOT had, at last, gained control over her disturbed passions, so far as was necessary to the hypocrisy and bold treason, by which her vengeance might be carried out. She was not the only woman in that dark and terrible epoch, who hurled her own personal wrongs and evil passions into the general anarchy, and called them patriotism. Patriotism! The amazons and butchers of France made this grand word so hideous, that liberty turns from it with distrust, even to this day; like the holy religion of Christ, it is used to cover a thousand sins—and treason is never so dangerous as when it cloaks itself under a name that true men hold sacred. If ever a time has been, or can be, when women could possess all the frenzy of men, it was during the French Revolution. And how did it end? Who among those females has left a trace in her national history which is not written in blood, and in acts more atrocious than men would have dared perpetrate, had not the cheers of blood-thirsty women urged them on. When there was no law, men and women stood on a level—anarchy makes no distinctions of sex. When women become immodest, men sink to their level—and what a fearful level that was to which the proud old nation of France was brought when assassination took the mockery of law, and indiscriminate murder became a national amusement.

A few great and true-hearted women certainly were drawn into this awful maelstrom; but it was to sicken in the sea of blood that overwhelmed them, and perish under the heels of an enraged multitude, whose fiendish acts their own enthusiasm had inspired. Who among all the army of women who marched to Versailles, on that gloomy day, has an honored place in the history of France now? Of the hundreds who mingled their voices with those of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, at the clubs, is there one who has not been consigned to the blackest infamy by all historians? Madame Roland, who gloried in

writing her husband's letters, and was in character and position lifted far above the infamous rabble of women who made demons of the men they influenced, died on the scaffold, bravely as she had lived; but the last words on her lips were a bewailing cry over the atrocities perpetrated in the name of her ideal god.

Louison Brisot possessed all those crafty and unscrupulous qualities that made leaders in those horrible times. Like most of her compeers, who were not blindly led, she seized upon the anarchy of the times to work out her own coarse desires and crude ambition. With a sharp intellect and depraved heart, she had flung herself at the feet of Mirabeau, partly in homage to his undoubted genius, and partly because he was the brightest power in that Assembly of demagogues. But the count had never even pretended to give her in return for her adoration either love or respect. Sometimes he deigned to accept her as the instrument of his own ambition, as he used the talent of others for his own advancement, whenever it came in his way; but for all that she could do he gave no return, save that careless acceptance which exasperated while it enthralled her. So long as Mirabeau loved no other woman, Louison contented herself with an ostentatious exhibition of her fancied power over him, which won her the notoriety for which so many women coveted in the clubs; but when she knew that the woman she hated more than any other in all France had cast the charm of her high position and personal loveliness over this powerful man; when she saw the tender reverence with which his lips touched that white hand, the passion of her love blazed into fury. She saw herself hurled down from the position which she had assumed, till it was recognized as one of power, and laughed to scorn by the person whose very contempt was more valuable to her than the purest love of a meaner man. Louison gave no sign of the agitation that had at first overwhelmed her, but watched and waited with

feline patience for any movement that might bring the haughty man she both loved and hated within the grasp of her vengeance.

There was no social rule by which the agitators of France governed themselves in those days, and there was no association so debased that these men dared not glory in it. With them there was nothing to conceal, because there was no shame; they baptized unbridled, because liberty crowned her with roses; and while defying all decency, called on the whole world to witness their orgies and share in them. In a state of society like this, it is not strange that a woman like Louison could find access anywhere, or that she had made herself almost an inmate of Mirabeau's house, and entered it at any time that suited her pleasure.

After leaving the ruins of the Bastille, she made her way to Mirabeau's residence; but it was closed, and she was told that on the day before Mirabeau had given up his lodgings, and taken a house in the Chaussee d'Anton, which he was fitting up with great splendor. Louison turned away from the lodgings, which had been deemed far too sumptuous for a friend of the people, with her heart on fire again, and the bitterest word she knew of escaped through her clenched teeth.

"The aristocrat!" she hissed, rather than spoke. "He has done this with money from that woman—that meeting in the Park was not their first. His soul is poisoned with her gold. I will look upon this change myself, but not till I have walked off this burning rage. He must not look upon me while this fire burns so hotly."

The woman pressed both hands upon her heart as she turned from the door, and was herself terrified by the fierce struggle going on in her bosom; the very breath, as it rose panting to her lips, seemed to strangle her. What better proof of Mirabeau's utter subjection to the court did she want than this removal to an aristocratic quarter and luxurious dwelling? No one knew better than herself that Mirabeau had no income from property, and nothing but his talent and influence to sell. So much of his lordly birth had always clung to him, that the squalid penury effected by Robespierre and Marat revolted him. He had never yet been able to throw off the habits and tastes of a gentleman in his mode of living, and in this lost all the independence which was so necessary to statesmanship. A new thought came into Louison's head. Mirabeau had taken money from the court. Might not this be his sole motive for asking or accepting that inter-

view with Marie Antoinette? Had he ever hesitated to cajole or deceive a woman in the pursuit of any object? And what reverence would his audacious nature feel for the queen, merely because she was seated on a throne which already shook to its foundations?

This idea came with force upon the angry woman, the thought that money, instead of love, had taken her idol to St. Cloud, swept away half the jealousy that tortured her. She began to feel a bitter triumph in the supreme duplicity of which she suspected the man she believed herself to love.

With no hesitation or fear, the girl turned into the street again toward the Chaussee d'Anton. The thoroughfares were full of people, men and women, conversing together in knots, and fraternizing with the municipal guards, in coarse and equal companionship. More than once she was hailed by some person in the crowd, who received some sharp or witty reply in return, which often sent shouts of laughter after her. Once or twice she stopped to speak with some patriot, whose notoriety gave him a claim to her attention, but moved on again, laughing and flinging back jokes and jeers as she went. As she turned a corner, with a feverish laugh still upon her lips, a man came suddenly around the corner whom she recognized at once. This man she knew to be the secret and most bitter enemy of Mirabeau, and at another time would have avoided him, for his small, lean figure, fantastically arrayed in a well-worn green coat, and buff small-clothes, brushed thread-bare, was well calculated to inspire contempt and ridicule from a creature so reckless in her likings as Louison. But she paused in her swift progress, and spoke to the man now.

"Ah, citizen Robespierre! is it you that I was almost running against? Have the Cordeliers become so strong that they can spare you from the club so early?"

The man hesitated, occupied himself a moment with the buttons of his green coat, and passed his hand over the plaited ruffles that fluttered in his bosom. Louison had never addressed him so familiarly before, and he was by nature a timid man—so timid, that he was disconcerted by the abrupt speech of a woman who had hitherto avoided him. Before he was ready to reply, Louison relieved his embarrassment by a new question,

"It is well to look modest, citizen, and keep in the background. Only great men can afford to retire into the shadow; but I know what spirit inspires the club, and the women of Paris

are as well informed. Surely you must know that!"

Robespierre answered her now, for variety gave him courage,

"I did not think that a friend of Mirabeau would find any merit in a man who has so little hold on the good will of the people," he said, in a low, rasping voice, while a faint sneer stole over his lips, which was the nearest approach to a smile any one ever saw on his face.

"How modest we are!" exclaimed Louison, showing her white teeth, as she smiled upon the little man, whom it was the fashion to ridicule even in the Assembly, where his terrible force of character was, at the time, but imperfectly known. "A true patriot, citizen, sees merit in every one who loves his country and hates the king; but what is the homage of a poor girl like me worth, compared with Theroigne, of Liege, was it not you who introduced her to the Cordelier, and called out, that was the Queen of Sheba?"

"No; that was Laclos. Theroigne is a woman for poets to adore, and she inspired him."

"But they tell me that Robespierre is himself a poet, and that great genius inspires his patriotism."

The sneer so natural to Robespierre's lip melted into a simper, and the lids drooped over the greenish-gray of his eyes.

"I do not know who has overrated my poor ability," he said; "but if a spark of poetry ever inspired me, mademoiselle would enkindle it. Why does she so entirely confine herself to the Jacobins? Is it because Mirabeau reigns there as a god?"

"Not so, citizen. A true woman of France claims perfect freedom to think and worship where she pleases. I have been at the Cordeliers many a time, to hear the eloquence of a man whom the nation will yet learn to know as one of its greatest orators, and most potent leaders."

Louison bent her stately head, thus enforcing her compliment, and prepared to move on; but Robespierre followed her,

"Mademoiselle, I speak in the Assembly to-morrow. Will you come?"

"Does Mirabeau speak?"

"Yes, and I oppose him; for that reason you will not come?"

"For that very reason I will come. The man who possesses power enough to defeat any measure urged by Mirabeau must be worthy of adoration."

"Ah! if I could inspire such homage from

women, and such power among men!" said Robespierre, with a sort of bitter sadness.

"This man Mirabeau carries the heart of France with him."

"But it may not be forever," said Louison, almost in a whisper. "What would Mirabeau be if the faith of the people fell from him?"

"You ask this question, mademoiselle?"

"Why not? All men should be watched. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Some American said that; or, is it my own thought? I cannot tell; but some day the place of Mirabeau will be vacant. Who is ready to fill it?"

"Mademoiselle, you suggest an impossibility."

"There is but one man in France. Others may not see it; but to me his destiny is plain. That man, shrouded in modesty, stands before me."

"Mademoiselle!"

"That man is Maxamillian Robespierre."

Louison moved swiftly away, as she spoke, and left the man standing quite alone, so amazed, that he did not move till she was out of sight. Then he turned back from the course he was pursuing, and went to his sordid lodgings, inspired by new ambition. Louison had divined the one great weakness in his character, and, while inspiring his vanity, aroused a more powerful ambition than she dreamed of. Still, she had spoken something of the truth, and with her quick intellect saw more in this lean, little man than those who sat with him every day had yet discovered.

"That is well done!" said Louison, as she walked toward the Chaussee d'Antou. "This man is becoming a favorite with the people. He is shrewd, cold-hearted, indomitable. Sooner or later he will stand in the path of Mirabeau, perhaps undermine the foundations of his popularity; for, as much as Robespierre loves France, he hates the court. Yes, yes; I did well to flatter the man. My next effort shall be with Marat."

Louison fairly started with surprise when she reached the residence of which Mirabeau had just taken possession. It was a grand structure, that had been abandoned as it stood by some noble emigrant, who was now safe upon the borders. The eloquent demagogue had rather seized than hired the building, with all its luxurious appointments; and, even at that early day, was entertaining a party of riotous friends in the grand saloon.

A servant, out of livery, but still richly dressed, opened the door, and let a flood of light upon Louison where she stood, with calm

audacity waiting for admission, as if the place had been her own home. The servant had belonged to the noble family by which the house had been deserted, and recognized the woman in her real character. When she asked for Mirabeau, he answered, with something like a sneer in his voice, that the count was entertaining his friends, and must not be disturbed.

Louison laughed, gave her handsome head a disdainful toss, and, passing by the astonished servant, entered the hall, which she surveyed with tranquil curiosity, lifting her face to examine the exquisitely carved corbel of the ceiling, and giving a general survey of the statues and antique ornaments which surrounded her. After her curiosity was satisfied, she took the scarf from her shoulders, and, untying the gipsy bonnet from her head, hung them both on the arm of a mailed statue that stood near the door, gave the bright, crisp ringlets on her head a vigorous shake, and, guided by a riot of voices, walked toward the saloon, with all the easy confidence of an invited guest.

The picture which this woman intruded upon was something wonderful in its splendid incongruity. A Venitian chandelier, whose heavy pendants of flat, half opaque glass swayed to and fro in a sea of radiance, shed a broad blaze of light upon a table gorgeous with exquisite china, malachite and crystal vases, running over with flowers, glittering with gold and silver plate. Crystal goblets, sparkling with wine, amber-hued, ruby-tinted, and of purplish darkness, swayed to and fro in the hands of half a dozen loosely-clad women, who were busily wreathing them with flowers, in imitation of the ancient Greeks, themselves clad like heathen goddesses, rather than Christian women.

A group of men in full dress, worn awkwardly, except in one or two cases, leaned upon the table in various attitudes, and watched the women as they proceeded in their classical work, now and then rifling the vases, and tossing their blossoms across the table in aid of the growing garlands.

Everything that the light touched was warm with rich coloring. Masses of frescoed flowers glowed out from the ceiling. Each panel in the wall was an exquisite picture. Broad mirrors were sunk deep in frames carved in masses of delicate golden foliage, broken up by clusters of white lilies, devised at the royal works at Sevres. These lilies seemed to be cut from luminous pearls, and shed their own light upon the mirrors; for the stamens were

of perfumed wax, and burned like a star, while a perfume, like that of the natural flower, stole out from each tiny flame. All this splendor Louison took in at a glance; which filled her soul with fiery indignation. Who were these women whom Mirabeau had invited to his new mansion without consulting her? By the immodest splendor of their dresses they might belong to the court or the theatre. The lips curved and her eyes flashed as she regarded them. She stood unobserved, with one foot advanced on the golden carpet, searching the group with indignant curiosity. Growing calmer, she recognized some of the men as among the most talented and dissolute of Mirabeau's companions; but they were arrayed in court dresses, and disguised by wigs of long, curling hair, that floated in love-locks over the glowing velvet of their coats; while the women had combined the loose scantiness effected even then by the Jacobins, with rich materials hitherto known only to the nobility. The brilliant crimson of their rouged cheeks, the black patches scattered on forehead and chin, masses of hair, piled roll upon roll, and curl upon curl, would have deceived any person not born of the court into believing them of noble birth and breeding.

One by one, Louison made these people out, even before she heard their voices. One was her great political rival, Theroigne de Mericourt, of Liege, one of the most influential, audacious, and most beautiful women of the revolution.

Louison recognized this woman with a pang of bitter jealousy. What right had the Queen of the Cordeliers in the house of Count Mirabeau?

Another woman lifted her face from the goblet she was wreathing, and demanded more flowers for her garland. Two or three eager hands were outstretched to a vase, and some one flung her a handful of lilies, among them was a purple *fleur de lis*. The woman turned pale through her rage, when she saw the flower, gave a quick, half-frightened glance at the man who flung it at her, and then cast it upon the floor, and trampled it into the golden carpet with well simulated indignation.

"I wonder that you dare give me a flower that has become hateful to all France!" she said, stamping once more on the poor broken blossom. "Nay, I marvel that it can be found under the roof of so true a patriot as we all know the count to be. Give me roses, heart's-ease, anything that will take this perfume of royalty from the air."

Louison knew this woman also. She was Madame Du Barry, who, once lifted from the dregs of the people by the favoritism of a bad king, had gone back to her original element, taking a certain queenly air with her, which lingered around her as she trod that poor emblem of royalty under her feet.

"Ah, madame! that is ungrateful in you, who owe so much to the protection of that poor flower."

"But I owe more to France, and I belong to the people. Do not make me blush that I ever left them!" cried the hypocrite, busying herself with the pansies and roses that lay upon the table before her.

Louison watched that face keenly, and read something there which aroused a vague suspicion of the woman's sincerity. She caught one brief, quick glance of the eyes turned upon Mirabeau, and understood at once that there was some understanding between those two persons. Slowly she drew back into the shadow of the hall, and watched them, unseen, as the revel went on.

Mirabeau was sitting at the head of the table, leaning back in his cushioned seat, with an air of a lord entertaining his vassals. His dress bore no marks of the foppery which seemed so unnatural in his guests; being noble, he cared nothing for the appearances of high birth. Knowing himself powerful, he gloried in a certain individuality that distinguished him alike from the nobility to which he had belonged, and the people he had adopted. His massive head wore its own thick, tawny hair, swept back from his temples and forehead in thick, waving rolls; his coat of plum-colored velvet, without lace or embroidery, fell away from a snow-white vest, carelessly buttoned half-way up, where it revealed the broad plaited ruffles which shaded his bosom, and fell so carelessly apart at the throat, that the massive curve of his white neck was clearly exposed until it swelled into the broad chest. In his powerful strength and sublime ugliness, this man made the grandest figure in that gorgeous scene. That which the others simulated he felt; and a smile of pleasant scorn came and went around his mouth, as he sat watching the awkward assumption of his guests, who, for once, were masquerading as noblemen.

At first Louison had intended to show herself before these people, and confront the man who had so suddenly disenthralled himself from her influence; but the glance which she saw pass so swiftly between him and Du Barry

changed her mind. She resolved to find some method of listening to all that might pass, and thus make herself mistress of any secret that might have brought them together.

As she stood within the shelter of a mailed statue, near the grand stair-case, Louison saw a side-door open, and a little figure steal softly into the hall, as if afraid of being seen. His face was darker by far than any shadow could make it, and he moved stealthily across the floor till a good view of the supper-table was obtained; then he crouched down in the shadow of the stair-case and seemed to disappear. That moment the door of the saloon was closed.

The mailed statue stood between Louison and this creeping object. She felt sure that he had not observed her; but a faint light streaming into the hall through the door he had left ajar, made her position a difficult one to conceal. She cast wistful glances at this little stream of light, which came, she was convinced, from some apartment adjoining the banqueting-saloon. At last, keeping within the shadow of the statue, she glided toward this opening, and found herself in a small room, lighted only by the faint gleams that came from the hall, and broke through the side of a panel, which evidently was used as a concealed door connecting with the saloon. Some antique tapestry fell apart just before this panel, and under it the woman concealed herself, drawing the tapestry so close as to obstruct all light from the room. Through the crevice she commanded a full view of everything that transpired in the saloon, and could distinctly hear each spoken word. Never had a jealous woman and a spy better opportunities of observation. Directly in the line of her vision sat Mirabeau, leaning back in his chair with an expression of broad, animal enjoyment on his face.

Near him, with the delicate whiteness of her garments clinging around her superb form, and her bare arm uplifted, stood Theroigne de Mericourt, waving the goblet she had crowned with flowers over her head, as she called out,

"To Mirabeau, the god of the people! The man who flung his title underfoot that the *canaille* may trample on it. He did not wait for the people to tear off his coronet."

A dozen goblets flashed in the air as she spoke, so quickly that the flowers fell from them bathed in a rain of wine-drops.

"To Mirabeau! Life to him! Destruction to all tyrants!"

The mingled voices of men and women went up simultaneously in this shout. The crystal light of the goblets rippled around a dozen

heads, while Mirabeau sat still, smiling like a Sultan, to whom homage in any form was an inheritance.

After this riotous toast was given, Theroigne remarked that the host was drinking pure water instead of wine. Then kissing her goblet, and bathing her red lips in the perfume of its flowers, she leaned over the table, and bade them drink to the toast, which should be a crowning one of the festival. Mirabeau took the goblet and swung it around his head, as Theroigne snatched another from the table, and cried out,

"Fill! fill with red wine now! and drain each glass to the dregs, as we will yet drain the hearts of Louis and his Austrian wife."

A shout followed, a crash of glasses, and the mellow gurgle of wine, as it flowed down the thirsty throats of the company.

Theroigne drained her goblet, and drew a deep, long breath; with her tongue she lapped the wine from her lips, and muttered in a low voice, but loud enough for all to hear,

"It has a rare taste of blood!"

Louison, from her concealment, saw that two persons in the company lifted their goblets, but tasted no drop of the wine. Mirabeau touched his lips to the flowers, but dashed the wine over his shoulder; and while the rest were drinking, it sunk with a broad, red stain into the snowy ground of the carpet. Du Barry lifted her goblet also, but turned so deadly white that the rouge on her face stood out frightfully from its general pallor. Dropping the glass, she put a hand to her throat, as if a spasm of pain had seized her, and would have left the table but for a commanding look from Mirabeau, which warned her of the danger.

"They understand each other," thought Louison; "this is not simply a carouse. Du Barry and Mirabeau share secrets together; and these idiots, swaggering in the cast-off garments of some cowardly nobleman, cannot see it."

She was mistaken. Theroigne de Mericourt was quick-sighted as herself. Du Barry had affiliated herself with the revolutionists—but the extremists always held her in distrust. She was still a beautiful woman, and a certain prestige lingered in her history, which would have been a recommendation to the powers that were rising on the waves of the national revolt, had it not been connected with the king, whose memory was most hated.

"Turn down your goblets," said the young amazon, shaking the last drops from her glass, and tossing the flowers into the face of her *vis-*

a-vis at the table. "I hold the man or woman who has not drained every drop as an enemy to France."

Before Du Barry could reach forth her hand, Mirabeau had pushed his empty goblet toward her, and seized upon hers.

"If I did not drain my glass at once, it was because admiration is sometimes more powerful than a love of liberty, having drank to the death of royalty. Let me pour a libation to the goddess, who knows so well how to teach Frenchmen their duty."

Here Mirabeau poured the contents of his glass into a malachite vase that stood near him, half choked up with flowers.

Theroigne's dark eyes flashed. She had brought half the leading patriots of the clubs to her feet; but Mirabeau, up to this time, had kept aloof from her influence, and she felt her power incomplete without his subjection. It was a great step that he had invited her to his house; but other women were equally honored. Du Barry sat at his right hand—was there a preference in this?

Du Barry took Mirabeau's lead and sprang to her feet.

"The women of France are the soul of her revolutions," she said; "and Theroigne is their leader. 'Fill up once more to the first woman of France.'"

"To Mirabeau alone belongs the pleasure of proposing this homage to the great spirit of the revolution," answered the host, and amid the confusion and riot that followed, Du Barry escaped further notice of her imprudence in refusing to drink to the death of a man and a woman who had been forbearing and most kind to her when she had deserved so little consideration at their hands.

Then the evening wore on, and Mirabeau's guests came out of the awkwardness of a sumptuous masquerade, where they had been aping the life they professed to despise, and their coarse natures revealed themselves amid flowers, jewels, laces, and silks, with ludicrous incongruity.

Mirabeau enjoyed the scene with keen zest. In his heart he despised the paltry display which only made his plebeian friends unnatural and awkward; but the whole scene amused him, and, with his usual forethought, he had arranged it for his own advantage. In this adroit way he hoped to mingle such elements together as would render his projects, regarding the royal family, less open to observation. Louison understood the whole scene. One by one she began to recognize the men

who figured under those splendid garments; and even in her anger she smiled as the coarse hand of Marat protruded from the ruffles of gossamer lace that fell from under his coat-sleeve, in a rude attempt to wave kisses across the table to Theroigne, who received his advances with a disdainful laugh, which Du Barry joined, but more covertly. She was no stranger to the splendid objects that surrounded her, and took some pride in the ultra refinements which she had brought out of her former grandeur.

Marat, whose vanity was extreme, drew back from the ridicule of these women with a growl of anger; low born and humbly bred as himself, they had easily adopted the careless, self-possession which he aimed at in vain. But this man was already making his influence felt in the clubs, and no one present felt strong enough to ridicule him openly.

Du Barry laughed behind her fan; and Theroigne turned her face away and made signs of disgust to Mirabeau, who leaned back in his chair and smiled upon them all.

Marat witnessed all this reflected in a mirror upon the opposite wall, and he never forgot it.

Louison saw his coarse face darken, and knew that she could depend on him when her hour of vengeance came.

Marat, as if to assure her of this, started to his feet.

"Come, citizens, we have played at this folly long enough," he said, coarsely. "Why should we ape that which we despise, and will yet trample into the earth? I, for one, am sick of this farce. True patriots only grow strong in their own elements. These perfumes suffocate me!"

With these words, the brutal man snatched off his wig and sent all its powdered curls flying across the room, and thus more completely exposing all the home coarseness of his features. Then he threw open the velvet coat, and attempted to draw it from his shoulders, cursing its tightness, and making vicious threats against the more slender aristocrat to whom it had belonged. Theroigne burst into a peal of laughter as he tugged at the sleeves, and distorted his shoulders in a fruitless effort to free himself from the splendid garment; for in his fury he had torn open the laced ruffles on his bosom, and revealed to the whole company under garments of his own coarse, dingy, and scarcely fit for a beggar.

"Let me help you, citizen!" cried the amazon, springing to her chair, placing one foot on the edge of the table, and leaping across it. "Upon

my life, you have hard work not to look like an aristocrat. There, now, the coat is off, and you have torn all this lovely lace to tatters. So much the better. Marat is himself again. You cannot chain our lion of the revolution with ribbons or ropes of flowers."

"See! see!" cried one of the guests, "what mischief one woman can do! Theroigne, in her zeal to take Marat out of his trappings, has deluged herself with wine. See how it trickles down her dress!"

Theroigne cast a glance at the table, which was scattered with broken crystal, that glittered like fragments of ice in a red flood of wine which her foot had spilled. Then she shook out the folds of her white dress, which were dabbled red as the table; and, turning to Marat, cried out, recklessly,

"We are friends now and forever! I have only taken your colors, Marat, in advance!"

"All France shall wear them yet," Marat muttered, as he spurned away the coat he had taken off with his foot.

"So be it!" cried Theroigne. "Like you, I detest anything an aristocrat has touched. Let-us be ourselves."

The amazon tore a garland of roses from her head, and trampled them down with the coat Marat had flung off.

"Oh! if it were but the crown of France!" she said, fiercely.

"And the woman who wears it," growled Marat, who had drank wine enough to render him more than usually ferocious.

Mirabeau caught the ruffian's scowling glance, as he muttered these words under his breath, and guessed their meaning.

"It is, doubtless, a noble sentiment which the citizen utters; but he speaks too low. If it promises good to France, let us all join in it."

"You shall all join in it before I have done," answered Marat, sullenly; "but there must be a baptism first. You, Mirabeau, are not prepared as yet. If some one would draw the blue blood from your veins, all true patriots would trust you, and ask no questions."

"As it is," said Mirabeau, laughing, "the people trust me, and with that I am content."

"There speaks out the audacious pride of the aristocrat," was the bold answer; "half noble, half plebeian—one eternally fighting against the other. Who can trust either? Not Marat, for one."

"Mirabeau's face, grand and powerful in its supreme ugliness, darkened like a thunder-

cloud for one instant, then cleared away with a laugh.

"The air of this mansion does not agree with Marat," he said.

"No!" cried the ruffian; "it stifles me."

"Come, come!" cried Theroigne, "we must not quarrel with each other. It is the garments and the place. When Mirabeau gave us permission to ransack the mansion, and use what we pleased, he did not remember that the very atmosphere of luxury sickens a true patriot. Come, one and all! let us be ourselves again. We had a fancy to see how a nobleman, who grinds his luxuries out of the poor man's labor, enjoyed his monopoly; but the whole thing surfeits me."

As she said this, Theroigne left the saloon, swept across the hall, and up the grand staircase, followed by the whole party, except the host and Madam Du Barry, who had not joined in the harlequin frolic of the evening, having no curiosity to gratify regarding the usages of the aristocracy. When the last of his guests left the room, Mirabeau turned a somewhat anxious face on Du Barry.

"Did this man terrify you, mademoiselle?" he said.

"A little; he seems to regard me with peculiar spite."

"It is his nature; besides, he had been drinking too much wine!"

"His very look made me shiver."

"But you must have more courage. It is with such men as this that you can have the influence we need."

"And this person from Liege?" questioned Du Barry, doubtfully.

Mirabeau smiled.

"Now tell me," said Du Barry, "what this strange scene means?"

"Only this," answered Mirabeau. "This house, as you know, belonged to a member of the court, who has wisely emigrated, leaving all its appointments behind, even, as you see, a portion of his wardrobe. He was a favorite with our friend at St. Cloud; and I received an intimation that my residence here might save it from pillage. I took possession. It was a dangerous experiment; for these people watch me with the vigilance of hounds. To-night I gave them a supper, inviting the most violent of the clubs. They believe, and I permit it, that I have taken a brigand's possession of this house, and insisted on ransacking it from top to bottom. In the wardrobe they found some rich dresses, which the owner feared to encumber himself with; and at the instigation

of Theroigne, of Liege, got up the scene you have witnessed. It is wonderful how eagerly our Jacobins seize upon every opportunity to lift themselves, if it is only for an hour, into an atmosphere of luxury, while they all the time pretend to despise it."

"Hark!" said madame, under her breath, "it seemed to me, as if some one stirred."

"No; it is only our friends casting off their nobility. Was anything ever more absurd than the scene they elicited?"

Madame burst into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* I never shall forget Marat in that dress. It was a hyena in the silver fox-skin. How his eyes peered out from under the curling wig. It was superb!"

Again madame broke into a mellow laugh, and mimicked the awkward pose of Marat in his aristocratic dress with inimitable humor.

Mirabeau laughed till the tears came into his great, bold eyes. Then madame gave a comic imitation of Theroigne.

"Oh!" she said, between the acts of her little comedy, "it is not often that a woman, taken from the *canaille*, can glide gracefully into the manners of the court."

"That," said Mirabeau, with a meaning smile, "is only reserved to women of wonderful talent."

Madame laid her white hand with a graceful motion on her heart, thus acknowledging the compliment.

"Oh, count! what a charming courtier was lost when you turned patriot."

"Madame, is it not possible for a man to be a courtier, and yet love his country?"

"I begin to fear not. Mirabeau, these people distrust me. That woman——"

Mirabeau interrupted with a laugh.

"That woman—well, what of her? Can she forgive you the arch wit, the superb beauty?"

"Hush, hush!" said madame, with a touch of mournful regret. "I am no longer beautiful, and these fearful convulsions have frightened all the little wit I ever possessed out of my brain; but, through it all, I have one feeling which nothing can destroy, gratitude to the king, and that gracious lady who would not countenance insult or spoliation against a fallen woman. It might have been half counterfeited, I know; but in the season of my bitter humiliation I was spared. I say to you, Count Mirabeau, I would rather perish than see harm come to them."

"We will both perish before that shall happen!" said Mirabeau, earnestly; "but let us beware of revealing a sentiment in their favor."

"Guard yourself, my friend. They are coming," cried madame, catching her breath.

True enough, a tremendous rush of feet came down the broad stair-case, and the superbly-dressed company, that had left the table in regal splendor, came back a rabble of ill-dressed, riotous people, carelessly dressed, reckless in demeanor, and ready to blaspheme, or assert any wild theory that came into their heads, without regard to the decencies of language, or the presence of women, which had long since ceased to be a restraint upon the man who had trod everything pure and beautiful under the cloven hoofs of an impassible idea.

Louison knew that nothing of interest to herself would be gathered from the noisy

arguments these men fairly hurled at each other, over the fragments of a feast that had satiated them, and was about to withdraw from her hiding-place, when she became conscious of some object crouching on the floor, so hidden by the tapestry, that she would have gone away unconscious of a companion in her spying, had not her foot touched the little creature whom she had seen glide from that very apartment, and hide himself in the hall, earlier in the evening.

"Imp, what are you doing here?" she whispered, grasping the shrinking creature by the arm. "Spying upon your own mistress?"

The dwarf wrenched himself from her grasp, and darted from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHANGE.

BY ELLINOR BENEDICT

The written words we dim with tears,
Traced by the dead in other years;
When from its temple frown the mind,
How dear each record left behind!
How mournfully our glances rest
On aught by their loved hands impressed;
Each penciled word, each careless line—
Lost friend, how may I look on thine?

The smile that oft my glad eyes met
Duth beam for others brightly yet;
The voice I loved of old to hear
Still falls on many a listening ear.
The angel of the silent land
On thee hath spared to lay his hand;
But, even than death, more sad and strange,
Between us lies the gulf of change.

The dearest hopes that life hath brought,
The holiest dreams, the purest thought,
By thee inspired in years gone by,
I would not bid their memory die.
So bright those long-departed hours;
So crowned with hope's most fragrant flowers,
That thoughts of thee, through good or ill,
For their sweet sake I cherish still.

The idols of those years passed by,
All broken on their altars lie;
No hand their beauty may restore;
The young heart's trust will come no more;
Yet, as we dream, 'mid Winter snows,
Of the sweet time when bloomed the rose;
So fond and faithful memory
Whispers of those past hours, and thee.

THE MILL.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

The chestnut roofs are turning brown,
Thin vapors dim the spacing flood;
Figures in dusk and dust pass down
The twilight road that skirts the wood;
The dairy-carts are harnessed yet
Where by the cows the milk-maids sit;
While by the bridge the quaint old mill,
With walls moss-rusted and old wheel
O'ergreened with marish weed, is still
Turning the stone that grinds the meal.
And now, as gleams with dew the turf,
Busily bound
On its drowsy round,
Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

Now deeper shadows gathering brood,
As evening fades from gold to rose;
The ruined tower in the yellow wood
With rocks about it, grayer grows:
Far away in the steeples brown
The clocks toll from the smoky town;
The cottage hearths grow ruddy bright,
The cat upon the window-sill
Stretches and prowls into the night;
And all is still except the mill
That now—with silence at its will—
Grinds up its whirl
And drumming purr
With the low of the cattle on the hill.

JOHN JACKSON'S COURTSHIP.

BY B. S. BARRETT.

JOHN JACKSON entertained the theory that no man should marry for the mere sake of convenience. In fact, there appeared to him to be so much inconvenience attendant upon matrimonial intentions, desiderations, preparations, and deliberations, that he had allowed forty years to pass away without so much as giving the matter a serious thought. Still, he was fond of society, and although he devoted the most of his life to the acquisition of wealth, and was the reputed possessor of many thousands of dollars, he had never allowed the pursuit of riches, nor the worship of Mammon to embitter his social disposition, nor to sour the genial qualities of his nature.

N—— is a beautiful village on the banks of the Hudson, where the tall trees cast a grateful shade, and the long, leafy avenues invite to pleasant walks and delightful drives. Thither fate conducted John Jackson, just when the trees had donned their richest foliage; when the fields were resonant with the matin and vesper song of birds: when the avenues gave their most pressing invitations; and when, in short, the whole country, the very atmosphere, the landscape, the placid water, and all that he saw, seemed to the mind of John Jackson the most delightful confluence of happy sights that he had ever beheld.

Fate, not content with bringing Mr. Jackson to so lovely a spot, must needs introduce him to a larger circle of friends, (Fate's friends,) a very considerable portion of whom were young ladies, whose dimpled arms and rosy cheeks made frightful havoc with John's bachelor intentions.

Resisting the temptation which is upon me, to introduce some half-dozen of these delightful creatures to the reader, I will follow John Jackson's example, and single out one only, who seemed to be, in Mr. Jackson's estimation, not only queen of beauty in her own vicinity, but the prettiest, happiest, kindest, and most amiable young woman in the whole world. Her name was Lucy Smith—not a very romantic name, to be sure; but then I see no reason why Lucy Smith, or Jane Brown, may not be as beautiful girls as Cleopatra, or Juliette, at least so thought John—and I think he was right.

Not to make too long a story of this little

sketch, suffice it to say that after many long drives in the country, many moonlight rambles, many picnic excursions, and many midnight flirtations, John Jackson found himself in love, and determined to propose, and offer himself a sacrifice on the matrimonial altar.

A splendid opportunity immediately occurred, as such opportunities always do, and, finding themselves alone, John Jackson plunged boldly into the subject by observing that, "Complete happiness, after all, is not to be attained by living always alone."

Lucy looked shyly up at him with a smile, as though she thought it strange he had just found that out. She had always known it, and looked forward to it; and, although she was now but eighteen, and in no hurry, she knew that a time must come when the happiness of single blessedness would melt into the far greater happiness of married life. Still, like all women, she was certain to say something in direct opposition to her thoughts.

"I hardly think it possible," she replied.

"Indeed! Well, so I have thought, too, for many years; but the conviction is now forced upon me that it is possible to conceive so great a friendship, or affection, for some particular one, that hopeless separation from that person would be life-long wretchedness."

"Very likely," Lucy answered, with a *nonchalant* air, as if it was not of the slightest consequence to her.

Without taking note of her listlessness, nor thinking of consequences, but following the rapid train of his own thoughts, which urged him on, he abruptly threw his arm around her waist, seized her hand, and said, with more passionate feeling than he had ever before displayed in the whole course of his life.

"Lucy, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

The idea had never occurred to her till that moment that John Jackson could possibly be a lover. She had regarded him as a pleasant companion for moonlight rides, and a sort of bachelor convenience, generally; but that he would ever fall in love with her, or make her an offer of marriage, had no more entered into her mind than if she had been a child of eight, instead of eighteen, and he a grandfather of eighty, instead of a bachelor of forty.

She was at first startled, then astonished; then, struck with the ludicrous idea of her situation, burst into a laugh. Recovering her gravity in a moment, she replied,

"I never dreamed of this! I—I am grateful for your kindness, and for the honor you have done me, but I cannot——"

Here, happening to look up in his face, and seeing the blank expression there, she burst into another laugh, and rushed out of the room.

John Jackson was not prepared for this, nor for anything like this. He had thought she might hesitate, or even put him off for a time, but that she would absolutely decline his, John Jackson's hand and fortune—why, the thing was decidedly preposterous. He, a man worth over a hundred thousand in gold, (this was "before the war;") and she the daughter of a man not worth ten thousand, a mere giddy flirt—but such a beautiful one! "I have made a ridiculous ass of myself now," thought John; and he rubbed his eyes to awake himself; he stuck his penknife into his hand to assure himself that he was not asleep; he stamped his foot, and, I fear, he swore.

How they met afterward; how she asked his forgiveness for her levity; how they agreed to be friends; how she still assured him there was no hope; how John Jackson tore himself away from N——, with all its loveliness, forever, no doubt he thought, requires only this paragraph to explain.

The assertion, made by Mr. Jackson in the heat of angry passion, that Mr. Smith was not worth ten thousand, was not quite correct. In fact, that gentleman was looked upon, in the little town of N——, as one of its wealthiest inhabitants. He lived in a house, which, though not of palatial dimensions, was, nevertheless, far better than ordinary village residences; and the surrounding grounds and appurtenances were sufficient assurances that he possessed abundance. He was a man of extremely quiet habits, and his reticence, no doubt, led to the belief that he was far richer than he actually was. His family consisted of himself, wife, and two daughters, the eldest of whom, Lucy, is already known to the reader. The younger, Margaret, though not fully developed during Mr. Jackson's visit, bid fair, in time, to rival her sister in loveliness.

It is not to be presumed, by any manner of means, that John Jackson was the only suitor Lucy had. The fact is, a certain Harry Bailey was an accepted lover—not, perhaps, just at the time Mr. Jackson was in N——, but imme-

diately after, and it was understood by all parties concerned that they were to be married as soon as they were deemed of sufficient age to assume so responsible a position.

This Master Harry was the son of a well-to-do grocer in N——, and, like all other young men of twenty, or thereabouts, was fond of spirited horses, dashing turnouts, fine clothes, and fast life on a moderate scale. That he sincerely admired Lucy, there can be no doubt; but whether he would have been willing to marry her without money, is very questionable.

In the meantime, John Jackson, after his departure from N——, began to turn matters over in his mind, and like a defeated general, to investigate the causes of his repulse. His long devotion to business had not been conducive to an excess of refinement, and there is no doubt there was a little too much of the rough diamond about him. However kind and well-disposed he might be, and such, indeed, he was, there was still a want of polish which is always required to give effect, in the eyes of the ladies, to the best of well-intentioned purposes. Dress, speech, and action, are all matters that must have our most careful attention, even though we may be the possessor of millions, or have the kindest heart, and the most genial nature imaginable. This is more especially the case when age, with its cares, begins to obliterate the charms of youth, and when we begin to be looked upon as "too old to marry."

So John Jackson made up his mind, that, though somewhat tardy, he would make an effort to remedy these defects of which he stood possessed; and bidding adieu to his store, his warehouses, and his office, he took his departure for Europe.

As I am endeavoring to write a two-volume novel into the condensed space of a few pages, I am reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure of following our hero through his travels; but must be content to take him as he appears, after three years' wandering through foreign lands, and shake hands with him as he steps ashore, radiant with smiles, beaming with health, clad in broadcloth, and with a suavity which can only be acquired by mixing in society where no infringement of the strictest etiquette is tolerated. He looked far younger at forty-three than he did at forty.

In order to enjoy a week in the country, at the most charming time of the year, he posted away, uninvited, to a cousin's not far from Hartford. This cousin was a man named Thomas Jackson, of about his own age, and having recently married a young and lovely

woman, John promised himself seven days happiness in contemplating the connubial felicity of others, which had been denied to him.

"Why, John Jackson! How dy'e do? Didn't dream of seein' yew here. Thought yew was miles on miles away, clean across the ocean. Glad t' see ye. When dy'e gi' back?"

All this John's cousin rattled off in a breath, all the time shaking John's hand with both of his, as if he were working at a fire-engine. He possessed the family congeniality.

"Well, Thomas," replied John, in his quiet, friendly way, "I have but just returned, and wishing to avoid the heat of the town for a short time, thought I would run down here for a day or two, and presumed on old friendship for a welcome, although not invited."

"Don't yew say that, John. You're allers invited, and you're allers welcome."

"I hear you have been marrying, Tom."

"Ya—as, John, I've been an' gone and done it, I have. Been married most a year."

"And where is she now?"

"Waal, the fact is, yew see, there's a picnic down here about four mild, and as I couldn't go, she's gone with another feller—that is, I mean, a friend of mine. Law! she's a putty gal, John!"

In due time the lady returned, and John found that she was, as Thomas had said, a "putty gal;" and that in marrying him, she had by no means cut off the attentions of many of her old admirers. That she had married him for his money, and that she had no more affection for him than if he had been, what he really was, simply her banker; and that happiness did not reign in that house, became so soon apparent to the eye of John Jackson, that he condensed the seven days into three, and left, sadder and wiser, with the sharp rattle of Mrs. Thomas Jackson's termagant tongue ringing so in his ears, that made him thank his lucky stars that he had been the rejected suitor of Miss Lucy Smith.

He did sometimes wonder what had become of Lucy; and as he never had heard a word from N— since he left, he very naturally supposed she had married some one else, and was happy. He hoped so. However, such was not the case. Her marriage with Harry Bailey had been postponed, from time to time, for various reasons. Her mother had died; then, a few months later, and about three months before John Jackson's return, her father had also died; and it was then discovered that Mr. Smith was insolvent through recent speculations. Not one penny was left for his daughters, and their

only alternative was to take up their abode with a spinster aunt, whose disposition was not the most amiable, and whose ideas of strict propriety were so much at variance with the daughters of the late Mr. Smith, that their life there was not so pleasant as it might have been. Add to this that the dashing Harry Bailey, finding he was not likely to marry an heiress in Miss Lucy Smith, had discontinued his attentions in that quarter; and rumor was current to the effect that he was shortly to wed another.

As this is but a "plain, unvarnished tale," it is unnecessary to enter into the feelings of Lucy and her sister; how they talked together, planned together, wept together, and fretted and despaired together, as much as it was possible for any two young ladies to do, so cruelly and shamefully abused by Fate, and their aunt.

Well, John Jackson returned to town, to his store, his warehouses, and his office. His travels abroad had not been all in vain, as travels never are, yet to him it seemed as if life itself were almost purposeless. Business, however, would soon make him forget folly and romance, which were totally unsuited to a man of his years. He found an accumulation of letters, and with their perusal he immediately employed himself. The contents of most of them would, doubtless, be more or less interesting; but one only shall be selected as pertinent to this story. It read thus:

"N—, August 10th, 18—

"MR. JOHN JACKSON—*Dear Sir*—You will remember when you were at N—, some three years ago, you did me the honor to make me a proposal of marriage, which I did not at that time accept. Circumstances, which I will briefly enumerate, have since caused me to change my mind, and if you are still willing to take me as I am, I am ready to become your wife. The death of my parents has rendered both my sister and myself homeless and penniless. We are at present living with an aunt, whose extremely unpleasant disposition makes our existence here insupportable. We have thought of many ways of endeavoring to support ourselves; but we are, neither of us, fitted to do work, nor to teach anything but music, and this we cannot do, as our piano was sold; and it would be useless to try to persuade pupils to come to this inferno, even if we had an instrument. I have learned that you are expected home soon, and I entreat you as soon as you return to come and see us. Have pity on us and take us away from this frightful place.

"I am yours, truly, LUCY SMITH."

"No, you don't!" cogitated John Jackson. "I am not to be taken in the toils at my time of life. One would think, by the tenor of your letter, that you wished me to marry both of you. No, my charming girl, I love you, but I value my own honor and peace of mind a trifle."

He was thinking of cousin Tom!

For three days John Jackson was missing. At the end of that time he returned to town, was once more immersed in the details of business, and seemed the John Jackson of years ago. By the next post Miss Lucy Smith was the recipient of the following note:

"New York, August 25th, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS SMITH—I am pained to learn of your irreparable losses. Among my other property I have a furnished house in N—, of which you and your sister can take immediate possession. I have also placed in the bank at N—, twelve thousand dollars, which is at your disposal. It is on interest at five per cent., and will afford you fifty dollars per month. You can call on my agent, Mr. Hall, whom you know, and he will deliver you the key of the house, and arrange any other matters you may require. You may consider the money a loan, if you wish, and the house as rented. I may as well say that I have changed my mind in regard to matrimony, as I find that opposite interests do not harmonize. There is a good piano in the house, and if you are successful, you can earn enough for your support. Do not let any false delicacy prevent you from taking possession of the house, or using the money. It is absolutely yours, either as a loan, or as a present, as you may desire. As soon as I have attended to business requiring my urgent attention, I will run up to N— and see how you and Maggie are getting along.

"I am yours, truly, J. J."

This was not exactly as Lucy wished, and still she was not sorry, as, in her heart, she did not desire to marry John Jackson.

"It will not be right to take this money," she said to Margaret; "nor to take possession of the house, when we have no means to pay the rent."

Margaret thought otherwise. "The money was a loan. They could pay rent for the house as soon as they began to earn money by teaching music."

"He might have come down and seen us, Maggie, and then people would know the truth and think no harm. Now, if we go there, there will be no end of gossip."

"Let us go and see Mr. Hall, at all events,"

said Margaret. "People can then only say that we have rented the house of him."

So Maggie prevailed, and they went to the agent, who was not long in showing them to their new home. They had no desire to return to their aunt's after they had once seen the interior of Mr. Jackson's house. It was furnished with full regard to their comfort and happiness; and, although this had been done in the short space of four or five days, it seemed to them a paradise after their late home.

A few pupils were obtained, and they began to look forward to a future of cheerful independence, freed from the taunting invectives and the shrill-toned lectures of their aunt. A month passed away. Three pupils were found, and by another month they hoped to be able to obtain enough to pay their rent, in addition to what they required for their expenses. They had been obliged to use a portion of the money, so kindly placed in the bank for them by Mr. Jackson, but they hoped to be able to repay that also in time. A young man, by the name of George Ashland, who had been showing some attentions to Margaret, and who had remained staunch through all their troubles, came to see them occasionally, and to his kind attentions they were very much indebted for their success in obtaining pupils.

One evening, as they were sitting very quietly in the parlor, before the lamps were lighted, a figure came up the walk and rang the bell. This figure proved to be Mr. John Jackson, and by no means a bad figure either. He was greeted with a warmth that was pleasant, indeed, to a man in a cool October evening. Maggie, with her warm heart and rattling tongue, hardly gave him an opportunity to speak. Lucy, remembering the *lang syne*, was more shy; but when she felt her hand so gently pressed, she knew that the old passion was not all dead yet. How changed he was, too! The brusque John Jackson of former days had become a fine Parisian gentleman, of correct manners, pleasing address, but with the same kind heart as ever. Lucy had also changed; but the change with her had been from light-hearted girlhood to a womanhood of sorrow and reflection.

"You are doing well, Mr. Hall tells me?" he said.

"Yes," said Lucy, after waiting for Maggie to give a reply, which she did not seem disposed to do; "we are doing much better than we expected. We hope soon to be able to repay our loan, and pay our rent."

"Pshaw! you did not use to think of these things. You are getting to be quite a woman of business. Do you keep an account of your expenses?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I have a book, and put everything down. Sometimes I forget an item, but I balance my book every night, and then if there is an error it is discovered."

"I declare you are getting on amazingly. And about how much per week are your expenses?"

"Last week they were five dollars; but this week they were eight, because I had to get me a pair of shoes."

"Five dollars! A whole week on five dollars? How could you do it? Tell me, could you go on economizing like that forever?"

"I have no ambition now but to earn a living."

"Oh!" said Margaret, "I assure you we do not live so bad on five dollars a week. We have beef-steak and mutton-chop—and Lucy cooks it."

"Cooks it, does she? She's one of a thousand. And now, tell me, girls, how do you like earning your own living?"

"Oh! it's splendid!" shouted Maggie. (She had a lover to make life happy to her.) "There's nothing like it. We get a little tired, now and then; and I am sometimes afraid that Lucy will get sick with too much work; but then, we go to bed early, and are well rested by morning."

"And you bought a pair of shoes? Let me see them." Lucy brought them to him. "How much did they cost?"

"Three dollars."

"Your own earnings? I venture to say they are the first you ever bought with your own earnings. Dear little shoes!" John looked as if he was about to kiss them.

There was a resumption of the old rides and walks the next day, and the dear old avenues looked prettier than ever. Had John Jackson come to her three years ago as he came now, Lucy felt her answer might have been different. In her heart she wished that she had married him then.

Three days passed away very rapidly, it seemed to John, and the time was at hand when he must return. Maggie and George had gone out for a moonlight ramble. John and Lucy were alone.

"Lucy," said he, "I must say good-by. I have been thinking of going to Europe again. Do you think you can get on without any difficulty now?"

"Oh! yes; I think so."

There was a slight hesitation in her speech, which said more than words.

"Remember, the money and the house are yours. That, however, need not prevent your going on as you have done, and earn your own living. I hope you will do well. There is no doubt you will marry soon. I am going to my hotel now, and I shall leave in the morning. Good-by!"

John's voice was very husky, and toward the last he fairly choked; but he managed the "good-by" with considerable firmness.

"Not just yet," Lucy pleaded, "Mr. Jackson! I can never sufficiently thank you for your disinterested kindness to Margaret and me. I have done nothing to deserve it. I have only deserved your displeasure. I have been a giddy, thoughtless girl; but, oh! do not despise me quite. I have prayed for a better heart, and I do hope my prayer will be heard. Before you go, I want to hear you say that you forgive me for any unhappiness I may have caused you."

"Forgive you, Lucy? Surely I have nothing to forgive you. You have done nothing to displease me. On the contrary, your fearless battle against poverty has pleased me more than you can know. I am proud of you. I am proud to own you as an acquaintance. For the past I blame you nothing. You had a right to refuse my hand. I was foolish to believe that one so young and beautiful as you would wed a man like me. It is rather you who should forgive me and my presumption. I do not wonder that you do not wish to marry a man of forty-three."

"Have you forgotten," whispered Lucy, "that I wrote you, saying that I had changed my mind, and that I would now accept your offer?"

"Lucy! That was not for John Jackson—that was for John Jackson's money. Had I married you three months ago, you would not have been the trustworthy, honest girl you are to-day!"

"Too true! too true!" sobbed Lucy.

"If you could love me, if you can take plain John Jackson, as he would be without wealth, to share life with me through weal or woe, then do I now offer you my hand."

"Dear John! I will take it, and, God willing, I will make you a devoted wife, in poverty or in wealth; and I will never forget that I was once so poor I had to earn my own shoes!"

When John Jackson went to Europe, Lucy, his wife, went with him.

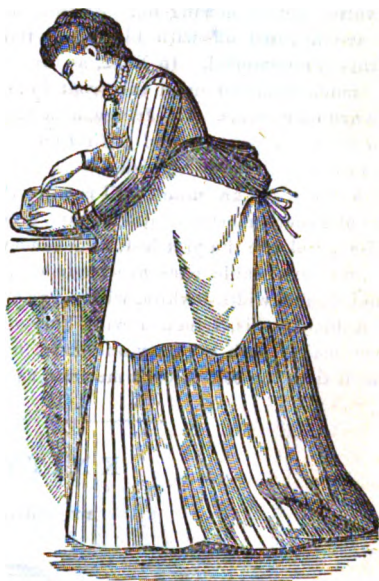
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

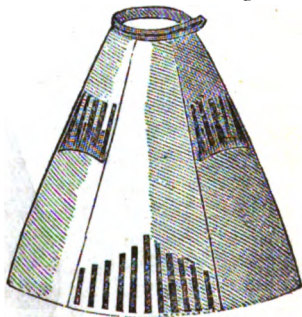
This suitable home-dress for an elderly lady will require sixteen yards of single width goods. Our design is made of gray woolen, and consists of a skirt (gored in front) and a jacket, both trimmed with a plaited fluting of the material, bound on both edges with black silk or black alpaca braid. The jacket is simply a deep basque, pointed in the front, and with a deep pleat at the waist in the back, which is made by cutting the side-body of jacket a little fuller in the skirt, and laying it under the middle part: add a narrow quilling at the waist. The deep-pointed collar is made of the black material separate from the dress, and can be worn or left off at pleasure. This jacket can be made of different material from the skirt, either of black cashmere or fine cloth: and if trimmed with velvet or silk, can be worn with any dress.



It is the fashion in Germany for ladies, when they make tea, desserts, etc., to put on an apron large enough to protect the dress entirely. We give a very complete design, made of brown Holland, bound all round with scarlet alpaca braid. It is cut quite full, and tied behind, and the bib waist is furnished with a strap passing round the neck, so that there may be no trouble in adjusting the apron.



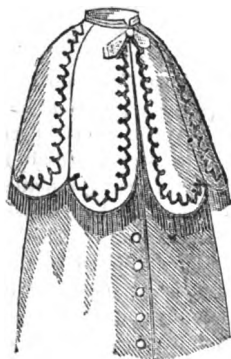
We give two designs for home-aprons for young girls from fourteen to fifteen years of age. They are made of black alpaca, and



trimmed, as seen in the designs, with narrow black velvet ribbon. Cut the aprons in three pieces; the front width gored, as for the front of a dress, and two side gores. In No. 1 the pockets are made separate, and trimmed with the velvet before sewing on. At the bottom they are finished off with black silk fringe, but this is immaterial. In No. 2, as the apron is so much trimmed upon the front breadth, there are no pockets. The fringe, or a narrow ruffle of the alpaca, bound with the velvet, seems to be needed for a finish.

This cloak, for an infant, will require three yards of French merino—either white, blue, or pearl-colored, are the prettiest. But some very nice and serviceable ones are made of plaid flannel, double width—white, with a fine cross-bar of black; this, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon, makes both a pretty and more useful garment than the self-colored merinos, as they

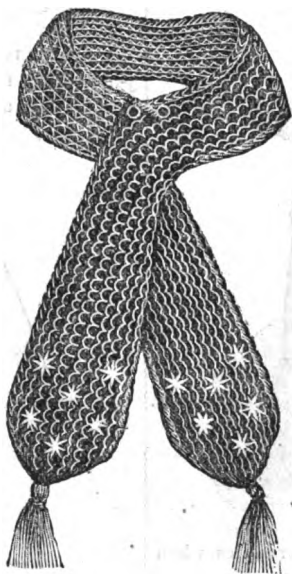
are apt to soil easily. The lower part of the cloak is a long, deep sack, with sleeves, and



the tape is cut into eight parts, and the velvet or ribbon laid on as seen in the full-sized design we give in the front of the number.

KNITTED SCARF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this seasonable and useful affair are violet wool and wooden knitting-needles. Begin at the lower edge and cast on forty-four stitches; work in rows backward and forward. Work alternately one purled, one plain; in the next row the plain stitches are worked over the purled ones, and *vice versa*. When the work is twenty-four inches long, cast

it off and fold the work in half its width, and sew both sides together. At both ends embroider small stars on the scarf in point Russe with white wool. Measure the scarf round the neck, make a pleat on each side in the knitting, sew a button on each pleat, and make a loop of white wool, as can be seen in illustration.

THE CHEVALIER CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



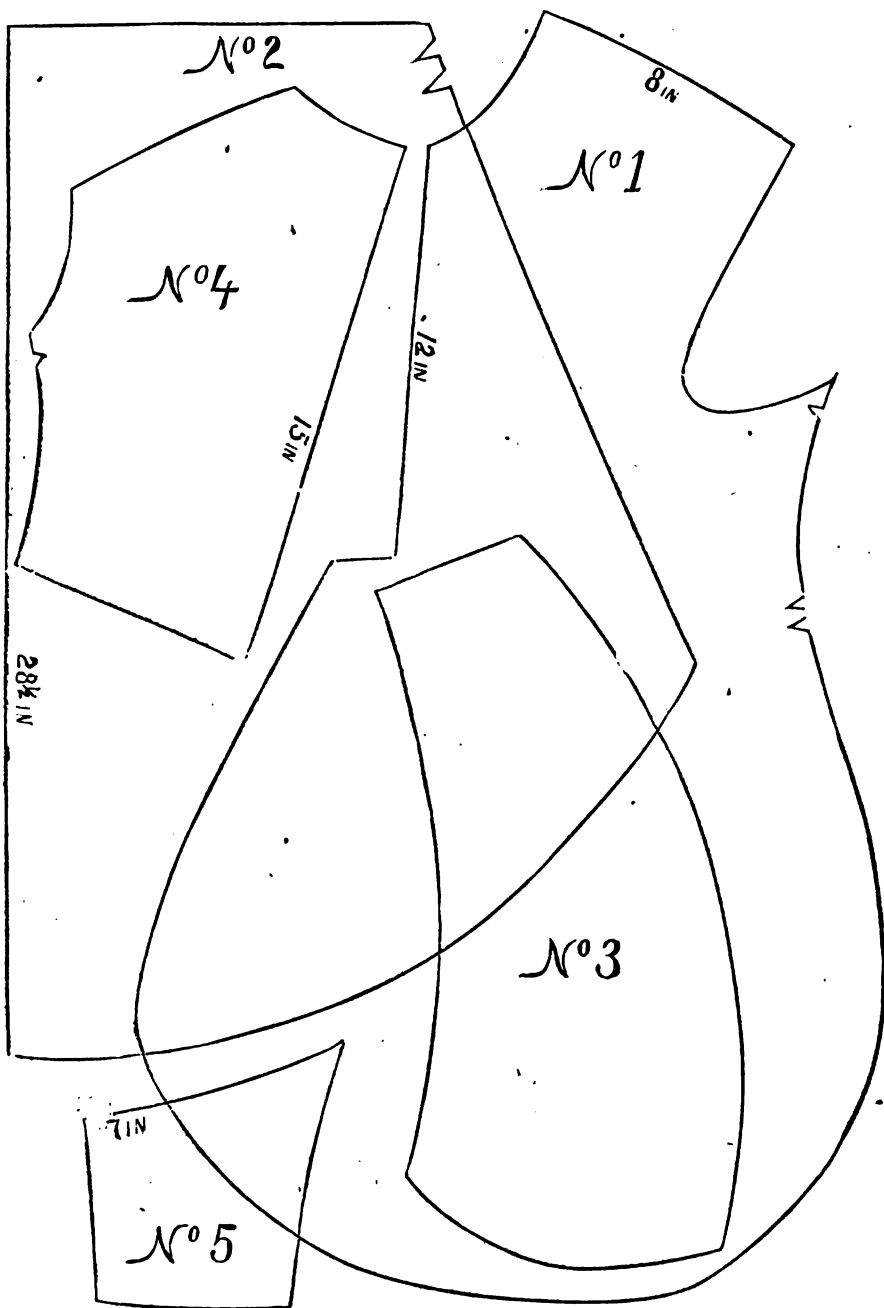
We give here an engraving and diagram of one of the newest and prettiest affairs of the season.

It is called "The Chevalier Casaque," and the pattern consists of five pieces, which

represent half of the Casaque: Front, back, pannier, sleeve, and gauntlet.

Our model is trimmed with lace and *ruche*. The trimming is laid on the bodice to simulate a square-cut one.

The front joins to the back according to *panier*, and are fastened with either a bow or the notches at the edges of the paper. The a gimp ornament. A waistband and short,



panier is gathered into the back of the waist; } bunchy sash complete the *Casaque*, which is
the sides of the *panier* are likewise gathered, } just the thing for out-of-door wear in the
and the sides of the fronts wrap over the } spring.

BUTTERFLY PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an illustration of a Pin-Cushion, made to represent a butterfly. The materials are pieces of silk or velvet in two colors, fine embroidery chenille in black, and three shades of the same color as the silk or velvet, fine dark-brown trimming chenille, gold cord, gold thread, etc.

The upper and lightest wings of the butterfly, represented in rather reduced size, are of brown sarcenet, and the edges are ornamented with gold thread stitches in button-hole stitch, worked separately, and firmly fastened upon the under wings of dark-brown satin. The middle point of the former, surrounded with cold cord, must be worked first with black and blue chenille. The stitches forming radii are worked in two colors, with gold threads intermixed; the little patterns are brown and black,

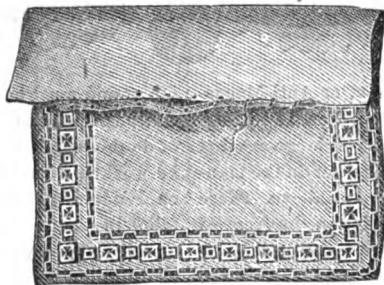
with a white and silver-gray stitch in the middle.

The scallops upon the under wings are of black chenille and gold cord. The remainder is worked as shown in the design, with black button-hole edge and lace stitch. Each pair of wings is lined with a firm lining, having previously been sewn together on the right side, leaving a little space, which is filled up with a cushion well stuffed with bran and sand.

The body is made of wadding wound round with the thick, dark-brown chenille and gold cord. Two black beads are placed for the eyes, and two pins for the antennæ. When the body and wings are fastened together, black pins are pushed in all round, leaving only the heads visible; white pins are also placed as radii all round, four pins placed at the back form feet.

PILLOW-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



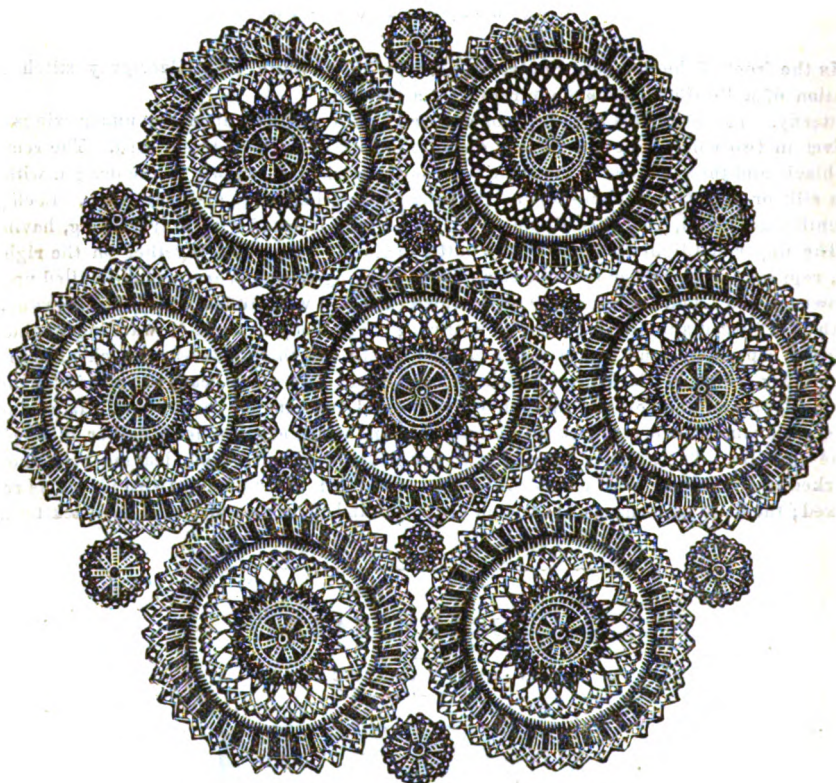
The edge of the case is straight; the red ingrain cotton; the embroidery is in satin stitch in white. A very pretty affair.

EDGING.



CROCHET ANTI-MACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this Tidy, or Anti-Macassar, are Evans' crochet cotton, Nos. 14 to 20.

Our pattern consists of seven large crochet circles, or rosettes, joined together in the manner seen in the illustration given above. These rosettes (one of which we give in the front of the number) are worked with cotton of different sizes, the thick parts with the coarse cotton, and the open-work parts with the fine one. For the large rosette, wind the thick cotton once round a round netting-mesh, and work 8 double stitches round this loop. Then draw the loop tight together and work 3 rounds in double crochet, increasing sufficiently to keep the work flat; in the 5th round work at regular intervals always 2 raised treble stitches in each of the 8 stitches of the 1st round; these 2 raised treble stitches consist of 2 long treble stitches cast off together. Miss no stitch of the preceding round under the raised treble stitches. The

5th round must have a number of stitches that can be divided by 2. Then work again 2 rounds of double stitches; the 2nd of these rounds must be worked with finer cotton, always 2 double on 1 double of the preceding round. In the following round work alternately 5 chain, 1 double in every other stitch. 8th round: * 2 chain, 2 treble, divided by 5 chain in the middle stitch of the next chain-stitch scallop of the preceding round; 2 chain, 1 double on the middle stitch of the following chain-stitch scallop; repeat from * to the end of the round, then cut off the cotton and fasten it. The middle part of the rosette is then completed. Work the thick circle of the rosette with coarse cotton as follows:—Make a foundation chain, which must have as many stitches as the 6th round of the middle part, and which must be worked very loosely, so as to be as wide as the inner edge of the thick circle in the rosette given

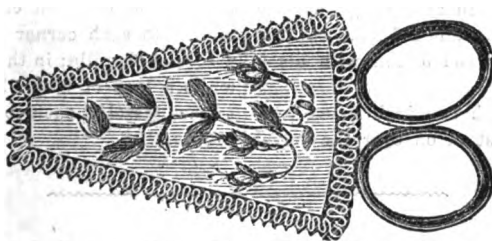
in the front of the number; join the stitches into a circle, and work on them 1 round of double stitches, that is, always 1 double in one stitch of the foundation chain, and 2 double in the next. Then work 1 round of long treble without increasing, and then 1 round of double crochet, likewise without increasing, but work here in every 3rd double stitch. 2 slanting, long treble stitches, always in the 3rd stitch of the 1st round of the circle; these 2 long treble stitches are, however, cast off separately. Miss no stitch of the preceding round under these stitches. Then work 2 rounds like the 7th and 8th rounds of the middle part, to be worked with finer cotton; then fasten the cotton and cut it off. On the inner edge of the thick circle work likewise 2 rounds, like the

7th and 8th of the middle part, with fine cotton; in working the 2nd round fasten it on to the middle part; instead of working 5 chain between the 2 treble stitches work only 4 chain-stitches; then 1 double on the middle one of the 5 chain of one chain-stitch scallop of the middle part, 2 slip-stitches back on the 2 next of the 4 chain-stitches, and then 2 chain-stitches. The rosette is then completed. The small rosettes consist of the 1st 5 rounds of the middle part of the large rosettes and of 1 round of chain-stitch scallops; each of these scallops has 5 chain-stitches. Work 1 double in every other stitch of the preceding round.

The engraving, given above, shows how to sew the rosettes together, when the Anti-Macassar will be complete.

EMBROIDERED SCISSOR-SHEATH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, cardboard, white kid, gray sewing-silk.

This Scissor-Case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purse-silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised

satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white cardboard, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.

EMBROIDERED PATTERN FOR POCKET-BOOKS, ETC.

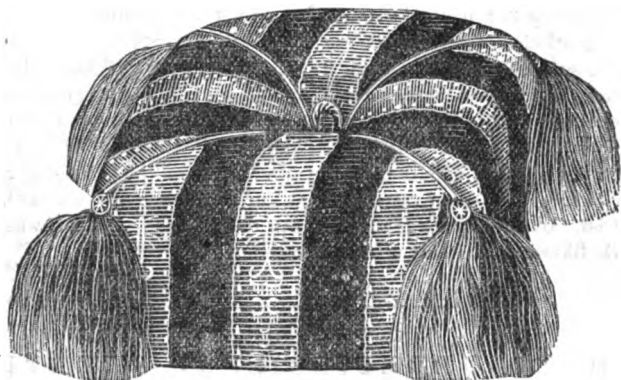
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an illustration of an embroidered pattern, which is particularly suitable for sear-cases or note-books; but it can also be worked on albums, or used for the cover of small baskets. On our pattern the ground is of light-brown leather. The principal lines of the pattern are worked with brown silk braid, sewn on with fine silk of the same color; the short, cross lines are

worked with black purse-silk, edged with gold thread, the knots between with green silk. The figure on each side of the pattern is worked in satin stitch with green purse-silk, edged with gold thread; the small spot in the center of the pattern is worked in the same manner. The embroidery can, of course, be worked on velvet, cloth, or silk, according to taste.

FOOT-STOOL WITH BITS OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Foot-Stool is six inches and two-fifths high; it measures thirteen inches square; it is lower in the center than at the edge, as seen in illustration. The top and sides are covered with light-blue velvet, the bottom with black cloth.

Strips of white cloth two inches and two-fifths wide are then sewn on over the velvet

covering; they are scalloped out round the edge, and ornamented with point Russe embroidery of different colored silk. From the middle to each corner sew on two light-blue pieces of chenille; in the middle of the cushion make a loop of blue silk braid, and fasten an angora tassel at each corner with a blue velvet button.

BABY'S AFFGHAN IN CROCHET.

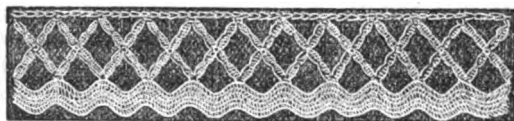
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a colored illustration of a very pretty Affghan, in blue and white, for a baby. The materials are blue and white double zephyr.

Make a chain three-quarters of a yard long, crochet upon that in Princess Royal Stitch until you have worked a piece, either a square or a piece little longer than wide. This is for the center of the Affghan, and on it work the initial letters, or monogram, on the white wool.

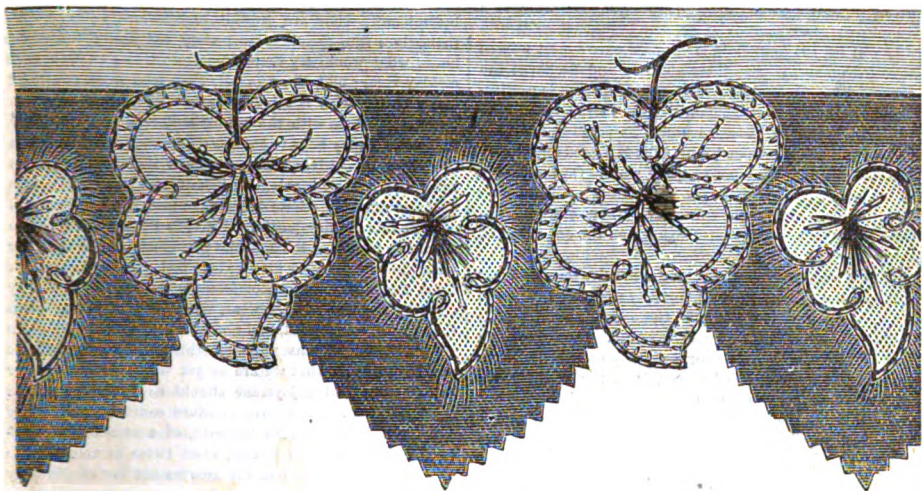
For the border, crochet it a quarter of a yard deep all round, and on it work the pattern with the colored wool. It can very readily be done by following the pattern, doing it, of course, in cross-stitch. Add one or two rows of the colored wool all round, and finish off the ends with fringe of the colored wool, tied in knots. If preferred, the Affghan may be made in red and green, instead of blue and white.

EDGE IN TATTING AND BRAID.



APPLIQUE TRIMMING FOR BRACKETS, BASKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

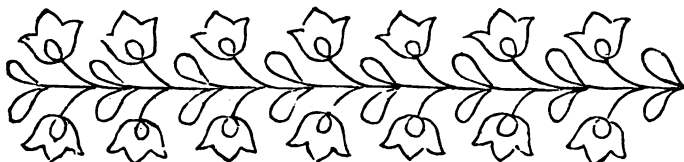


MATERIALS.—Red and green cloth, white velvet, silk cordon in several colors, fine gold cord.

This work consists of leaves of white velvet ornamented with yellow button-hole stitch; separate stitches in green and dark-red, and a button-hole stitch of fine silk placed upon a ground of red scalloped cloth. The green

leaves, which are placed in the center of the red scalloped cloth between the white leaves, are made of light-green cloth, with an edge of button-hole stitch of the same color, and outside the latter a gold cord stitched over with black; it is joined to the red in the middle by a blue stalk, and has button-hole stitch veins.

INSERTIONS IN EMBROIDERY.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HOUSEKEEPING IS AS much a woman's business as the business of a man is to sell goods, practice law, or work at a manual art. As society is at present organized, as it probably will be, the household is the field where most women are called on to exercise their abilities, and discharge the duties of life. To regulate the family expenses is particularly the province of a woman, at least in the capacity of wife. She ought to know, as nearly as possible, what her husband can afford to spend, and if she is a good and thrifty wife, she will take care not to spend more. On the part of the husband, it is his duty, not ~~to~~ to work faithfully for his family, but to tell his wife exactly how much he can afford to spend, avoiding extravagance on the one side, and meanness on the other.

For extravagance and meanness are relative terms. What would be the former in some families would not be so in others. If a man is really rich, there is no reason why he should deny his wife the elegancies of life. If, on the other hand, he is comparatively poor, as nearly everybody, at the beginning of their married career, is in this country, the wife should be content to do without many luxuries, and even comforts, to which, perhaps, she has been accustomed in her father's house. No young couple, if wise, will spend all they make. Youth is the time to "lay up for a rainy day." A wife should be as sensible, in these things, as a husband, and deny herself, to-day, in order to be able to indulge herself to-morrow.

Hence the necessity that every wife should understand housekeeping. There are two ways of carrying on a house: one is wasteful, the other thrifty; and a wife ought to be able to do it in the latter way. No man can succeed in business who does not understand it in all its details. He must be able to tell when he is cheated in price, and when he is not, whether an article is good, or whether it is bad, when work is done well, or when it is slighted. Now housekeeping, to be a success, must be carried on in the same way. A rich merchant does not perform manual labor, but confines himself to overseeing; and the wife of a rich man need not make her own puddings or bread, but certainly ought to be able to supervise that sort of work, when necessary.

We have thus answered the question of "A Subscriber." It is our deliberate opinion, that the education of women, in this country, is deficient in this one respect. Girls ought to be taught, to a greater degree than they are, to be good housekeepers. If some of the hours wasted on mere showy accomplishments were devoted to learning more useful things, there would be happier households, nay! even better servants.

IN PARIS, precious stones are worn freely in the hair. The hair is dressed quite in the Regency style, and M. Albert, the empress' hair-dresser, mixes curls and plaits in an indescribable manner, but which is very graceful. The head does not look overburdened, although there is a profusion of hair upon it. The large butterfly bows are very fashionable, made either of velvet or *faitte*, and very frequently some velvet ribbon is plaited in with the strands of hair. Sometimes the butterfly bow stands up as an *aigrette* in the center of a round coronet placed at the side of the head. We have seen a very pretty arrangement in this style; it was a chaplet of Spanish jasmine, light and delicate as a feather, with a butterfly bow of pink ribbon; on one side a crossband of pink velvet mixed with the plaits, and on the other side a spray of jasmine.

THE INJURIOUS EFFECT OF CHILDREN'S PARTIES, as conducted at present, is the subject of remark on the part of a leading medical journal. Children, it says, are excited beforehand. They are dressed insufficiently; they dance themselves into great fatigue; they eat and drink at late hours what would try their digestion badly enough in its midday vigor; and, worst of all, they lose from two to six hours sleep. This is all very true. But while every one must sympathize with the young sufferers who thus early find out all they have to endure when they are called upon to "enjoy themselves," it seems hard that not a finger is lifted, not a voice is raised on behalf of the elder members of the community, whose sufferings must, at times, be awful at their late evening-parties. Here, in Philadelphia, people go out to parties at ten and eleven o'clock, just at the hour when they ought to be getting into bed. To say nothing of these late hours, the uncomfortable nature of the scanty clothing too many ladies wear, the misery of eating when they do not want to eat, and not eating when they do, there is the crushing expense which all this misery entails. There can be no doubt that we are as yet very barbarous in our enjoyments; real enjoyment should be natural, and not artificial; but what human creature could ever naturally enjoy the discomfort, for instance, of a crowded evening-party? Or how about health, when twice as many people are packed into rooms as the apartments can comfortably hold, when the air gets vitiated in consequence, and when the heat soon rises to ninety, or even more, of Fahrenheit! What have the medical journals to say to this?

NEW MAGAZINES are continually being advertised, as our readers know, and as continually being stopped, after a brief existence of a few months. Sometimes these ventures live a year or two; but the end comes at last. A New York daily of high standing asks why this is so, and then proceeds to answer it as follows:—"Real and rigid editing," it says, "is what mainly makes the difference in this department between success and failure. The editor of a magazine ought not to content himself with merely looking over what contributions it may please Providence to send him, correcting copy, and picking the rubbish out of the flotsam and jetsam thrown upon his shores. He ought to exercise such a control as shall insure every prominent topic of full treatment, and make his magazine a symmetrical whole, and not 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' This demands a special aptitude and a special training." Now that is the exact truth. An editor, if a successful one, has to cater for one or two hundred thousand readers. He must have something to please all. Long experience is, therefore, a very great advantage to him. In our time, we have seen nearly a hundred magazines started, intended to resemble "Peterson's," but only one is alive now that is as old as this. A good magazine is like wine in one respect, it gets better with age.

THE LATEST STYLE of crinoline is shown in an engraving given in the front of this number. This under-skirt, or crinoline, as it is so generally called, is made entirely of white horse-hair. The tournure is formed of puffs, which are continued at the sides in the lower part. The front is quite plain.

COMPARE the colored fashion-plates in "Peterson" with those in other magazines. We give steel fashion-plates, and most others give colored wood-cuts only. The plates, in "Peterson," cost more than twice as much a piece as those in other magazines generally.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at \$1.60, we send an extra copy, and also "Our Father, Who Art in Heaven," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at \$1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. And so of all our clubs.

A VERY USEFUL UNDER-SKIRT, which may be put on under almost any dress, is represented in an engraving in the front of the present number. This under-skirt is made of black silk, and is trimmed with a deep puffing, fastened down with a narrow scalloped-out edge, and with a flounce put on with a heading and scalloped out on both sides. All the scallops are edged with black satin. The shape and style of this under-skirt may be copied in a cheaper material, if wished.

CLUBS MUST begin with either the January or July number. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied. No club subscription taken for less than a year.

PERSONS ORDERING THIS MAGAZINE from agents, or dealers, must look to them to supply the work. The publisher has no agent for whose contracts he is responsible.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of either of our premium engravings.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Mary Russell Mitford. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Miss Mitford is chiefly known for her charming book, "Our Village." Thirty years ago everybody read it, and even yet it is a general favorite. Its sketches of rural life in England are graphic and natural, and will long survive as a picture of manners in out-of-the-way districts, in the first decades of the nineteenth century. Of so genial an author it is natural to wish to know more than a volume of mere sketches reveals. Accordingly, in this work, we have her life, as told incidentally by herself in letters to various friends and correspondents. The reverend editor has written but little himself: only enough, indeed, to connect the letters together; and the result is a very enjoyable book. Miss Mitford was of what is called in England "a good family." Her father was descended from the younger branch of a noble stock, and her mother was an heiress. The father seems to have been one of those easy, spendthrift, popular men, whom even his own sex like, and whom wives and daughters adore. He ran through two fortunes, and lived, in his old age, on the earnings of his daughter: yet that daughter, to the very last, loved, nay! almost worshiped him. The volumes are very neatly printed and bound.

Charles O'Malley. By the author of "Harry Lorrequer." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have seen a thousand novels published since "O'Malley" first appeared, and yet, in all that time, there has been no one so rickishing and racy. As a picture of life in Ireland, in what some regretfully call "the good old times," it has no equal. We have re-read it with almost unalloyed delight, laughing as heartily as at first over its fun and frolic. This is a very handsome edition, and can be had bound in cloth, or in half calf, as the purchaser may desire. As "O'Malley" is a book to keep in the library, the latter style of binding is not only the best, but, in the long run, the cheapest.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by William W. Thomas, Jr. Second Edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We are glad to see that the demand for this novel has been so great as to call already for a second edition. It is really a work of very high merit. Not only is the story well told, not only is the story itself an exciting one, but the picture of the times, which are those of Julian the Apostate, is drawn with equal truth and force. Such novels instruct the reader often even more than history itself, for they make the dry bones live again and give vitality to a dead and dumb past. Miss Bremer was the first to call attention to this remarkable novel, and it was chiefly through her influence that Mr. Thomas, American Consul in Sweden, was induced to translate it.

The Andes and the Amazon. By James Orton, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume is the result of a scientific expedition, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to the equatorial regions of South America and the river Amazon. Nearly the whole of the tract explored has been singularly misrepresented even by the most recent geographical writers. We welcome this work, therefore, as a reliable account of that strange district: in every way it is full of instruction, and it has also unflagging interest. The volume is finely illustrated, and has a new map of equatorial America.

The Planter's Northern Bride. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the seventh volume of the new series of the novels of Mrs. Lee Hentz. The volume is printed and bound to match its predecessors. The binding is in such excellent taste, that few books look so well in a library as this and the others of the series. All of these novels are love-stories, the scene being mostly laid at the South before the war. Five more volumes will complete the series.

Only Herself. By Miss Edwards. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel is by the Miss Edwards, who wrote "Dennis Donne," and has since become Mrs. Pender Cudlip. It is not near so good as her former works; indeed is quite the worst she has yet written. The heroine is an intensely selfish character, hardly consistent or probable. If there are such women in England, there are none, we hope, in America.

A Marriage In High Life. By Mrs. Grey. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A double-column, octavo edition, price only fifty cents. Mrs. Grey is exceedingly popular with a large circle of readers, and, indeed, in her line of fiction cannot easily be excelled. Few novels have sold better than her "Duke and Cousin."

The Maiden Widow. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A sequel to the "Family Doom," heretofore noticed in these pages. Mrs. Southworth, in spite of being one of the most voluminous, is also one of the most popular of our female novelists.

Plautus. By C. S. Harrington, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An edition of the three best plays of the Latin author, Plautus, with notes critical and explanatory. The comedies are Captivi, Trinummus, and Rudens.

Adventures of Caleb Williams. By William Godwin. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel that attracted no little notice sixty years ago. It is, perhaps, one of the most curious and subtle, in some respects, in the language.

Why Did He Marry Her? By Elisa A. Dupuy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A love-story, pure and simple, that will please all, but especially the young. The plot is unusually stirring.

Hirell. By the author of "Abel Drake's Wife." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap, octavo edition, price fifty cents, of a new novel by John Saunders.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHEELER & WILSON.—"On the seventh day of August, 1857, I purchased," writes Harriet A. Bellows, of Seneca Falls, "one of your Sewing-Machines, which has been used from that day to this almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day except Sundays in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, and often until twelve o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new Machine of any other kind."

SEA-MOSS FARINE, made from pure Irish Moss, is decidedly a most delicious food, and one that has long been wanted for invalids and children, and those requiring a light and delicate food. It is being used extensively as a table dessert, in Blanc Mange, Puddings, Cream, etc., and over one hundred palatable dishes may be made from it. Its great convenience and extraordinary cheapness will make it the most popular food sauce in the world. Office of the Company, 53 Park Place, New York.

SEVERAL HUNDRED NOVELS are contained in the Catalogue of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. These novels are by Scott, Dickens, D'Israeli, Lever, Trollope, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Southworth, etc., etc. They are of all prices, from twenty-five cents up to a dollar and seventy-five cents; and of all descriptions, romantic, historical, humorous, realistic, etc., etc. Catalogues sent gratis, if written for. Address T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED Edition of Charles Dickens' works is now published, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, at \$1.75 per volume, instead of \$2.50, as formerly. This great reduction in price is made to meet the times. There is now no edition, published anywhere, equal to this in price and quality. Everybody, who pretends to have books, ought to have an edition of Dickens, and this is the edition to buy.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads.

SHERMAN'S PATENT BRAKEs to prevent retrograde motion on Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines. Sent by mail, postage paid, with instructions for using, on the receipt of \$1.50. Agents wanted. Address Sherman, Patent Brake Company, Box 2832, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUBSCRIBERS to "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE" can have either of the premium engravings for \$1.00 each. To all others the price is \$2.00. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

HOUSEWIFE'S CORNER.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA.—Nearly every woman thinks she knows how to make good tea. But this is a mistake. When a really first-rate dish of tea has been tasted, people realize, for the first time, how bad has been the tea they have been in the habit of drinking.

To make good tea, three things are requisite. The first is good tea. What is good tea depends, in some degree, on the taste of the person who is to drink it. But whatever kind is selected, be sure you get the best of that kind. The second thing is a good tea-pot. It should be a plain one, free from ornaments, which give a larger surface to throw off the heat, or from flutings or mouldings, which prevent the inside being wiped clean and dry after use. The third requisite is boiling soft water. When soft water cannot be obtained, a small portion of carbonate of soda is often used

to correct the hardness of the water, but in general it is employed in great excess, when it renders the tea soupy and mawkish. Without these three things, you may have a beverage you call tea, but it is not a first-rate article.

One of the most famous receipts for making tea is that of the late Leigh Hunt. He was an inveterate tea-drinker, and particularly choice in his tea. We cannot do better than to let him tell his story in his own words. "Dear reader," he says, "male or female, (very dear if the latter,) do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not, (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum,) here is a receipt for you. In the first place, the tea-pot must be thoroughly cleaned, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people, but there can be no uncertainty if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best, therefore, to be sure upon that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling, and water should never be put upon tea but in a thoroughly and immediately boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention, are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin, emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot two or three teaspoonfuls, and as much water as will cover the quantity; let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, first putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out of the tea, making sure to put in another cup of boiling water directly. Of tea, made for a party, a spoonful for each, and one large one over, must be used, taking care never to drain the tea-pot, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water, as just mentioned. Now have a cup of tea thus well-made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half-way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take molasses for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any one qualification of other materials—a thing no better than stewed tea-leaves. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and, we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say, from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper."

Another famous receipt is that of the late celebrated cook, Alexis Soyer. It is shorter than Leigh Hunt's. "Put the tea," he says, "into a perfectly clean and dry tea-pot, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before it is required. Warm both the pot and the tea by placing them in the oven, or before the fire; then fill the tea-pot with boiling water. Allow it to stand for five minutes, and the tea is ready. This method improves the fragrance of the tea very considerably, slightly, but pleasantly, altering the flavor; it appears to act by removing any trace of moisture or dampness from the tea, and by developing the aromatic principle. It will be found well worth a trial." Either of these receipts will give you good tea, however: on the whole, perhaps, we prefer Leigh Hunt's. At any rate, he tells of his way of tea-making in such an unctuous, enjoyable fashion, that our mouth waters as we read it.

HORTICULTURAL.

BUDDING PLANTS requires more care than is generally supposed, and as many of our fair subscribers attend to it for themselves, we give a few hints on the subject, thus early in the season. The principal point, be it remembered, is to induce the roots to remain below the varying influence of the weather; and this can, in a great degree, be secured.

Before planting remove the soil from the beds to a considerable depth, and fill in to within a foot or so of the surface with rough, porous soil, pieces of soft brick, rotten wood, etc., well mingled together, and saturated with water. Upon this throw in some of the soil in which the plants are to root. After planting give another good watering, and with the remainder of the soil finish off the bed. And to these precautions to retain moisture, it is an excellent one to add that of mulching the surface of the soil till the plants have covered it. The short grass from the lawns is excellent for the purpose.

Now it must be a very dry season to exhaust the store of moisture thus given and husbanded; but, nevertheless, an addition may be required. If so, don't think of putting it on the surface, but have holes made in different parts of the bed through the soil into the mass of porous material below, down which a good supply can be poured, and where it will be stored up to be given out as the plants require it. The soil immediately about the plants will constantly obtain a supply from below, and from it the roots of the plants will obtain what they require. Plants thus treated will not be affected by every scorching day during the summer. Their growth will be steady and progressive, the results of which on their general health need not be commented on. Of course, this ground-watering is not intended to supersede springing the foliage of plants at the close of hot, dry days. That is quite another matter, and a very important one, too.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Each Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Fish-Soup.—Soak some crushed, dried peas, previously well washed, then put them to cook in warm spring or river water. After softening, pass them through a colander, so as to form a thin *purée*. Take, afterward, some scraps of fresh fish, put them in a sauce-pan, with an onion stuck with one or two heads of cloves, slices of carrot and pot-herbs, salt and pepper; moisten with half water and half broth; add bread-crumbs and a lump of butter; let the whole cook thoroughly, and then strain through a colander. In the South of France this fish-soup, which everywhere can replace that of meat, is prepared with oil instead of butter.

Veal Gravy Soup.—Garnish the bottom of the stew-pan with thin pieces of lard, then a few slices of ham, slices of veal-cutlet, sliced onions, carrots, parsnips, celery, a few cloves upon the meat, and a spoonful of broth; soak it on the fire in this manner till the veal throws out its juice; then put it on a stronger fire till the meat catches to the bottom of the pan and is brought to a proper color, then add a sufficient quantity of light broth, and simmer it on a slow fire till the meat is thoroughly done; add a little thyme and mushrooms. Skim and sift it clear for use.

A Cheap and Wholesome Soup.—One gallon of cold water, one pound of beef, and two tablespoonfuls of rice. Let this boil, then add an onion or two or three leeks; boil an hour. Peel and slice eight potatoes; wash them in warm water; add them to the soup, with a seasoning of salt and pepper; stir it frequently; boil another hour, and then serve.

A Very Simple Soup.—Skim off the fat from mutton or chicken-stock; put into a soup-pot, with two or three carrots, turnips, and onions, a cup of rice, the bones and bits of cold meat, pepper, salt, and a few tomatoes. Boil it four hours; then take out the bones, and send it to table.

FISH.

Loyster-Pie.—Boil two or three lobsters, take the meat from the tails whole, and cut each in four pieces length-ways. Take out all the spawn and the meat from the claws; beat it well in a mortar, and season it with pepper, salt, two spoonfuls of vinegar, and a little anchovy liquor. Melt half a pound of fresh butter, and stir all together with the crumb of a penny roll rubbed through a fine colander, and the yolks of two eggs. Put a light puff-paste over the dish, lay in the tails, and the rest of the meat over them. Cover it with paste, and bake in a slow oven.

Frying Fish.—In frying fish, the egg should be carefully spread over the fish, and then the fish should be rolled in a good quantity of bread-crumbs on a flat dish. Have a frying-pan ready filled with boiling lard, or, better still, oil, and fry till the required brownness is obtained.

MEATS.

Rump-Steak Pie.—Procure two pounds of rump-steaks, which cut into slices half an inch thick, and season well with pepper and salt; dip each piece into flour, and lay them in a small pie-dish, finishing the top in the form of a dome; add a wineglassful of water, then have ready half a pound of plain paste; cut off a small piece, which roll into a band, and lay round the edge of the dish, having previously wetted it with a paste-brush dipped in water; then roll out the remainder of the paste to about the size of the dish, damp the band of paste upon the dish, and lay the other piece over; make a hole with a knife at the top, press the edges evenly down with your thumbs, trim the pie round with a knife, egg over the top with a paste-brush, and ornament it with the trimmings of the paste, according to fancy; bake it rather better than an hour in a moderate oven, and serve either hot or cold.

To Dress Kidneys.—Cut them through the center; take out the core; pull the kernels apart; put them into the sauce-pan without any water, and set them on the fire where they may get hot, not boil; in half an hour put the kidneys into cold water, wash them clean, and put them back into the sauce-pan, with just enough water to cover them; boil them one hour, then take them up; clean off the fat and skin; put into the frying-pan some butter, pepper, and salt; dredge in a little flour, half a pint of hot water, and the kidneys; let them simmer twenty minutes; stir them often; do not let them fry, because it hardens them. This is a very nice dish for breakfast.

To Boil Corned-Beef.—Wash it thoroughly, and put into a pot that will hold plenty of water. The water should be hot; the same care is necessary in skimming it as for fresh meat. It is not too much to allow half an hour for every pound of meat after it has begun to boil. The goodness of corned-beef depends much on its being boiled gently and long. If it is to be eaten cold, lay it, when boiled, into a coarse earthen dish or pan, and over it a piece of board the size of the meat. Upon this put a clean stone, or a couple of flat-irons, or some other heavy weight. Salt meat is very much improved by being pressed.

A Beef-Cutlet.—Take a rib of beef, beat it a little to make it tender, lay it in vinegar six hours, then take it out, and have prepared bread-crumbs, parsley, pepper, salt, and a little onion; rub yolk of egg over the cutlet, and strew the above ingredients well over it; put it in a tin tray before the fire for an hour and a half, turning it occasionally. Serve with rich gravy.

Lamb's-Head with Brain or Liver.—Blanch the brain or liver, and mince them as for sheep's-head, introducing only the yolk of an egg; mix with a little milk, stir in quickly, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of half a lemon, lay it on the dish with the head over, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Orange Sponge.—To one ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a pint of boiling water and strained, add the juice of six

oranges and two lemons, half a pound of sugar, and one ounce of flour, sifted fine. Mix all well together, and when nearly cold, whip it till it becomes a sponge; then put it into a mould. If whipped too warm it will turn to a jelly. It is better to make it a day before you use it.

Almond-Puffs.—Two ounces of sweet almonds, blanched, then beaten into a little paste with orange-flower water. Take the whites of three eggs, and beat them to a high froth; add to them the almond-paste, and as much finely-powdered sugar as will make it of a tolerable consistence; form cakes of any shape you choose, lay them on writing-paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

Yellow Flummary.—Boil two ounces of isinglass in a pint and a half of water till it is dissolved, and then add a pint of white wine, the juice of two and the outside of three lemons, the yolks of seven eggs, well beaten, and sugar to your taste. Mix the whole together and set it on the fire till it boils, stirring it continually; strain it into a basin, and stir it till it is almost cold, then put it into the moulds.

Raisin-Pudding.—Soak two ounces of raisins in enough brandy to cover them. Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, a dessertspoonful of ground ginger, two eggs, four ounces of white sugar, and enough milk to make it a pretty light paste; add the raisins and brandy, put it into a cloth or basin, boil it for two hours, and serve with what pudding-sauce you please.

Lemon-Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn-flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil the water, wet the corn-flour with a little cold water, and stir it in; when it boils up, pour it on the sugar and butter; after it cools, add the egg and lemon; bake with under and upper crust.

Apple-Meringue.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, press the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped upon a dish.

Birch-bright-Pudding without Eggs.—One pound of suet shred fine, half a pint of molasses, one pound of currants, one pound of flour; to be mixed with boiling milk; add candied lemon, raisins, nutmeg, and bitter almonds to taste; tie in a cloth, and boil five hours.

CAKES.

Nice Little Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of currants, four eggs, one blade of mace. Mix the sugar and flour together; rub the butter well into the mixture; add the currants; pound the mace; beat the eggs for twenty minutes; form into small, flat cakes; place on a well-buttered tin, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Milk-Scones.—Boil two pints of milk; when boiling, take off the fire and stir into the pan sufficient flour to make it into a thick paste; add a little salt; roll out on a baking-board very thin, cut into small rounds like biscuits, and bake on a hot griddle for two or three minutes. They should be put at once into a warm napkin and sent to table very hot.

Seed-Cake.—One pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, six ounces of butter, two eggs, a dessertspoonful of caraway-seeds, and half a pint of milk. Mix well together, and bake from an hour and a half to two hours in rather a slow oven.

Little White Cakes.—Dry half a pound of flour, rub into it a very little sugar, one ounce of butter, one egg, and a spoonful of thin cream, a few caraway-seeds, and as much milk as will make it into a paste. Roll out thin, and bake for fifteen minutes on a tin.

Shrewsbury Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs, half a pound of sifted sugar, dissolve half a pound of butter. Mix these ingredients with sufficient flour to make a paste. Then roll out, and cut with glass or tin.

Dutch-Cakes.—Six ounces of butter and lard mixed, four eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar; beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix it with the eggs, well beaten; then add the flour and sugar, both warmed, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon; when well-beaten, add a spoonful of brandy, and bake a full hour, in a buttered mould, in a quick oven.

Lemon-Cake.—One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of moist sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, three eggs, and the rind of one large lemon, or two small ones, grated fine; a little milk to make it the proper stiffness. Bake for one hour in a quick oven.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SWISS MUSLIN, trimmed with twelve narrow flounces, which reach to the waist; each flounce has a band of narrow, black velvet run on it just above the narrow hem. Low, plain waist, and short, puffed sleeves; black velvet bretelles, with small bows on the shoulders, and a black velvet sash, with large bows and long, wide ends. Narrow black velvet ribbon around the neck, and a bow of black velvet in the hair.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is of green and white plaid mohair, trimmed with eleven narrow, bias ruffles, scalloped on the lower edge. The redingote is also of green mohair, but of a smaller plaid than that of the skirt, and of two shades of green instead of green and white. It opens in front, is lined with green silk, which shows when the ends are turned back. The back of the redingote is slit up part of the way to the waist, and the corners are turned back and faced with green silk, like the front; the open waist and close sleeves are also trimmed with green silk. White lace bonnet, ornamented with pink roses.

FIG. III.—HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH BROWN SILK, striped with black. The skirt is short and quite plain; the panner is very much puffed out in the back, and not closed at the lower part; that, as well as the bottom of the small, tight, jacket-shaped body, is trimmed with black lace put on over white lace; the sleeves and bretelles are trimmed in the same way.

FIG. IV.—WHITE MOHAIR DRESS.—The skirt of which is quite plain, except just around the bottom, where a scalloped trimming is put on to turn up, and is laid in large box-plaits. Yellow silk over-skirt, very much looped up, longer at the back than at the sides, and trimmed with green fringe; a small, white ornament, like an apron, trimmed with green, falls over the front. High, white muslin body worn under a low, green silk one, and sleeves puffed to the wrist.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE OR HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The skirt is long and plain, except down the front, which is ornamented with blue bows, connected by a band of blue silk. The casaque, which also forms an upper-skirt, has two very deep and full puffs at the back, and is turned back and faced with blue silk in front; the waist is also open, and faced with blue silk, and shows the waist of the under-skirt, which is trimmed with blue bows. Bonnet of blue crepe, ornamented with a small ostrich feather.

FIG. VI.—RIDING-HABIT OF NAVY BLUE CLOTH.—The skirt, which must be slightly gored on each width, is fifty inches long. The body, which opens in front over a high, white vest, or chemisette, is made with lapels, and a very small basque; at the back the basque slopes down into a very short coat skirt. Black hat, and gray gauze veil.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF BROWN SILK, trimmed round the bottom with three flounces, two striped with black satin and a plain one in the middle. Casaque ornamented like the skirt, rounded in front and with revers trimmed with a ruche and flounce, and looped up in the middle of the back. Bonnet of brown velvet and black lace. Long feather forming a diadem.

FIG. VIII.—GRAY SILK DRESS, trimmed in front with a deep flounce surmounted by a wide velvet cross-strip. Long tunic forming a train behind. Corsage with long basques in front. Short basque behind laid in three wide plaits. The corsage opens shawl-fashion, and the basques are trimmed with a wide satin cross-strip. Sleeves plain to the elbow, with a satin cross-strip and bow; wide on the fore-arm, slit up and trimmed with deep, white lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, patterns for collars and sleeves, for a crinoline, and for an under-skirt, as well as for a fine white cloth jacket for the house, and to be made without sleeves. This jacket is trimmed with a row of velvet all around, and with two other rows at the bottom; the back of the jacket is slit up behind; and it has a black velvet collar, and is fastened in front by one large button.

The new spring goods are exceedingly pretty and fresh-looking; the chintzes, percales, and a new cotton material called satin-jean, which is a little twilled and very glossy, are usually of white grounds, with green, blue, or violet stripes; or else with polka dots, or with small flower patterns over them. Some of the prettiest percales are perfectly plain, and of delicate tea, buff, dove, or pearl colors. Lawns and organdies are striped in white, or of some delicate shade of color, alternating with stripes of a gay chintz pattern. Mohairs are in stripes and checks of all the pretty spring colors; French summer silks are always beautiful, and vary but little in pattern, the small plaids and narrow stripes being always in fashion; they come in all the most delicate shades of color. The foulards, which have been of such poor quality for so many years, are of a much more serviceable texture this year; they are twilled, have light grounds, and are dotted with pretty contrasting colors, as a buff ground with light-blue; maize color with brown; gray with violet, etc.; and some have flowers sprinkled over them; others are striped, etc. Grenadines are of all colored grounds, with broad stripes and flowers. There are innumerable materials of cotton and silk, and silk and wool combination, with innumerable names attached; but they are usually of the styles described. Black silks are still very high, if of good quality, as well as all other good silks of single colors. The fancy silks with figures, stripes, etc., are lower in proportion than the others. For very elegant dresses, either as an over-skirt for a short suit, or as a tunic over a train-dress, *crepe de chine* is very stylish. This is something like the old-fashioned China crepe, except it is much lighter in texture, and finer, with a less crapy surface. This is of French manufacture, and not Chinese. It has not body enough to make a long dress of. It is usually trimmed with lace, or a narrow moss fringe.

A long dress is never seen on the street now, and a short one is as seldom seen in the evening, except on very young girls. There is nothing particularly new in the way of making dresses. For the street, the lower-skirt is trimmed with either one deep ruffle, or several narrower ones, or with puffings, quillings, etc., as the fancy may dictate. The upper-skirt is usually a good deal puffed at the back, draped at the sides, and should always be trimmed to correspond, in some measure, with the under-skirt. Even for the street, the dresses will be worn square, or slightly open in front, over a chemisette; and while some cling to the close coat-sleeve, others prefer the tight sleeve to just below the elbow, with two or three deep ruffles, or the old-fashioned pagoda sleeve, reaching to the wrist, and very wide.

Basques, very much draped and puffed, made of black silk, comes this season to wear over dresses of all colors; but an article of the same kind can be made of the color of the under-skirt, and thus form a complete costume. Very short jackets, slit up the back and under the arms, so as to give room for the pannier, and with long, wide flowing sleeves, will also be worn on the street.

LONG DRESSES for the house are also very much trimmed; ruffles, flounces, and bows of ribbon, are seen everywhere; the puffed tunic still keeps its place; square and heart-shaped bodies are much the most fashionable. Lace is very much employed in all trimmings.

Since the open bodices have been worn, more attention has been paid to linen; and lace, its appropriate trimming, is now universally used for ladies' collars, cuffs, and frills. The chemisette a *cezar*, square, and the collar, Henri II., are very pretty, but the latter is most becoming to persons with long necks. After all, the most important thing to be observed in dress is whether a particular style, shape, or color, suits the wearer's age, figure, height, or complexion. The present fashions are most varied, and every woman ought to be able to discover the one most suited to improve instead of to uglify her appearance. There is a greater art in dressing well than many would suppose; thus the short costume often looks ungraceful, not because it fits badly, but from the simple reason that the under-skirts have not received proper attention.

Only the smallest kind of crinoline or hoop is worn, just enough to make a person walk comfortably, if the dress be either long or short; the hoops should in no instance meet in front, either at the top or bottom.

THE NEW BONNETS still retain the winter's shape, very small at the back, and very high in front. Feathers are a great deal used, but as the season advances, they will give way to long sprays of flowers.

FOR DRESSING THE HAIR there is no fixed rule; it is generally combed high in front, and arranged in such a manner as to call to mind the general aspect of the Marie Antoinette styles; but what diversity of details! Here, we see one or two pendant short braids; there, these braids are long; one lady has her head covered with close, short curls, like the fleece of a sheep; another wears her hair crimped, waved, and built up like a tower; this one adopts short curls; that one wears them as long as a bell-rope. In short, everything is permissible; and a woman no longer depends on anything but her own individual taste.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with a narrow scalloped band in cashmere, bound and headed with brown braid; the upper-skirt opens in front, and that, as well as the small basque-skirt to the jacket, correspond in trimming with that of the lower-skirt. The jacket opens square in front over a plain body. Fawn-colored hat, and brown feather.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE MOHAIR, trimmed with three ruffles of the same at the bottom, headed by a ruching of blue silk. The casaque of mohair is open and rounded in front, and is also trimmed with a ruching of blue silk; the casaque is cut square at the neck, trimmed with a blue silk ruche, and is worn over a plaited muslin body. White hat, with roses and green leaves.

FIG. III.—SUIT OF GRAY CASHMERE, FOR A BOY.—The trousers and Zouave jacket are braided in black; gray vest; gray felt hat, and plume.

FIG. IV.—INFANT'S CAP, trimmed with insertion and ornamented with bows and rosettes of ribbon.

FIG. V.—SILK HAT, FOR A BABY, with turned up brim, trimmed with loops of satin ribbon.

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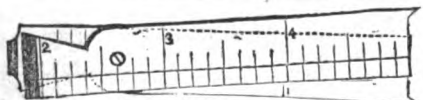
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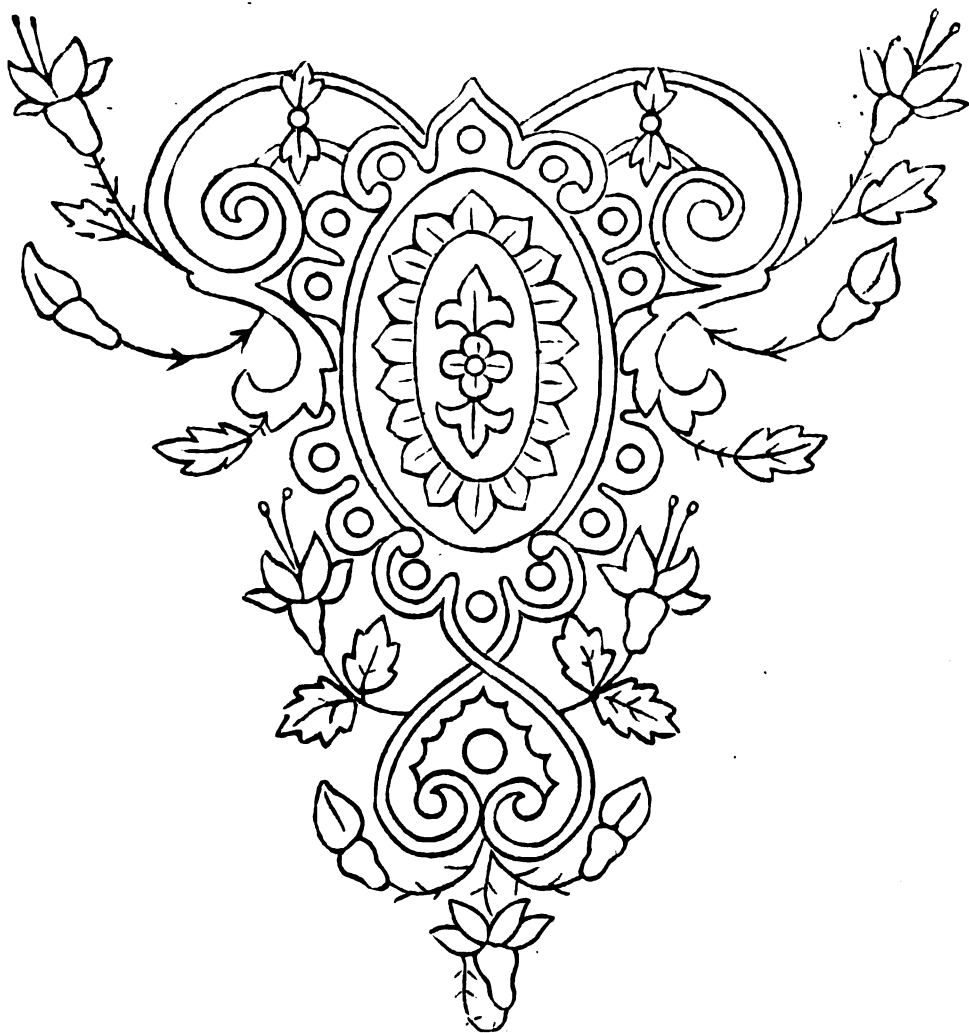
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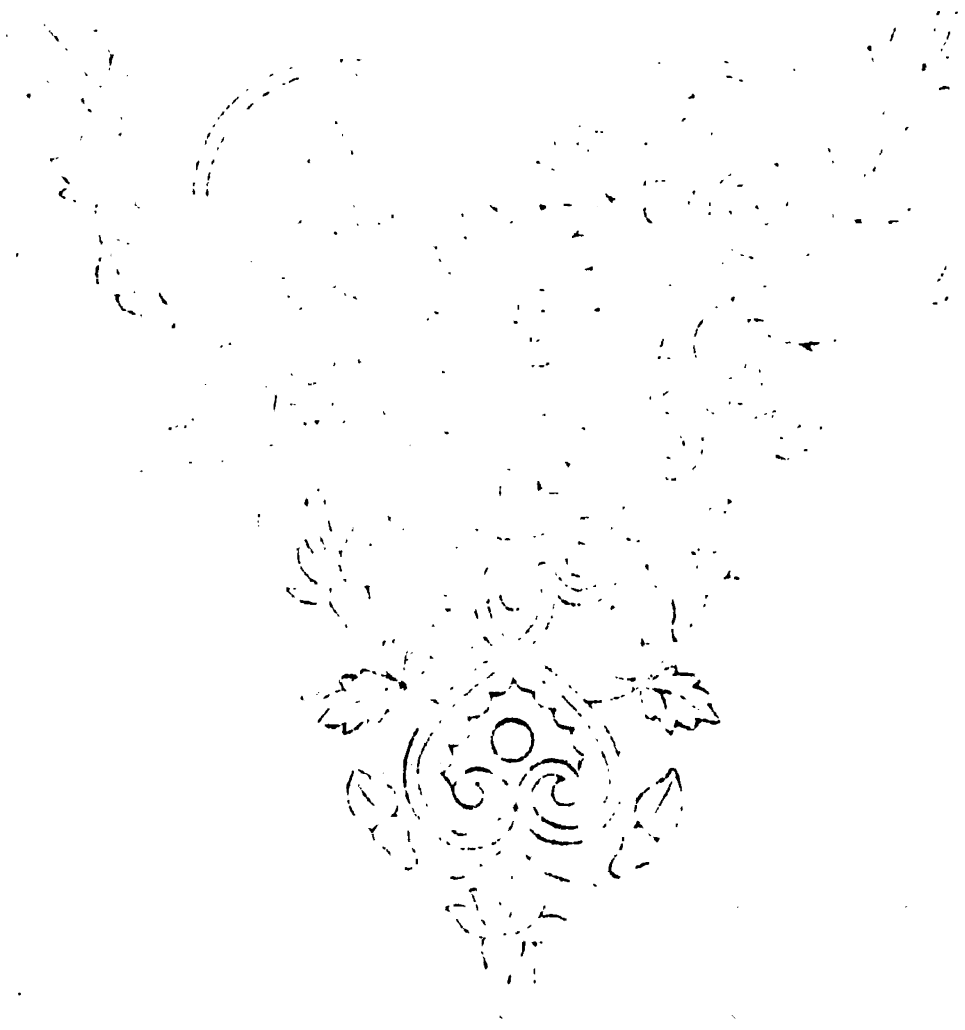
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—May, 1870.

Lady's Slipper. Crimson on White Cloth or Cashme.



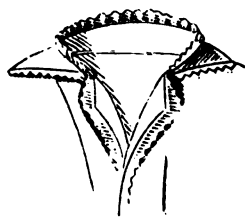
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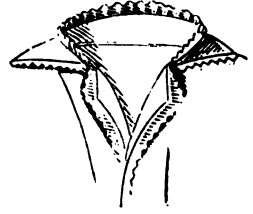


"PROMISE ME THIS," HE SAID, EAGERLY.

[See the Story, "Jock O' Haxidean."



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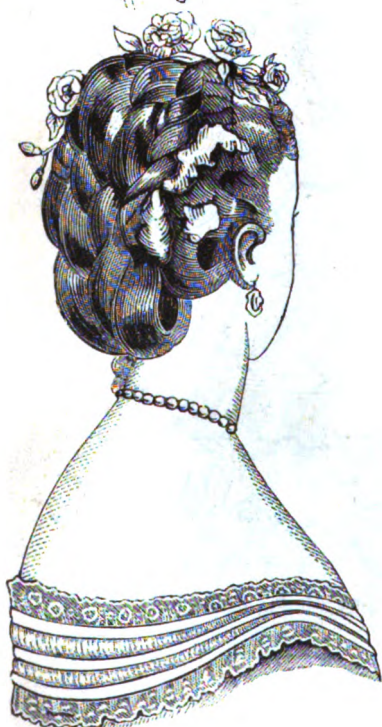
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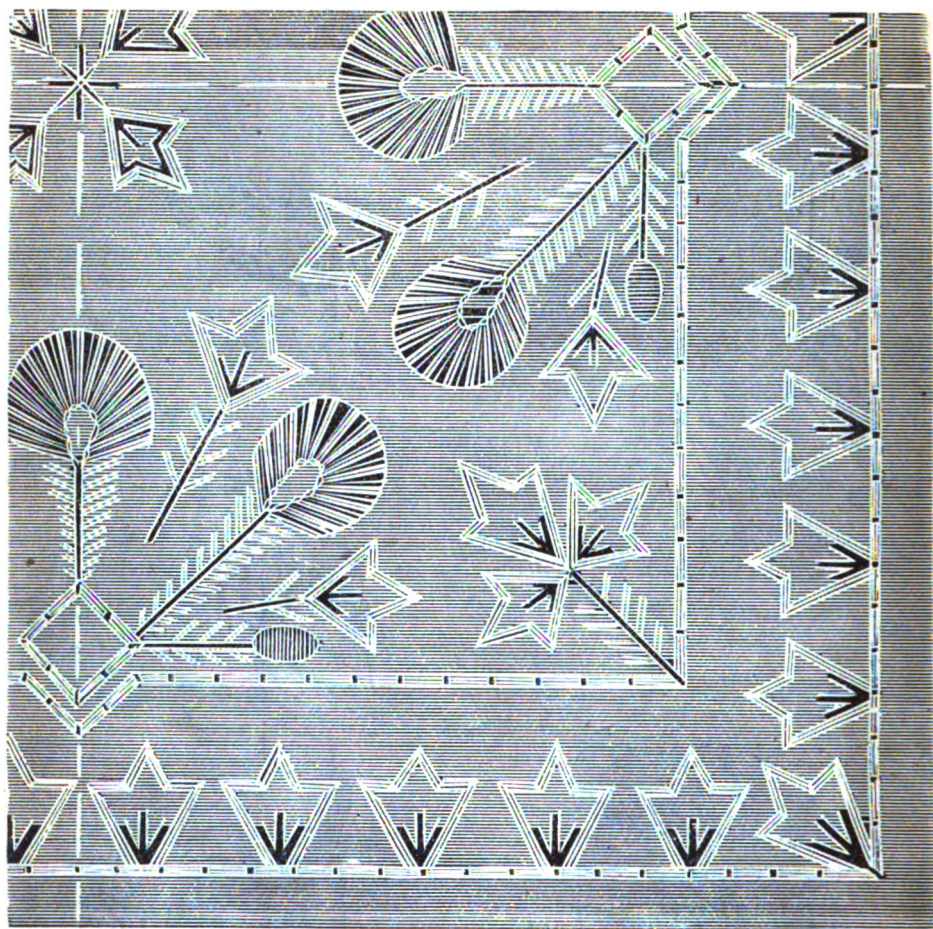
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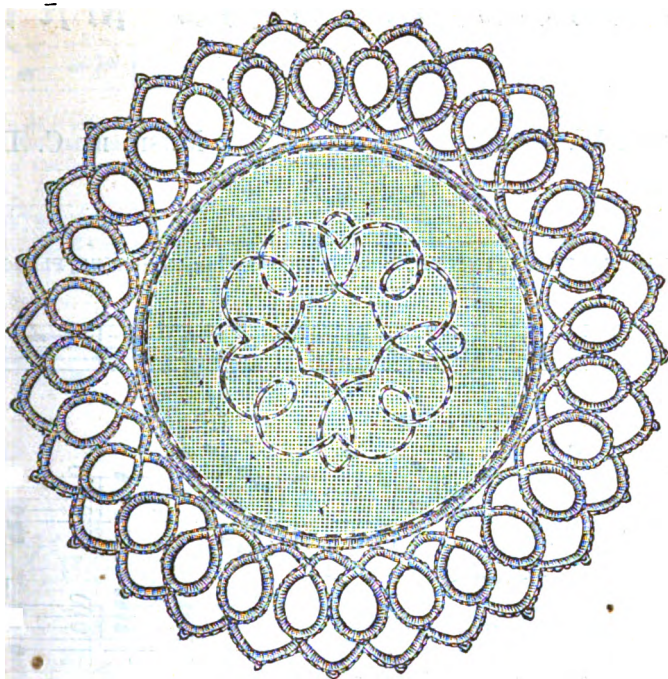
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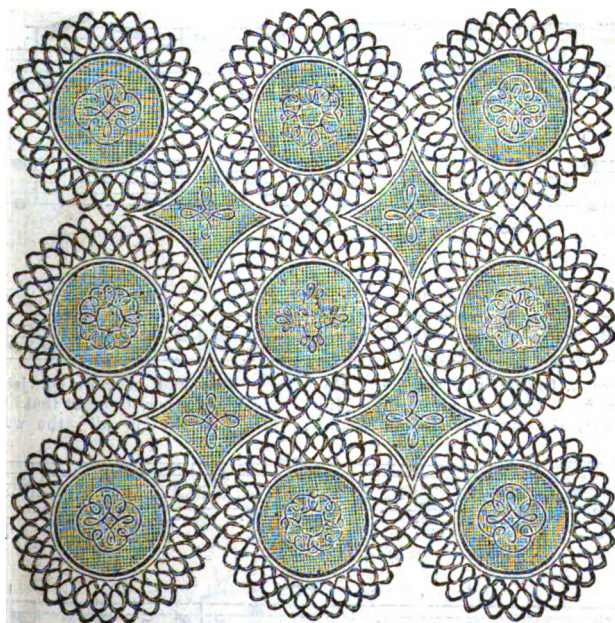
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SACHET. (SEE ABOVE.)



ROSETTE FOR ANTI-MACASSAR.



ANTI-MACASSAR. (SEE ROSETTE ABOVE.)

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

WORDS BY G. W. MOORE.

MUSIC BY C. BLAMPHIN.

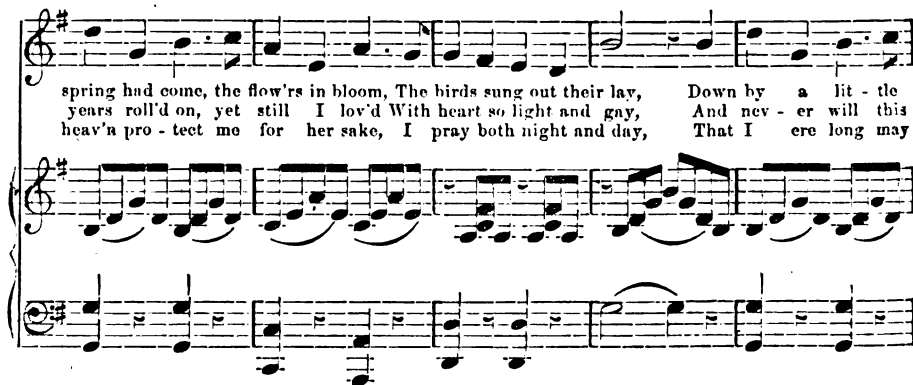
As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

VOICE.



1. The
2. Tho'
3. May

PIANO.



spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this
heav'n pro - tect me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may

cres.



running brook, I first saw Maggie May; She had a rogu-ish jet black eye, Was
heart de-ceive My own dear Maggie May; When others thought that life was gone, And
call her mine, My own dear Maggie May; For she is all the world to me, Al-

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

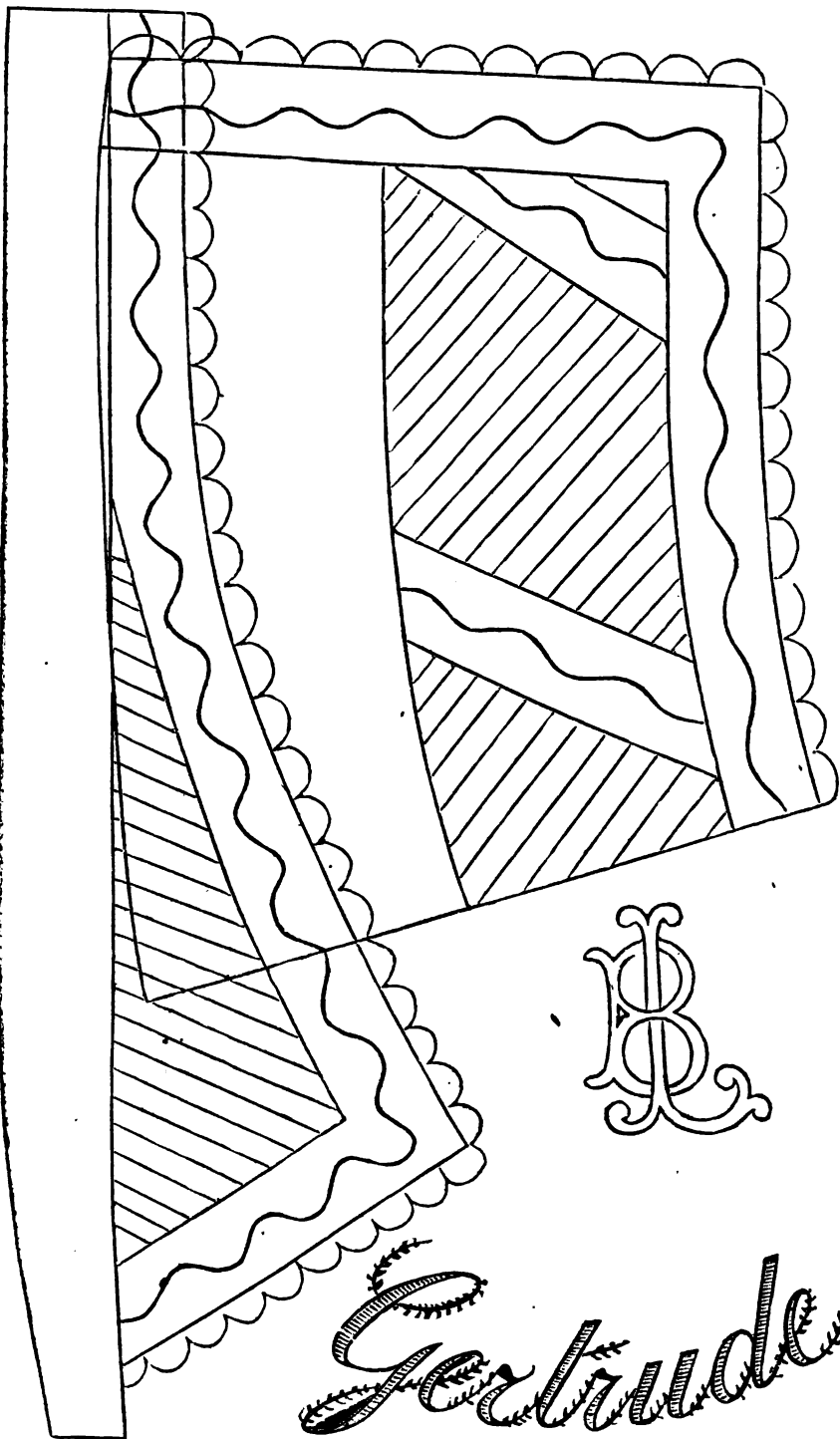
singing all the day,..... And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May.....
 death would take a-way,..... Still by my side did lin-ger one, And that was Maggie May.....
 tho' I'm far a - way,..... I oft-times think of the running brook, And my little Maggie May...

CHORUS.

1st Tenor. *pp* *f*
Alto.
 My lit - tle witching Maggie, Maggie sing-ing all the
2d Tenor. *pp* *f*
Bass.

PIANO.

p
 day: Oh, how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Maggie May.....
p



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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1870.

No. 5.

WHAT CAME OF MY JEALOUSY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was a misty, yet sweet, September night. I can see the sky as it hung over our cottage home, starry blue, with here and there a patch of white, floating gossamer; and the harvest-moon coming up and flooding all the world with golden splendor. I remember how the crimson roses hung above the door-way, heavy with their own sweetness; and what suggestive odors floated up from the flower-beds in the dim, old garden. I can even remember the dress I wore, pure white, because that was the dress in which my husband loved me best. Did he love me at all? Or was it my yellow gold that won him?

Immediately after our marriage we went to Europe, where we rambled about for a year or two, wintering in Rome, and spending our summers amid the Alps. Then we returned home. But the nomadic spirit was still upon us, and we took what our own country afforded in the way of gipsy life. In the midst of this wandering, in a little country town amid the lakes, my first trouble came. On the second day of our sojourn at this place, to which we had come in accordance with my husband's wish, I missed him. He was fishing for trout, one of our party suggested; and in the afternoon we strolled down toward the stream. Passing a small cottage, we heard voices, and something familiar made me glance that way. There they stood, side by side, my husband and a woman—a young woman, with glossy, raven hair! I passed on in silence; but that night, when my husband returned and sought me, I was reserved and cold. I refused to dance, and would not sing for him. He followed me from place to place, his eyes full of grave solicitude. The instant we were in our own room, he caught my hands in his.

"My darling," he said, "what troubles you?"

For my life I could not tell him. I was

afraid to let him know that I doubted his integrity.

"Horace," I questioned, timidly, "do you love me?"

His fine eyes opened wide with astonishment. But he answered passionately,

"Love you? Ay, better than you will ever know, Violet."

"Did you—have you ever loved any one else?" I faltered.

"Never, Violet, on my honor."

I was happy, yet not entirely satisfied. I was a woman. Eve ate the forbidden fruit with Paradise all around her.

"Then who was it," I faltered, "that woman—I saw you with—this afternoon?"

He started, and flushed very red for a moment, then he laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "jealous, are you? Then I am sure you love me. But, seriously, dear, I ought to have apologized for my long absence. That woman was a friend, an old friend of mine—she's in distress, and I had to help her. Are you satisfied?"

I nodded my head in assent, yet my heart was not quite at rest. After that we went down to our little sea-home, and settled into sober, married life; and for months our bliss was perfect; and then that dreadful night came!

Horace had been gone all day. He did not come home to dinner, as was his custom; so, after having ordered tea, I dressed myself, and sat down on the rose-shaded porch to await him. Sunset, dusk, evening: the moon soaring up above the sea! Still he did not come. Dinner and supper had both spoiled; the flowers in my hair were fading, and I was sick and weary with waiting and suspense. Horace had never remained away so long since our marriage. What could detain him so? Very slowly the night went by. Twelve o'clock came, the

moon dropped out of sight, leaving me in darkness. An owl hooted from the top of the old willow, and the surf beat with a weary, sobbing sound.

I worked myself up into a perfect tremor of alarm and nervous excitement, and by degrees the old doubt, or fear, or whatever it was, stole back to my mind. My husband was cruel to keep me in such suspense. He did not love me! It never occurred to me that he might be detained against his will. When, at last, the clock was on the stroke of three, I caught the quick tramp of his horse's feet. But it did not greatly relieve me. I felt angry, and instead of running down to meet him, as my woman's nature prompted me, I yielded to my petted, wayward will, and kept my seat. He did not stop to take down the bars, but cleared them with a leap. When he reached the porch, he sprang down, flushed and eager.

"Violet," he cried, the moment he caught sight of me, "are you up yet? I am so sorry."

He approached, both hands extended. But I turned from him, and walked to the other end of the porch.

He stood for a moment in silent astonishment, then followed, and took my hand, though I kept my face persistently averted.

"Violet," he said, "what is it? Are you ill, tired? I was so sorry to keep you waiting, but circumstances——"

"Never mind the circumstances now!" I exclaimed, pettishly. "I am very tired, and now that I know you are safe, I will go to bed."

He loosened his hold on my hand, but looked after me, as I left him, with a glance I shall never forget. I can see him now, as he stood in the moonlight, so handsome and noble: and I loved him so well! I wonder why I turned from him that night. God knows how it pained me. But the spoiled, willful temper, that has been my ruin, urged me on.

Did you ever speak a harsh word to one you love, and feel something within you prompting you to speak another? Then you understand how it was that I left my husband standing there, weary and supperless.

"Violet, dear," he said, softly, as I paused involuntarily at the head of the stairs, "come back and let me explain; you know I have not kept you waiting willingly."

But I went on without a word, not to our chamber, but to a little dressing-room exclusively my own, and closed and locked the door. I am sure the Evil One must have had control of me that night. In a little while he came up stairs, and tried the lock of my door; then he

called my name softly; but I did not answer—and he went away.

A dozen times that night I lifted my throbbing head from my tear-wet pillow to go out to him and implore his forgiveness, but pride kept me back. Thus I lay, sleepless, till morning. It was a wild morning, too, with drifting rain and sobbing winds, and the sea thundering on the strand.

My husband was already in the breakfast-room when I went down. He turned, and said kindly,

"Good-morning, dear. Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," I responded, crossing to a window on the opposite side of the room. He arose, and I hoped he was coming to my side, but he only looked at his watch, and said,

"Be kind enough to let me have breakfast at once, Violet, if you can. I am in a hurry, for I have important matters to look after."

I rang the bell at once, and placed myself at the head of the table. When the cheerless repast was over, and my husband rose to go, I felt the hot tears blinding me. I could not let him leave me in anger. I had made a step toward him when he spoke, and his words roused all my old anger and discontent.

"Violet," he said, "I may not be here to dinner. Don't wait for me; it is impossible——"

"Make no excuses, sir," I replied, haughtily; "none are needed."

Oh! those sad, reproachful eyes! But his lips uttered no retort. He only said, "Good-by, dear," and went out.

I watched him from the window, hidden behind a curtain, as he rode away through the driving rain.

The memory of that day comes back to me like a terrible dream! Toward evening my agony became unendurable; and as the rain poured in torrents, I determined to drive over to my husband's office in the neighboring village. About half-way, we met a covered carriage, containing a lady and gentleman.

"Why, that's Mr. Reade!" exclaimed my driver, as the vehicle dashed past us.

One glance confirmed his words. It was my husband, and by his side was the same woman that I had seen with him once before. My resolution was taken on the instant. I ordered my servant to drive back to Swan's-Nest. I would not wait my husband's return, I said to myself: I could not even charge him with his infidelity: I would go away at once, and never let him see my face again.

In a short time I was ready for my departure.

I wrote a note for Horace, telling him that I believed our marriage had been an unwise one, and that I should be happier with my own friends. I begged him not to hunt me down as a fugitive; but to leave me to follow the bent of my inclination. I put the note upon his table, and then went out from the home, where my life had been so happy. In less than a week, my father and I were on our way to Europe.

At the expiration of two wretched years we returned; and I learned from our lawyer that my husband had sailed for China, first making over to me, in fee simple, all his real estate. He never, so the lawyer said, expected to return. I went back to Swan's-Nest. Everything was unchanged. The rooms were just as I had left them. My husband would not let them be touched, the housekeeper said. "Had she ever heard from him?" I asked. "Only once," she replied, "and then the letter contained another; it was on my dressing-table." I went for it myself, and read it, sitting there in our old room.

"Violet," it began, "you must pardon this intrusion. It will be the last, for, in all human probability, the disease that now consumes me will soon give me a grave in a foreign land. But there are a few things I wish to say before I die. I was wrong not to explain all to you from the first. But I desired to spare you what you might consider a disgrace. I thought you could and would trust me. It was my sister you saw. She was vain and frivolous, and eloped with a profligate. The marriage was illegal, and Ethel was disgraced. She came to me for help. I could not refuse her. I was taking her to a safe asylum when I was absent that night. You understand it all now. Don't be troubled, dear, but forget me, and be happy. My sister is dead now, and I have not, I fear,

long to live. God bless you, dear! In heaven all these wrongs will be righted."

For two years I lived alone at Swan's-Nest—two years of inexpressible agony; then the news came! A steamer, homeward bound from Calcutta, was lost, and Horace Reade was one of the passengers. That was the death of hope!

Another year dragged by. One sweet May evening I strolled down to the sea-shore. The sun was setting in waves of gold and purple, and a full moon came up, flooding the great sea, and the long stretch of glittering sand, with misty splendor. The tide rolled in with a low, musical murmur. I sat down on a rock.

Far out upon the bar, a stately vessel swung at anchor, and a little boat from it was coming in. I watched the tiny craft with a kind of fascination. Presently it grated on the sand, and a man sprang ashore.

A wild, nameless hope took shape in my heart. I arose and tottered forward, blind, and half-unconscious. The instant after a strong arm clasped me.

I looked up into the face above me. It was wan, and worn, and changed by suffering, but I knew it in an instant.

"Oh, Horace! my husband!" I cried, "forgive me."

Then I felt his tears upon my cheek, his kisses on my lips. The happy world, drowned in the splendor of the spring sunset, faded out, and I sunk into his arms insensible.

It is all over, the remorse, the loneliness, the aching pain! We live at Swan's-Nest, my dear, forgiving husband and myself.

"I had engaged my passage," he said, "in the steamer that was lost. But I fell ill, and could not come then; and that sickness has restored me to you, thank God!"

I thank Him also, daily and hourly, for this, undeserved, this perfect bliss.

GOING A-MAYING.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

On! the days we went a-Maying:
How they seem a far-off dream!
O'er the fields of daisies straying;
Through the greenwood; by the stream.
Looking for the earliest flowers,
'Mid the grasses, lush and sweet;
Singing, while the fragrant hours
Flew before our merry feet!
Golden days of happy childhood,
When the earth and skies were new!
When in meadow, and in wildwood,
Only flowers of Eden grew.

Then the birds were always singing;
Then the leaves were always green;
Then the sun shone always, bringing
Rapture in its very sheen!
Now the dream has gone forever:
And the skies are bleak and gray;
And the birds and sunshine never
Sing or sparkle round our way;
And the light is falling, falling;
And the leaves are falling, sore;
And the night-wind rises, wailing—
And the end will soon be here!

"JOCK O' HAZELDEAN."

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

It wanted but a few days of Christmas, and yet Jack Hazeldean, who usually came to spend a month with me, at that season of the year, had not arrived. Jack was an artist, with but slender means, though a half imbecile lad, a nephew, was all that stood between him and a great inheritance. I was many years older than Jack, and something of an invalid, so that I had come to depend on these visits for much of my news of the great world without.

Suddenly I heard a stamping in the hall, the door opened, and Jack stood before me.

"It's a beastly night," said he, shaking the wet from his overcoat, like a shaggy dog. "I'm glad to see such a roaring fire!"

"And I'm glad to see you," I said. "But go and get on dry clothes, and then we'll have dinner."

At dinner Jack was unusually silent. Something, I saw, was the matter. When the servants were gone, I looked up, and said,

"Come, Jack, what is it? You're in trouble. Make a clean breast of it, my lad."

He paused a moment, then took from his sketch-book a picture, which he gave me, silently, across the table. It was such a lovely, lovely face; a girl of not more than seventeen, looking out from a profusion of water-lily leaves, like Undine—a face, rare, not so much for its beauty as from its look of pure and perfect innocence. Under the face a name was written, but it did not need that clue to make me exclaim,

"Myra! little Myra Roslyn! Jack, where did you light upon that child?"

"Then you know her? I remember now, she said you used to know her mother. Is she not lovely—little Myra?"

His grave face softened into a beautiful smile, as, rising, he came and gazed over my shoulder at the picture. And, standing just there, in one of his grand, picturesque attitudes, leaning against the carved mantle, with now softened tones, and now harsh, broken ones, Jack Hazeldean told his story.

During Jack's last visit to me, at Preston Hill, in June, he had, as was his invariable custom, gone sketching every day. On one occasion, however, he had taken a rod and

line. About five miles off, he came to a lovely nook at a bend in the river. He threw in his line, and lounged away under the old trees, half asleep, when he became suddenly aware of a lovely, Naiad-like face looking up curiously at him from the placid, blue water. It seemed to have no background, except trees and leaves, and for an instant Jack persuaded himself that it really was some fair mermaid, whom he had awakened from her dreams, instead of a reflection of somebody behind him in the stream. And then he turned quietly about, and looked up into Myra Roslyn's face.

"I thought it was Undine, but I see it is Hebe," said he, gravely.

The young girl crimsoned a soft, vivid blush, that dyed her neck and throat.

"Oh, sir! I did not suppose that you could see me, and you did not hear me, for I came up very softly. I beg your pardon."

"And I yours," he said, springing up, hat in hand, for he thought she looked pained and frightened; "but I very much wish that you would let me sketch your face, just as it looked out of the water there. You can't imagine how picturesque it was."

Her blue eyes opened, like a child's, in surprise.

"My face? Then you are an artist, a painter, perhaps? Oh! could you let me see some of your sketches? I have so longed to see a living painter."

Jack was so struck with her shy simplicity that he did not even smile, as he gave her his portfolio, saying, "You will not find much there; I don't carry my best ones, you know, for fear of losing them. And while you are looking at it, have I your permission to sketch yourself as a mermaid, for instance?"

The girl gave the required permission with simple gravity, and lost all recollection, apparently, of the artist while looking at his sketches. She was exquisitely lovely—a very wood-nymph; and Jack began to wonder how he should find out her name.

"Will that do?" said he, at last, laying the picture in her lap.

"Oh! you have flattered it!" she exclaimed, simply. Without a word, he took her hand, gently, and led her to the water's edge.

"Look," said he. She gave a glance downward; then a little, low laugh.

"Yes," said she, "it really is like me; I never thought I was half so pretty." Jack bit his lips to avoid a smile.

"I am glad that you are pleased, and I cannot thank you enough for letting me take it; it is a study for an Undine that I have been wanting for a long time. What shall I write under it—it must have a name, you know?"

"Undine, of course!" with a mischievous smile. Then, resuming her simple gravity, "No, put my name—Myra."

"Myra? Nothing else?" said Jack.

"As you like—my name is Myra Roslyn." After which announcement, Jack felt in duty bound to give his own name and visiting place.

"Yes," Myra said, "she knew Mr. Preston; at least, he used to know her own mamma." And after that the pair glided off into the most cosy and comfortable chat imaginable; Jack, fascinated with her beauty and artless ways; and she, looking at him with a child's awe for a painter, or great man. He found that she had taste and appreciated art; and when she rose, saying good-by, he ventured to propose that she should let him give her a few lessons in drawing. Myra's lovely face glowed with pleasure.

"Would you—will you, if it will not be too great a bore?" she hesitated. "Oh, sir! it would be such an enjoyment to me!"

"And to me," said Jack, in that calm, true voice of his, that, somehow, always convinces you that he means every word.

"I could come down here—I mean," correcting herself; "I do come here every morning, nearly, to read, after my music-lesson, and then, if you will be so very, very kind."

He was more than thanked for his offer by the glowing, blushing smile that made Myra's face a perfect picture; and with another "good-by," the young girl sprang up the bank, and left him.

It is but an old, old story, after all, that Jack told me, and yet he told it beautifully. No wonder that he stole little Myra's heart away with those low, musical tones of his! He employed his four weeks well, I must say, for long ere they drew to a close, he had taken that fair child into the heart that no woman had ever touched before. But with his chivalrous notions it seemed wrong, even cruel to him, to brush the bloom from so fair a flower by a premature disclosure of his love; besides, doubts began to assail him, and he feared that she would think him too old for her fresh girl-

hood, for Jack was, at least, ten years her senior; so they parted with it all unsaid, unless what his fond eyes may have unconsciously betrayed. But before he left her, he gave her his town address, and begging her not to forget her friend and teacher, told her also that when trouble or sorrow touched her to send him a little line, and he would come. "Promise me this," he said, eagerly, at parting. She looked down, for she could not face him just then, and whispered that she would. Then they parted.

And now let Jack finish his own story; only it's a pity that I cannot give you his tones and gestures, they were fully half of it.

"Four weeks ago, Preston, I came home late from Mrs. Fletcher's reception, and on my table I found a little note from Myra. It was very short and simple, calling me her 'kind friend,' and begging my advice, for her father and mother—step-mother, you know—had determined upon her marrying an ugly, cruel, rich man, whom she would rather die than wed! Poor little child! I felt as if I had done her cruel wrong by not claiming her sooner; and my blood fairly boiled—it's pretty cool blood, you know, and not given to high tragedy; but it boiled then, at the idea of that cold-hearted tale of flesh and blood. Early in the morning I started off, and by noon I was at Roslyn house. The servant, quite an old man, who answered my ring, said, 'Yes, Miss Myra was in;' and eyed me closely as he hobbled along the dark hall, and showed me into a small room, muttering loud enough for me to hear, 'This is another sort 'o' gentleman; thank heaven, he's come at last!' Such a forlorn, wretched room, Preston; I never imagined that the Roslyns were so reduced in circumstances. Then the door opened suddenly, and Myra, with a gasping sob, laid both her hands in mine, 'Oh, my friend!' she cried, 'I knew, I knew you would come! Tell me what to do, for I cannot, oh, never——' and down came her tears. 'Myra, my darling,' said I, 'there is just one place in this world for you, and that is here;' and I laid her little golden head on my breast. You won't care to listen to the rest; but in that brief half-hour I found that Myra's happiness was bound up in me, as mine was in her. Such a loving, pure little soul as it is! I told her that I had come to ask her father's consent to our engagement, and she agreed to my seeing him; but she trembled from head to foot when she mentioned (what we had both forgotten) the name of the man they want her to marry. It was—Broughton Ames."

I was surprised into an emphatic inquiry if they were all gone mad!

"Very possibly," said Jack, with a fierce laugh at my unusual vehemence; "yes, that wicked, old profligate, and no other. If I am too old for the child, think what *he* is; older than you by ten years, Preston, and twenty years older in sin. It's an utterly abominable transaction, and ought not to be sanctioned in a Christian country. I find, by careful inquiry, that old Roslyn's gaming debts are at the bottom of the bargain. Well, I saw her father, and there is a bare chance that I might have succeeded, but Mrs. Roslyn, cold, handsome, and heartless, came in, and effectually put a stop to any softening on her husband's part. She said that 'I did them much honor, but Mr. Ames was an old friend, and had long been promised Myra's hand.' All my protests—and some were warm ones—glanced off that woman as off marble; and she even refused to let me see Myra again. But as I went through the hall, I heard my darling's voice—God bless her!—from the landing above me, saying, 'I will be true to you, unless I die!' The poor, old servant, who was conducting me out, shook his head, and whispered, 'I'm wearying for her, the day, *puir bairn!*' I slipped a little money into his hand, and told him to be kind to her; then left the house."

Here Jack paused again; dashed his segar on the hearth, and went on more vehemently than ever.

"Preston, I tell you, that since that day, for four weeks, I have endured positive agony. Her face, her angel face, has haunted me day and night, and I have tried vainly to devise some scheme to rescue her. This morning another of her little notes came, and I set off once more to try and move Mrs. Roslyn. Of course, it was useless; but I contrived to learn from them the day fixed for the wedding. It is actually set for the twenty-sixth—next Saturday morning. And although they would not let me see her, I contrived to slip a letter into old Robert's hand for her, telling her that I was, at least, near at hand. 'Ay,' said the old man, as he fumbled at the lock of the door, 'I'll gie it to her, never fash yoursel'. But, *puir bairn*, it's a weary bride they'll have, I'm thinking; for she does naething but greet, greet a' day and night.'"

Jack stopped here. I looked at him, meaningly, and began to sing, in an undertone,

"But aye she let the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean!"

Jack's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Preston, there's nothing else to be done but to run away; and that's the precious business that I've come down to consult you about."

"Advice to people who have already made up their own minds is a pure waste of words," said I, after reflecting awhile. "But will you let me try and manage this affair for you?"

His hand closed firmly on mine, and his calm voice shook a little, as he answered,

"You have ever been my best friend. Do you think I distrust you now?"

"Very well, then. The only thing for you to do is to keep quiet here, and to-morrow I will issue invitations for a ball at Preston Hill, on Christmas-eve. I would make it a day later, but I fear that the Roslyns would not come, or let Myra, on the evening before her wedding, for Jack must have a chance to arrange matters with her, and they will watch her too closely to let you do so, except in some such way. In a crowd you may claim an ordinary acquaintance's privilege, and Mrs. Roslyn will not dare make a scene in *my* house. Your elopement must not be until the very last moment. Get Myra's consent, and we will see that the sleigh which is to carry her, as they think, to the door of St. John's church, on Saturday, has my mares, Psyche and Maida, before it; and then, if you should happen, by some mysterious chance, to join the party; it's not very far to the ferry, and once over it, you are in New York, and can get married at the first parson's."

Up sprang Jack, and wrung my hand until I implored him to stop.

"Pshaw!" said I, "that's nothing; only do not kill Maida and Psyche if you can help it. There isn't a match for them in upper Jersey, I think, fine as our horses are; though I have heard Ames boast of a very fast pair of trotters. And now, will you be so obliging as to tell me what you and Myra expect to live upon?"

"Love and art! Stop, Preston; don't make me sigh for Clarence's death, or uncle Denbigh's coffers. If I secure her, I shan't mind how hard I have to work. I must learn to be economical, that's all;" and with the hearty hand-pressure that told of more deep feeling than he could ever bring his reticent lips to disclose, Jack walked off to bed.

My housekeeper looked amazed and rather disturbed, the next day, when I announced to her my intention of giving a ball on Christmas-eve; but, knowing of old that my whims were many, she only ventured upon a hope

that the excitement would not prove too much for my "nerves," and retired. But old James, my coachman, being a privileged person, did utter a remonstrance, when I ordered the carriage to go over to the Roslyns.

"If it be fur that there ball," said he, "better let James take over a bit o' note, sir. Why, you'll take your death, this weather, sir, and to be sure! fur us to go and call at them Roslyns! It were different with the first one—she were a Renyolds, and the Renyolds be nice folks; but this madam, they do say, be nobody, and what with——" but, in obedience to my nod of dismissal, old James' indignation exhaled upon the stairs.

It was rather a long drive, and I found it both cold and tedious. But Mr. and Mrs. Roslyn received me with great politeness, and (until I delivered my own invitation,) unmistakable surprise at my making the exertion to call on them. I asked for Myra.

"I don't know whether the dear girl will feel equal to coming down," said Mrs. Roslyn, smoothly; "she has been so very busy, and has a bad headache to-day."

"Still," said I, persuasively, "I hope you will tell Miss Myra that I am here; I have not seen her, even at church, in a very long time."

Accordingly, the step-mother left the room and returned in a few moments, bringing Myra with her. The child's eyes were red and swollen, and she was excessively pale. My heartached for the poor little thing, and I rose to shake hands with her.

"For your mother's sake, my dear," said I, holding her trembling hand firmly in mine, "I hope that you will not refuse an old man's invitation to the first ball he has ever given. And (that you may not think I have forgotten your approaching wedding-day) I have taken the liberty of bringing you a gift," and I put a jewel-case in her hand, containing a necklace and bracelets of rare old pearls that had once belonged to my mother. Her father came up immediately and took the ornaments from her to show them to Mrs. Roslyn. I improved the chance to slip a bit of paper in her hand. The change that came over her whole face was electrical, as she rapidly read its contents. They were the last verse of a certain Scotch song, written in Jack's bold handwriting:—

"The Kirk was decked at morning-side,
The tapers glimmered fair,
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But, ah! no bride was there!
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen;
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!"

Myra understood, as if by intuition. "Tell him I will do whatever you and he wish," she whispered, and then turned quickly to examine the pearls again. "Of course," said I, aloud, "Miss Myra has consented, Mr. Roslyn," and, I added, joining the group, "and I hope she will honor my pearls by wearing them at my ball."

Then, not daring to stay longer, lest Myra should betray herself, I made my adieus; but the last throbbing clasp of little Myra's hot fingers stayed with me all through the long drive, and I made Jack's calm face quiver by telling him of them at dinner.

My ball was to be on Thursday night, and all that day it snowed furiously. But so seldom was Preston Hill thrown open for such an entertainment, that the house was full comparatively early. At last came the group for which I had been watching, and with them, too, Broughton Ames. The man was my detestation, and I could see Jack's shiver of disgust, as we exchanged salutations. On her father's arm, my pearls on her fair, alabaster skin, her lovely Hebe face lit with a look of wistful appeal, most touching to behold, was Myra. I took pointed notice of the little girl, introduced her to half a dozen New York fellows who were lounging around; and then I walked off to join Jack.

"The game's in your own hands now; I need not tell you to improve opportunities," said I, as I passed him. He gave a nod of assent.

By some chance, half an hour after, I happened to be standing near Myra, as Jack and Ames both approached her.

"This is our dance, Miss Roslyn," said Jack, in his quiet, gentlemanly voice. It seemed to exasperate Ames, however.

"Myra," said the latter, out loud, "I positively forbid your dancing with that fellow!"

Ames had evidently been drinking, and the men in our vicinity laughed outright at his tipsy attitude of defiance. "That fellow" gave a contemptuous glance down at him, (Jack was a whole head taller than his antiquated rival,) and calmly offered his arm to Myra. She gave Ames a look of indignation, and turned away, clinging to Jack as if she would never let him go. Ames swore a furious oath, looked up, caught my eye; and then sulked off to the supper-room, and drank more champagne than ever.

By the time that Mrs. Roslyn began to frown and look uneasy, Jack conveyed Myra back to my side, and asked me to take her to her step-mother.

"Mr. Preston," said she, as we walked along, her sweet face coloring like a rose, "I have promised to do everything I have been told to do. I hope God will forgive me for disobeying my father; but I cannot, I cannot marry that dreadful, drunken old man."

"Never fear, my dear," said I, "extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary remedies. Keep up your courage, little one," and then we were at Mrs. Roslyn's chair.

The ball went on as most balls do. Jack kept carefully away from Myra; and she danced and danced untiringly, until their carriage came, and her step-mother called Ames, who was now pitifully drunk, to take Myra out.

"Permit me," said I, offering my arm, for I saw the child turn pale and tremble.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Roslyn; "I hope, Mr. Preston, that you will not fail us on Saturday morning, at St. John's."

"Be sure I shall not," was my response; but as the lady stepped in front of us, I hummed in Myra's ear, "The kirk was decked at morning-tide!" and had the mischievous satisfaction of seeing the said pretty ear glow suddenly.

The day after the ball—Christmas day—passed in rather a busy, uncomfortable fashion at Preston Hill. I don't think anybody even dreamed of going to church, and I was confined to my room with one of my worst nervous attacks, which I feared was going to prevent my leaving the house the next day. But toward evening I grew better, when Jack came in.

"All arranged?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, smiling. "Your mares will be at the door of the Roslyns, instead of the team that has been hired. I have had to bribe high in order to have them substituted; but the driver has been well paid, and will be faithful. Everything now depends on Myra keeping up her courage."

"Never fear her," I replied. "But you look hungry and tired. Let us have dinner, and then to bed."

"I am tired, I confess," said Jack. "I had to go over into York State, you know, to arrange for a parson; and it has quite fagged me out."

The storm, that continued for three days, ceased at last, and Myra's wedding-morn dawned clear and beautiful.

Myra had managed, with much skill, the part Jack had arranged for her. She had expressed a wish to go to church, on that last occasion, with her father alone, and as the desire was a natural one, the step-mother had assented.

"I will leave the house first," said Mrs. Roslyn, "in order to see that everything at St. John's is right. The stupid sexton may forget to lay the carpet down between the gate and the porch. You can follow ten minutes later. Mr. Ames will come after you, driving his own horses; you know he is to stop at the house to show you his new sleigh."

Dear little Myra! she dressed with trembling fingers, and a beating heart, wondering if her courage would fail her at the crisis.

"Don't fuss your dress," was Mrs. Roslyn's parting injunction. "I am glad to see you so quiet and composed, for, I confess, I expected another flood of tears;" and she swept out of the room, and the next moment the sleigh-bells were heard, as she drove away.

A few minutes of anxious waiting, and then old Robert tapped softly on the door, as he had arranged before with Myra. "Now is the time," he said. "Mr. Ames has gone into the parlor to take a drink, and your father has gone with him. I have shut the door. Walk softly by it, and they'll never hear us."

Myra hurried down stairs, giving a frightened glance as she passed the parlor-door, and soon reached the sleigh, which stood waiting, with the famous mares harnessed to it.

"Good-by, Robert, dear, kind Robert," she said. "Oh! do keep them, for a few minutes, inside."

Robert signed to the driver, and the sleigh moved off at a slow pace at first, until it turned a corner of the road, where stood a tall figure, that Myra knew well, leisurely smoking a segar.

It took but a second for Jack to spring up, take the driver's place, seize the reins, and let the blooded mares out.

When Ames, five minutes later, came to the door and found from old Robert's confused account, that the bride had concluded not to wait for her father, he was confounded. "Very odd," he said. "Most extraordinary," echoed Mr. Roslyn. The two got into Ames' sleigh hurriedly. Still, neither suspected anything was wrong, till, turning the corner of the road, Ames saw how rapidly the sleigh ahead was going. "By Jove!" he cried, "how those horses foot it. Eh? No. It can't be. Yes, it is," he shouted, excitedly, rising up to have a better look. "They're Preston's mares! I thought I knew their swinging trot. That's Hazeldean driving, too, by the Lord! See, he takes the turn to the ferry. We're outwitted," he cried. "But," with a tremendous oath, "I'll catch the scoundrel yet."

As he spoke, he whistled to his horses in a sharp, quick way, which they knew well, and the high-mettled steeds, who were worthy of a better master, stretched their necks to their light collars, and swept on, more like birds flying through the air than four-footed creatures traversing the earth.

The mares, as yet, led by a good half-mile. Jack, looking back, and seeing he was pursued, gave them their heads, and the spirited animals sprung forward as if fully conscious of the struggle before them. The contest now began in earnest. For awhile there was no perceptible advantage on either side. Myra had never before known what it was to go at such a pace, and instinctively she clung, with both hands, to the sides of the sleigh. At times she was almost dizzy from the speed. The long array of trees and fields swept past in one continuous line, like arrows following in flight. The half-submerged fences rushed by as if running off a reel. Four, five, six miles! Only one remained. Down the steepest hills, and up the opposite heights, Jack had kept to his terrible pace, stimulating the mares by voice and word. "Well done, Maida," he cried. "Bravo! Psyche!" he cheered, continually.

Suddenly Maida stumbled.

"Steady," he said, "or we are lost," and lifted her with the reins.

But he felt, for the first time, that he had lost ground.

Myra glanced behind fearfully.

"They gain on us, they gain," she sobbed. "Oh! kill me rather than let me fall into their hands."

Jack looked back also.

"Courage," he cried, and his deep, stern voice rose like a trumpet-call, its very tone reassuring Myra for the moment. "We're almost at the ferry. If the boat is there, we'll foil them yet."

But even as he spoke, the mare stumbled again; and soon after again, and again; each time losing ground. If this continued, she would finally go down! Great drops of perspiration started out on Jack's forehead. Myra was pale as death. Broken prayers rose to her lips and died there paralyzed. Now she glanced, terrified, at their rapidly approaching pursuers. Now she looked up, imploringly, into Jack's face.

"Courage," he cried again, in answer to one of these looks. "We have but a quarter of a mile. The ferry is round the next corner."

"But if the boat shouldn't be there!" said Myra, with white lips.

"Thank God! that's the bell," was the hurried answer. "Now, to get there, before the boat starts!"

As he spoke, they reached the corner. Jack slightly checked his mares to turn it safely. Below, at the foot of the hill, the boat was seen, apparently just about to leave the dock.

Giving a sharp hillo to attract the boatmen's attention, Jack gathered his reins more firmly, and settled himself well in his seat. Then, between his set teeth, he hissed,

"Now, Maida, for life or death!"

With the words, he swung his long lash around, and brought it down, quick and sharp, across the haunches of the mare. Mad with the insult, for she had never felt the whip before, she sprung furiously forward, Psyche keeping stride as frantically.

The runners whizzed down the frozen hill, the snow flying off from them in powdering puffs. There were a few moments of breathless suspense, and then the sleigh grated on the boat.

"Up with the chain! Off with her," cried Jack, leaping from his seat, and running immediately to the chain.

But the ferryman did not wait to be assisted. Bewildered, and overawed, he obeyed; gave the signal to start; and the boat shot out from the dock, the pursuers, as yet, not being in sight.

Now, for the first time, Jack breathed freely. At this moment Ames was seen turning the corner at last. He came at headlong speed, standing up, and shouting to the boat to stop.

But it was too late.

More than that! Whirling around the corner, the sleigh swung far to the left, struck a hidden stone, upset, and pitched Ames head foremost into a snow-bank. Mr. Roslyn, having kept his seat, was not a victim to so great an extent. He soon scrambled out from the wreck, and the last Jack saw of him was his wobegone and puzzled countenance, directed now toward the receding boat, and now toward the legs of his companion sticking high in air.

Meantime the horses were dashing on at a furious rate, and were only caught later by floundering into a drift, where they stalled themselves, and were caught.

The boat soon landed Jack and his bride on the shores of the neighboring State of New York. Little Myra was fairly

"O'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."

As all the arrangements had been made the day before, the fugitive pair were speedily married, and long before their pursuers could have followed, even if they had attempted it.

Of course, I never was forgiven for my share in Jack's abominable transactions. I had, after great exertion, managed to get to St. John's church, where I waited, with most exemplary patience, (I cannot say as much for Mrs. Roslyn,) with the other guests, until Ames finally made his appearance; and I must do myself the justice to add, that I bore his wrath and Mrs. Roslyn's vituperations with equal fortitude and indifference.

Jack and Myra had a pretty hard life of it, as far as money goes, for some time; but, oh! how happy they were. People called Jack a fool, until they saw his wife, and then they invariably and basely went over to the enemy, and fell in love with little Myra on the spot. It was curious to see how that child won hearts. Denbigh Hazeldean was devoted to her, and would have had them live at Hazel Court; but no! neither Jack or she would listen to such an arrangement. But one bright June morning, when they were staying at Preston Hill, after

Myra had finally induced her father to forgive her, as Myra sat trying to convince me that a queer, pink object, with blinking eyes, was "the very image of Jack," in marched baby's papa, with so grave a face that we both jumped up in alarm.

"Nothing is the matter, little one," said Jack, throwing an arm around both his treasures, "only Clarence Hazeldean was thrown from his horse, yesterday, and killed instantly."

Myra and I gave an exclamation of horror.

"And uncle Denbigh writes me that he is glad that Hazel Court will now descend, after the old man's death, to those he loves as well as Jack and Myra."

Myra's eyes were overflowing, and Jack's were not dry. I knew how he had been dreading that coming winter.

"It would never have been but for you," whispered Myra, as she kissed me lovingly, with wet cheeks against mine.

"Ha, Myra!" and I pinched her pretty ear to hide my own emotion. "Tell me how often the juvenile heir of Hazel Court will be rocked asleep to the dear old tune of "JOCK O' HAZEL-DEAN."

DOWN THE RIVER

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Slow down the river we drifted together,
Close to the shore,
Talking of birds and of bright sunny weather,
Love's tender lore.
Bright were the waves; but her blue eyes were brighter,
Deeper by far;
White were the lilies, but fairer and whiter,
Pure as a star,
Was her sweet face, with its swift-fading flushes,
Turned toward the shore;
Watching the quiver of reeds and of rushes,
Stirred by my oar.

Softer and brighter than sunshine, her tresses
Drooped round her face,
Touching her white neck with tender caresses,
Charmed with its grace.
Oh! the strange brightness that hung o'er the river,
Flooding the air!
Life would be sweet, could we float on forever,
Free from all care;
Just as we drifted that day o'er the billows,
Careless and free,
On down the river, past tangled old willows,
On toward the sea!

Birds sang about us, their songs sweetly tender,
That golden day,
Deep in the shadow of some old tree's splendor,
Hidden away;

And in our hearts was a melody sweeter
Than that of birds;
Richer and rarer, by far, and completer,
Too sweet for words.
Eye spoke to eye, and each heart knew its meaning,
Thrilling the while
With a great joy, while o'er us leaning,
Bright with a smile,
Arched the blue sky, full of Summer's soft glory,
And in our ear
Winds whispered gently a vague, dreamy story,
Pleasant to hear.

So down the river we drifted together,
Past rush and reeds,
Past lilies laughing to see such sweet weather,
By tangled weeds,
Under the willows that held their arms o'er us,
Laden with shade,
Whispering softly, in low, dreamy chorus,
While breezes played
Over the water, in sunshine and shadow,
Drifted our boat
On past the forest, and pasture, and meadow,
Slowly afloat.
So down the river we drifted together,
Blue sky above,
Out on the sea, in that bright, sunny weather—
Out on the ocean of love.

PUT OUT OF THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

It was an ominously dull evening, even in Broadway. The rain beat on the top of Miss Hubbard's hackney-coach, and drenched the windows, and shut her and old Mrs. M'Intosh inside into a little jolting cell of gloom and uneasy discomfort. Lotty wiped the foggy pane and peered out, her heart beginning to swell and throb under her neat, little, buttony jacket. New York to her was a jungle, full of corruption and wild beasts, through which, like another innocent Una, she had to make her way, without any especial lion to protect her.

"Do you think the driver knows the way, aunt Selina?" she said.

"The colonel's own man is beside him, child. We're safe enough."

Mrs. M'Intosh spoke tartly, folding her black shawl over her spare breast, and pinning it tight with the air of a woman prepared for action, and by no means to be taken at advantage. "It would have become Col. Leeds better to have met us himself, instead of sending his lackey to receive the orphan daughter of his old friend; that's my opinion, Charlotte. Or his son—his son ought to be old enough now to know how to be civil. If Ned Leeds lives in the beggarly fashion he used to, from hand to mouth, a rich ward like you will be a godsend to him—he ought to be thankful for it. Why, when that fellow used to come down to your father's, for a month's gunning and fishing, with his diamond rings and flesh-colored gloves, his shirts were only fronts, Charlotte! shams, worn over flannel; and half the time there were no socks under his French boots. You see, I superintended the wash. Oh! I know what Ned Leeds' sort is well!"

"My father always regarded Col. Leeds as a most exquisite gentleman," said Miss Hubbard, stiffly. "He was very proud to call him his friend. You know, aunt Selina, father was but a poor farmer when the colonel boarded with him."

"I know all about it, Lotty," said Mrs. M'Intosh; and then fell into silence, for the cool indifference of their reception bewildered as well as angered her.

Charlotte Hubbard, sole heiress to the great Hubbard lead-mine, was game that did not

often fall to Ned Leeds. To be sure, her property was out of his reach. But the sum set aside by her father to recompense her guardian, for his care of her until she was of age and was introduced into the New York world, was enough, in Mrs. M'Intosh's opinion, to crush that needy gentleman under a load of gratitude. She had received with grim satisfaction, the colonel's courteous letter requesting her to accept the post of chaperon to Miss Hubbard. "A post," he said, "rendered doubly necessary by the fact that my poor house and rough way of living has been so long unsoftened and unrefined by womanly presence." She was quite willing to go in the train of the monied princess. It would be much pleasanter employment to inaugurate decent housekeeping in the rough house, and to oversee giddy Lotty, than to make up the winter dresses of the farmers' and storekeepers' wives about Coldsden. She had kept her own counsel as to her secret opinion of the colonel heretofore. But it was provoked from her now. "To send his lackey," she said again and again. "Ned Leeds' footman laughing at my hair-trunk! But so the wheel goes, up and down!"

Miss Hubbard was dryly silent. But she was disappointed. Secretly, she had regarded herself as worthy of some sort of royal reception. She had been such a hard-worked little girl when her father bought that plat of waste land in Illinois; she had milked, cooked, tied up the radishes for the hucksters, like all the rest of the farmers' daughters. The lead-mine opened a sudden fairy-land of wealth to her. It was the old story of Cinderella over again. She had begun since then to look at her face in the glass through a glamour of romance; and she had supposed Col. Leeds and his associates would do the same.

Suddenly the carriage drew up in front of a house brilliantly lighted from attic to basement.

It was a mansion stately enough, in Lotty's eyes, to make her draw a quicker breath of timid astonishment as she crossed the pavement, and entered the wide arch between the two rounded pillars. But even by gaslight Mrs. M'Intosh's eyes were wide open. She saw that the massive pile was of stone, and not plastered, and that the inlaid floor was of

genuine marble. She caught a glimpse of a dimly-shaded library and dining-room beyond, glittering with lights and silver, before they went up to the drawing-room floor. It was all very like a palace to poor Lotty.

"At least, they have prepared to receive us," said Mrs. M'Intosh, complacently.

A grave, elderly gentleman advanced to meet them at the foot of the stairs with outstretched hands.

"And this is Dan Hubbard's daughter," he said. "My daughter now."

And he slowly scanned her from head to foot, and then kissed her hand solemnly.

Lotty felt herself, in some subtle way, appraised and taken into possession. She had never been less her own mistress than in that next moment, when the grave, middle-aged gentleman stood holding her fingers in his white, pulpy hand, and looking, with tears in his eyes, on the ground, said, "You are very like your father, child. But there!" with a forced smile. "This is no time for thoughts like these," giving the other hand to Mrs. M'Intosh, "you are both welcome to my poor home. It is old and worn, as you see: it better suits the fortunes of a family gone with it into decay; but its roof was always ready to shelter the orphan. Do not stand any longer on the threshold."

He turned now, and beckoned to a lady in the background.

"This is Mrs. Lusk, my housekeeper," he said. "She will show you to your apartments. Remember," with an impressive glance that took them both in, "this is your home. You command in your apartments as I in mine. I never shall enter them without your permission. I will bid you good-night now. It will be kindest, I am sure, to leave you to repose."

Lotty glanced back at the fatherly face, which watched her as she went up the stairs. She never had seen one more genial and benignant, she thought; and she was ready to cry from nervous joy. She followed aunt Selina in a sort of dream. Mrs. Lusk went before, polished, but austere, like most English servants here. She knew her duties, but she rated properly the plebeian country to which necessity had driven her. She preceded the scared, yet delighted Lotty, through the luxurious dressing-rooms, wide chambers, and boudoir, which occupied the whole left wing of the house.

"This is the suite of apartments set apart for you and Miss Hubbard, madam," she said, stopping at last, and scrupulously addressing

the elder lady. "Miss Hubbard's maid is in waiting. Dinner will be served whenever you desire it."

Now it was about the hour when aunt Selina usually drank her cup of tea, slaked her fire, and went to bed. She rose equal to the occasion, however.

"Is not Miss Hubbard to dine with Col. Leeds?" she said. "I observe that the house is still lighted."

"Col. Leeds entertains a party of gentlemen, to-night," said Mrs. Lusk. She hesitated, and then went on. "I understood, that, as the young lady had not yet made her *debut*, it was her guardian's wish that her meals should be served in her own rooms when there were strangers in the house."

"Ay, indeed! Very well. You may go!" said Mrs. M'Intosh, nodding gruffly, by way of showing that she knew how to treat a servant.

As soon as the housekeeper had rustled out, Mrs. M'Intosh drew up her skirts and put her feet on the fender. After this, she remained grimly silent until the dinner had been served and eaten. Slight as the repast was, it hinted at mysteries of cooking, to which her skill was but scullion-work. The silver glittered miraculously. The delicate damask was snowier than any ever blanched even in the pure air of Coldsden.

"And this is what Ned Leeds calls rough housekeeping, truly," she growled, as the servant withdrew. "I've dreamed of houses kept like this; but I never thought to find one, and that one Ned Leeds! The man looks as genuine as the house. He wears even his own gray hair. I doubt I'll have to take back what I said of him. Though that's sheer folly, wearing your hair gray when dye's so cheap. It's a parade of honesty, in my notion," with an uneasy smoothing of her own oily black locks.

Lotty made no reply. She was stunned. Dropping so roughly out of her *role* of princess, into that of a country school-girl, received out of sheer kindness, and to be kept in the nursery until she was old enough not to disgrace her guardian, quite dazed her. She was suddenly miserably conscious of her ignorance and awkwardness, and quite sure that the low place was the rightful one. For Lotty was naturally a humble, simple-hearted girl; and in this new world of stately ceremony, of beauty, music, culture, and quiet ease, the lead-mine, which had so dazzled her, seemed such a wretched heap of poor and common metal!

CHAPTER II.

BREAKFAST was over. Col. Leeds had lingered, sipping his glass of claret, and questioning his ward, as he was wont to do, about her yesterday's lessons, before he retired to his study; but he was gone at last. Mrs. M'Intosh was bearing a sick headache, up in her room, with the grim endurance of an Indian; but still Lotty loitered alone, looking vacantly out into the open square beyond. She turned hastily, as a small, fair-haired young man entered, and rose blushing, as he thought, like the milk-maid that she was.

"Do not go, cousin Lotty," he said, putting out his delicate, ringed hand. "No one can make my tea like you. Besides," as he sat down and daintily disposed his napkin, "you surely need not be always eager to escape to that nunnery of yours up stairs. How is it that you are so devoted to study? Were you actually born different from all of us weak, young people?"

Lotty's hand shook, as she put the sugar in the cup; and the tears rushed to her eyes. "Indeed, cousin Fred, I am more tired than anybody knows," she said. "I might as well be in a nunnery, as you say," checking herself with a half sob.

Young Mr. Leeds shot a shrewd glance at her under his light eyelashes; then he looked her straight in the face tenderly, putting down his fork.

"Is it possible," he said, "that my father has mistaken your wishes? From your letter, before you came, he thought your sole wish was to go on with your studies, and that you desired to avoid all gayety? Is it not so, Lotty?"

Miss Hubbard stammered. "I don't know what I said in my letter," she answered, pettishly. "One ought not to be called to account for every hasty word. I only know that in these two months I have been shut up like a prisoner, and treated like a child. I am tired of English, and French, and music-masters. I want some other amusement than a solemn pace about the square with Mrs. M'Intosh."

"Poor child! You miss the fresh air of the country," he said, compassionately.

Lotty gained courage. "I miss more than that. There is no use in forcing me to study—there never was. I cannot understand books; I have the very dullest brains that ever were made, cousin Frederick." She put her hands up to her forehead, as she spoke, looking into his face with a gravity and distress that would have provoked a smile from any one else. But

young Mr. Leeds only sipped his tea thoughtfully, turning his lightish eyes by turns from Lotty to the omelet before him.

"There has been a sad misunderstanding here," he said, gently, at last. "But, by the terms of your father's will, you are only to remain with us until you are married. I do not see what is to be done. My father is a man of iron will, and he has but little patience with any change of mind."

"Unless—unless *you* could help me!" impetuously said Lotty. "He can be managed by you, cousin Frederick; he is so tender and devoted to you."

Fred Leeds raised his cup suddenly to conceal his face. When he put it down, he said, "You have quick insight, Lotty. Perhaps you are right. At all events, he cannot object to your breathing fresh air. I will beg leave to drive you out this afternoon. With the dragon, M'Intosh, to mount guard, of course."

"Oh, cousin Fred! You are so good! So good!" and Lotty jumped up and went to stand beside him, her face flushing into prettiness. "You don't know what it is to be a prisoner in the midst of such wonders as there are in New York."

"A prisoner? What nonsense!" said the young man, contracting his eyes. The next few minutes he ate his breakfast in silence, while Lotty assiduously helped him to sugar, or cut his bread. Then he put down knife and fork, and slowly took her chubby brown hand in his own. He handled it so delicately, and spoke so slowly, looking away from her the while, that one might have fancied the effort cost him some uncomfortable qualms.

"Miss Hubbard, I—I hope," he said, "that, whether I am able to serve you in this matter, or not, you will regard me as your friend? Your nearest friend, Lotty?"

"Oh, yes, cousin Frederick! You've been very kind to me—very kind. As soon as you made me call you cousin, I knew we were going to be allies."

"Yes; allies," languidly dropping her fingers and touching the bell. "A fresh omelet, Stephen. Perhaps you had better run up to your books, Lotty. Your Italian master will soon be here."

Lotty nodded and vanished, and he gave a sigh of relief.

His father entered soon after the servant, and dismissing him, drew a chair close beside the table. Fred's insignificant features hardened a little, but he took no further notice of him. One would hardly recognize the stern

father of Lotty's acquaintance, iron in virtue and in will, with only one weakness, that one of tender devotion to this gentle son. They watched each other furtively, like two slow-moving leopards, about to wrangle over the prize of some dead carcass.

"What have you done, Frederick?" the older man said at last.

Fred pushed away his plate, wiped his fair mustache carefully, and rising, stood by the fire. "Very little, I confess. Try a segar, sir?"

"It seems to me you are cursedly deliberate!" rising also, angrily. "There is no time to lose."

"There is plenty of time. There's no need to shake an over-ripe pear. The girl would drop into my arms to-morrow."

"I do not believe it. She has her father's steady eyes. Both shrewdness and sense were behind them, I can tell you, in Dan Hubbard's brain. A weightier brain than yours, Frederick."

"Perhaps so," replied the son, indifferently. "I would not be surprised if the girl added shrewdness to her other disagreeable qualities."

"The girl is well enough," gruffly retorted the father.

"She is utterly distasteful to me," answered Fred, with almost energy. "She is homely, awkward, underbred, and, worst of all, affectionate. I hate a woman ready to lap your hand, like a spaniel, for a kind word."

"If all the women with whom you associate, were as pure and frank as poor Hubbard's daughter, you would be better able to understand her."

Fred Leeds turned sharply on his father, as though he suspected some covert meaning in the angry retort. But the old man walked on up and down the room, without noticing that his son watched him breathlessly, the segar going out in his mouth.

"It is time to be done with this folly, Frederick," Leeds said, stopping at last, and leaning heavily with both hands on the table before him. "It is too late for you to consult your whims and caprices as to your wife. I proposed the bargain to you fairly, five months ago. The money paid to me as guardian would have supported me for years in the way I then lived. With this house and retinue it will barely last a twelvemonth. I agreed to take the house, deceive the girl as to both my position and purposes, and to keep her for you out of the reach of any other suitor. The way is open for you to win and marry her. On the

wedding-day, half of the stock of the lead-mine is handed over to me. It was a fair business contract. I have done my part. Now I look for you to do yours."

"Unfortunately, I am a gentleman," said the son, sulkily, "I have the feelings and tastes of one. I am willing to give them up, but I'll not be bullied into it. I must have time."

"No, you will not have time," coolly said the colonel. "You do not deceive me, Fred. There is some reason for your repugnance, besides a mere captious dislike of the woman. I don't know what it is, and I don't ask. But this I do know, that if you shirk and dally longer in this matter, you may go back to the hells at Baden-Baden, and starve again there. I will marry the girl myself. I give you two months to decide."

Frederick stared in his father's face. But he did not laugh. "You will marry her yourself?" he said, turning suddenly and scanning both faces in the mirror as they stood side-by-side. "You could do it, Col. Leeds," he drawled at last. "Upon my soul, I look as old as you do. I haven't your constitution, you see. I must pull up—pull up."

"It is time," dryly said the father. "When you have made up your mind, let me know;" and he turned to leave the room.

"I need not deliberate about it," said Fred, stopping him. "I know what it must come to. I'll take her."

Col. Leeds nodded, and went out.

The son sat down, gloomily, and looked into the fire.

An hour after, he was still sitting there motionless, his unlighted segar between his teeth.

CHAPTER III.

THE afternoon was warm and mellow. The colonel's bays were in such high condition, that they left the teams of the other young fellows in the Park far in the background. Mrs. M'Intosh was grim, but silent. Everything combined to put Fred Leeds in good-humor with himself and the world.

Lotty, too, did not cause him any uneasy blushes. She was more presentable than he had hoped. There was none of that effusion or *brusquerie*, which annoyed him ordinarily. Her dress was quiet and well considered. Besides, there was a certain thoughtful self-poise about her, when in public, that surprised, while it puzzled and piqued him.

He brought out his most brilliant small-talk to amuse her. Suddenly, in the middle of a

sentence, he stopped, with a sort of gasp, and unconsciously pulled the horses back on their haunches, forcing them to turn in the narrow path.

"Are we going back? Are you ill?" cried Lotty.

He rallied, and recovered his self-possession at her words.

"I am not well," he said, compressing his bloodless lips.

"Hillo, Leeds!" cried a voice behind them at this moment.

Fred touched the off-horse with his whip, his eyes glittering, with an unspoken oath.

"Some one calls you, Frederick. It is that—that young man on the bridge," said Lotty. "See, he is coming this way."

Frederick drew up with a ghastly smile of welcome.

"Is that really you, Dick?" he said, affecting to be quite glad. "I couldn't believe it at first. I thought you were in Europe. When did you come over?"

While he was speaking, Lotty glanced shyly at the stranger. He was altogether of a different type from Fred. Tall, finely-proportioned, singularly intelligent in face, and with a manner that was as superior to Fred's as possible, because it seemed to her even much higher-bred; he impressed her with a curiously strange feeling, part admiration, part fear. Turning suddenly to look at her, he found Lotty scrutinizing him. Her eyes dropped guiltily, and the blood rose over cheek and brow.

"We came on the Persia," answered the stranger, replying calmly to Fred. "When I saw you first, I wasn't sure it was you, either. But I recognized you by your way of holding the ribbons. I wish," he said, laughingly, with his hand on the rein, "you were a horse for an hour, and I'd show you how you ought to be driven."

"Many thanks," laughed Leeds, feebly. "You always had a fellow feeling for the beasts, you know. I claim no kinship with them. Call round, Wortley. Or—stay—I'll see you at the club, to-night."

But Wortley did not move. He glanced significantly at Lotty.

"Surely you see why I stopped you?" he whispered. "She is my cousin, you remember."

"Oh, true!" hastily. "I'll bring you home from the club to-night," jerking the reins.

But Wortley evidently divined Fred's intention, and was not to be out-generaled. He turned to Lotty.

"I will not have you carried off from me in so cavalier a fashion," he said, taking off his cap. "You see," with a laugh, "you are Dan Hubbard's little girl, that I used to tease until she cried; and I am Richard Wortley, your only living relative. Now we are presented in form. My mother told me that you were here this morning. We only came back from Paris last week."

Lotty was cold and shy. She could call little, effeminate Fred Leeds cousin easily enough, and be familiar with him, though he was no blood relation at all. But this six-foot young fellow, with his hearty voice, yet polished, man-of-the-world address, was another matter."

"I am afraid I do not remember you, Mr. Wortley," she said, hesitatingly.

"No, of course not. You were but a toddling mite of a thing. I used to be sent down to the farm to keep me out of mischief. I was a very ruffian of a boy."

"But I have heard my father speak of Mrs. Wortley," said Lotty, thinking she had been rude, and wishing to make amends. "Why did she not come to see me?"

"She could not," his voice altering. "My mother has been an invalid for many years. It will be a great happiness for her to meet any of her own blood. She is a staunch adherent to kith and kin. When may I call on you?"

Lotty glanced anxiously at Mr. Leeds, but the latter kept his head obstinately turned away. "Come to-morrow," she said, at last. "I don't think there can be any difficulty —"

"No. How could there be? Fred here can vouch for me. We are friends—I am his bosom confidant, eh, Leeds?" touching him with a significant laugh.

"Yes, certainly, we are always friends," answered Leeds, with an odd laugh, thus appealed to.

"And we are cousins, Miss Hubbard—and going to be friends in a different fashion from Fred's and mine. I can prophecy; I have the second-sight," with a look which was steady, but not bold, yet which brought the blood into her face.

Leeds raised his reins as if to start, and then halted suddenly. "I must see you, Richard. Wait for me here. I will be back in half an hour," he said.

Dick nodded, and replied, "I understand. You want news from Leipsic. Be happy! I have nothing but what is good to give you."

He bowed again, and they drove on. But Lotty, looking back, saw him standing with

his cap in his hand, watching them, the sun through the leaves overhead making flickering shadows over his black hair and frank, brown face. The young ladies who rode by that way, turned and looked after him; they were all artists enough to appreciate what Lotty called a manly man.

Fred Leeds drove home in silence. It occurred to her, as they reached his father's door, that he was playing his part but badly. "I have not made your holiday very happy for you, Lotty," he said, tenderly. "My thoughts were very busy."

"I knew," she said, good-naturedly. "It was because you saw Mr. Wortley."

"What could Richard Wortley matter to me?" he answered, quickly and angrily.

"I thought he brought you news," archly. "I fancied some pretty fraulein at Leipsic."

"There is no fraulein for whom I care out of my own home," said Leeds, meaningly.

But as soon as Lotty was fairly in the house, he sprang into the phaeton, and drove rapidly back to the Park.

Lotty, as she went up stairs, blushed at his compliment; but soon after she had quite forgot it. Leeds brooded over it to himself, however, as he drove on, as though it conveyed some import below its surface meaning.

"Curse it!" he said, at last. "Let it go! They have the grappling hooks on me on every side. It's not my fault if they drag me into the pit."

He found Wortley waiting for him. The latter sprang up into the phaeton. Fred handed over the reins as a matter of course. The horses went off at once into a swinging trot.

"Look at that!" testily cried Fred. "They would not take that pace for me!"

"They know who holds the lines," said Wortley; "they recognize the brotherhood, eh? If I could induce a woman to care for me as some horses have done, I'd marry to-morrow. How long has Miss Hubbard been with you, Fred? Your father is her guardian, they tell me."

"I don't know how long," drawled young Leeds, listlessly. "She has a snug sum to guard. The old man's investments in Western land turned out well—lead-mine."

Wortley's countenance fell.

"I did not know that," he said, directly. "An heiress, eh? Well, it don't matter to me. How she did hate me when she was a baby! She's got a spice of temper yet, I fancy?"

"We did not come here to discuss Miss Hubbard's temper," said the other, peevishly.

"No, of course not. But it always goes with that colored hair. I wonder if she knows what a prize she has in it. Reddish gold, the true Titian color. And waved like the hair on a Greek statue. What our fellows at Rome would have given to copy it! But I forgot. You want to ask about Luisa?"

"Yes, Luisa," with a groan.

"Well, she is as fleshy and fair as always, a regular Rubens. There's no chance of your becoming a widower. I saw her at the gaming saloon at Baden, in the old, shabby velvet and sham pearls. She was raking in the gold with the greedy twinkle in her pretty face. Those German women never know how to get themselves up." He hesitated a moment, looking down compassionately into Leeds' pale insignificant face, then added, "I know but of one thing about her to tell you."

"She has made our marriage public?"

"No, not so bad as that. No one would believe it in Baden-Baden, if she did."

"No one knew of it but you and Fisher," looking up keenly; "and Fisher is dead."

"Yes, Fisher is dead. It was a bad piece of business, Fred. How did you come into it?"

"Drunk. I'd been playing in their bank all night. Her father was croupier. There was no end to my luck. I won, and drank, and made love to Luisa by turns. The next morning I found myself out at Diehlshof: with her, and married."

Wortley whistled.

"Well, Luisa's an honest girl, as far as I know," he said, at last. "Only— However, she's coming over."

"Good God!"

"Yes, it's bad enough. She will wait until spring for you, and if you do not send for her, she will come and find you."

"No one will believe her story here!" cried Fred, vehemently. "I will denounce her as an impostor."

"Not so fast, Fred. You forget me. It's a miserable affair, I know; but, after all, she is your wife: and you must treat her as one."

"You mean to say that you'll expose me?"

"I'll tell the truth, if asked. It would be my duty. Right is right, Fred."

Leeds shot a malignant glance at him, and remained silent, his head sunk low on his breast.

"It's not so bad as it might be," said Wortley, good-naturedly, after a pause. "You can insure her absence by paying for it: and there's no feeling on either side. She don't care a sou for you, Leeds."

"I'm not so sure of that," with a conceited smirk.

Wortley laughed.

"Well, I am," he said. "No, it might be worse. If you were a marrying man, for instance!"

"But I am not," hastily.

"No. How could you be? Shall I turn back to town? The sun is almost down."

CHAPTER IV.

"I TELL you, Lotty, your mother had no such friend as Sophy Wortley. They were the children of the same father," said Mrs. M'Intosh, positively.

"Yes, I understand."

"And it is your duty to go to her, as she is an invalid. I mean to go. She was a bright, pretty girl when I was an old maid, a bit slighted and set aside, and she was very kind to me. That was before I married M'Intosh, and could hold up my head with any of the girls. But I never forgot it to Sophy. I'll go to her to-morrow."

"I wish you would wait, aunt Selina," blushing uneasily. "He, Richard, promised to come to see us; and that is more than a month ago. I've no mind that you or I shall intrude on anybody."

"I don't see how my movements can depend on that young puppy," said aunt Selina, indignantly. But she did not go.

Meanwhile Lotty watched, day by day, each time the door opened, for Richard or some late apology. In the dreary monotony of the daily routine of her life, the chance encounter with him had assumed the proportions of an adventure. Wortley was an artist, too, as she had learned from Fred; and poor. There was a glamour of romance about all artists, seen from Lotty's country-bred vision. He had not, indeed, a pale face, nor tawny, Vandyke beard, nor did he wear a belted velvet blouse. But day by day a square, firm, good-tempered countenance under a round, felt hat, and a tall figure in an English morning-suit of coarse gray, began to take their place in her mind, as the proper face and garb of a great genius.

"An artist must be a man of his times," she used to say to herself, "to master them." She found an occasional mention or two in the daily journals about the pictures brought home by Wortley, who promised to be among the first of our *genre* painters, and she cut them out and kept them in her pocket-book.

It was not until another month had passed,

after the conversation with her aunt, that she summoned courage to speak of him.

"Your friend, Mr. Wortley," she said, one day, to her cousin, "forgot us very speedily, cousin Fred."

They were at the breakfast-table. Col. Leeds shot a keen glance at her over his newspaper; but Fred buttered his toast leisurely before replying.

"Oh, Dick!" he said. "I don't suppose he remembered his promise for a day. The most fickle-minded fellow!"

"Young Wortley has gone South," said the colonel, shortly. "He will not return until spring."

Fred lifted his gray eyes to his father with a flash of surprise. "I believe I did hear something of the sort," he said, languidly.

Lotty did not feel called upon to reply.

"You can have no objection to call on your aunt Sophy now," said Mrs. M'Intosh, when they were back in their own room. "You should not slight your mother's sister because she has an unmannerly son."

"No, I can have no objection now."

Lotty began to sing. Her heart was strangely sore, without cause; and she fancied that every one could see it. So she sang instinctively to divert suspicion from herself.

"We'll go there to-day, instead of to the square," said aunt Selina, in a fever of excitement. "I will get the address from the Directory; and I would say nothing about it to the Leeds."

"No. I'll say nothing about it."

They hurried through the by-streets, and were jolted along in omnibusses, that afternoon, silent and flushed, like two school-girls on a clandestine frolic. "There's no reason why you should not go to your mother's sister," the old lady repeated again and again. "You are not a child, nor a felon, to be locked up. Neither am I."

"No," said Lotty.

But she never owned to aunt Selina how the young blood revolted in her against her enforced solitude. What would she not have given to claim, as a mere acquaintance, any of the thousand bright-faced girls who daily passed her window. But she could not go out and ask them to be her friends; and as for opera, or ball, to which Fred was driven night after night, how she did, day after day, long for them? She was not sure.

Every morning Col. Leeds praised her for the purity of her instincts, which had made his task as guardian so easy. "For my creed is

that of the French school," he was wont to say. "Only under the guardianship of a husband should a young woman face the world."

Thus it happened that this visit to an elderly aunt became an exciting adventure.

They found the house at last.

"I did not think Sophy was so poor as—*this*," said Mrs. M'Intosh, and her wrinkled fingers shook as she pulled the bell.

"It is a very nice little row of houses, I am sure," said Lotty, hastily; "and this is an artist's home, as anybody could see," nodding to some puny vines inside of the window.

The door opened as she spoke, and there was the artist himself, looking twice as big and hearty, and handsome, in the choking little door-way, as in the open air of the Park.

He colored a little, but the next moment held out his hands, cordially, to them both.

"You have come to see my mother? She thought you would. She has more faith in her sex than I have," he said, opening an inner door.

It was a large room, occupying the whole lower floor. At the first glance, Lotty thought she had never seen anything so bright, or luxurious. Mrs. M'Intosh, however, speedily detected how cheap was the soft gray paper, the mull curtains, which gave the effect of moonlight, the flowers, and the rose-colored chintz. Drawn up before the wood-fire was a large chair, on which reclined a white-haired woman, with a rare, cheerful beauty in her faded face.

"You've come at last!" she cried, putting out her thin hands.

The voice, weak as it was, was curiously like her son's. Lotty stood back, blushing, thinking how musical both voices were, and how unlike to all others. The looks and gestures of these two people, their house, the very air about them, were all like strange, rare music to poor Lotty. She found herself seated beside Richard's mother presently, with the thin hand laid caressingly on her hair.

"You are like your mother, child," said Mrs. Wortley, talking eagerly as one who is forced to be often silent. "Here is her wonderful hair. I've so often told Richard about that hair! I knew you would come to me, although you refused to see poor Dick, day after day."

Lotty looked her surprise.

"She never knew he was there!" broke in Mrs. M'Intosh.

Mrs. Wortley glanced up quickly. Then a meaning smile broke over her gentle face. "No matter. It was a mistake," she said. "You are here at last. Dick—where is Dick?"

looking round. "Gone into the studio, I suppose. He thought we could talk better without a lumbering young fellow in the way."

"And right enough! You have no daughters, Sophy?" said Mrs. M'Intosh.

"None. Nobody but Richard." Then, in a lower tone, "I do not want any one else."

"He's a good son, no doubt?"

"Yes, he is a good son," quietly. "He has been my sole nurse and companion for seven years."

She shaded her eyes with her hand as she spoke; but Lotty saw the tears in them, nevertheless. They touched her strangely. She was glad Mrs. Wortley was silent and did not praise her son, fluently, to aunt Selina. Lotty thought the tie between them was too sacred to be boasted of to strangers. Yet it would have seemed quite natural to her if the mother had spoken of it to her.

"Are you altogether dependant on your son, Sophy?" asked aunt Selina, who always liked to get to the bottom of a matter.

"Altogether. He does not find me a burden. I think," smiling. "His pictures command high prices now. I was with him abroad. We lived very cheaply, and he thought the water of the Kissinger Spa might help me."

Lotty sat quiet on her low stool, while the two women went back to their girlish days. She was in that mood when a word would have brought a laugh, or tears. She did not know what ailed her. She did not know why this commonplace, little house, one of a long, unmeaning block, should seem like a new world to her; its air purer, and the sunshine, which threw the shadows of the window-vines on the floor, different from any she had ever known. She sat listening to the musical tones of Mrs. Wortley's voice. The invalid's hand yet rested on her head. Lotty was trying to find—what was it she was trying to find in it? Her neck and face were dyed red with shame. What was Richard Wortley to her?

Lotty, who had grown sickly and morbid in mind and body from her unwonted confinement, heard the conversation without distinguishing a word. It was full of happy prophecy to her, to which she could give no meaning, even to herself.

She started and put herself unnecessarily on guard, when the door opened, and Richard came in, pallet in hand. Lotty noticed the quick, loving glance, that passed between him and his mother.

"Have you ever seen a painter's work-shop, Miss Hubbard?" he said. "These two old

friends are full of rememberings, I've no doubt, and you are tired of them, and they of you. Will you come?"

When Lotty remembered the painter's workshop, years afterward, she never could convince herself that it was but a little three-cornered room, littered with plaster, busts, canvases daubed with blues and grays, incipient skies and seas, broken easels, and a heap of greasy cloths in one corner. It was a wonderful dream of form and color to her, even to remember, when she was a middle-aged woman. Yet she was weighed down with a sense of her own dullness all the time. It was easy to chatter with Fred Leeds, to humor and flatter him, and to laugh secretly at his conceit. But Dick! To anybody else he would, perhaps, have seemed but a sturdy, generous fellow, full of energy and resolute good sense, with which to push his way through the world. But he towered in Lotty's eyes, crowned with genius, inspired with chivalry. Did not the knights of old succor the weak and helpless? she said, to herself, remembering his care for his mother. There was a strange film over her usually keen eyes. She stammered and blushed with every effort to reply to Dick's good-natured explanations.

When she was gone, Mrs. Wortley summoned him to her room, for their usual gossip before tea. The sunshine had given place to a gray sky, and there was a little flurry of snow outside. The wood-fire burned bright and cheerful. Mrs. Wortley held her boy's big brown hand in her own.

"What did you think of Lotty, your cousin, Richard?" she said.

"She's a dull little body," he answered, indifferently, "and as shy as a deer just caught. It is much easier to entertain young ladies gifted with the customary amount of small-talk. I was rather glad to be rid of her. But she has one exquisite expression; otherwise the face is commonplace."

"I think there is a great deal of beauty latent in her face—beauty that any one she loved could waken."

"Possibly," he said, carelessly. "Shall we have tea, mother?"

"I am sorry you feel no more interest in the poor little thing, Richard," she replied, with a disappointed look. "She has her father's honest features and her mother's tender mouth. They were both very dear to me, and I fancied——"

"You always fancy," said Dick, after waiting in vain for her to finish, "that I want

some other helpmeet than you, you dear, foolish mother; and you are incessantly on the watch to find me one. One sees easily through your cunning. But this little girl wears too much gilt armor for Dick Wortley. I'm no fortune-hunter, thank God! Leeds need not have taken the precaution to warn me off."

"Edward Leeds designs to marry her to his son, I find, from what Selina tells me. They keep the girl in absolute solitude, that the young man may have no chance of rivals. She came even here by stealth."

"Mrs. M-Intosh is mistaken. Fred Leeds does not intend to marry her," said Dick, indifferently, pulling off his boots, and thrusting his feet into slippers.

"But she is not mistaken, Richard. The colonel announced his opinion of the suitability of the match to her; and his son is leaving no means unturned to win her."

"With what success?"

"Selina thinks he has made himself very dear to the girl. She is more confidential with him than any one else. She trusts him entirely."

Dick sat staring in the fire, his hands in his pockets, for some time. "It couldn't be mother," he said, at last, quietly. "Fred Leeds is a tricky fellow, but he has not courage to be a villain. I'll have my eye on him, however."

Mrs. Wortley looked up curiously, but Richard offered no explanation.

"I do not understand you, my son," she said, gently, at last. "But if you can be a friend to Lotty, I hope that you will."

"I'll see, at any rate, that the poor little thing comes to no harm among them," he said.

"Ah! here is Jessy with the tea."

But Mrs. Wortley was not hungry. She sat dipping her spoon in her cup of tea, admiring the amber color in the firelight, and glancing furtively at Dick, the while she built wonderful castles in Spain for him.

CHAPTER V.

A fortnight afterward, Richard met the lean figure and soured face of Mrs. M-Intosh coming down the stairs. He went into his mother's room and kissed her brightened face. "Ah! you have been taking another journey into lang syne, mother! I believe you find the fountain of youth there, and manage to get a sip of it every time. No young woman's eyes are as tender or lips so soft as yours."

"You are a silly boy. Selina is coming to

tea to-morrow night, and Lotty—I asked them.”

“I’m glad of that, for I have an errand in Hoboken to-morrow night, and otherwise you’d be alone. I wish you would ascertain if there is any real danger of her marriage with Leeds. I have a reason. Find out the truth, even at the risk of seeming intrusive.”

“Yes, Richard.”

Dick said no more. But he was quiet and thoughtful all day. He was arguing with himself. It was the wisest course for him to take himself off to Hoboken. But was it the manliest? There was no need of his falling in love with any girl against his will; and ought he not to give his personal attention to this matter? Was he not, in some sort, Lotty’s rightful guardian? She was a mere child—innocent, shy, an easy prey to Fred Leeds’ villainy. Of course, the matter would never end in marriage. But was he right in suffering her heart to be won and corrupted by such a vile wretch? She was never suffered to see any man but this whey-faced scoundrel; if she had any interest or tie outside of the Leeds’ house, she would be safe. If she had even a friend, she would not then be so apt to fancy the world contained but the one human being.

Dick paced to and from his canvas all day, dashing on remarkable effects and blotting them out again.

In the evening he went to his mother, looking, we must say, a little embarrassed.

“Have you ordered supper for to-morrow?” he said. “If not, never mind. I’ll call in at Delmonico’s and attend to it.”

“You are going to be at home, then, Richard?”

7 “Yes. I find that errand to Hoboken can wait.”

“I am very glad, my dear,” she said, placidly.

But when he was gone, she laughed softly to herself, with a satisfied little nod.

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER was there an evening which had less right to be dull, or a failure. The fresh, bright room was freshened and brightened again. First, Richard brought in more flowers. Then, he changed the pictures. Then, he dispatched a different order to Delmonico’s. He had a keen palate, and could have catered for the ghost of Lucullus himself; though he was content, any day, with a baked potato for his own dinner.

Black Jessy waylaid him in the hall.

“I’ll make some pounded biscuits for supper. You’ll get no pounded biscuits from your French cooks, mas’r Richard,” she said, anxiously.

Dick nodded. What did the eternal fitness of things matter? Let old Jessy have her share in the grand *fete*-day, and invite her soul, while she whacked away with her rolling-pin.

Fete-day? He blushed a little at his own fervor and heat, when he was before his easel again. What did the old Scotchwoman and the little country girl matter to him? But he was only anxious to please his mother. Then, satisfied with his motive, he dashed in a new line of breakers, and turned a cart in front into a capsizing ship.

“I’ve done a good day’s work,” he said. A few minutes later, looking in at his mother’s door. “I’ve brought out a very fine effect. I’ll go clear my brain by a walk.”

As for poor Lotty, her head ached, and her heart was sore before the time arrived. One wishes, in Rome, to be a Roman. Lotty wished, in the enchanted house of an artist, at least not to be a—horror. One hour she determined to attire herself in some pronounced dress, which would at once startle and win the eye; the next, she would exhibit the severest simplicity. Then she decided she would follow the reigning mode, as though her French maid had clothed her. She was so long in making up her mind that it was late before she presented herself before her aunt’s door.

“A very proper dress, my dear. The servants will think that we are going to church,” said Mrs. McIntosh.

“I am not going to steal out as a child or a felon,” said Lotty. “It is time this farce was ended,” and running down the stairs, she tapped at the library door.

Col. Leeds was alone, playing some game with dice against himself, pausing to make abstruse calculations between each throw.

“Ah! where away, little one?” he said, rising politely. “Is not the hour for your constitutional past?”

“Only to my aunt’s,” said Lotty, as innocently as little Red Riding-Hood, when the poor little child met the wolf. “We are going there for tea. You have no objections, I suppose?”

If any change had passed over the colonel’s ordinary expression, it was gone in the instant. “Surely not, dear child,” he said. “Mrs. Wortley is a most estimable woman. God bless you! I will send the carriage early,—yes,

early! Oh! by-the-way," as Lotty was almost gone, "has young Wortley returned from New Orleans?"

"Yes, he has returned—from New Orleans."

"Ah! A very clever fellow, I believe. Wants culture, but a rising artist. Good-by—good-by!" kissing his finger-tips, sitting down, and rattling his dice again.

"Now you have run your head into the trap!" cried Mrs. McIntosh, angrily, when Lotty came out of the room.

"There is no trap," replied Lotty, her cheeks glowing. "Col. Leeds has no prejudice against Mrs. Wortley, or her son. On the contrary, he was warm in his praise of them. You are unjust to him, aunt Selina—unjust!"

Aunt Selina deigned no reply. They walked on in silence. But Lotty's heart was swelling with approval of her own virtue and frankness.

They found Mrs. Wortley alone in the softly tinted room, with its clear perfume of geraniums and violets.

It was nearly dusk when Richard lounged in from his walk. During the evening, he was witty, anecdotic, complimentary—everything but his natural, cordial self. Mrs. McIntosh was charmed. But Lotty drew within herself, and answered in monosyllables. He wondered what had transformed the shy, trembling creature, whom he had met a few days before, into this quiet, prim piece of precision, who held eye and lip under as firm control as though she had been brazened by a dozen seasons of society.

"She is sure of her position. She is engaged to Fred Leeds," he thought.

He was half angry. He had come to regard the orphan as under his protection. If she was in danger, he had meant to defend her. Something of the old, zealous chivalry of the knight, to whom she likened him, had actually fired Dick Wortley's big heart. "But if she had accepted Fred Leeds," he said, to himself, when he saw her changed manner, "she must be on a par with him, in both brain and spirit; and why should I trouble myself about her?"

So Dick Wortley, at supper, dissected his crabs in bitterness of soul. Yet, after all, he reflected, he could now do his duty to the girl without peril to himself. There was no danger now, that, in proving himself her friend, he might find himself her lover. It was those shy, innocent girls, who were so dangerous: and then, love as he might, he would never marry money. Never!

But, after supper, a trifling circumstance

occurred, which altered Dick Wortley's whole course through life; for men, with even the unconquerable strength and insight with which the young artist held himself endowed, are no better than the great ships that turn hither and thither against their own will, and against the ever-flowing tides, at the bidding of some paltry bits of steel which they do not see.

He had taken Lotty into the studio again, at his mother's instance, on pretence of examining his last picture. Dick was courteous and formal. Lotty icily civil. Suddenly she thawed.

"Here is the hayfield!" he said, stopping before a ten by twelve picture, thrust into the corner.

She looked at it as he spoke. Suddenly her cheeks burned, her eyes darkened angrily.

"I knew it was not true!" she cried, under her breath.

"What was not true?"

"That the background was flat, the color tame, and the design hackneyed and worn-out. Surely you remember!" She pulled out her little note-book as she spoke, taking one from a dozen slips of newspapers there.

Wortley looked puzzled.

"Oh! the notice in the Post?" he said, at last, reddening. "I saw it."

"I would not mind it!" she continued, excitedly. "All the world knows what you can do! It made me so angry—so angry, that I could not sleep that night!"

"Did it?" Dick's voice had suddenly grown curiously deep and tender.

He looked keenly from her passionate little face to the fluttering slips of paper in her hand; they were all headed, Art Column."

"Will you let me look at the others?" he said.

Lotty recollected herself, with sudden shame and a rush of the prettiest blushes.

"They are nothing. Odd slips, mere scraps," she stammered, pushing them into her book, and shutting it with a click.

"My mother was right," thought Wortley. "There is wonderful latent beauty in her face. But it was only to be called out by one who loved her."

Some of Dick's long dead forefathers were Irish. He kindled easily. His heart grew light and warm on the instant. His blood rushed through his veins like the vapor of some fiery spirit. His eyes rested on her with a new meaning, which she shrunk from with a sweet pang. He came into sudden, swift accord with her, as though some magic had laid bare to him a subtle relationship between them. He under-

stood now that her hard coldness was only another shield, behind which diffident girls hide themselves. So shy and so pure!

"But the woman she can be," he went on thinking, "will never be revealed until some great crisis in life comes to her. The beauty, latent in her heart, is as singular as in her face. I hope she may love worthily. Meantime, I will be her friend." He prided himself, you see, on his cool judgment.

"I have a sketch or two here of Coldsden," he said. "Let us try and fancy we are back in your old home."

As he spoke, he seated her where the moonlight from the window fell aslant on her lovely little face, and placed himself beside her to look at the pictures, close enough for her soft drapery to fall upon his arm, and her sweet-scented breath new and then to touch his cheek.

"Did you warn Miss Hubbard against Fred Leeds, my son?" asked Mrs. Wortley, as soon as her guests were gone.

"Against Leeds?" waking as out of some dream. "Oh, I remember! I did not think of it; the truth is. But it is not needed. That rapid little wretch could never affect a woman of that order. I need not betray his secret. He can do no harm."

CHAPTER VII.

THE damp, warm air of an early spring day fluttered the curtains of Col. Leeds' private room, and displaced the carefully-adjusted light curls of his son, as the latter lounged by the window. There was a faint similitude to a May blossom in the young man's dress, in the delicate gray of coat and trousers, the primrose gloves, the faint odor that hung about him; by design, no doubt. Such fancies belonged to the natty, but languid, little man; the young girls with whom he danced were wont to call him a practical poet.

He held a bunch of lilies in his hand, which he leisurely smelled, now and then.

Col. Leeds, his newspaper on his knees, waited for an answer to a rather long declamation which he had just finished. Fred was tired. He yawned, elevated his whitish eyebrows, and after a pause, replied, "'Pon my soul, I don't know what's to be done. You say she sees this Wortley frequently?"

"No. But they do meet. The rarity of the meetings will give him a charm of romance in her eyes. He will not grow common. In three months she will be of age, and free to bestow her hand where she will. I gave you the

chance, and you have thrown it away." He lifted the paper before his face again.

"I hope the matter is not in so desperate a case as you think, sir," answered the son, with indifference, either real or feigned, and he buried his sharp nose among the lilies-of-the-valley. "Now, these flowers have an earthy, underbred smell to me. I have a perfume on my handkerchief far more delicate and agreeable. Nature is a failure, after all. Contrast the two, colonel," coming near him.

He started back as the old man dropped the paper. His father's face was colorless.

"This is enough," cried Col. Leeds, in a voice hardly above a whisper. "I understand you. You give up the affair?"

"By no means."

"We have failed. You alone are to blame."

"I could not force the girl to marry me," said the son, sulkily.

Col. Leeds waved his hand slightly, as if putting any plea that his son might make aside definitely. It was a dangerous symptom to Frederick, that his father, in his white heat of passion, neither swore nor moved, but sat steadily and silent. The spring wind blew in softly, and the curtains waved. The two men looked each other full in the eye for a moment. Then the younger one threw down the flowers, and coming forward a step, leaned both his dainty hands on the table, bringing his face on a level with his father's.

The worst meaning of that face was bared, perhaps, for the first time in his life. Col. Leeds drew back. There was a look of age, a depth of sharpness and cunning in the face, that startled even him.

"Is there no way to get at this woman's money, except by my marriage with her?" said the son.

"No. It is securely settled on herself. In three months she will be of age. But this is not all," raising his hand, when Fred would have spoken. "In three months I will be literally a pauper. You asked less than a year to insure success. I risked all on this chance. Marry her, or go back to the old game, as I shall have to do."

"It is too late for that. My face is known in every gambling-house in Europe. This is a good chance," hesitating.

The case and wealth in this "good chance" had never risen so real before to Fred. Never had he been tempted as in this moment. But this did not blind him to the other chance. "If I married her even secretly, there would be no guarding myself against Wortley," he thought.

"The fellow could send me to Sing-Sing by a word; and he would lose no time in speaking that word."

The father caught his eye again, as he stood there, hesitating.

"I said to you before, that I knew some secret objection to this marriage existed. I know it now. Your manner betrays you, sir. Wouldn't it be wiser to trust in me? I am an older and more skillful man than you. I may be able to remove it. I ask you because we are in the same danger: we are going down to ruin together."

Fred stood quiet, while his father spoke, looking thoughtfully at him.

"I don't ask you for a son's confidence in a father," continued Col. Leeds. "It is too late for that." There was a curious change in the hard voice as he said this.

"Yes," said Fred, slowly. "I trust you and I, sir, are too wise for any such sentimental folly."

He stopped there. He had half a mind to unbosom himself of the whole matter. The old man, if not so crafty, was more resolute than he, and would have less scruple, perhaps, in disposing of this greasy wretch, Luisa. But after a minute's reflection, he kept his secret. Col. Leeds, he knew, might forgive his son for any vice; but for a folly—never.

"I'd rather go to Sing-Sing than tell him, that I was taken in by a Dutch dancing-girl, even when I was drunk," he thought.

"I cannot confide in you, sir," he said, aloud. "But this I will say, that the difficulty in the way is one which is conclusive, and the sole

knowledge of it rests with Wortley. He has me in a yoke that I cannot break."

"If Wortley was out of the way, then——"

"I believe I could marry Lotty at a month's notice. Perhaps in a week's. Women regard me with more complacency than you do, sir," he said, simpering.

"Perhaps so," said his father, dryly. "You can go now. But stop. Is there no other obstacle in your way than Wortley?"

"None."

He thought, as he said this, of a dozen ways in which the now loathsome, fat incubus, from Baden-Baden, could be got rid of forever, if only Wortley could be prevented from exposing him.

"Very well, then. We understand each other. But you should have told me sooner."

"Perhaps I ought. But I did not know, till Wortley came back, you see, sir——"

"Never mind," interrupted his father, angrily, with an impatient waive of his hand.

"You've been making a fool of yourself, somehow, I see; and the thing now is to get you out of the scrape; not to listen to your excuses. I will think the matter over. I'm not a man to be foiled. If Wortley is the only obstacle," and he stopped for a moment, looking his son meaningly in the face, "if Wortley is the only obstacle, why then," with an oath, "he must be put out of the way."

"I'm sure I've no objections," answered the son, with a light laugh; and turning, he left the room, saying, as he went, "Yes! Let him be put out of the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

THE songs we sang in other years,
They greet us now no more;
The loves that roused our hopes and fears,
Are vanished now, and o'er.
The friends we loved are scattered wide,
Familiar scenes are changed;
And hearts that once were true and tried,
Are lifeless or estranged.

Too lip the sweetest smile that wore;
The cheek that bloomed most fair;
The voice that charmed us long before,
With music rich and rare;
The eye whose lightest glance could still
Our hearts with love enthrall,
Whose smile could bless, whose frown could kill,
Are changed, or vanished, all.

The way was bright before us then,
The coming days seemed fair;
We mingled with our fellow men,
With hearts to do and dare.
The hopes of youth are faded now,
Its fevered dreams are past;
And time, upon our furrowed brow,
His silvery shade has cast.

We, too, are changed, but not in heart!
Old Time may do his worst,
He cannot from remembrance part
The things we loved at first.
The eye may dim, the cheek grow pale,
The snows of age may fall,
Yet shall our memory never fall
To heed affection's call.

HOW BELLE MILLION FOUND HER HUSBAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC.

THE heroine of every modern tale, to be interesting, must be an heiress, a beauty, and a belle; and mine is no exception to the rule. But Belle Million was no purse-proud heiress. She was humble and simple in many ways. Among her virtues was that of charity; not merely reckless liberality of hand, but a tendency to homely, old-fashioned deeds of mercy, done in person, with tender pity in voice and eye, that, strange to say, seems to do more good than large sums of money subscribed upon paper, and distributed by rule. It was on one of these errands that she came upon a subject with "a bad kind of fever," which, communicated to her, proved to be small-pox.

For a person laboring under such a malady, there is no sympathy in really "good society." Had the heiress suffered from a cold in the head, her door would have been besieged with calls, inquiries, flattering attentions; but under the fear of this dread scourge, servants fled, friends held aloof, and the brown-stone mansion, marked and guarded by the police, was utterly deserted. Of all the beauty's admirers, the belle's companions, the heiress' followers and flatterers, none remained to aid her in her dire affliction; but the good, faithful, childless aunt, with whom she lived, and a scarred, Irish nurse.

When at last she slowly recovered, after a fierce battle with the disease, in which youth and a good constitution prevailed, it was with no disposition to assert her right to the place she had held before. To her earnest, young mind there was no parallel for the baseness, the meanness, the cowardice of her friends: their desertion hurt her more cruelly than she knew: she spoke of it with cynical coolness, but she felt it in her very heart of hearts.

People, whose daily fight is for life, and the means to support it, cannot appreciate the agony this petted creature endured, when she first looked in her mirror. They would hardly be just to what would seem to them a fanciful and intangible trouble. But to Belle Million, the sight of her seared, discolored face, was bitterer than death. It represented to her the loss of love, friendship, all the sweet dreams of youth her girlish heart had cherished. It seemed the beginning of a new and dreary life,

blighted by insolent pity, and darkened by suspicion; for she still retained her fortune, and hereafter would attribute to its influence, she said to herself, whatever kindly notice or attention she might, in future, receive.

Happily the girl was a Christian, and the good woman who had been more than a mother to her orphaned youth, had taught her where to bring the burden of her sorrow. When she fell, crushed and weeping, in all the weakness of convalescence on that kind breast, at first sight of the altered aspect that she fancied was to be hers for life, the elder knew how to whisper words of comfort, which, after awhile, were repeated not wholly in vain.

But Belle could not keep her sore heart in silence, or hide her changed face forever from the gaze of her old associates. She pleaded with her uncle to travel, and her wish was law to that worthy man and his kind wife. She could not, she averred, bear to go out, even to obtain air and exercise. She had no wish to live. Instead, she rather longed to die. The good couple, terrified, prepared, at once, to go to Europe.

A little sailing vessel, bound for France, received the party, instead of the luxurious Havre steamer, for Belle had a morbid fear of meeting friends or acquaintance on the larger packets. The bustle and confusion of the wharf; the soft, lapping sound of the dark water; the white sea-line far away, just visible to her dim eyes; the fragrance of the salt air, and the foreign odors of the French cuisine close at hand; the odd, stuffy interior, revealed by a brilliant, swinging-lamp below the hatchway; the smell of tropical fruit unloading from a vessel lying near; all these things excited our heroine wonderfully, for she had been in the house for months, seeing and hearing nothing, and her nature was one keenly alive to pleasure. Unconsciously, she was left behind by her uncle and aunt, till, starting from her dreaming station, she found herself alone at the foot of the gangway-plank.

Turning, a little alarmed, to follow them, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen many feet to a grave in the dark water rippling beneath them, when, suddenly, a friendly arm interposed, a friendly voice said cheer-

fully, "This way," and she was assisted up the plank, and placed, in safety, beside her friends.

Belle slept, that night, more soundly than she had done for many weeks, and did not wake till they were tossing on the brisk waves running far out beyond the bay. Her maid, a faithful, elderly servant, the only one her aunt had taken, was just able to dress her, and immediately succumbed to sea-sickness for the rest of the voyage.

Her uncle took her on deck, when her own comfortable breakfast was finished, and then, with a hasty excuse, left her to the care of the captain. She was herself an excellent sailor, and thus, while her aunt and uncle were invalidated by sea-sickness, was much on deck. There she sat, watching the bounding waves, so near to her dimmed sight, alone, as she fancied; but really watched in turn by a self-constituted guardian.

Belle, in her new humility, was unconscious that the sea-wind was freshening her faded cheek to a prettier pink than it had ever worn before. Sitting rapt in sad meditation on her altered fate, trying to keep her thoughts from dwelling on the sore point, toward which they persistently tended, she was sometimes aware of the dark shadow lingering near. But at first she did not identify it with the kind stranger, who had aided her on the night of her embarkation. She had never told her friends of that little adventure. It was the one secret she liked to keep. She had never quite known from what he had rescued her, and feared to think; yet she remembered, with a thrill of pleasure, the helping hand, the soft voice, the gentle touch, the friendly guidance, the sweet protection coming from the strong and powerful to the weak and blind; and she remembered all this the more, because it was the first she had ever received, dedicated wholly to herself, independently of her extrinsic advantages. It was the woman, not the belle, or the heiress, to whom this kindness had been given! Now and again, as the voyage went on, she received help in small, unobtrusive ways, from the same source; and it made her believe there was still some goodness left in the world.

It is quite proper that the reader should know more of this unseen guardian. He was an Englishman, and the only passenger beside Belle's party. But he ate with the captain, for Belle's uncle had stipulated for a table for themselves; and hence Belle, as yet, knew not whether he was one of the officers, or not. Up to twenty-three he had been a mere nothing,

a country gentleman's younger son, attracting and inviting little notice. A series of unexpected deaths had suddenly, however, placed Arthur Winstanley next in succession to a great estate and a title; and immediately, before, indeed, his deep mourning made it really decent, the great, young student became the fashion.

Followed, feted, flattered, openly angled for by manœuvring mammas and bold beauties, half in love with life, half disgusted with it, the new recruit of society lingered through a few seasons, and then disappeared as untrammelled as he came. While his little world of London was wondering what had become of him, he had donned a traveler's suit to go all around the world, and resume those dearly-loved scientific studies his sudden burst of prosperity had interrupted. For half a dozen years he had wandered to his heart's content; and now was on his way home, a little cynical still, it must be confessed, as to women; at least, he had been, when he took passage on this vessel; and he had taken passage in it, in preference to a steamer, because he supposed he would be alone. But his cynicism was fast departing now. There was, it is true, nothing beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word, in this quiet, little American girl; and yet, in some way, she attracted him more than any he had ever known. It was sweet to do her a service; to receive her gentle gratitude; to watch her trusting dependence upon his care. It was pleasant to an artistic eye like his, to see the picture she unconsciously made, sitting in her accustomed place; the soft, graceful outlines of her figure, seen against the clear background of the sky; her gray dress of strong serge, falling in folds a sculptor could not have improved; her idle hands loosely folded in her lap, a fair contrast to the dark, coarse material on which they rested; her delicate face, half-hidden by the close hood, arranged carefully, by loving hands, to shade the blemishes of her illness from sight, and beneath which the waving, silken hair was blowing out in the sea-wind, that touched with red the pale, young cheek. She could think, this girl, he said to himself. She could feel, and yet repress her feelings and her thoughts, so that they should not overflow in weak, washy commonplaces upon the unhappy persons nearest her. He had watched her for days before he heard her speak a word, and yet, in the changes of her eloquent face, he had divined all this. She suited him. He was a reserved man, liking silence always better than speech, and he almost loved her for hers.

The captain, at last, made a change, by introducing them. The captain was the politest of men, but he had an inefficient memory. He had been deputed, by the agonized uncle, when compelled, on that first day, by sea-sickness, to go below to watch over her. But with true French gallantry, how different from the reputed, he had flown to his duties, when they first required him, and given his charge no further thought. It occurred to him, at last, as we have said, that they ought to be made acquainted; and he now performed the office of introduction accordingly.

Belle was startled by finding that the person by her side, on whose unobtrusive services she had learned to depend, was not an officer of the ship, as she had supposed, but a stranger, whose pity had been aroused by her helplessness. She was not only startled, she was painfully shocked. The light left her musing face, and a dark-red shadow of shame swept over it instead. She turned her head, half haughtily, with something of her old pride of beauty and power, toward the man who had thus dared assist her in her low estate. Then, remembering his delicate kindness, and her own loss of the charms that could attract such courtesy, she put out a tremulous little hand, in recognition of all she would not name, and thanked him with something of humility.

After all, Belle was a little unjust. Arthur Winstanley did not even know her name, it had been so caricatured by the French captain's pronunciation. Nor was he sufficiently familiar with American affairs to be aware that the bald-headed, little, old gentleman down below, suffering agonies of sea-sickness, was the sole remaining head of the great house of Million Brothers, as the pale girl in gray was its only heiress. He was still further from recognizing in her the belle, whose fame had reached him when he first landed in America, and whose acquaintance he then persistently avoided.

As it was, he loved her. The sudden change in her countenance, when they were introduced, struck him breathless with the discovery of this new emotion. Love had entered his soul, and filled it, during the hours of silent companionship, and until now he knew it not. When her face, with its transient shade of trouble, was withdrawn, he felt how blank was all the space between sea and sky; when it dawned, next day, above the dirty hatchway, the sun arose for him; and he would not have exchanged the look, half of recognition, half of reserve, from those darkened eyes, or

the conscious flush on that usually pale cheek, for all the opportunities of his past, all the promises of his future.

As for Belle Million, she moved more cautiously. It would not do for a great heiress to fling her heart away on a stranger, a mere adventurer, very probably, who had happened to befriend her. Nor was it likely that the only really handsome man she had ever seen, for so, with her half-blind eyes, she at once decided him to be, should fancy a faded wreck of health and beauty, like herself. Therefore, with firm resolve, she repressed his continued attentions, and thereby put the last link in the chain of his captivity.

He told his love all the sooner, however, for he felt that she was learning daily to do without him; that her health was becoming more firmly established, her eyesight getting clearer. He feared that the charm of her sweet dependence would soon be altogether gone, unless he strove forever to renew it. They were alone on the deck, amid a rising storm, when he spoke. Neither saw the coming tempest, so deeply were they absorbed in other thoughts. Not even the noises of the coming gale aroused them: the creaking timbers of the laboring ship, the fury of wind and wave, the straining of cords, the flapping of canvas, the voices of half a score of men. But each heard the low tones of the other, as a certain question was asked and answered; urged, it seemed, in vain.

"I cannot," said Belle, at the close of the long interview; and Arthur Winstanley left her at last. Yet he suspected that she loved him. He could not understand her persistent refusal, however, for she had been even more positive, after his mention of his rank and expectations. He was angry, hurt, and sore; and in that mood left her.

She fancied him gone forever, and was glad of the momentary strength and obstinacy that had enabled her to persist in rejecting him. But her self-satisfaction did not last long. Her heart began to tremble at the desolate prospect of the future, and she was made aware that she loved him, by the fast growing anguish she experienced. For the first time since he had saved her life, and earned the claim upon it, that she would now deny, she felt utterly alone and helpless. She dared not believe his confessions, yet she could not wholly forget his earnestness. She never dreamed but that he knew of her great wealth. She firmly believed he saw her altered face, but ignored it in order to secure her fortune.

Meantime the storm increased; but to her

unnoticed; for she had hidden her face in her hands. Tears were streaming between her fingers faster than the drops of rain, which were already beginning to descend. The night had fallen black around. Half an hour, perhaps, had passed. Suddenly, the angry hiss and roar of the elements was drowned by a sudden louder sound, the crash of a great wave, that, bursting like a thunderbolt above them, sent the vessel reeling, sideways, with a mighty shock, that flung the kneeling girl, helpless, across the deck. Drenched, gasping, perishing, she would have been swept overboard by the overwhelming flood on which she floated, but for a strong arm, which caught her, and held her fast to the mast, against which both now clung. Well she knew that firm, strong hold. In that hour of death, as Belle thought it, pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, were utterly forgotten. Her heart confessed its weakness. With a sob and a broken word, she clung to her deliverer, and begged him to forgive her; and heard through all the uproar of heaving surge, the dear voice replying, "My love! we will die or be saved together!"

Saved they were. The vessel righted directly, the tons of water left the decks, and it was possible, once more, to walk. Half-drowned, but otherwise seemingly not greatly discommoded, Belle made her way, or rather was helped, to the gangway. Her deep-sea bath (it must have

been that, of course) had washed the clearest, deepest tint of rose into her pale face, and had swept (or was it love?) the mists from her eyes, so that she sprang another Venus, as it were, from the waves.

Time passed before her friends were competent to see this change, or comprehend the facts that led to them. Weeks of rest were required, of absolute bodily ease, and high feeding, before these victims of her whim were so far recovered as to understand their niece's circumstances, and make the explanations necessary, on her behalf. And in those weeks, the cure begun on ship-board was completed. The drooping invalid had become a lovely, rosy girl, who did her lover's taste credit in all the scenes amid which he led her.

Belle is now a countess. But society has not yet quite found out the truth about her marriage. Gossip, on this side of the Atlantic, reports that she wedded a foreigner, that she lost her looks, that she is not coming back to her native country again. I cannot think how her English home can spare her; and yet some ship must bring her over the sea, to gladden the hearts of two dear relatives here, who cannot die in peace till they have seen her; and then you will realize how the heiress, the belle without her following, the beauty behind a cloud, or rather the sweet woman, independently of all her extrinsic advantages, won the love that has glorified her life ever since.

LIFE RENEWED.

BY J. S. WENTWORTH.

I RAN with hasty steps my guilt to hide—
My tarnished life to plunge in secret death;
And boldly leaped, and felt the fatal tide
Catch in my breast the struggling pulse of breath.

Then onward borne, the banks went swiftly by,
The story of my life did all unroll;
I had not thought that thus it was to die,
To live with keener senses at an open door.

I saw the past as it had truly been;
I saw the good that lay my steps before;
I saw myself—remorseful sight, I ween—
One blind, who stumbles at an open door.

Above were spread the bounteous, boundless skies;
Beneath, the earth with every herb was sweet;
A thousand tones, a thousand glorious dyes,
A thousand joys did compass round my feet.

On all I saw God's finger plainly write;
I heard his voice in every sweeter tone,
And knew my former self could read aright
This language, now with clearer knowledge known.

But, ah! what boots it, should the thunder speak,
If man will stop his ears with cumbrous clay?
What profits, if one stoop to help the weak,
They crawl with crippled strength from help away?

What good for me that never morning rose,
But something prompted inly, "Render praise?"
And seldom day did cease in due repose,
But something said, "The night shall end thy days!"

Ah! woe is me! what mercy counselled there,
Is here to hopeless judgments darkly grown;
And kind words breathed upon the Summer air
Are characterized with wrath upon the stone.

"Life! life again!" I cried unto the skies,
And battled with weak arms the sullen stream!
Life in my breast with one wild beating dies,
But lo! I waken, drowning in a dream,

And breathe with sobs. The life so late despised
I take with happy hands of gratitude—
A gift from God to be forever prized,
THU his own word hath his own gift renewed.

MY ELDERLY LOVER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We went to look at the house. The house suited us, and there not being any tiresome masculine will to keep us in a state of doubt, by suggestions of leaky roofs, or smoky chimneys, or any other pretext for shilly-shallying, we took the house that very morning for five months, and before nightfall were established therein with our belongings, namely, three trunks, a box of books, an ancient brown thrush, and old Hannah, who had formerly been my nurse, and was now our housekeeper and autocrat generally.

It was a little village nestled in the shadow of the Catskills. When the sun went down, we were sitting in our parlor, over a quiet cup of tea; and Tim, the bird, singing in the window as loudly as if he wished to prove to the hosts of robins in the garden, how little their melodies were worth compared to those of a thrush, that had been properly educated among hand-organs and humans.

Aunt Marjorie was the dearest old-maid relative that ever anybody owned. Naturally, to the wisdom of not quite eighteen years, like mine, she seemed very ancient; but I have since decided that thirty-eight was not exactly the age of Methuselah, though it appeared so then. She was a pretty woman, too, only rather pale; and her brown eyes had an absent, cold look, as eyes do that have never been lighted up by the dreams which youth ought to know. Aunt Marjorie considered herself an elderly woman, and was willing so to do, though she looked a great deal younger, in her sober-colored gowns, than many an old frump, going about with bare elbows, like a new sort of writing implement, and displaying as many bones in their necks as a whole family of skeletons ought to possess.

There was an odd thing about aunt Marjorie—she had never been in love. I might not have believed another woman, who told me such a thing of herself: but aunt Marjorie's word was to be taken without salt. I used to pity her exceedingly for having missed that experience. I had been in love half a dozen times, at least, and liked it very much; and I always felt that she had been outrageously cheated by the old jade, Destiny. But Marjorie never pitied herself, and seemed very well satisfied to take life

as it came. To be sure, she had never had much time, until lately, to wonder and lament, for from the day she was sixteen she had always been living for somebody else, as hard as she could live. She had had an invalid mother, and a brother with a broken back, and as soon as they died, more distressed relatives came along, and after the others were comfortably under the sod, she had me to take care of, my parents having got rid of the responsibility by dying, too. A weary handful Hannah says I was—as far back as my memory serves, I am obliged to confess that she tells the truth.

So now I was grown up. I was past seventeen, and we still lived together; but aunt Marjorie had been cheated out of her season for love-dreams and nonsense. Each time I was newly in love—how often that had been within the last two years I will not try to count. I pitied her more and more, and was excessively patronizing, and told long stories for her edification; and she was always the most charming confidant in the world.

But I don't seem to get to the point. I wanted to tell you of myself, and I am all the while gossiping about the love passages that my aunt did not have. I'll try it again.

My name is Emily Vane, but there is nothing of the weather-cock about me. I change my mind frequently, but I always have a good reason for it. Aunt Marjorie's name was Vane, too, as was right and proper, since *she* was my father's sister. I used to wonder what she thought about, as she never had any love affairs; and how could novels and poetry interest her, since she could not comprehend their mysteries? And now she never would; Fate had cheated her; she was thirty-eight years old. Oh! a dreadful age! There was nothing for her to do but stand aside and see me live my romance out. I was very magnanimous; I told her all about my loves, and my plans, and the novel life I meant to experience—and she was always interested. Sometimes, in thinking over our conversations, I would be astonished to discover that she had guided me by her judgment, for all she knew nothing about such things, and I was so wonderfully wise.

But here I go again, wandering like a weak-minded wind; and all I meant to tell about was

my life that summer, beginning with the day we settled down at Clover Cottage, as contentedly as if we had been the little pigs in the old story. I am sorry, for the sake of my comparison, that pigs were the animals spoken of; but let that go!

After tea, aunt Marjorie went up to her room to put her things in order, but I felt too indolent for any such exertion, so I slipped out into the garden, and wandered through the orchard at the back of the house, and was delighted with everything I saw. Finally, I sat down under the apple-trees, and looked at the beautiful landscape spread out below: the narrow valley shut in by the towering hills; a lovely river in the distance; and a soft purple haze gathering about that made it like an enchanted scene.

I was imagining a wonderful picture, which I meant to paint some day, and a beautiful poem that I intended to write, and a symphony that I would compose, and all sorts of exalted fancies, when there was a noise as if the world had come to an end, and the orchard wall fallen in the crash; and, worse than all, the bark of a great dog, which was not to be borne with equanimity, if instant death in the general dissolution of the universe was.

Clatter—bang; dog barking again. I was just ready to run, when I heard a man's voice exclaim,

"The deuce!"

Then I stood still; I was so angry at the idea of having my privacy thus invaded, that I forgot my fears. I just took time to remember that it was like a bit out of a sensation novel; then I called boldly,

"Who's there?" and stood ready to run if the dog barked again.

"Be quiet, Nero," I heard the male voice command—and it was a very deep, musical voice; so I thought I would make another point in the novel by stepping out from my covert and confronting the youth. I remember distinctly deciding that he had blue eyes and golden hair—for my last hero was swarthy as a corsair, and the female mind requires variety.

Mors muttered words; strangled growls from the dog; then, in a tragic voice, I cried,

"Who comes? Speak, I say."

I thought that sounded more like a melodrama than it did like Cometh up as a Flower, or one of Annie Thomas' novels, and I was annoyed at myself. I tried to think of something witty and annihilating to say, but I couldn't; so out I stepped, and tripped over a blackberry-vine, and nearly fell on my nose; and

the big bark boomed out again; and instead of saying anything, I squealed like a guinea pig—and the nasty vine tore a hole in one of my stockings.

When I recovered my equilibrium, I found myself face to face with a great Newfoundland dog, with his mouth open in stupid wonder, and a tall man, who had his mouth open in astonishment. But away went my romance. The hero was, at least, forty, his face did not look old, but his hair was a little gray, though it did curl.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he. "I had no idea there was anybody here! I live in the next house, and am in the habit of going through the orchard on my way down the hill."

The blackberry-vine was scratching my legs; I was conscious that my dress was showing my torn hose; so all I could do was to grin idiotically, and say,

"Yes."

"I fell in getting over the wall," pursued the stranger, "and Nero fell over me. I hope I didn't frighten you."

I only grinned idiotically once more, and this time I said,

"No."

Then the nasty, old, gray-haired wretch bowed, and whistled to his dog, and said,

"If you will permit, I will trespass this time, but I promise to prove a more civil neighbor in future."

Through the orchard he went, leaped over the wall, and disappeared down the hill. I looked at my stockings. As I expected, they were dreadfully torn. I bounced into the house, and was cross as a bear all the evening, and alarmed aunt Marjorie by informing her that we had a horrid old white-haired man for a neighbor, who was either a madman, or a burglar, and I rather thought both. But Hannah happened to hear me, and with her usual impertinence spoke up,

"No, indeed, Miss Emily; the new girl was telling me about him. He's a Mr. Cromlin, and comes here every summer; she says he's a proper nice man."

I looked in a very dignified way at Hannah, but Hannah was not in the least subdued.

"You've torn your dress," said she; "what a careless child you be! I declare, Miss Emily, you ought to leave off jumping about so—you're almost grown up now."

I should have been glad to wave Hannah out of the room with a gesture of command; but as I knew it would only result in her telling me "not to be silly," I walked away with

great dignity, and heard her confide to aunt Marjorie,

"Em'ly 'll always be a baby—it's the way with short girls."

Now my height was a tender point with me, and I was more angry than ever, and consoled myself by getting up a respectable hatred for the man, who had been the means of bringing such varied and unendurable humiliations upon me.

Would anybody believe a creature could have such ill-luck, and be so tormented! The very next day, old Judge Boker, who was staying in the village, came out to call on us, and brought that detestable Cromlin man in with him; and when I went down into the parlor, there he was; and when aunt Marjorie introduced us, he said, unconcernedly,

"I hope you have forgiven the fright I gave you last night."

I looked daggers at him, and answered with a drawl,

"I don't remember! 'Oh, yes! now I do. You were with the big dog.'"

Then I didn't talk to him any more, only to speak when he addressed me; and, in spite of my dignity, he would do that as often as he pleased. The old judge seemed mightily amused at my answers; but aunt Marjorie once or twice looked a little grave, though, of course, I did not mean to be taught how to treat a man by an old maid who never had a love affair, when I had been engaged three times. It wasn't reasonable, and for awhile I was inclined to think that aunty was getting like the old cats in books, who hate their young lady relatives; but I got over that, and was somewhat ashamed of having indulged the fancy.

That was the first visit Mr. Cromlin paid us, but it was by no means the last. Indeed, I may say that he rushed along toward an intimate acquaintance as rapidly as he could, by all the devices that would suggest themselves to the natural clumsiness of the masculine mind. It took me some time to get over the dislike, which the manner of our first meeting had naturally given me; but I did gradually, and he seemed quite grateful, as was right and proper. If there had been anybody goose enough to chant his praises incessantly, I dare say I should have hated him to the end of the chapter; but that was not aunt Marjorie's way, and old Hannah, having a deep-rooted aversion to everything masculine, never exhausted greater commendation upon him, than to say "that he was well enough for a man," and

that only when he presented her with early vegetables from his hot-bed, or made himself agreeable in some equally tangible fashion.

I told aunt Marjorie, at first, that I could not abide him; but she did not attempt to argue me out of my dislike.

"He seems inclined to be very polite and friendly," she said, "so I don't think you ought to allow him to see that you are prejudiced against him. We need not accept his invitations to drive and walk, unless you choose."

Of course, as she did not force him on me, I could see that it was my duty not to be rude, and gradually we grew very good friends. He really was not old-looking, after all, I discovered, though his hair did show a little gray, but he was so tall and handsome that I got over thinking of him as elderly.

Matters went on beautifully for as much as six weeks, which is a long time for a woman to agree with any man. But after that I began to have my own little scruples and troubles, though for awhile I kept them even from aunt Marjorie. Of course, you know what was the matter. At least, you do if you are a young woman, and can sympathize with me. That stupid man was doing what all his stupid sex will—getting in love. Oh, dear me! after the first light broke on me, and I could think the matter over, it was useless to employ the participle, as if it were a business just begun and not near a consummation, the silly creature had fallen over head and ears into the most tremendous sort of insanity. It was so foolish of him. At first I was so much vexed with his folly, that I could not even be sorry; but after a little, I reasoned myself into a better state of mind, and could, at least, feel pity. Of course, there was no possibility of my going beyond that: the idea was too absurd. Why, if he stopped to think, or had any faculty of the sort left, he must perceive it himself.

I meditated a great deal about the matter, and tried very hard to find out what it was best for me to do. It seemed only cruelty to show him, by a sudden and decided change of manner, that I had discovered his secret. If he had been twenty-five, I should not have hesitated to do that; but I had read in so many novels, what a serious thing love is to a man who is getting toward middle-age, that I was frightened at the idea of doing anything which might make him desperate. But it was very foolish of him; I could not help saying that, though I was so sorry. I declare, I could not sleep a wink that night for thinking about it,

so I sat up and read the last volume of a new novel; and how I did cry over it, for in a sort of way it was a parallel case to mine, only the heroine married the man out of pity! I did wonder a little whether I ought to do that; but as I was always able to look at every side of a subject, I could see that such weakness would be fatal to him and me. My wretchedness would only make him more miserable; so, when I decided that he must be refused, I really felt I was doing a heroic thing in not snatching at martyrdom, as so many girls would have done, who had not my ability to take in every bearing of a subject presented for serious consideration.

Luckily, the next day, Mr. Cromlin was absent, so I had time fully to study my line of conduct, and be able to preserve my usual manner toward him. I decided that would be best. All I could do was to prevent his speaking out as long as I could possibly prevent it. Of course, the denouement must come at last; but if I could defer it till near the time of our departure, it would make matters much pleasanter for all parties.

Well, he returned, and he was in such an ecstatic state when he came to the house, that I was really afraid aunt Marjorie would discover his secret. I did wish that it was possible for me to whisper a warning word to him, for his own sake. He was very kind and delightfully attentive; in spite of my troubled mind, I could not help enjoying the amusements he was always providing for us. Nothing looked better than his courtesy to aunt Marjorie; I could see that it was altogether on my account; but it was very nice of him. Actually, if she had been a young lady, he could not have appeared more pleased with her society. Sometimes, when he came, I used to make excuses for not going down. I thought it better to accustom him to getting on without my society, and it was wonderful how well he hid the restlessness I knew he felt. I could hear him laughing and talking, till it made my heart ache to think what a hollow mockery it was, and how like a novel, only much more thrilling and dramatic. At last I used to dread being left alone with him, for I knew that he would not be able to control himself much longer; that the secret which was on his lips would burst out in spite of his control, and I should have to make him unutterably wretched; and I never was one of your hard-hearted girls that delight in giving pain.

One evening, we had been out to walk, and met several young people from the village; and

that foolish fellow turned rusty because I talked with Dr. Glesson, and made a pretence of devoting himself to aunt Marjorie; but, dear me, it was such a wretched pretence. I could see that he was just as miserable and jealous as he could be.

The people came in and staid awhile, but aunty had a headache, and went away to her room, and I sat in mortal dread that Mr. Cromlin would not go with the others. I felt a sort of presentiment that he would stay and do something foolish, and I was as correct as if I had been clairvoyant, and could read his mind like a book.

The others went and he staid. I felt myself begin to tremble from head to foot, but I remembered that if he did speak, it was my duty to end the matter then and there; and I must be firm, however much his suffering pained me. I chatted and laughed, like a crazy thing, I was so nervous, but he sat grave and solemn as a statue, and that made me worse still. But it was more unendurable when he began to talk, for it was plain what an effort he made to speak of ordinary things; so I flew off to the piano and began—played all sorts of bits from *Barbe Bleue*—anything to keep him quiet. At last I looked up and there he stood by me, looking as pale as a ghost, with such anxious eyes.

"Miss Emily," he said, and his voice trembled a little, "I wish you would listen to me for a moment."

It was coming. Oh, dear, if he only wouldn't! I tried to laugh, and ran my fingers down the keys.

"What a solemn tone," said I, though it was very hard work to speak playfully; and I felt like an actress doing comedy, when she has a dreadful tragedy hidden in her real life. "Couldn't possibly listen, when you talk like that, and look like your own tomb-stone."

"Be good-natured, and don't mind my looks," said he; "I am too much in earnest to attempt further concealment."

"But I do mind," I answered, trying to gain a little more time. "I can't bear solemnity—it worries my nerves."

"But this need not worry you," said he.

For half a second, I was vexed. Had he so much masculine conceit, that, in spite of my caution, he really supposed he had only to speak to make me willing to listen? Then I thought that could not be, and I did not snub him, but I could not hear him talk then; I had got too nervous, and I wanted to be perfectly composed, so that even while I told him how hopeless his dream was, I might assure him of

my friendship and sympathy, and calm his distress by my wisdom and sensible advice.

I rose from the piano and said,

"Bless me, it is dreadfully late! You must not stay another minute."

"Just listen——"

"No, no," I interrupted, putting my finger in my ears; "not a word—the clock has struck eleven, and I am always deaf as a post after that."

He looked vexed, so I was less sorry for him.

"I did not think you would treat me like this, when you see how much in earnest I am," he said.

"Now don't be cross," I ordered, "else I'll treat you worse. I'll show you how wicked I can be. I'll listen, then, I promise; and I'm sure it is very good of me——"

"Yes, and I thank you," he put in, before I could finish.

"But not to-night," said I; "if it was only to punish you for interrupting me."

"But——"

"Now be good, and don't tease me," I urged. "I will listen—indeed, I will, though I wish you wouldn't tell me anything solemn. Oh! it would be so much better if you would not—so much better."

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

"I didn't mean to say that, at all events," said I, getting a little confused. "Now please to go at once; Hannah will want to shut up the house."

"But Hannah says you will always do as you please," returned he, smiling.

"But I mean to be good; I've turned over a new leaf, and Hannah is cross for a week if I keep her up; besides, aunt Marjorie has a headache, and I ought to go to her; please let me go."

"You are very thoughtful and kind," said he. "I ought not to have detained you; she may want something—I was wrong to stay."

Now that was very nice of him, and spoke volumes for his amiable disposition!

"Good-night," said I, kindly. "Remember, we are always friends."

"Friends? Yes, I hope so—I have need to hope so."

His voice shook again, and he held my hand so tight that I was sorry I had given it to him; but he restrained himself, and added gently,

"Say good-night for me to Miss Vane. I wish her pleasant dreams."

He went away without a word, and I flew up stairs, so nervous and excited that I did not quite know what I was about. Aunt was in

bed. I could see her face looking pale in the moonlight, but she said her head was better.

"Mr. Cromlin has just gone?" said she.

"Yes," said I, and gave her his message: then, all of a sudden, I broke down, and began to laugh and cry at once.

Aunt was so frightened by my absurdity, that she turned as white as a ghost, and begged me to tell her what was the matter. So out it came, though I had meant to keep his secret. I told her what I was afraid of, and how hard I had tried to keep the man from rushing on to a disappointment; and she listened in the most attentive way, in spite of her headache, which I knew was dreadful, by the look in her eyes. She said very little, but advised me to go to bed and sleep, and forget all about it.

"But I am very unhappy," said I. "You are, aunt—you are growing elderly, and have your feelings under proper control; but I am so impulsive, and it makes me wretched to think of bringing misery on anybody."

"Yes," she answered, shading her eyes with her hands, "I am growing elderly—you are right."

She added some words that I did not catch; but when I asked her what she had said, she only replied,

"My head aches so that I can't remember. Go to bed, dear girl. God bless you!"

I was quite touched by her kindness, for her voice sounded full of tears; and I knew that she pitied me for being placed in such a distressing position. I offered to sit by her and bathe her head, but she would not permit it, and hurried me away, she was so anxious that I should not be any more troubled, dear, old thing!

I went to bed, but I did not expect to sleep a wink, and I am sure I don't know how it happened that I did; but I was lost the moment my head touched the pillow, and I never woke till Hannah thumped, like the Day of Judgment, at my door next morning.

Aunt was not down to breakfast. Her head was so bad that she had told Hannah not to let me come in, because she was in hopes to sleep: after that she should be quite herself again. I had a dreadfully lonesome day, and was in mortal fear, each moment, that Cromlin would appear; but he did not; and in the afternoon Hannah told me that she had seen him drive toward the village.

Aunt Marjorie came down to tea, but went back to her room again; so I started out for a walk, in hopes to avoid Mr. Cromlin. I went through the orchard, and met him face to face.

He looked so troubled and dazed, that I could have cried, and I began to think that this state of things could not go on. I must have peace. If he would be silly he must, and I would end the matter.

"I was just coming to your house," said he. "I have been busy all day, in the village, about some tiresome land I own."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of your possessions," said I. "Property is a good thing."

"Yes," returned he; "and just now I am more thankful for having it than ever."

I knew what he meant. I could not be silent, for fear he should misinterpret it, so I said, in a rather frozen way,

"Indeed!"

"Yes," he went on, quickly. "I think you know why. You must have seen the truth, for I am a very poor dissembler—you *have* seen?"

"There are truths one does not wish to see," said I, speaking as sternly as I could, for I wanted him, from the outset, to understand what his fate must be.

"I don't know what you mean," said he; "and I can't stop now to ask."

"Miss Emily," he said, directly, "I must speak! I am a coward, an elderly fool; but I could not go to Marjorie first. She has avoided me lately, treated me with so much reserve that I got afraid! Oh! be frank with me—tell me if you believe there is any hope? I have been sure, for some time past, that you had discovered my secret, and I believed you would be my friend. Shall I speak? Is there any hope? If I were younger, I might bear the disappointment better; but falling in love is a serious business, when a man gets to be forty."

I did not know what to say—I was so sorry for him. He did not give me much time. Presently he cried out in a violent way,

"Tell me the truth. Your silence is like a confirmation of my fears. Do you believe there is any chance for me—that Marjorie could be brought to care for me? Oh, Emily, child! I

would be so good to her—I would try to make her happy."

The trees went round, the sky came down. I felt as if I had fallen out of a balloon. What an idiot I had been! He was talking still—my thoughts came like lightning. I understood everything, even to aunt Marjorie's odd manner the night before. I could have beaten my brains out for a fool's, but furious as I was with myself I could be glad.

"Come into the house," said I, and pulled him along without another word.

Up stairs I dashed into aunt's room. There she sat, looking pale and troubled, but so pretty. It dawned upon me at last that she was not a female Methuselah.

"Come down," said I.

"What for?" she asked, drearily.

I began to laugh and to cry. I had been an awful fool, but I meant to keep it to myself, and I made up my mind to lie a little.

"There's a man there wants to ask you a question," I said. "Oh, you dear goose! didn't you know I was trying to pump you last night? That long, handsome Cromlin wants to make love to you, and I have promised that he shall have the chance."

I fairly dragged her down stairs into the parlor. Then I retreated, and only heard Mr. Cromlin exclaim,

"Marjorie!"

But the voice was enough.

That's all! But my experience taught me a lesson, which I think more American girls need to learn. The charms of seventeen, marvelous as they are, do not always blind men so utterly, that older women need consider their lives quite come to an end. Perhaps it would be well for the dear creatures of seventeen to remember this.

As for my little falsehood, I am glad to own that I confessed the truth to aunt at last. But she said my mistake was very natural, the dear, darling, old soul!

SONNET.

BY T. H. SINCLAIR.

Trodden round the pathway hangeth nought of wild
Nor sylvan beauty, yet I love to pace
Between the grassplots, here when evening mild
Creeps shadow-companied above the face
Of the long stream: then the tree-tops enlance
Darkly the faint green sky, and the West pales
From burnished gold to cool and silv'ry gray;

Grass-seeking insects hum, and slowly falls
The small birds' song as slowly falls the day.
At such a time, my Lady, but to stray
There, to and fro with thee, and haply lay
Beneath Love's feet the dross of daily care,
Is bliss to me; and as through life I fare
I would that this dear path might type my way.

AUNT INGHAM'S INVITATION.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

JESSIE INGHAM came in from the post-office, flushed with excitement, but prettier than ever.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, holding up a letter, "here's the invitation from aunt Ingham."

Aunt Ingham was rich, and lived in New York. A few months before, she had stayed a day or two with her sister, and had then promised to ask Jessie to spend part of the winter with her.

"Yes! it is the invitation," said Mrs. Ingham, after having read the letter.

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Jessie. But immediately, with some dismay, she added, "Dear me! what shall I wear?"

"We must manage somehow," replied the mother, thinking, with a sigh, of their straitened income. "As a preliminary step, suppose you bring down your black silk."

Many and glowing were the visions that glided through Jessie's brain during the next week of preparation. Mrs. Ingham had a talent for fitting, and Jessie was clever at trimming and arranging. Sad to say, there was little enough to arrange and trim. The black silk was sponged, and went through such extraordinary transformations, that it would not have been astonished to find itself Nile-green or sky-blue at the closing ceremonies.

Mrs. Ingham brought to light an ample black velvet mantle of irreproachable pile; this she cut into a tight-fitting casaque, which was just the thing for Jessie's tall and elegant figure.

"If my child is poor, among the stylish and fashionable girls she will meet at her aunt's," she said, "she has the figure of the Churchills, that many of them would barter their diamonds to obtain."

A brown cloth dress of Mrs. Ingham's, unworn for years, and, therefore, abundant in material, was ruthlessly sacrificed at Jessie's shrine, in spite of her conscientious remonstrances, and made into a neat suit for traveling and every-day wear. A long, curling, black ostrich plume was also produced from the same mysterious receptacle, and twined around a little black velvet hat, giving it an air at once romantic and fashionable.

The packing-day was an occasion of anxious and momentous interest. Jessie looked on breathlessly while the velvet casaque was settled into its place.

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"Don't you think, mamma, that I had better call Sarah to stand on the lid, for fear it will not shut down?" suggested Jessie, as the last tray was put into the trunk.

Mrs. Ingham could scarcely keep her countenance; there was no lack of unoccupied corners in that trunk.

"No, dear. I think it will fasten quite easily."

"What's all this? So you are really going down to the city, Jessie?" said a white-haired old lady, who had entered the room unperceived.

"Oh, Mrs. Thurston! I did not hear you come in. Yes, ma'am, I am going on Monday."

"If she had seen as much of it as you and I, Mrs. Ingham, she would not be so jubilant. I wonder you are not afraid to trust her with those gay cousins of hers!"

"Jessie is a discreet young person. I do not think a glimpse of the world will do her any harm," said her mother.

"Perhaps not. At all events, I have brought you an old woman's contribution, Jessie, to help a possible toilet in the gay world." As she spoke, she unrolled several yards of exquisite old lace.

"Oh, how beautiful! But don't give it to me, Mrs. Thurston, keep it yourself."

"My child, I have kept it for forty years. I think it should once more emerge to do duty on a white, young neck, and over fair, young arms; put it in the bottom of your trunk—you will find some use for it."

Monday morning came; the early train descended to stop at R— station, and Jessie was duly on board in time, with the peaceful consciousness that her trunk was also safely deposited in the baggage-car behind her.

Mrs. Ingham had told Jessie to sit perfectly still until her uncle should come into the car to find her. So, when they reached New York, she remained in her seat, her bright brown eyes scanning closely every face that entered.

"Ah! there he is—that's uncle Ingham."

"Here you are, Jessie, safe and sound!"

"Quite so, sir."

"Give me your checks, we will have to take a car. Your aunt and the girls were out in the carriage."

Jessie assented to every proposal. They were soon at her uncle's house.

The hall-door opened. What light, and warmth, and sound, streamed out into the foggy street!

A fresh, silvery voice was singing, "Ye Merry Birds," in the parlor. Her aunt greeted Jessie very cordially; and Emeline, a blonde, with very fair, wavy hair, was sufficiently warm. Pauline was at the piano, she rose and fluttered forward gracefully.

"Why, Jessie, I am very glad. How is aunt Frances? Come up stairs and remove your hat and wraps before dinner."

"You have just enough time; the room behind mine, Pauline," said her aunt, with that suavity and grace of manner for which she was remarkable.

Pauline was very polite in offering brushes, combs, et cetera; but said nothing of a fresh collar and cuffs: but Jessie had prudently provided those articles in her traveling-bag.

"Oh! never mind stopping to do over your hair, it does very nicely as it is," said her cousin.

Jessie wished Pauline would leave her alone to arrange things to suit herself. She could do nothing satisfactorily with that amiable face looking on, and that irreproachable toilet beside her. Her dress suddenly seemed to turn old-fashioned and poor.

She got through the evening very well—her aunt and cousins were very kind and attentive; but she felt a certain shyness among such well-dressed and elegant dames. She was glad to plead fatigue, and retire at an early hour.

I cannot say that any of Jessie's glowing anticipations were distinctly realized. Her cousins and aunt were civil and kind enough, but evidently she was considered a personage of the smallest importance. When callers came Jessie was always introduced; but beyond a few polite inquiries as to "how she liked New York," etc., they had no conversation for her. Jessie was twice as clever and original as the majority of the men and women who came to Mrs. Ingham's house; but if, when sometimes encouraged by the attention of some young gentleman, who recognized a handsome face and elegant figure when he saw one, she ventured to laugh and talk with her natural vivacity and freedom, her cousins would look at her with a sort of displeased astonishment, which could not fail to constrain and silence a timid young girl, who had not learned to trust to her own instinctive notions of propriety.

Jessie went alone to the pictures at Shaws' and Goupil's. She had overheard her aunt one

day sharply reproving Emeline and Pauline because they did not convey her around to all the places to be seen. Pauline had replied angrily, that it was not her place to march around with all the country girls that her mother choose to bring up to see the sights. Emeline laughed at Pauline, and said that her sister thought such a handsome brunette as Jessie altogether an inappropriate walking companion, and declared that she would see to her herself. She was as good as her word, as far as a walk down Broadway went; but she encountered a young woman who was on a shopping tour, and shopping being Emeline's delight, the sight-seeing was instantly relinquished, and poor Jessie was obliged to agree that to be dragged around through different shops all the morning was perfectly to her taste.

Jessie, however, was blessed with a perfect capacity to find her way; she made good use of her eyes, and in a short time was able to roam about at will. She never tired of examining beautiful carvings, or watching the cuckoo clocks when they struck the hour. All these things, and the sounds and sights of the city were entirely novel to her. The rush of life on the crowded thoroughfares did not bewilder her; on the contrary, it seemed to her the very companionship and amusement she had been wanting all her life.

She was walking through one of the cross streets one day, when a tiny little terrier dog, a perfect gem of diminutiveness, bounded past her side, but catching Jessie's admiring gaze, wheeled around and seemed disposed to make her acquaintance.

"Why, what a little fellow you are to be out all by yourself," she said. "Don't you think you had better come home with me?"

The little dog seemed to relish this style of address very much, and jumped and capered around Jessie as though she were an old established acquaintance. The street was quite solitary; so, as she pursued her way, she talked to her new little friend to her heart's content, he responding after his own fashion.

"I should like to know who you belong to, my little one," said Jessie, as she reached the corner.

She was not left long in doubt, for, as she turned to cross the street, a voice behind her called,

"Foss! Foss!"

Jessie involuntarily turned her head, and saw an amused face belonging to a tall, decidedly stylish and well-dressed gentleman.

Foss treacherously forsook his new friend at the sound of his master's voice; and the two disappeared down the avenue.

"There now," thought Jessie, coloring very much, "that comes of my country manners, I suppose. Nobody but a green horn like me would have talked to a dog in the street. I daresay he was laughing at me all the way. Pauline and Emmy would ridicule me to death if they knew it. Well, they won't know it from me."

When she reached home, she found the two girls in excited and earnest consultation over what costumes should be selected for some occasion of moment, it appeared.

"Where are you going, Emeline?" said Jessie, as she paused before the fire to warm her cold fingers.

"To Mrs. Chetard's; a grand party on the nineteenth, given to Irene on her coming out."

"The nineteenth! Why, that is more than a week off."

"I know that; but I haven't the smallest idea what to wear."

"Wear your green silk, that is more becoming to you than anything you have."

"Oh! I couldn't think of wearing that; I had it on at the Daters' the other evening, and lots of times before."

"But you could make it over, with a muslin over-dress, couldn't you?"

"Make it over!" ejaculated Emeline, in scornful accents. "Make over a dress for such an affair as Mrs. Chetard's will be—that shows you know nothing about it."

Feeling that she did know nothing about it, and cared still less, Jessie departed to her own room to take off her hat and cloak, and continue the perusal of an absorbing novel she had found there.

At the dinner-table her aunt looked up when the subject of the party was broached.

"Did you give Jessie her card of invitation, Pauline?"

"No, ma'am, I forgot it," replied Pauline, indifferently.

"Jessie's invitation! When did that come?" said Emeline.

"Two hours ago," said her mother, "with a note from Mrs. Chetard, begging pardon for having omitted it when the others were sent. She said she had just learned that I had a young friend with me, and hoped she would pardon what looked like incivility, and be sure to come."

"I am much obliged to Mrs. Chetard; but I cannot go," said Jessie, quietly.

"Why, my dear, I should be sorry for you to miss an opportunity you may never have again in your lifetime."

"I have nothing to wear, aunt Ingham."

"That is a decided obstacle," interposed Pauline. "One would hate to be shabbily dressed at such a brilliant affair."

"I have a washed white muslin that you are perfectly welcome to; and Pauline, I am sure, would be delighted to lend you her scarlet satin sash and coral *parure*," said Emeline, maliciously indifferent to her sister's angry looks.

"Thank you, Emeline; but I think I prefer to stay at home and entertain uncle."

"Thanks, Jessie," said her uncle; "that is more than either of my daughters ever said for me, old clothes or not. Come and pay me a visit in my study, and we'll talk it over."

Wondering much what he could have to say on the subject, Jessie followed her uncle. To her surprise and delight, he told her that he wanted her especially to go to Mrs. Chetard's party, and as a new dress was requisite, that new dress she should have; so he put into her hands a sufficient sum for the purpose, particularly desiring that she should purchase a silk, and that it should be pink.

Now you may think that because Jessie had lived in the country most of her life, she knew nothing at all of the proper style and cut of a lady's attire. But you are mistaken. Jessie had an innate knowledge of what was truly tasteful. Besides, she had not been in New York two weeks without finding what was the especial direction of the reigning mode. So, on this occasion, she quietly made up her mind to consult no one, but follow out her own ideas, and have a costume adapted to her style, and yet according to the prevailing fashion.

The evening of the ball arrived. Jessie's dress was perfect. I shall not attempt to give you any description of it, beyond that it was peach-blossom pink, and that there was a panier and over-train of clear white muslin. I will not add another word, except to remind you of how white Jessie's round arms, bare from the elbow, looked under the ruffles of that filmy old lace of Mrs. Thurston's, that came into play to add perfection to a Marie Antoinette toilet; or how the wreath of pink roses, nestled among the curls and puffs of rich brown hair, that matched in color her starry eyes.

It is enough to say that the dress was as pretty as a dress could be, and that Jessie looked as she had never done before. If that loving mother, far away in the poor little house in the country village, praying for every joy

and blessing for her darling, could only have taken one look at her then.

Jessie was a little late, and her cousins were already impatient, standing in full costume down stairs, to be inspected by their father when she descended.

"Why, Jessie, you are quite dazzling," ejaculated Mrs. Ingham.

Pauline and Emeline pretended not to look at her, which fact, coupled with a studied avoidance of the subject of dress and appearance, on the way to Mrs. Chetard's, gave little Jessie an uneasy feeling that she did not look especially well, after all.

The ball, as far as Miss Jessie Ingham was concerned, was a triumphant success. Her aunt made many skillfully directed efforts to keep her in the background; but that was impossible to do. Jessie was most radiant, and her costume was undeniably elegant and stylish. So many partners, so much attention—Jessie thought a ball the most enchanting experience to be imagined.

Mrs. Chetard came up, during the evening, to present "her nephew, Mr. Everhard Field."

Jessie recognized in an instant Foss' master, and the recognition was mutual. Jessie was astonished that they should meet again. Mr. Field showed no surprise, but a vast amount of satisfaction, which he testified by remaining not far from Jessie the whole evening. If he liked to be near her, she was anything but displeased: the other men might dance well enough, but none of them danced as Mr. Field: the other men might talk well enough, but they were nothing to Mr. Field: she had seen him before; she felt that intuition which it is so sweet to follow, that he was her friend.

"Hasn't Foss spoken of me frequently, since the other day, Mr. Field?" said Jessie, saucily, as they promenaded down the long hall.

"Not in so many words, Miss Ingham, but he has been visibly dejected. I think that Foss and myself are in need of the same remedy."

"What is that?" said Jessie, with curiosity.

"I am sorry to disturb your promenade, Jessie, my dear," said her aunt's soft voice at this moment, "but I am just about to make my adieus. Mr. Field, you are fixed in town for the winter, I hope?"

"As far as I can see, Mrs. Ingham."

"You have kept yourself so far from us, for the last years, that you have almost forgotten what pleasures New York can offer you during our gay winter months. We will have to show him, won't we, Jessie?"

"I shall certainly test your capacity, Mrs.

Ingham. I accept that offer on the spot," said Mr. Field.

Nothing could be more smiling and attentive than Mrs. Ingham's manner was to Mr. Everhard Field, or more affectionate to Jessie. Jessie was puzzled over her evident desire to win Mr. Field's attention.

"I will do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow," said Mr. Field, as he put Jessie in the carriage.

"Well, Jessie," said Mrs. Ingham, as they rolled homeward, "your pink dress and your winning ways have done you some service if you have caught Mr. Field. Do you know, child, that Everhard Field is the catch of the season—he is worth, without exaggeration, two millions."

"How absurd, mamma," said Pauline, "to say a man is caught just because he dances a few times with a girl."

"There were many black looks cast upon you to-night, I can tell you, Jessie," pursued her aunt. "Mr. Field is considered a star of the first magnitude: he is a peculiar sort of man, too; he receives all overtures with great composure, and takes good care not to show the slightest preference for any one of our belles."

"Does he?" said Jessie, absently. She was thinking that if Mr. Field was so rich and sought after, there was very little chance that he would take any more notice of her.

The next morning, Jessie began the delightful task of transcribing to her mother all the delights of the ball: the dancing and the throng of beautiful girls were dwelt upon at great length; and you may be sure Mr. Everhard Field held a prominent place in Jessie's records. These labors were broken by the announcement that Mr. Field himself was in the drawing-room, and had especially asked for "Miss Jessie Ingham."

"Oh, dear!" thought she, with a sigh, "nothing to go down in but this old brown dress; he will wonder what has become of the young lady in the pink silk."

It was not without a very uncertain and fluttering heart that Jessie descended the staircase. She paused a second at the drawing-room door. "Now he will see what a poor, awkward country girl I am," she thought.

Mr. Field did not seem to see anything of the sort. He saw what he thought the sweetest, frankest little face in the world: the slight shade of embarrassment thrown over her was not the thing to injure her effect in the eyes of a man like Everhard Field. Pauline and Mrs. Ingham were brilliant and amusing in their

conversation; but Mr. Field, with most pointed courtesy, addressed the greater part of his remarks to Jessie, and in an unobtrusive way was so evidently taken up with her, that Mrs. Ingham felt like biting his head off.

As he rose to take leave, Mr. Field asked Jessie if she would drive with him in the afternoon, an invitation which she accepted with inward delight. Whatever tact Everhard might display in bringing her into the conversation with her aunt and Pauline, she could not get over the restraint that their presence invariably inspired; and to talk and laugh at will, when she knew she would find ready sympathy and appreciation, was a keen pleasure in anticipation. Mr. Field was impatient to have his little wild flower all to himself. He could see that Jessie, under the eye of her suave aunt, and the smiling and animated little Jessie of the ball-room, were two different creatures.

That drive was one of unalloyed pleasure to Jessie, and so satisfactory to Mr. Field, that he proposed a walk the next morning. Every day, through some excuse, he found himself in Jessie's society. There was always some expedition that they must make together. Such rare and beautiful baskets of fruit and flowers appeared, with the invariable address, "Miss Jessie Ingham," that Mrs. Ingham was ready to die of envy at the evidences of Mr. Field's wealth and generosity. There is something imposing in being brought face to face with wealth. Mr. Field's equipage, and horses, and servants, impressed Mrs. Ingham with profound respect every time she saw them, because for one reason they were, so to speak, in the market; and she was filled with wrath to think that, instead of her Pauline, it was her country niece who seemed destined to have these things.

"If I can only keep the man from proposing," she thought; "and get her home, there may be some chance for Pauline yet."

But she was too wise to betray herself by speech or manner. If Jessie did come into possession of that magnificent establishment on

Madison Avenue, Mrs. Everhard Field in embryo was not to be slighted.

"Have you ever heard Parepa sing, Miss Jessie?" said Mr. Field, one Monday afternoon, as they sat in the drawing-room.

"Never," said Jessie, trying to perform an intricate stitch in crochet that Emeline had showed her.

"Then you will, to-morrow evening, when we to the Philharmonic Concert."

"Philharmonic Concert! I am not going to Philharmonic Concert."

"What! Did I not tell you that I had tickets? Did I not ask you to go with me?"

"Never!" said Jessie, laughing.

"But you will go, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Jessie, gravely, "I don't know that I ought to spend my last evening in New York away from home."

"Your last evening in New York! Surely, you do not go on Wednesday!" he cried.

"I fear I must," she said, unable to repress a rising color at Everhard's slight start.

"Jessie," said Mr. Field, in a low voice, "I cannot let you go without leaving me some promise that I shall see you again. I have been so happy in these last few weeks with you, Jessie—from my heart I love you. Only tell me, that I may have that happiness forever."

"But I have known you such a short time," faltered Jessie.

"That is nothing, nothing at all," said Everhard, eagerly. "If you can care a little for me, it is all that I ask now. Only tell me that you trust me, and will give yourself to me."

"I do trust you," said Jessie, lifting her frank eyes to his.

"And the rest."

Her answer was not distinctly audible, but he was satisfied; and it was Mr. Everhard Field who accompanied Jessie home.

Mrs. Everhard Field has a house on Madison Avenue, and a villa on the Hudson, and her aunt, in consequence, is the most assiduous and eager of her "thousand friends."

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY S. E. GRAHAM.

In a cozy corner, where three roads met,

At the foot of an orchard that sloped to the sun,
There, in its shade, is the school-house set,
Where my earliest tasks, with books, begun.

My seat looked out on the orchard's slope,
Where the king-cups nestled like flocks of gold;
And the breath of the apple-blooms awoke
A dream of romance, like tales of old.

The robins sang, and I gazed unchecked,
Where they built their nests and raised their young;
And at noon I climbed to the boughs bedecked
By the swinging-nests which the orioles hung.

I learned my lessons, and conned my tasks,
And dreamed many a bright day-dream;
But such golden blooms in the meadow-grass,
I never again shall see, I ween.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 303.

CHAPTER VI.

ADELA ROCHET haunted the ruins of the Bastile; with feelings of tender sympathy with the fascination which carried that lonely man back to his dungeon, as birds return to the cages from which they have been set free, feeling the broad, blue dome of the sky too vast for the trial of their worn and crippled wings. The sweet pity of a truly feminine nature also drew her to those gaunt ruins almost every nightfall; for she knew that among them would be found that patient and gentle sufferer, who felt more real companionship with the tiny animal, which had been the sole comfort of his unjust imprisonment, than the tumultuous life of the streets had yet afforded him. The desolate loneliness of those heaped up stones was a safe place for the young girl, as it proved a secret shelter for the man, and both felt a mournful pleasure in meeting where they had known the extreme of suffering.

Perhaps some stray gleam of insanity had crept out of those dark years of solitude into the brain of the old prisoner—but it was of a kind so dreamy and gentle that a poet would have called it inspiration. He loved the little animal that had loved him with childlike idolatry; and the sweet face of that young girl was dear to him, because it had from, year to year, looked in at his misery, and pitied it.

Adela could not remember when her father first became a guard in the Bastile. His figure, standing faithful and erect at his post, was the first object that had ever impressed itself on her youthful mind. The massive tower that he guarded, linked to its twin tower by broad walls of stone, had been familiar to her almost as a home; for the child half lived in the prison while her father kept guard there, and had been the plaything and pet of its officers, who had not realized that she was no longer a child, until that awful day when one and all were swept away in a whirlwind of popular indignation. So the heaped stones and sweltering moat had no terrors for the girl, but reminded her mournfully of the father she had lost, and

the home with which her infancy had been so familiar, that it never seemed gloomy.

One night, while the moon was at its full, she crossed the shattered draw-bridge, and found her way down among the disjointed stones in which the old prisoner's cell opened, like a cave. He was there sitting in a patch of moonlight, that lay like a silver flag across the entrance, talking softly to his little favorite, who was creeping up his garments and clinging to his beard, or sheltering itself under his hand, flitting hither and thither like a wingless bird.

The old man started up wildly, and uttered a faint cry as Adela broke up the silver of the moonlight.

"Don't be afraid, my friend, it is only Adela," said the girl, in gentle haste to reassure the trembling man.

"Adela! Oh, yes! I—I thought it was the other," he said, "or some one from the house they call my home. Would you think it? They follow me—they suspect."

"Suspect what, my friend?"

"That I find shelter somewhere—for I do not sleep in their beds; I cannot live among such noises. So they follow me, and spy upon me, and think I go among the enemies of the people. I, who have no life out of this place; no friend but this, and you, pretty one."

Adela sat down by the old prisoner, and took his hand in hers.

"Yes," she said, "I am your friend. What a little thing I was when my father first brought me here. When he opened the door I peeped through, and your bright eyes shone on me like stars. Do you remember how softly I crept in under my poor father's arm, and sat down by you on the damp floor? He wanted me to come out; but your dear, old face looked down on me so pitiful, and I would not go. Have you forgotten it, my friend?"

"Forgotten it, sweet little one! How could I forget? When God sends his angels to spirits in torment, do they forget? My eyes were used to darkness, and your face dazzled them, dazzled my very soul! Did you know it, I thought

at first it was my own child. She was so like you, the same golden hair, the same eyes. I could not speak from the joy that seized upon me."

"I remember—I remember! You lifted your hand—how long and white it was. You laid it on my head, and looked down into my eyes so sadly with such pitiful love that I began to cry. Then I remembered you stooped down, your beard swept into my lap, and your face touched mine—you were gathering up my tears with your lips."

The old prisoner nodded his head and smiled.

"Yes, yes, I remember—I remember."

"My father got impatient, sat down his lantern, and attempted to lift me from the floor: but I would not go. You remember that?"

"Yes, yes! You clung to me, and wanted me to go with you, and not stay there in the dark. Then I thought of the angels that visited Peter in prison, and wondered if they were small and lovely, like you."

"Was it like that? But you were hungry, and I had nothing to give you."

"Yes, yes! Your tears and that look, they were food for the soul."

"But I did not come empty-handed the next time. Do you remember how we ate *bonbons* and white bread together from my lap—as I sat on the floor, while he held the lantern and looked on?"

The old prisoner nodded his head, and laughed just above his breath.

"It was against the rules, you know, and I had to beg and implore my father to let me come with him. He refused; but I went to the governor."

"I never saw him," said the prisoner.

"No; but you knew that they murdered him?" answered the girl, sadly.

"I know. It was a cruel deed!"

"He was good to me—so good, and bade my father let me come here, if I wished, there was no danger in it. I had been saving up all the *bonbons* that the officers gave me, and brought them here. How the tears ran down your cheeks when I took them out. Wasn't that a feast?"

The girl looked up as she spoke, and saw that great tears were coursing each other down his face, and falling drop by drop upon his hand, where they trembled and melted away like mist upon snow.

"Now I am making you sad," she murmured.

The old man turned his face toward her, and a smile broke over it. This was the second time within an hour that the gentle sadness of

his features had given way. It was like the breaking up of ice under swift gleams of sunshine.

"Sad!" he repeated, "sad! In all the years lost to me, the sight of your sweet face was the one joy. God sent it! God sent it, that I should be kept human!"

"He pitied you. When we went away his eyes were full of tears. I saw it by the light he carried."

"I think he did pity me, for he let you come to me from time to time, and I measured the years of my darkness by the growth of your beauty."

"He was kind as a child, my father," said Adela, in a low, sad voice; "how I loved him. They could not have known how I loved him, or his poor life might have been spared."

"Poor child! Poor child!" said the prisoner, smoothing her hair with his white and withered hand. "If I could only comfort you; but I am old, and so helpless: we are but three children together, you and I, and our little marmosette. See how it sits upon my sleeve, with its bright eyes watching us. It knows, it knows! Hush! there is a footstep."

Adela held her breath and listened, for in that weird face, so laden with murderous traditions, the least sound brought apprehension with it. There was, indeed, a noise of footsteps wandering among the disjointed stones overhead.

"Hush!" whispered the prisoner; and Adela could see that his limbs shook in the moonlight. "It may be that fierce woman who threatened to drag me out of my quiet. She says that I and my sorrows belong to France."

"No, it is not the step of a woman," answered Adela, under her breath. "I—I think I know it."

That moment a jagged fragment of stone came rushing down from the pile of rocks which encompassed the place where they were sitting, and crashed down upon the pavement, so close to the old man that a portion of his coarse garments were torn and buried under it.

The girl thought that he was killed, and her wild shriek rang upward like the cry of a wounded night-bird; then she fell upon her knees, and throwing one arm around the old man, drew her hand over his face, shuddering with fear that it would be bathed in his blood. He was alive and struggling to get up, for the strain on his garments had drawn him prone upon the floor, and for a moment he was stunned.

"Is she hurt? Has it mashed her?" he

demanding, turning his eyes upon Adela's face with a look of pitiful entreaty. "She was so little, poor thing! they need not have hurled a mountain of rocks down to kill her."

"I think not, I hope not," answered the girl, eager to comfort him. "It was creeping up to your shoulder just before the rock fell."

The old man made a desperate effort to free himself, and tore at his dress with vigor, wrenching it in tatters from under the stone; then he rose to his hands and knees, and shook that portion of the loose robe or cloak that fell over his bosom.

"It is not here! It is not here!" he cried out, in anguish.

"Not there; but look, look!"

Adela pointed to the rock on which the moonlight fell, and there the little creature sat, alive and safe, with its bright eyes sparkling like diamonds.

The old man reached out both his trembling hands, and the mouse crept into them, shaking like a leaf.

"My poor friend! my dear little one! Will they never let us alone? Hush! hush!"

The steps which had dislodged the stone were coming downward with quick, sharp leaps. Adela's cry had evidently made itself heard, and startled the wanderer, whoever he was.

The old man gathered himself up, and retreated into the darkest corner of his cell. Adela saw his terror. Placing one foot on the fragment of rock leaped over it, and began to climb upward with such swift excitement, that she absolutely seemed floating to the man, who paused half-way down, and watched her with astonishment.

"Is any one hurt? Did the rock strike a human being?" he called out, in a voice that thrilled with anxiety.

"No one is hurt, monsieur; but I was frightened, and called out like a coward," answered Adela, coming swiftly up to his level.

"But you were in danger?"

"Yes; the wind which the rock brought with it took away my breath; but that was all."

They stood together now on the same platform, and the moonbeams fell upon them with all its spiritualizing brightness. A face more sweetly grand was never bowed over one more beautiful.

"What is it you want, mademoiselle, in this dreary place again? What brings you here?"

"My heart, monsieur. Nothing else could. The world outside seems most strange to me at night."

"But are you not afraid?"

"It is over yonder that I am afraid. Stones do not hurt one; men and women do! Besides, it is here that I can see you walking."

"You have seen me before, my child?"

"Yes, I have seen you. There is not on earth a face I know as well."

"But where?"

"Here—always here!"

"This is strange. I remember your face; but only as such things come to us in dreams. Where did I ever see it?"

"Up yonder, where a crowd of men, with red caps on their heads, and weapons in their hands, seized upon a poor girl, and—and——"

"I remember. Great heavens! are you that girl?"

"I am the forlorn creature you saved, monsieur; but only to see my poor father murdered because he was faithful to the king."

"What, the man on guard at the tower?"

"He fell at my feet. Oh, monsieur! I know that you would have saved him. It was your hand that struck up one carbine aimed at him; but even then another more fatal did the cruel work. God forgive them! God forgive them! he is all merciful; but, oh, monsieur! I never can!"

"Poor child!" said the young man, reaching forth his hand as if she had been an infant whom he was ready to lead out of peril. "I remember you now. No wonder your face came to me as if out of a troubled dream. That was a horrible moment!"

"It made me an orphan," said Adela, with pathetic simplicity.

"An orphan! That is hard; but the time must soon come when France will be the mother of orphans made in her behalf."

Adela shook her head. The voice in which this man spoke was deep and sweet with sympathy that she could recognize; but his words partook of a cause she recoiled from. They seemed to excuse the murderers of her own father. She drew her hand from his clasp shuddering. He saw the change that came over her features, and smiled.

"You will not trust me, then, little one?"

"Trust you? Oh, yes!"

"Is it because you know me?"

Adela shook her head.

"I only know you as my saviour! I only know that you tried to spare him, and could not. What more should I ask?"

"But the thing I did was nothing. Any gentleman would have done as much."

"Where crowds meet only to pull down and

murder, one does not expect to find gentlemen," answered Adela, unconscious of the sarcasm that lay in her innocent words.

The young man seemed tempted to argue the matter; but checked himself, saying,

"You must not give me too much credit, little one. But tell me where you live now. What friends can you have, who permit these lonely night walks?"

"I have no friends," answered the girl, with gentle sadness.

"But you have a home?"

"There was an old woman, monsieur, who sits in the market, from whom my father hired a little room, where I could sleep at nights, and to which he came when off guard. Since my father was killed she has been kind, and lets me stay there yet."

"But how do you live?"

"Oh! I eat so little. Sorrow leaves a poor appetite; and she gives me work. She sells flowers and fruit mostly; so I make wreaths and bouquets, assort fruit, and make such lovely baskets. Besides, I want hardly anything, being all alone in the world."

"But what brings you here?"

"It was my home. Every one in the prison loved me. I had no mother, you know, and they fed me from the governor's table."

"And was that man good to you?"

"Was my own father good? He taught me to read while I sat on his knee, and as I grew up it was his books I studied. That awful day left me desolate."

"And have you no relatives?"

"I do not know of any."

"Nor friends, besides this market-woman?"

"There was one, but he is more helpless than I am. Sometimes, monsieur, I think it would have been kinder had you left those hideous men to kill me, and never opened his dungeon. He was used to the prison, and I had no other home."

"Who is the person you speak of?"

"He was No. 75 before they did this," said Adela, looking mournfully around at the ruin which encompassed her. "Now they call him *The Prisoner of the Bastille*."

"Poor old man, I have heard of him. Is he too suffering? Where can I see him?"

"He does not wish to be seen. They have forced liberty upon him when it was too late. He loves nothing but solitude."

"Perhaps not; but a man so wronged must hate the tyrant who persecuted him."

"That king is dead. Besides, this good old man hates no one."

"Not the king?"

"Least of all, the good king."

"And you, little one—how is it with you?"

"My father died serving the king; and if I might choose, so would his daughter."

The beautiful face of the girl kindled, her eyes flashed like stars as she said this. Then bethinking herself how dangerous such expressions of loyalty were, she said, half timidly,

"They tell me it is dangerous not to abuse the king; but you ask me for the truth, and I forget to be prudent. Besides, I think you are his friend."

"How can you think that?"

"Because you would not let those ruffians kill me, and tried to knock down that murderer's gun, for you must have known we belonged to the king."

"But what if I loved France more?"

"I heard some one say, when I was a little girl, that the king *was* France."

The young man broke into a low laugh, which began bitterly, and ended in good-humor. What man, he thought, could burden a creature so innocent and sweet with political prejudices. It seemed like dragging nightingales out from the sheltering roses, and hurling them into a maelstrom.

"Well, little one, I will not quarrel with you for loving the king; and you must permit me to worship France just a little," he said, smiling. "But you have not told me why it is that you come to this dangerous place alone, and at night? It cannot be, certainly, the old home-feeling that brings you here?"

Adela's head drooped, and if the light had been sufficient, the young man might have seen a blush steal over her face.

"It is partly that, and partly that I have a friend, that comes here sometimes."

"A friend whom you come to meet? You so young, so—"

The young man spoke sternly, and he drew back from the drooping young creature a little, as if something had stung him. She lifted her eyes to his in shrinking astonishment.

"Who is this person?" he asked.

"I—I must not tell. He does not like people to know."

"He? Did you say he?"

"Yes, I said he; but that was not speaking his name."

"And you come here nights to meet this man?"

"Almost every night, for he is sure to come."

"And this is why you venture here? Does the old market-woman know?"

"He does not wish any one to be told."

Adela saw that something had offended her companion, and answered his questions with timid hesitation; but her eyes pleaded with him all the time.

"You steal away from home when the streets of Paris are full of dangers, and come to this lonely spot only to meet a man whose name you dare not speak? Is this the truth, child?"

"Yes, I do that; but, but not alone for his sake, though it is such a comfort when I do come; but sometimes I—I have another reason."

"Well, what is the other reason?"

Adela's voice sunk almost to a whisper as she answered,

"Sometimes I—I have seen you."

The young man started, and his eyes flashed.

"And I wanted to thank you. You did not know it, for I never had the courage, but hid away in the shadows, and asked our Blessed Lady to make you feel how grateful I was. When you did not come, I went away sorrowful. It is just a week since you were here. I saw your face all the time; it was heavy with thought."

"I remember. And you were watching me?"

"Oh! I always do that."

"But why?"

"Because I am so grateful. It must be that; gratitude is such a sweet feeling, it almost takes away my breath sometimes."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. To-night I was listening and listening, quite sure that it must be you when the rock came crashing down. I couldn't help screaming, it frightened me dreadfully."

"Not more than it frightened me," said the young man, whose good-nature had entirely returned. "It was a loose stone that gave way under my foot, and almost carried me down with it—a blessed stone I shall always think; for it brought you out of the darkness, the only lovely thing I do believe those walls ever gave forth."

"But for that I should have kept out of sight, and gone home heavy-hearted."

"Why heavy-hearted, little one?"

"Because it was impossible to see you where I was, and I never should have found courage to come into the light."

The young man bent his eyes upon her with a look of tender admiration, that brought blushes into Adela's cheek, and weighed down her soft eyes till she stood before him like a child rebuked.

"Then it was just a little, that you might see

so poor a person as I am, which brought you here; not altogether that other person, whom I was almost forgetting," said the young man, after gazing upon that sweet face awhile in silence.

"You saved my life, and tried to save him!" faltered the young creature.

"Thank heaven for that!" rejoined the young man, with fervent animation. "At least, so much good was done."

"Now I will be going," said Adela, gathering around her the frail drapery with which she had ventured into the night air.

"But not alone—I cannot permit that, little one; the streets of Paris are not safe for you. Come, let me help you over these stones."

Adela had passed over them once that night, swiftly and safely as a chamois on some mountain peak; but with those eyes upon her she grew timid, and held out her little hand, touching the stones daintily with her finger. He took her hand with a firm grasp, and led her over the rugged masses of stone, which was so broken up in heaps and chasms that every footstep brought its danger. At a jagged chasm, which the girl had sprang lightly over an hour before, she paused, and began to tremble. The youth reassured her with a smile; then threw his arm around her waist, lifted her over, and sat her down on the other side bathed in blushes, which seemed shadows in the moonlight.

At last these young people reached the broken draw-bridge, crossed over on its shaking timbers, and entered the dark streets beyond. Little was said between them as they approached the humble dwelling, which was the only home the poor girl could claim in the wide, wide world. The passage was dark which led from the principal door, and here the young man made a pause, but Adela still clung to his hand.

"You will not leave me here!" she pleaded, unconscious of wrong as a child. "She is not home yet; it will be lonely waiting till she comes."

The young man had no heart to leave her, and they went up the dark stair-case together. Adela opened a door under the roof, and led her guest into a little room with one window, neat as a flower, and tasteful as only a French girl could make it.

"I was sure she would not be home yet," said Adela, striking a light, which fell pleasantly on the muslin curtains at the window, looped up with knots of rose-colored ribbon, which shaded a plant or two in rich leafiness.

"She will come up here the first thing—till then I hope you will wait, monsieur."

The young man seated himself and looked around the room, which contained two flag-bottomed chairs, a small table, and in the farthest corner a little cot-bed, white as a cloud, and fragrant with the breath of many flowers; for directly at its foot stood a basket crowded full of bouquets ready for the market, from which a scent of heliotrope, violets, and jasmynes, would have perfumed the air too heavily but for the open window, through which a soft current of air was flowing.

"You see that all my work was done before I went out," said the girl, pointing to the basket; "these are my task."

"Not a hard one, I should think," said the guest, smiling.

"Hard! No one ever gives me anything hard to do. It is only play to make up these little bunches; and who would think of harming me when I go about to sell them? The people might, from hatred of my father; but Dame Doudel is like a queen in the market, and she lets all the women think that I am her niece, and never says a word about the Bastile, or that I cannot be made to hate the king because my father loved him. I wish you could know how good the dame has been to me."

"But she leaves you here alone to wander about in dangerous places. Is that kind or wise, little one?"

"Oh! but she knows why, and is ready to help me; the dame has a heart soft as dew. She goes out every night, and would take me with her, only I do not care to go among such crowds of women. So then she says, 'Well, well, go your own way; but do not forget to say that I am the niece of Dame Doudel, who sits in the market, if any one molests you.' That is a safe passport."

"And have you found it so?"

"There has been no need of using it; no one speaks to me in the street. I hold my mantle close over my face, and walk on without looking to the right or left; then I come to the Bastile, but find it all alone, or nearly so. May I ask, monsieur, what takes you there? No one you loved leads you that way? What is it?"

The man's eyes sparkled as he answered,

"I go because that mountain of ruins is the first battle-field of liberty in France. When those old towers fell the very heart in my bosom was unchained."

Adela looked at him a little wildly, and her eyes filled with tears.

"*Mon Dieu!* Is it that you belong to them?" she said, dropping into the only chair her visitor did not occupy. "How can it be?"

The young man instantly repeated of the ardor in his speech. It seemed to him like frightening a singing bird with fire-arms, and he reassured her with a smile.

"Believe me, nothing that you fear or dislike. Heaven forbid that I should bring the turmoil of the streets into this quiet place!"

Adela drew a deep breath, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Forgive me, monsieur," she said, in gentle penitence; "but since that day I weep so easily. Sometimes, as I sit here weaving the flowers together, the tears will drop in among their leaves like rain; but that is when I am thinking of him."

"But you must shed no more tears."

"Not if I can help it; but when I thought of your belonging to those fierce men rejoicing over the ruin they made, I could not keep the tears back. Forgive me, monsieur, but I could not."

"I should ask forgiveness for disturbing you so. Come, come, let us be friends. Some loose flowers are lying on the table there—while we wait for the dame, let me see you work."

"I didn't know that one was left! She must have brought them after I went away," said the girl, starting up and drawing her chair to the table. "How stupid; but it will only take a little time."

While Adela was busy assorting her flowers, the young man drew his chair to the table, and watched her slender fingers as they twined the stems together; then, as if unconsciously, he took up the blossoms one by one, and held them for her use. He saw that her little hand trembled as she took the flowers, and a smile stole over his face as he remarked the color come and go in hers. Something was evidently on her mind, as she arranged one bouquet with wonderful care—a tiny thing, in which a half-open blush-rose was laid softly in a nest of violets. Adela tied this with a delicate bit of ribbon taken from her neck, eyed it critically, with her head on one side, as a bird sometimes coquets with its food, and then laid it away with a sigh, lacking courage for the purpose that had dawned in her mind.

A noise below—some one was coming up stairs.

"It is the dame," said Adela, pausing to listen, "and coming up here. I knew she would."

The door was flung open, and a sharp little

woman, in a broad-bordered cap, tied around the head with a black ribbon, stood on the threshold with a half-uttered sentence on her lips.

"Well, so I find you here, little one—so much the better."

Her words were cut short by the utter astonishment that possessed her on seeing a strange man in the room.

Adela started up. "Oh, dame! I have found the gentleman. He it was who saved me. Will you thank him? I have tried, but cannot."

"What, the brave man who drove back our friends when they mistook you for a little aristocrat, which that Delaunay came near making her, monsieur, with his books and his pen-writing? What has an honest girl to do with such things, that is what I ask of her? But she will go on. Look!"

The young man turned so completely that his face was concealed from Adela, who shrunk back ashamed, as the dame, with more pride than she cared to own, pointed out a shelf of books hanging to the wall. But the woman, for the first time, got a full view of his features, and an exclamation of surprise half broke from her lips, when the visitor lifted his finger with a quick sign of silence.

"Monsieur will, perhaps, like to look over the reading they have taught this child. Nothing less than poetry."

The young man went up to the shelf of books, and Dame Doudel followed him, a word or two passed between them almost in a whisper; then the woman said aloud,

"What good is there in such things?"

"They seem very harmless," observed the young man, preparing to leave the room.

Adela was surprised. Would she never see this man again? He had saved her life, yet she did not know his name, or where he lived. She took the tiny cluster of flowers, and stood hesitating, with one foot advanced, like a bird half poised.

A faint smile crept over the young man's lips, for he lost nothing of this; and when she came swiftly toward him, he held out both hands, as if she were a pretty child he wished to encourage.

Adela gave him the flowers, and turning to Dame Doudel, said, in modest apology for what she had done,

"It only took a few, and he saved my life."

Dame Doudel nodded her head, and waved her hand, thus signifying her approbation, and followed the young man down stairs, while Adela stood gazing after him in wistful silence.

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"Monsieur, is that young thing up yonder right in supposing you saved her from dying with her father, poor, benighted man! or does she mistake you for another?"

"She is right in saying that I was there, and did my best to stop the bloodshed that marred that glorious day; but that which she speaks of with so much gratitude, was nothing. I but hurled half a dozen ruffians back as they seized upon her, and was altogether too late, so far as the man she called her father was concerned, he died at her feet, poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow! You may well say that, monsieur. A better man never lived than Rochet. He lodged with me when the girl up yonder was born. I have always felt like a mother to the poor thing, since her mother died, and for her sake kept it private in the neighborhood, when her father took that miserable post in the Bastile. The girl passed as a relative of my own, and no one asked questions; but for that it might not be safe for her hereabout."

"Why, surely, a creature like that, innocent and lovely as a child, can have no enemies."

"I cannot tell that. More than one person saw her face that day; and to have been found one moment, willingly, an inmate of the Bastile, might even now brand her for death."

"But in all that tumult who could recognize her?"

"One person did, I know; for I heard a voice call out, 'Strangle her! Shoot her! Strike her! And you bring that tall guard down from his post.' It was a woman's voice."

"A woman!" repeated the young man, and his fine lips curved with disdain. "Say a fiend! I wish we had no such aids in a great cause."

A frown blackened Dame Doudel's sharp face. She had, like most French women of her class, plunged into the great revolutionary vortex, which even now was beginning to foam and seethe with blood. The vicious power which a few talented and infamous women had begun to wield in the revolution, had inspired others with a reckless idea of their own importance; and Dame Doudel grew fierce and angry that any one should doubt the power of her sex to wrestle with national wrongs, or step from a market-stall into the duties of statesmanship.

"Monsieur, then, does not think the women of France worthy to work for him?" she said.

"I think," said the young man, who seemed rather amused than offended by the lofty airs which the market-woman assumed, "I think that when the men of a great nation cannot redress its wrongs, and protect its women, that nation is hardly worth saving."

"Indeed!" answered the dame, sniffing the air like a war-horse, and breaking at once into the language of the clubs. "Who was it that urged on the attack, and led the way when that huge monster, the Bastile, was taken?—the women. Who cheered the state's general on to tear the king down from his high horse?—the women. Who surrounded Santerre, and forced him to lead them to Versailles, to confront the king and his Austrian wife but the women of Paris? Who brought the royal family out from their palace, and forced them through the storm and mud into the city? The women—the women, I tell you. Ah, monsieur! we have already done brave work for France, and you dare scoff at us."

"But it was also a woman, as you have just told me, who urged on a pack of brutal men to assail the young girl whom you seem to love."

"Ah, there! Yes, I am with you there. It was an awful cruelty. I saw the poor man fall. Oh! it was heart-rending! but even that, one must endure for the sake of liberty; besides, the woman was not one of us. She has had her training among the aristocrats, and yet dares to come down among us, the real patriots, and makes speeches to us, mounted on our own stalls; for my part, I want nothing of the sort. Only she pretends always that Mirabeau, our great Mirabeau, speaks through her, as if he felt above coming to us himself—not at all, I tell you. He does not scoff at the help which comes from us. The women of Paris adore Mirabeau. It is a pity, though, he sends a creature like that to tell us our duty."

"But you have not told me who the woman is whom you seem to both fear and hate."

"Fear! Oh! there is not a woman, or, for that matter, a man, living, who could make me fear for myself. Ask Doudel—ask my sister; perhaps you know her, Dame Tillery, landlady of the Swan, at Versailles, if Margaret Doudel was ever terrified by mortal face. But, about that girl up yonder, I confess to you, monsieur, that I sometimes do feel a trembling about my heart. If any harm come to her, I think it would kill me; and as for Doudel, he fairly adores her, and hates the very sight of that handsome monster who prowls about the neighborhood asking questions, like a mean, vicious cat, creeping up to a bird's cage."

"Still you have not told me this dangerous woman's name."

"Shall I tell you why? It was but yesterday I saw her talking with you in a place you say I must not mention."

"Talking to me?"

"Yes. I have noticed one thing, we dames of the market have sharp eyes. This woman, to whom I used to sell flowers and fruit, when she carried her head high, as if she were Du Barry herself, so contenting herself with a salad, when things turned against her, this woman is neither of the nobility nor the people, flesh nor fish, but may go with either one, and then the other; I, for one, trust no such person."

"But the name, how can I judge the wisdom of what you say without a knowledge of the person?"

"Did I not say that you spoke with her but yesterday, and sorry I was to see it?"

"But I speak to so many women during the course of a day—yourself, for instance, and only yesterday, too."

"The women of the market have a right to speak anywhere, or to any person; but this young woman is not one of them. She means to be our leader, but we want nothing of her. She does not love France half so much as she hates the queen. As if we could not win our rights without the help of such a creature as that. Oh, monsieur! the less you harbor with such chaff the better."

"I will try and profit by what you say, dame, when I know who it is you warn me against; the more especially as you tell me that she bears some malice against the poor orphan up stairs."

"Malice! I should think she did. And why? This is the reason. When we were in the midst of that glorious day at Versailles, our pretty Adela was chosen to go with the committee of women, who were sent to lay our wrongs before the king. This creature, whom I warn you of, wanted the honor, and appealed to Mirabeau, who could have sent her if he would; but the good count only laughed, and said it was intended to petition the king, not insult him. The person chosen to make the address must be a child of the people, innocent, frank, honest, therefore it must be Adela Rochet. Then it was that the venom of this woman's bad heart broke out. Adela was chosen against her. Adela's modesty and innocence touched the king with the most tender compassion. He kissed her on the cheek and promised well. Mirabeau had done this, and Louison Brisot loved Mirabeau. Was not this good reason why she should hate our child?"

"Louison Brisot! I shall remember the name, good dame," said the young man as he stepped out into the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, first, a walking-dress of buff or white pique. The under-skirt is cut with the front width gored, two side widths, also gored, and two plain widths for the back. The back widths to be gathered in large French gathers. This skirt is trimmed with a flounce nearly three-eighths of a yard in depth—quite that deep, including the heading. Top and bottom of the flounce are scalloped out, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon, or, what is better for washing, alpaca braid or narrow mantua ribbon. Five widths of the pique will make fullness sufficient. Upper tunic is cut perfectly straight all round, and long enough to touch the top of the flounce; three widths, two in the back, and the front one cut in half, and gored; put on a separate band, making it long enough to clasp a little in front. Scallop out to match the flounce, and loop at the sides. Plain, high bodice, and coat-sleeves, trimmed to match. Small cape, with basque ends, to cross in front under the waistband. From fourteen to fifteen yards of pique will be required for this dress.

Next we give an entirely new style of trimming a bodice, either for a dress, or the bodice to be made of white cashmere, or mohair, and

trimmed with black velvet, edged with white braid. These bodices are particularly convenient for spring and summer wear, and look

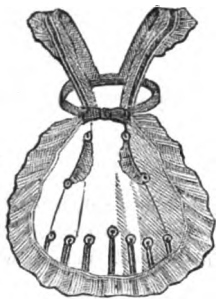


well with almost any kind of skirt, economically finishing out half-worn dresses, and making quite a fresh-looking toilet.

Also, for warm weather, a clear white muslin body, trimmed with bands of worked insertion, let in as seen in the engraving, or narrow rows of cross tucks of the muslin may be substituted, or puffs are exceedingly pretty. Any young lady, with a little ingenuity, can readily make a variety of these pretty waists at a trifling expense.



Also an apron, for a Miss of ten years, of Swiss muslin, made with braces, and trimmed with a ruffle of the muslin, simply hemmed, and put on with a cord; or, what is more dressy, make a puff of the muslin over pink or blue ribbon, or cambric. These aprons are becoming very fashionable, and certainly are very pretty.



For the early spring days we give a back and front view of a flannel, or light cloth sacque, trimmed with a wide band of black velvet. Three yards of flannel, or one yard and a half of cloth, will cut the sacque, which is simply an ordinary square cut. Slit up the back, this seeming to be a necessity, to admit of its fitting nicely over the full *tournure* of the dress. There are some mottled grey and white cloth which look well trimmed with the velvet; but dark-blue flannel, braided, or white flannel, for a little Miss of ten or twelve years, trimmed with blue silk, is very pretty.



Next, we give a white muslin apron for a little girl two years old. Make of fine linen, cambric, or Nainsool muslin. Back and front are cut precisely alike, and the whole apron in two pieces, only opening to the waist in the back. Trim all round either with worked edg-

ing, button-hole scallops, or magic ruffling. A wide ruffle forms the sleeves; and the trimming on the front of the waist may be put on or left off at pleasure. Our design is formed of puffs and insertion; but for every-day wear we give plainness the preference.



We finish with a child's dress of white pique. One simple skirt, with a gored front, and trimmed with a ruffle nine inches deep, headed with a wide, black alpaca braid, or several narrow ones; and what is very pretty, alternate rows of scarlet and black braid on the white pique. The waist is cut in the *basque* form, with three points in the back; coat-sleeves; and the trimming put on the body in the form of a square cape. Any light mohair stuff, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, will also make a pretty and inexpensive walking-costume for a little girl, or even her older sisters.



We give rather more than our usual space to the fashions, this month, both here and elsewhere, as this number will reach most of our subscribers when they are getting up their spring and summer dresses. The costumes in the colored fashion-plate are unusually pretty, and most of them can be made cheaper, by using a less costly material.

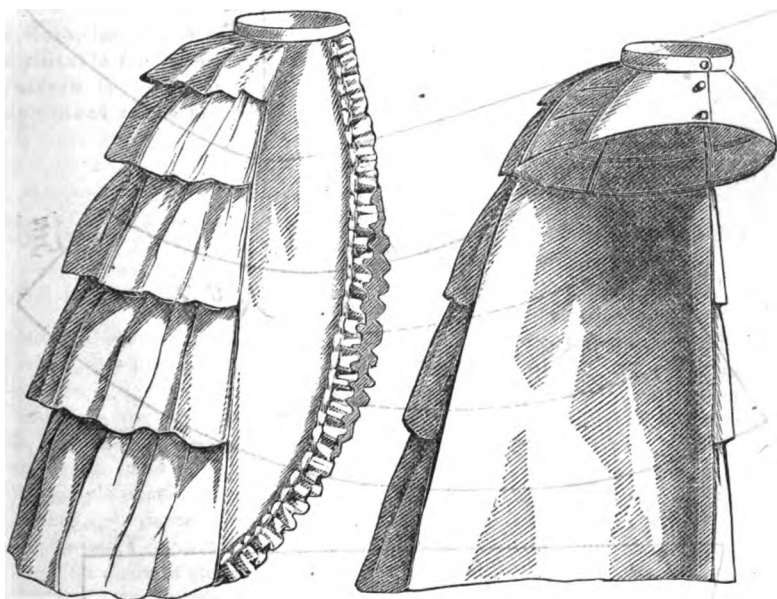
SACHET. POINT RUSSE IN BLUE SATIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of this pretty affair, and also an engraving, full-size, of one of the corners, (a quarter of the whole.) This Sachet is cut sufficiently large to hold a pocket-handkerchief folded in four. It is, as we have said, made of blue satin, and the upper side is decorated with point Russe and feather stitches. The under side is quilted; the inside is likewise quilted, the wadding being scented. The fancy stitches are copied with black silk and gold thread, the black lines representing the silk, and the white the gold. When completed, a blue satin *ruche* is added round the edge.

PETTICOAT FOR SHORT DRESSES.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE skirts of dresses are still made to hang considerably fuller at the back than in front. As lined dresses are not much in vogue, the Parisian *modistes* have devised an ingenious plan of so trimming the petticoat that it serves to give the desired fashionable effect to the dress, by keeping it out at the back. Our diagram is the model for the best of these petticoats that has yet been devised. The pattern consists of four pieces.

No. 1. HALF OF THE BACK-BREADTH.

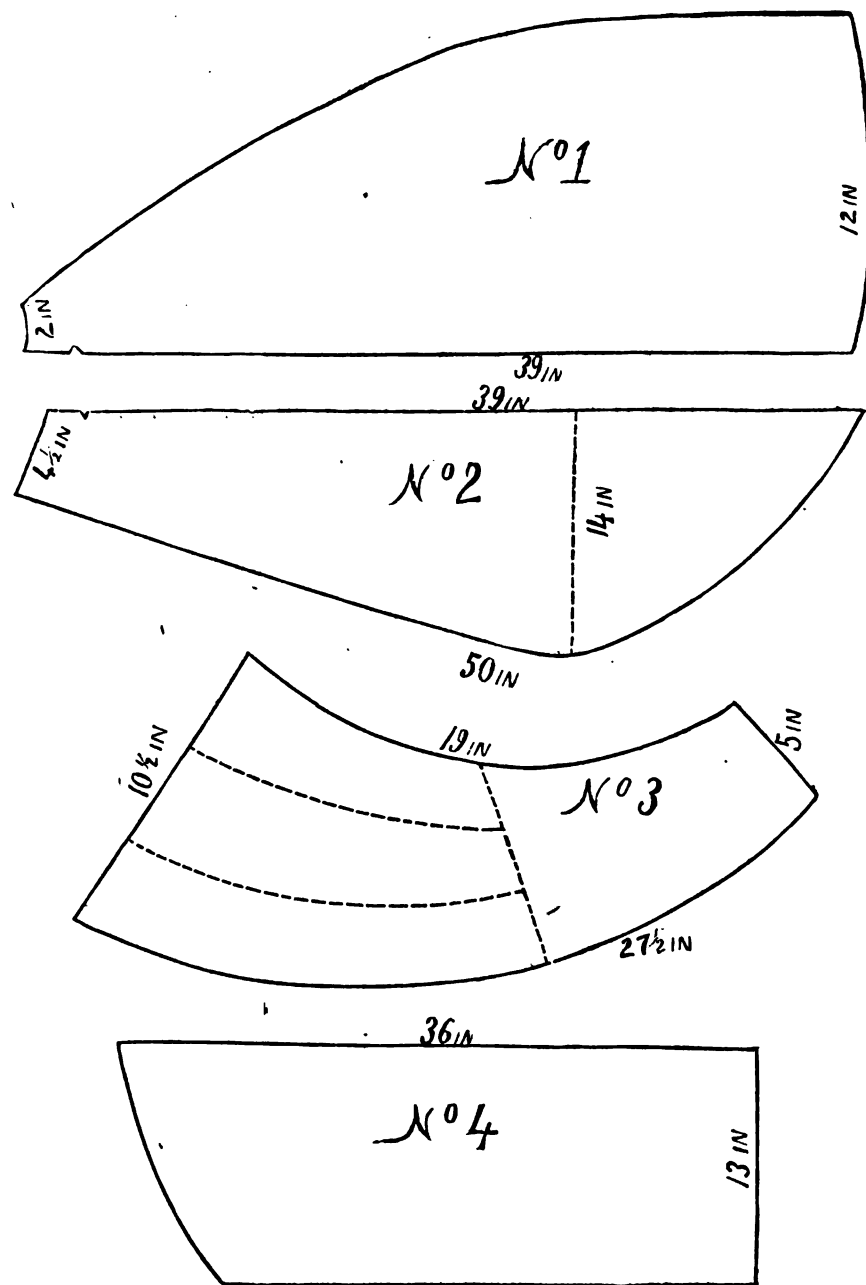
No. 2. HALF OF THE SIDE-BREADTH.

No. 3. HALF OF THE BUSTLE.

No. 4. HALF OF THE LOWEST FLOUNCE.

The pieces may easily be distinguished by the numbers on the diagram; and the back and side-breadths are placed just as they are to be joined together, as may be seen by the corresponding notches at the top. The dotted lines on the half of the bustle show where the casings are to be put for the steels. The bustle should have perpendicular as well as horizontal steels—five of the former, and three of the latter. The bustle meets in front below the

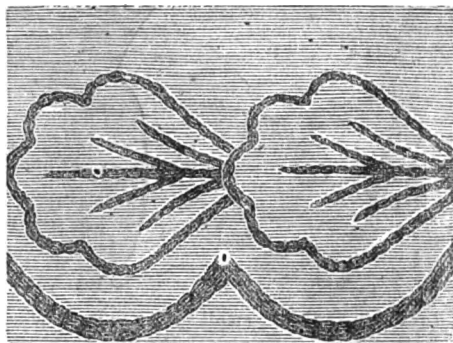
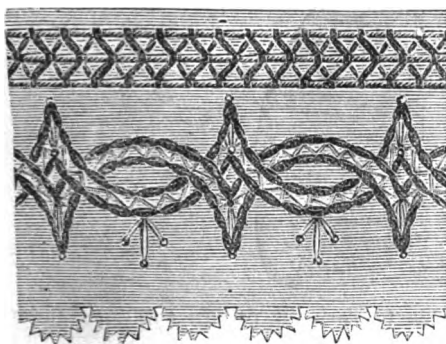
ist, where it is fastened with three buttons; ticoat. It will be seen the petticoat has no string is added at each side, which, when front width; but the side-breadths are bor-



ied, makes more or less protuberance, as desired. We only give half of the lowest flounce, which is rounded on the front sides. The other flounces are graduated in width to suit the pet- dered at each side by a four-inch frill. The material may be either scarlet camlet, crino- line muslin, or *brillante*. Any lady, with the aid of this diagram, can make the petticoat.

PATTERNS FOR BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two new and pretty borders. The first on cloth, the second in chain-stitch. The first is suitable for brackets, borders of book-cases, etc; it is worked on cloth, which is previously pinked at the edges; two colors of silk cordon and one of floselle are required. The second, which is simpler, is suitable for holland, or alpaca aprons. It may be worked with Andalusian wool in any color.

ANTI-MACASSAR, IN CORD-STITCH AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of this Anti-Macassar, and also an engraving of one of the rosettes of the full size. The materials are white linen, gray ingrain cotton, and coarse red marking cotton. Each rosette has a linen foundation, ornamented with a simple cord-stitch of gray with red wound round, and fastened by button-hole stitch to the open tatted edges.

For this edge, tat a row of closed eyes (with the shuttle thread alone) containing twenty-eight double knots, with a picot between each

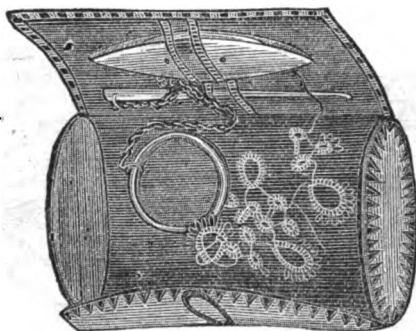
seventh knot; then, with the helping thread, work always a joining scallop of eight double knots, with one picot. For the outer row, which is worked all through with two threads, work scallops containing twelve double knots, with one picot after the sixth double knot. The different cord-stitch patterns may be easily worked from the design. When the rosettes are sewn together, the little corner patterns between them must be worked the same as the middle of the rosette, and the linen must be accurately joined in underneath.

NAME FOR MARKING.

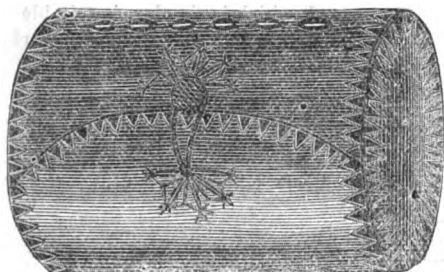
Caroline

CASE FOR TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

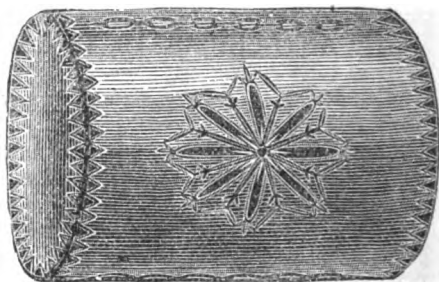


MATERIALS.—A small piece of American leather cloth, little pieces of colored sarcenet, silk cordon in black, and two shades of brown, thick cardboard.



The leather cloth strip, according to our model, is of a dark sand-color, and measures six inches in length, and three inches and a quarter in breadth. The two little ovals are one inch and three-quarters high, an inch and a quarter broad, and all these parts of the case have a layer of webbing underneath, and are sewn together. A little strip of silk lining is gummed on for the hinge-like bend. The three remaining parts are lined with stiff paper, carefully gummed on. For the sides, cardboard must be used instead of paper. In order to be

able to work the pattern accurately and to have the lines quite straight, it is advisable to trace the different patterns. The embroidery is worked in two shades of brown, corresponding with the color of the leather. The outer little scallop border consists of first two wide, black button-hole stitches, inclosed by two dark brown and one lighter brown, terminating in a little scallop.



Before the case is lined, an India-rubber eye is placed in the middle of the cover, and a brown satin button to meet it in the under part; also, before the lining is put in, a stitched strap is placed for the reception of the shuttle and pin.

LADY'S SLIPPER: CRIMSON AND WHITE.

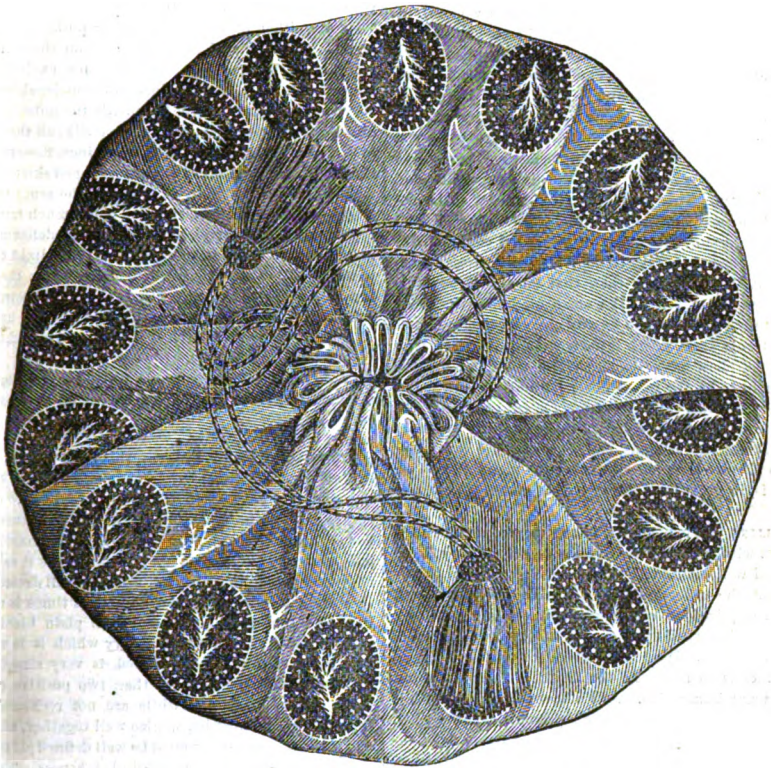
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, for a Lady's Slipper, to be worked with crimson silk on white cashmere, or white satin, if preferred.

It is a very graceful and delicate pattern. We also give an engraving of the slipper when made up. The slipper should be lined with red.

TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut out a circular piece of chamois leather. Make a casing for the strings; put them in, and draw up the bag, laying it flat, as seen in the design. For the ornamentation, cut out small oval pieces of cloth of various colors—red, green, blue, drab, etc.; baste them upon the bag, sewing them down with button-hole stitch, done in different colored silks, observing previously to ornament each piece, as seen in design No. 2, working each piece in variegated silks to produce an Oriental effect.



EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

EXCESSIVE LOVE OF DRESS is, no doubt, greatly to be censured. But so also is neglect of dress. There is a medium which ought to be followed by every sensible woman. A woman possessed of intelligence and good taste chooses her toilets judiciously, and never wears anything unsuited to her style and complexion; her choice once made, she takes no further trouble about it, and feels certain of being well dressed. Why should a lady disfigure herself by wearing green, when blue is more becoming, or mauve when she ought to have red? Woman, be it remembered, has always to please; when it is not the outer world, it is her husband and her children. This home-duty ought never to be neglected. Men have but too many pretexts for absence from home, and be assured that this disinterested counsel is of more importance than may be supposed. The dress for indoors ought to be prettier than that for the street; this should never be forgotten. A woman ought always to be in a neat toilet, fit to be seen by any chance-comer, and not in the slatternly dress, which is too common with many who make a great show out-of-doors. When the home toilet is what it ought to be, the rest is never far amiss. How many women overlook this and are unhappy in consequence! No wife ought to dress above her means. But she ought to know what are the fashions, and, as far as she can, adapt herself to them. It is not altogether the material used for a dress, it is, in great part, the style that makes it pretty.

THE FALLING COIFFURES, which have succeeded the raised ones of last winter, greatly change the aspect of many faces: regular and well characterized beauties have gained by the change, but the saucy-looking, irregular types have lost. These last acquired an air of gracefulness and youth by having the hair turned up to the top of the head instead of covering the neck. We would, therefore, advise ladies of this latter class to moderate the depth of their chignons. Fashion is not immutable. As we have often remarked, it should always be adapted to each person's requirements. Begin by being pretty, ladies, and never abandon what enhances your charms for the sake of being fashionable. Fashion is not so very despotic after all, but is ever ready to accommodate herself to circumstances.

LIGHT GREEN SHADES are very fashionable this season. The newest are the water of the Nile green, almond-green, and Colibri green, the latter of great brilliancy, with sparkling gold yellow lights; in velvet or satin it calls to mind the bright plumage of certain birds of the West Indies. Much has been said, in Paris, of a dress of the water of the Nile color, worn at one of the Tuilleries balls. This dress, of one of the lightest of tissues, was looped up all round with large water-lilies, and their long and graceful foliage. One lily only, with leaves falling over the hair, formed the head-dress.

A CUP OF GOOD CHOCOLATE is a rarity. Our readers will thank us, therefore, for an old Spanish receipt, by which chocolate is made, universally, in South America. Take a quarter of a pound of good chocolate, the same of sugar, one quart of milk and water, and mix them equally together. Boil till the cake dissolves, and flavor with a stick of cinnamon.

"I MUST HAVE IT."—A lady, sending us two dollars, writes as follows:—"I thought I could not afford 'Peterson,' this year; but if it comes to 'one meal a day,' I must have the Magazine."

MARRIED AND SINGLE LADIES' TOILETS differ considerably, according to the latest styles, and this is no more than they ought to do. Young ladies' dresses are uniformly made very simple, of tulle, with draperies and narrow flounces. They are either quite white, or quite pink, or light-blue or green. The toilets of married ladies, on the contrary, are rich and elaborate. The tunic does not exclude flounces, nor a double skirt, nor a train, and the under-skirt is always very much trimmed. Most frequently the toilet is composed of a light dress, placed over a slip of silk, all the front part of which is covered with light trimmings, flowers and lace; then, with a second dress, the train-shaped skirt of which is made so as to be able to carry it over the arm; this second dress is of rich silk material, and is not much trimmed, excepting with cross-strips, loops, or pleated ruffles of the same materials; for ladies have experienced that light trimmings become far too much spoiled in balls, where the crowd is almost always too great. The low bodice opens in front upon a plastron of lace, to correspond with the under-skirt. This train, thrown over the arm, very much frightens many young ladies, it, in fact, requires much grace. For those who do not feel the courage to adopt this duchesse-like fashion, trains are made to be looped up at pleasure, by a very easy process.

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES, this year, will be, to a great extent, made of two materials, or of two tints, or even sometimes of two colors. In the latter case, beware of glaring contrasts of unharmonizing shades; the mixture of colors has always been a stumbling block in the female toilet, and it is, perhaps, for that reason that one hears it said so often of several people that they are never so well dressed as when they are in mourning. Better a hundred times is uniformity than badly matched colors, and even plain black than too great a variety of tints. A theory which it is well not to lose sight of, and which, indeed, is very simple, is this: there should never be more than two positive colors in a lady's toilet: black and white are not reckoned as such. Both the colors must harmonize well together, of course: if one is neutral, the other must be well defined; if one is dark, the other must possess a certain brightness. This year, in toilets of two shades, the under-skirt and mantle will be made of one color, the dress of another. The flounces, of the same material as that part of the dress of which they form the trimming, will be edged with cross-strips or pipings of the other color. This toilet will not form the general rule, at least as great a number will be made of one tint, or of two shades of one same color.

HOW IT IS DONE.—The Phelps (N. Y.) Citizen says, "the great wonder is how the proprietor of Peterson's Magazine can afford a four dollar Magazine for two dollars." The solution is an easy one. We prefer small profits on a large circulation to large profits on a small one. Hence, we are able to give, at a lower price, a better article than our rivals.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of either of our premium engravings.

TO HAVE GOOD SERVANTS you must have good mistresses. The best require overlooking. To secure a good cook in the kitchen you must yourself know something about cooking.

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS TO "PETERSON" can have either of our premium engravings by remitting \$1.00. To all others the price is \$2.00 for any one, or \$3.00 for any two.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS must be for an entire year, and must begin with either the January or the July numbers. Subscribers, who live in the British Provinces, must remit twelve cents extra, each, to pre-pay the American postage to the lines. Back numbers for 1869 and 1870 may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher. When the direction of a Magazine is to be changed, write at what post-office it was last received, as well as to what one it is to be sent in future.

WE CALL ATTENTION again to the superior elegance of the colored fashion-plates in "Peterson." All we ask is for the public to compare them with the colored fashion-plates given by other magazines.

PERSONS ORDERING this Magazine from agents, or dealers, must look to them for the supply of the work. The publisher has no agents for whose contracts he is responsible.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hans Breitman's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. New and Complete Edition. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a complete edition, on glossy, parchment-like paper, of the now famous Hans Breitman's Ballads. The volume contains "Hans Breitman Going to Church," a "Love Song," and numerous other new ballads. It contains also a very laughable description, which, it seems, tells only the truth, of the attempt made to print the first edition of Breitman, an attempt that ended in the composers quarreling about their respective nationalities, and knocking each other, as well as the types, into all sorts of confusion. These new ballads have just appeared, having been published simultaneously, in London and Philadelphia. They may be had, if desired, in a separate form; but in the volume we are noticing they are included with the earlier ones. Mr. Leland has hardly yet received the praise, at least in the United States, which is his due for this work. In "Hans Breitman," as a competent critic has remarked, he has created a really original character, which reveals itself, not only in outer manifestations, such as dialect and language, but also in the inner workings of the singular German mind. If the delineation had stopped with the first, the ballads would have been funny, but that would have been all: as it is they belong to the best class of humor, and are rivaled by nothing in their line, unless the first series of the "Bigelow Papers." We cannot too highly commend the very elegant style in which this complete edition is put forth. The new ballads are to be had, as we have said, by themselves, and they also are very neatly printed. We regret to hear that we shall have no more of them.

Sketches of Creation. By Alexander Winchell, LL. D. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a popular view of some of the grand conclusions of the sciences, in reference to the history of matter and of life. The original condition and ultimate destiny of the earth and the solar system are, among other things, fully discussed. The author is peculiarly qualified for his task, being not only professor of geology, zoology, and botany, in the University of Michigan, but also a clear thinker and a luminous writer. There are two classes of persons to whom we would recommend this book; first, those who have not time to study the sciences in detail, but must content themselves with a general survey; and second, students who may use the book as an aid to review. The volume is full of illustrations, many of them of great merit.

Beyond The Breakers. By Robert Dale Owen. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—An American novel, by a well-known author, who tries his hand, for the first time, in fiction. Some of the scenes are very stirring. The volume is handsomely printed, like all the publications of this house.

So Runs The World Away. By Mrs. A. C. Steele. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by a comparatively new writer, and shows, in places, considerable power. Some of the characters are quite fresh and original. Azalea, the heroine, is especially so: as a child, particularly, she is admirably sketched. Conrad is a capital "irrepressible boy." Lady Diana is life-like, a thorough-bred coquette, fascinating and detestable; but really one of the best characters we have had in fiction since Becky Sharp. The men, however, are not so well done. Douglas, especially, is almost an impossibility, while for Lord Orme and Mowbray we have only contempt. There is a little too much of the "Guy Livingstone" tone about the book. The story is tragic.

Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, etc., in the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this book was the personal attendant and companion of Alexandrina, during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Egypt in 1869. Some of the chapters are quite readable, especially one that describes a visit to the harem of the Viceroy. Mrs. Grey's descriptions of the silver bedsteads, jeweled cups, and other costly articles in the Viceroy's palace, bears out all that one has heard of the luxury and ostentation of Eastern life.

Maupret. By George Sand. Translated from the French, by Virginia Vaughan. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—George Sand is one of the few living novelists who is really an artist, and this is one of her very best books. It is a story of faithful love, ending in a happy marriage. The sentiment with which the author was penetrated, when she wrote it, is summed up in the words of Maupret, the hero, when speaking of the heroine, his wife: "She was the only woman I ever loved; never did any other attract my gaze, or know the pressure of my hand." The romance is a real idyl.

The Sun. By Amedee Guillemin. From the French, by A. L. Phipson. With Fifty-Eight Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.—This is one of a series of books, called "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," which is being published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. The works appeared originally in France, where they have had a great success, over one million copies having been sold. The present one is written in a popular style, but with scientific accuracy, and gives the results of the very latest discoveries. The book is well translated and thoroughly illustrated.

Mrs. Jerminham's Journal. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner & Co.—We cannot better describe this little volume than in the words of the London Spectator; "a very pretty novelette in verse, bright and delicate in workmanship." The Pall Mall Gazette, always a good authority, calls it "unique, original, indeed, in the manner of its conception and execution." In its way it is really one of the best things we have had for a long time. Scribner & Co. have republished it, in very neat style, from the London edition.

Cryrilla. By the author of "The Initials." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Turner & Co.—A new edition, in double-column octavo, of a first-rate novel. If "Cryrilla" had ended happily, it would have been as popular as either "Quits," or "The Initials," for it is written with equal ability. We confess to having read it again with undiminished interest.

The Unkind Word, and other Stories. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are not all stories, for some are essays; but whether stories or essays they are equally good. Few writers elevate and ennoble the heart as much as this one.

Under Foot. By Alton Clyde. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The illustrations are the best part of this volume, and yet they are by no means first-rate. The story, as a story, is very poor indeed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S NOVELS.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated Novels written by MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, in twelve large duodecimo volumes. They are printed on the finest paper, and bound in the most beautiful style, in Green Morocco cloth, with a new, full-gilt back, and sold at the low price of \$1.75 each, in Morocco cloth; or in paper cover, at \$1.50 each; or a complete set of the twelve volumes, in Morocco cloth, will be sent to any one, to any place, free of postage, on receipt of Twenty Dollars, by the publishers. The following are the names of the twelve volumes:

Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. With a complete Biography of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.
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Rena; or, The Snow Bird. A Tale of Real Life.
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Ernest Linwood; or, The Inner Life of the Author.
Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale; or, The Heiress of Glenmore.
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Helen and Arthur; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel.
Courtship and Marriage; or, The Joys and Sorrows of American Life.

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The Lost Daughter; and other Stories of the Heart.

The Banished Son; and other Stories of the Heart.

The above Books are for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of any or all of them will be sent, post-paid, to any one, at any place, on receipt of price of the ones wanted, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS."—If the Great Providence has not literally cast bread upon the waters, He has planted the elements of wholesome nourishment on the rocks, in the shape of Sea Moss, from which the SEA MOSS FARINE is made. This new article has everywhere won "golden opinions of all sorts of people," and the housekeepers of the land generally regard it in the double light of a staple necessary and a delicious luxury; for while its use lessens the expenses of living, the exquisite dishes prepared from it cannot be obtained, even at an extravagant cost, from any other source. Scientific Committees, hotel keepers, professional cooks, ladies who superintend their own kitchens, physicians, nurses, dyspeptics, and invalids of every class, bear witness of these facts. To this mass of indorsements we unhesitatingly add our own; and without fear of contradiction say that the blanc mange, puddings, custards, etc., are the most delicious we have ever tasted.

WHEELER & WILSON.—MRS. H. E. G. Arey, of Whitewater, Wis., writes:—"I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine over ten years without repairs and without breaking a needle, although I commenced the use of it without any instructions; have used it constantly for family sewing; have quilted whole quilts of the largest size, and it is still in complete order, runs like a top, and bids fair to be willed to those who come after me with better powers of production than an unbroken prairie farm."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads.

"NO LADY CAN Do without Peterson's Magazine," says the Elizabeth (N. J.) Daily. "It is economy in housekeeping to take it."

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to get up clubs for "Peterson." Back numbers from January can always be supplied.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

CAKES.

Rich Plum-Cakes.—Take eleven ounces of butter, seven ounces of sugar, twenty ounces of currants, six ounces of mixed peel, one ounce and a half of almonds, half an ounce of mixed nutmegs, mace, and cinnamon, eleven ounces of flour, six eggs, brandy, one wineglassful. Warm a smooth pan, large enough for the mixture; put in the butter, and reduce it to a fine cream by working it about the pan with your hand. In summer the pan need not be warmed, as it can be reduced to a cream without; but in winter keep the mixture as warm as possible without oiling the butter. Add the sugar, and mix it well with the butter until it becomes white, and feels light in the hand. Break in two or three eggs at a time, and work the mixture well before any more is added. Continue doing this until they are all used and it becomes light; then add the spirit, currants, peel, spices, and almonds, some or most of these being previously cut in thin slices, the peel having also been cut into small, thin strips and bits. When these are incorporated, mix in the flour lightly; put it into hoop with paper over the bottom and round the sides, and place it on a baking-plate. Place the tin plate containing the cake on another, the surface of which is covered an inch or two thick with saw-dust, or fine ashes, to protect the bottom. Bake it in an oven at a moderate heat. The time required to bake it will depend on the state of the oven, and the size of the cake.

Millefruit Biscuits.—A quarter of a pound of preserved orange-peel, and the same of preserved lemon-peel, six ounces of angelica, and the same of sweet almonds, and one ounce of bitter. Cut up into pieces half an inch in length and a quarter in width. Make an icing with white of egg, sugar, and orange-flower water; put the above ingredients into this; divide the mixture into cakes of any size preferred; put them on the baking-tin, upon which paper should first have been laid. Touch them here and there, by means of a hair-pencil, with a little cochineal, and bake them, but not in too hot an oven.

King's Biscuits.—Put half a pound of butter into a basin and turn it about well with a wooden spoon. Whisk six eggs well, add half a pound of powdered sugar, whisk another ten minutes, and then mix with the butter, after which stir in six ounces of currants, and an equal quantity of dried flour. After mixing these all well together, drop the mixture on paper, each about the size of a shilling, and bake in a quick oven, taking the biscuits off the paper while hot.

The Queen's Biscuits.—Make a soft paste by mixing together thoroughly one pound and a half of flour, an equal quantity of fine loaf-sugar, the whites of twenty-four eggs, and the yolks of eighteen, and a small quantity of coriander-seed, beaten small. Place this paste on paper, cut it into pieces about two inches broad and four inches long, put them in a moderate oven, and when they begin to turn brown take them out, and put them on paper in a dry place.

Wrexham Gingerbread.—Equal quantities of flour, butter, molasses, and loaf-sugar; the butter, sugar, and molasses to be made hot; then mix in, by degrees, the flour, the rind of a lemon, and ginger to your taste; drop it on buttered tins, leaving a space between, and bake it in a rather quick oven. Take it off with a knife, and to make a variety, roll some over a stick when warm, to look like wafers.

Brighton Pudding.—Take three eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, and the peel of a lemon, finely minced. Beat the sugar and eggs for twenty minutes. Oil the butter and mix it and the flour in at the last. Steam the pudding for one hour. Serve without sauce, only with preserves.

A Luncheon Cake.—One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, six ounces of moist sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, spices and candied peel to the taste; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in half a pint of cold milk; all to be mixed.

SANTARY.

Cure for Corns.—1. The strongest acetic acid applied night and morning with a camel's-hair brush; in a week the corns will disappear. 2. Boil a potato in its skin, and after it is boiled, take the skin and put the inside of it to the corn and leave it on for about twelve hours; at the end of that time the corn will be much better. This useful and simple receipt we have often tried and found to effect a remedy. A good remedy for soft corns is common chalk rubbed on the corn every day, and a piece of cotton wool worn between the toes affected, to prevent pressure—the chalk appears to dry up the corn.

Iceland Moss and Jelly.—Take one ounce of Irish or Iceland moss, pick it well, and then soak it in cold water for twelve hours; take it out of the water, (which should be changed once,) put into a colander and drain, then place it in a sauce-pan with three gills of new milk; boil for half an hour, and keep stirring the whole time. During the boiling add sugar, and flavor with cinnamon or essence of lemon, if allowed; then strain through a sieve into a mould. If milk is not liked, then boil in three gills of water, but it is not so palatable.

Wash for Sunburn.—Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy, one pound of ox-gall; mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this stirring three or four times a day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting-paper, and bottle up for use. It is said that strawberries rubbed over the face at night will remove freckles and sunburn.

Excellent Pomade.—Three ounces of olive-oil, three-quarters of a drachm of oil of almonds, two drachms of palm-oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a drachm of essence of bergamot. This pomade is excellent for strengthening the hair, promoting the growth of whiskers and mustaches, and preventing baldness.

Chicken Panada.—Skin a fowl; cut it in pieces, leaving the breast whole; boil it in three pints of water till perfectly tender; pick off all the meat, and pound it finely in a mortar, and mix it with the liquor it was boiled in; rub it through a sieve, and season it with salt.

Milk of Roses.—Bitter almonds, four ounces; distilled water, three ounces; elder-flower water, two ounces. Make an emulsion, and add oil of tartar, one ounce and a half; tincture of benzoin, one drachm. Cosmetic. Beautifies and renders the skin smooth.

To Destroy Warts.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle, and repeat the washing often, and it will take away the largest warts.

Cold in the Head.—Dr. Pollon, of France, says that cold in the head can be cured by inhaling harshhorn. The inhalation by the nose should be seven or eight times in five minutes.

Freckle Lotion.—Mix two ounces of rectified spirits of wine; add two teaspoonfuls of muriatic acid, with one pound and a half of distilled water.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel.—Boil the potatoes and let them become cold. Then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stew-pan, and add a little flour—about a teaspoonful for a middling-sized dish. When the flour has boiled a little while in the butter, add, by degrees, a cupful of broth or water. When this has boiled up put in the potatoes, with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt.

Let the potatoes stew for a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and when quite off the boil add the yolk of an egg beat up with a little lemon-juice and a teaspoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up and sent to table. There are several ways of frying potatoes. The best is to half boil them first, then cut them up into slices, and fry them in butter, or in goose dripping, which is preferable. When the potatoes are brown drain off the fat, strew a little salt over them, and let them be eaten while they are hot and crisp.

Gâteau Parisien.—Lay slices of sponge-cake at the bottom of a glass dish; spread over them a layer of preserve, (red or black currant is very good for the purpose,) place over that more slices of sponge-cake, then another layer of jam. Do this until you have filled the dish. Pour over it sufficient sherry to soak the cake properly; then beat up the whites of four eggs, with sufficient powdered loaf-sugar as to make it a very stiff froth, with which cover the top of the cake completely. Strew tiny colored comfits over the top.

Jelly from Gelatine.—One ounce and a half of gelatine put over night into a pint of cold water, with the rinds and juice of three lemons. Next morning add a pint of boiling water, half a pint of sherry, the whites and shells of three eggs, and sweeten to your taste. Boil the whole ten minutes, and strain through a jelly-bag. This will make a quart of jelly. Be sure not to stir the mixture after it is placed on the fire. It is excellent.

Brown Toffee.—To eight ounces of butter add one pound and a quarter of moist sugar, and a quarter of a pound of molasses; boil these ingredients together until they are sufficiently cooked. This may be tested by dropping a little of the liquid into a cup of cold water; if it harden quickly, the toffee is made. Butter some plates, pour the liquid into them, and before it cools drop in a few drops of essence of lemon, or any other flavoring that may be approved of.

Caledonian Cream.—Two ounces of raspberry-jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant-jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the whites of two eggs put into a bowl and beaten with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty cream, and is good and economical.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—SHORT DRESS OF BUFF PONGEE.—The skirt is trimmed with six ruffles, scalloped and bound with coral-colored silk; the upper-skirt is made with points in front, and a large puff at the back, and is trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt. Close-fitting waist and sleeves, trimmed with coral-colored silk. Wide Roman sash. Straw hat, ornamented with poppies and wheat-ears, and a gray gauze veil.

FIG. II.—SHORT DRESS OF MAUVE FOULARD.—The lower-skirt has two very deep pleated ruffles, edged with white guipure lace; the upper-skirt, which opens in front, is draped just back of the hips, and is also edged with white guipure lace; open body, square in front, and made with a basque; sleeves with two deep pleated ruffles, edged like the basque, with white guipure lace. Gray straw hat, with a long mauve plume.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN FOULARD.—The skirt is long and plain; the body is made with a basque, close in front, and trimmed with pipings of white silk. Close sleeves, with a deep cuff piped with white, and a lace frill falling over the hands. Gabrielle ruffle of lace around the neck, and a *jabot* of lace down the front. Bow of green ribbon in the hair.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK.—The front of the dress is trimmed with three ruffles, each headed by three pleatings of silk; a court-train falls over this, and is trimmed with one ruffle, not very full at the bottom of the skirt; the sides of this train are turned back, edged with a ruffle, and ornamented with a bow of blue silk where the train meets the top pleating. Body made with points back and front, and finished with a narrow pleating,

like that around the neck, which is open. Long, close sleeve, finished with a ruffle and pleating of silk, and a lace falls over the hand. Bonnet of black lace, with black ribbon-strings tied in a bow on one side, and ornamented with a pink rose and blue plume.

FIG. V.—**SHORT DRESS OF BLACK SILK.**—The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, headed by a trimming of black lace put over a white lace. Short, puffed upper-skirt, trimmed in the same way. Tight waist, open in front, with a trimming of white and black lace, which also extends to the cape-like ends that fall on each side in front of the puffed skirt. Sleeves nearly close, with a silk ruffle at the edge. Black straw hat, trimmed with carnations and ivy-berries; carnation-colored ribbon around the throat.

FIG. VI.—**HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.**—The front of the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a ruffle of the mohair, bound with bright blue silk; bias bands of blue silk ornament the entire front of the skirt. Court-train, with a mohair ruffle, bound with blue. The body is trimmed to correspond with the front of the skirt; very large pagoda-sleeves.

FIG. VII.—**HOUSE-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—The skirt is of pink silk, trimmed with six ruffles, above each ruffle is a narrow band of black velvet ribbon. White gauze over-skirt, round in front, very much puffed at the back, and trimmed with white blond. High body of pink silk, with a white gauze over-body; long, wide sleeves of the same, trimmed with blond and black velvet. Black velvet basque, cut rather high at the back, but low in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, as usual, this month, some of the newest styles for bonnets, hats, and modes of dressing the hair, collars, etc.: but the varieties in all these are so great, that we cannot afford space but for a few of them. Each lady has now an opportunity to select any style of coiffure of bonnet that may be most becoming to her.

AMONG the new importations for dress goods, pongees are the most desirable; they are cool, glossy, and most serviceable, many of them washing admirably; for a short suit nothing can be more stylish than a gray or buff pongee, the under-skirt ruffled, and either trimmed in the same color or with black; or, if for a young person, with crimson silk; or, what is equally stylish, a black silk under-skirt, with the upper one and waist of yellow pongee, prettily draped. The old-fashioned mousseline de laine is also being revived; this is particularly appropriate for draped dresses, as it falls so softly, and is inexpensive. Pongee costs one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard. Unbleached linens are also much sought after for summer dress; these are in the shades of yellow and gray, and cost one dollar per yard. Organdies and white muslins must always be popular, except for the sea-shore, where they are of but little use. A new way of using white muslin is very charming, and an old blue, green, pink, or mauve silk dress, may be made to look quite new by its use. Large flounces, or pleatings of white muslin, edged with a plain "footing," or with an excellent imitation of Valenciennes, are put on the front of the skirt, and a long tunic, trimmed in the same way, falls like a court-train over the skirt, and is looped up with bows of black velvet, or with ribbon of the color of the dress. Sometimes these muslin flounces are put on under silk ones, reaching only a few inches below the knee.

THE fashion of wearing two skirts may be turned to good account, however, by those who possess a number of light-colored dresses of thin material; since by cutting the gored skirts shorter they can be made fuller at the waist, and the piece taken off the top will form a trimming for the front of the under-skirt. A tunic or train, open in the front, displaying the under-skirt very long, and disposed in short puffs, *en panier*, at the back, with a low or square bodice, will form a toilet at once fashionable and effective. The upper-dress may be of the same color as the under one, but always of a darker shade.

SO MANY STYLES are fashionable now that it is somewhat difficult not to mix them, and it requires not only good taste, but some historical knowledge to dress well. The present fashion has one great advantage, however, that no woman need be unbecomingly dressed, whatever her means may be.

POINTED WAISTS are obtaining favor, not only because they are new, (which is too often the recommendation to an American woman,) but because they are so very becoming to all but very slender figures; these latter look better in waist-bands. Basques, of various shapes are also gaining ground; these are particularly desirable for street costume when a jacket or sacque are not worn.

AS WE said, in our last number, long dresses are never seen on the street; but many of the street costumes are made with what is called a court-train, (not very long, however,) which is made to loop up in an artistic way for out-of-doors, and can be dropped in the house, thus making the one dress answer admirably for two occasions.

LACE is most extensively used for trimmings, and a combination of white and black lace is very fashionable. Of course, real Valenciennes or thread lace would cost enormously; but there now comes an excellent imitation of both Valenciennes and black lace, which is used by even the wealthiest ladies.

VELVET is so rich that it will be used for bows, etc., on dresses during the summer, but, of course, must be put on sparingly, or else it will look too heavy. Fringes, ribbons, and jet, will also continue in favor.

IT is impossible to chronicle all the styles of sacques, pal-tots, etc.; but as a rule, they are either very loose, opening at the back to admit the showing of the puffed upper-skirt, or they are tight-fitting at the waist, with a small basque, or with a long, puffed skirt.

BONNETS have absolutely changed from a thought of lace, which crossed the top of the head, to almost a veritable bonnet, with a bit of a cushion, and something of a crown. These bonnets are made to look very high in front, and are short at the ears. But the Fauchon, the style which we have been wearing so long, is so comfortable and so easily made at home, that it is still the most worn; all trimmings will be high in front.

HATS do not differ materially in shape from those worn last winter; they are mostly high, of the Tyrolean, Huguenot, and Hungarian shapes, whilst a few still hold on to the usually becoming turban.

A NEW FAN-HOLDER for fastening the fan and the waist—a great relief to partners—has been introduced; also, gloves for evening wear, with four and even six buttons, adorned at the back of the wrist with a bow of colored ribbon. The gloves, too—strangest innovation of all—are colored to match the dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—**DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.**—Blue and black poplin dress, with a bias flounce around the bottom. Metternich mantle of white cashmere, scalloped out and bound with black velvet; two rows of black velvet above the scallops. Sash and bow of black velvet. Black straw hat, with a bunch of blue feathers.

FIG. II.—**DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.**—Dress of gray fondard, trimmed around the bottom with a pleated flounce, headed by a ribbon trimming of blue and white. Tight-fitting casaque, double-breasted, with blue silk *revers*, and trimmed to match the skirt. Tyrolean hat of black straw, with an *agrette* of smooth feathers.

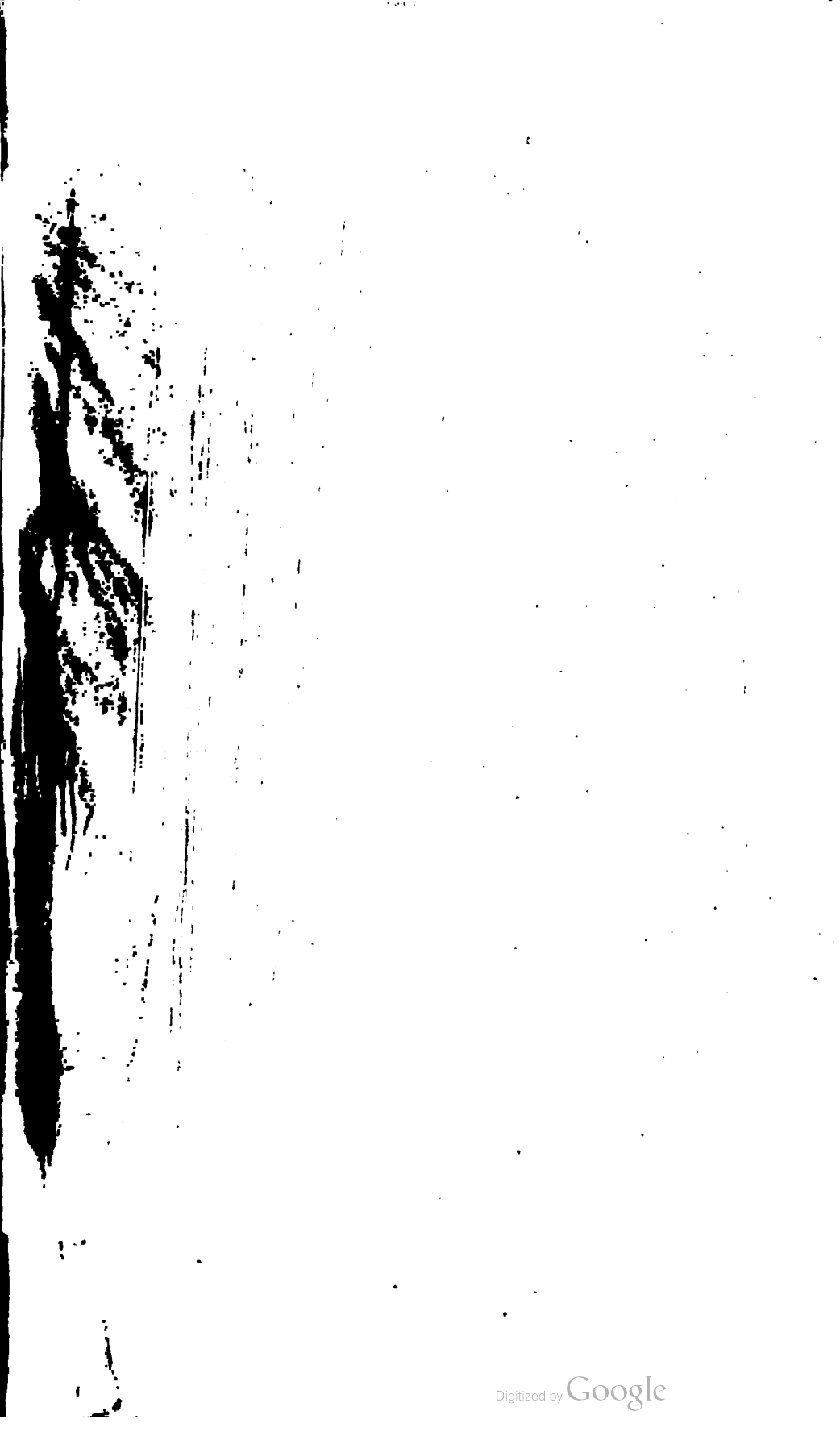
GENERAL REMARKS.—For little girls the costumes are always very coquettish, they wear in miniature the pretty toilets of their mamma. Little boys do not leave off the Russian blouse and the full trousers, gathered in at the knees.



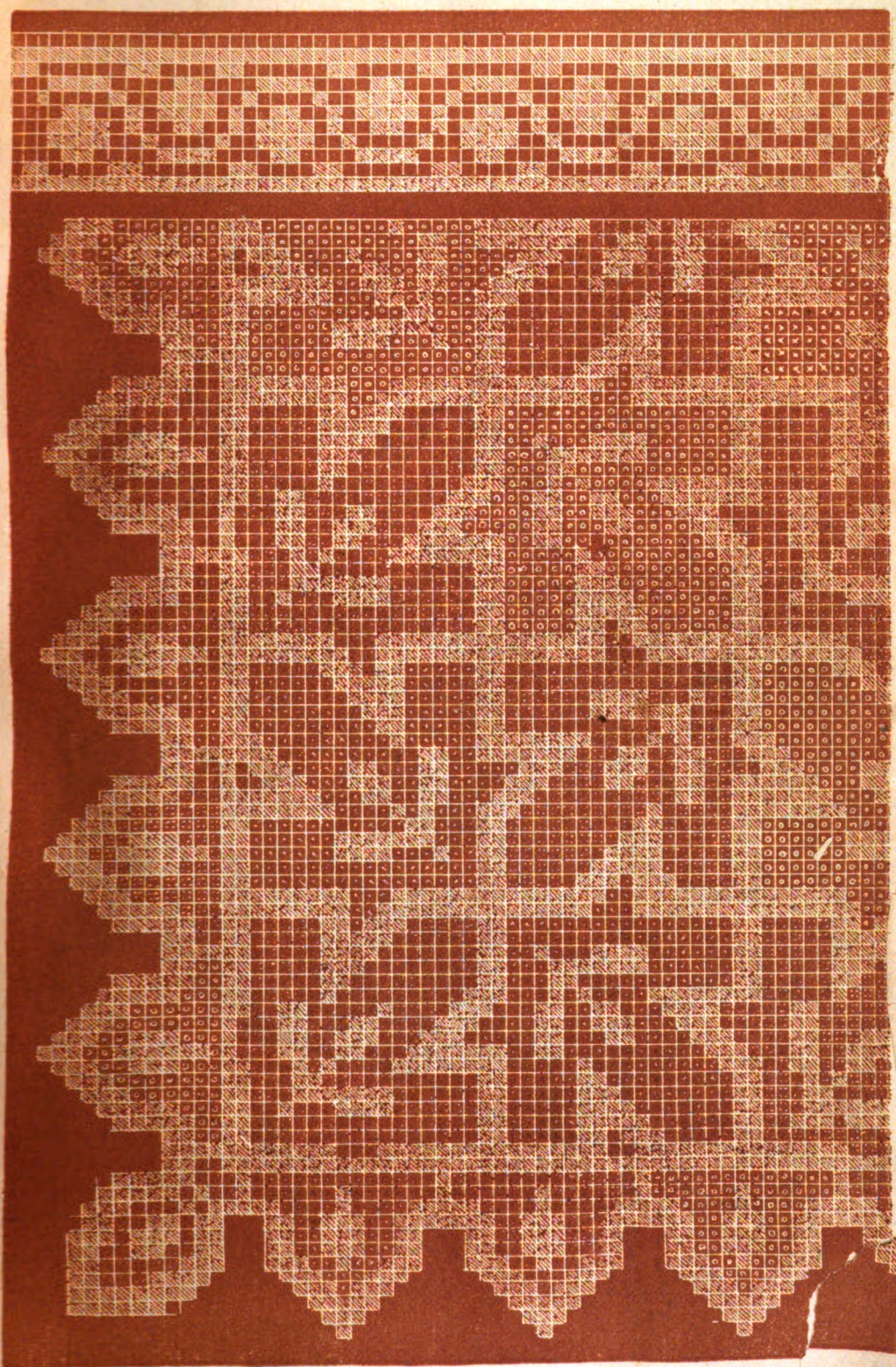
Engraved by Alfred Smith from the original painting by John Everett Millais. Reproduced by permission of the Publisher.

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

Published by permission of the Publisher.



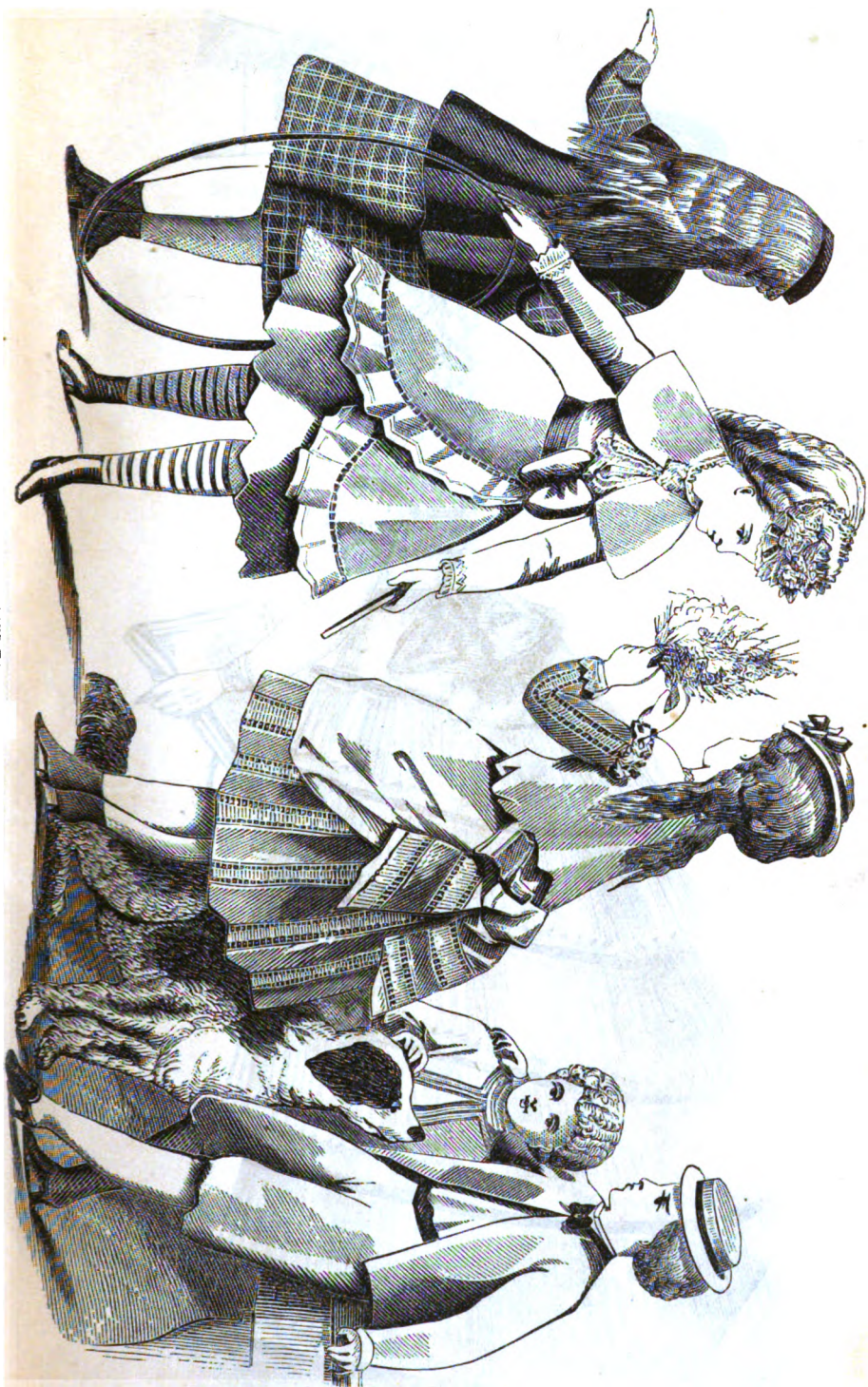
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Tidy in Square Crochet or Darned Netting. Border :- Seine.

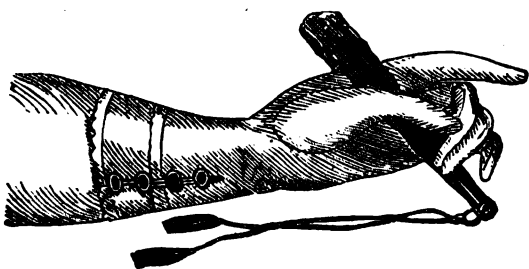


THE ABSENT FATHER'S PORTRAIT.





HOUSE-DRESS. GLOVE FOR EVENING-DRESS.



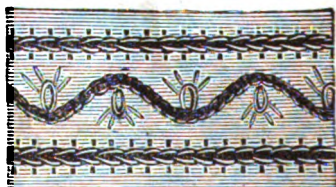
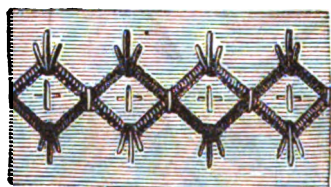
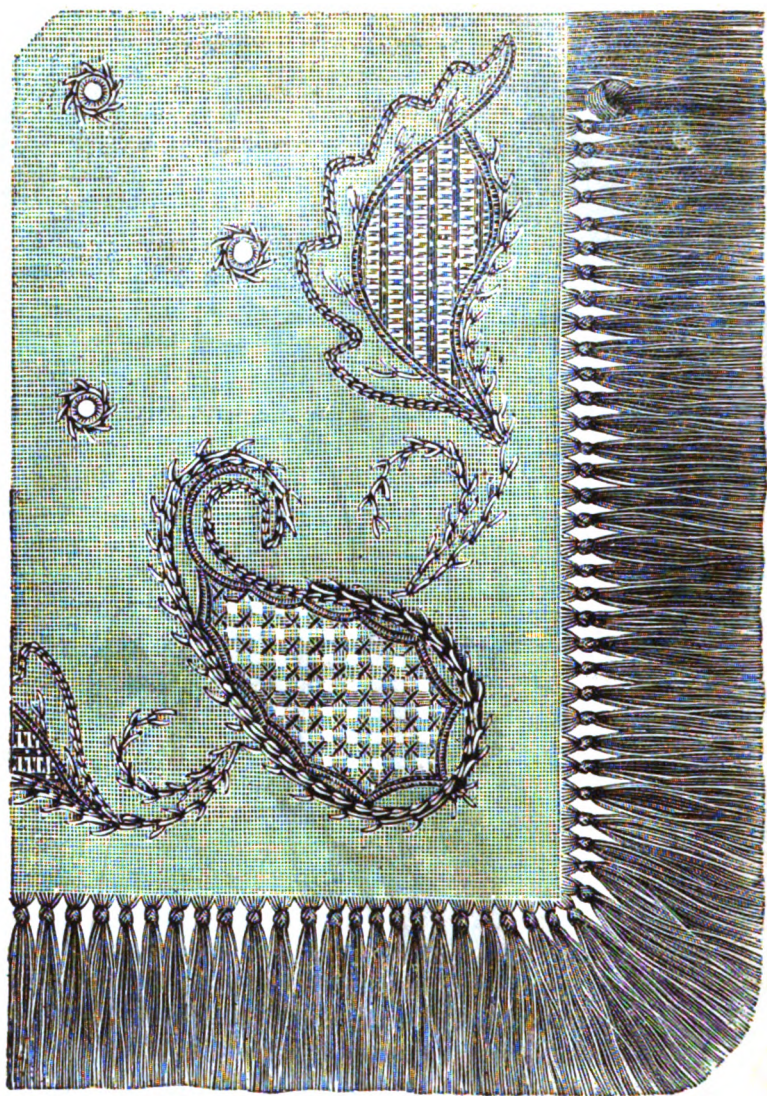
WALKING-DRESS. GLOVE FOR EVENING-DRESS.



EVENING-DRESS. NEW STYLES FOR HATS.



EVENING-DRESS. NEW STYLES FOR BONNETS.



TRAY-COVER. BORDERS IN EMBROIDERY.



Alice



Agnes



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. END OF CRAVAT. NAME FOR MARKING. INSERTION. EDGING.

GERMAN POLKA.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By C. Faust.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Andante. *tr*.....

PIANO. *p*

tr.....

fz *p*

ff

The musical score is written for piano and forte. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante.' and a trill (tr) over the first note. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system features a trill (tr) and a forte (fz) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The piece ends with a final cadence.

GERMAN POLKA.

The first system of musical notation for the German Polka. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

D.S.

TRIO.

The second system of musical notation, marked **TRIO.**. It continues the piece with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a more complex melody with many beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff, and a *p* (piano) marking appears later in the system.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the Trio section. It features a treble and bass staff with dense, rhythmic patterns in both parts, primarily using eighth and sixteenth notes.

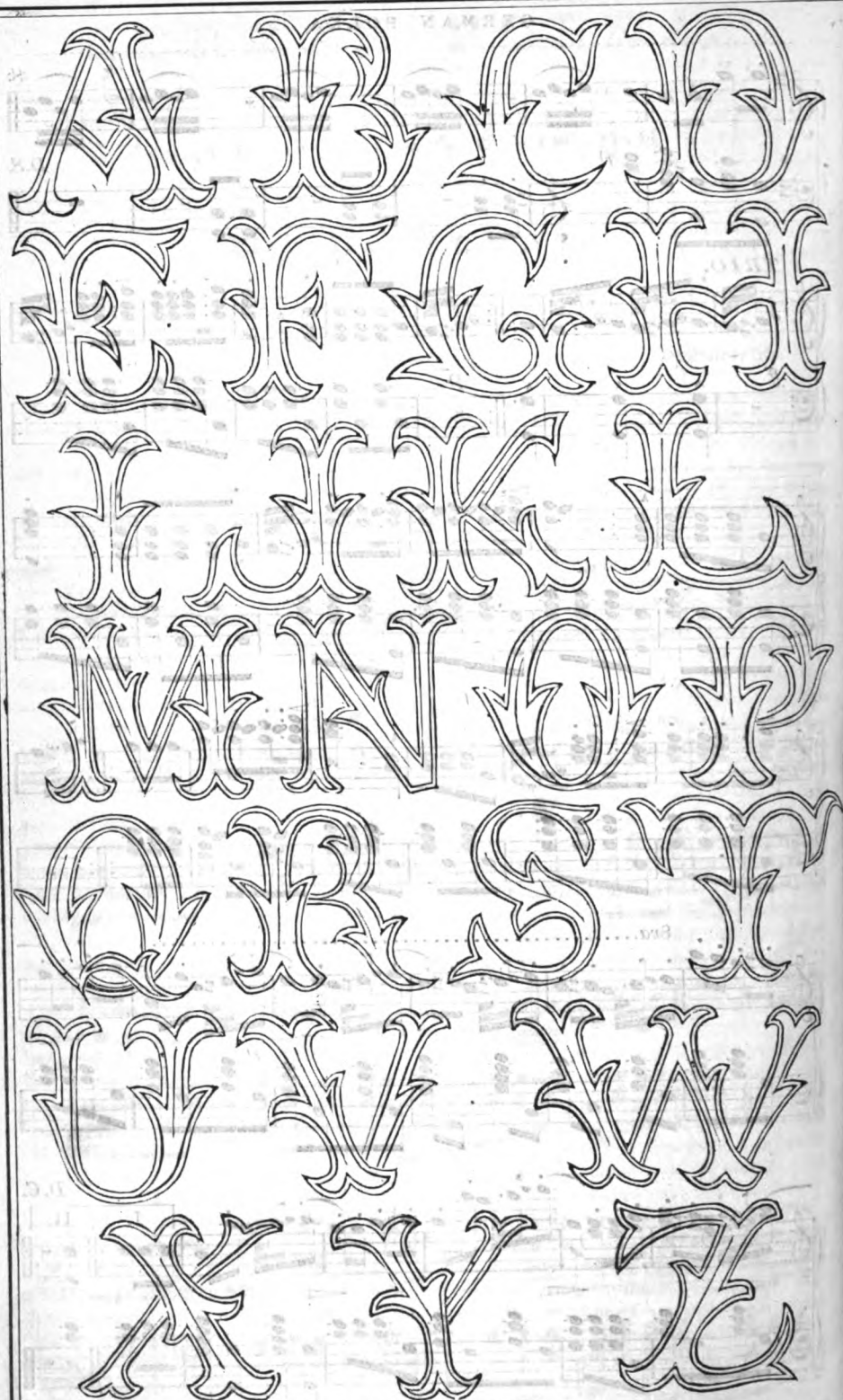
The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the Trio section. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

Sua.

The fifth system of musical notation, marked *Sua.* (Sua). It continues the Trio section with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a more active melody with many beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the bass staff.

The sixth system of musical notation, continuing the Trio section. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by two endings labeled *I.* and *II.*

D.C.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1870.

No. 6.

MY BARGAINS AT AUCTION.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"Gorno, going, gone," cried the auctioneer. "Spencer, you say; and a cheap lot, ma'am."

I was proud of my bargain. The chairs were new, of walnut, and covered with crimson plush. The price, too, was ridiculously low. At least, I thought so, then.

Nor had I secured my chairs without a struggle. Mrs. Jerome particularly had bidden steadily against me. Mrs. Jerome was a sort of rival of mine. She was always striving to outshine me. If I bought a new bonnet, or appeared in a new wrap, the next Sunday she was sure to have a new bonnet also, or a new cloak, both prettier than mine. On this occasion she bid against me, till Miss Almira Smith, an old maid whom I cordially disliked, and who, I believe, disliked me as heartily, went to her and whispered in her ear. After that she stopped bidding, and the chairs were knocked down to me, as I have told.

I was leaving the auction-room, elated with my victory, when Mrs. Jerome came up.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Spencer," she said, with ill-concealed triumph in her voice. "I wish you joy of your bargain. The chairs, as the auctioneer says, are very cheap. I only hope they haven't moths in them, as Miss Smith says."

She curtsied, and passed on, before I could reply. I went home not quite so elated as before. What if the chairs really had moths in them? But the idea was too provoking to entertain, so I dismissed it summarily. "You old cat," said I, apostrophizing Miss Smith, "it's only a bit of your malice!"

When the chairs came home, all my exultation returned. Their gay covering brightened up the parlor like spring sunshine. I had never had walnut chairs before, and was naturally proud of my acquisition. My husband came home to tea while I was admiring my furniture.

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"Hum!" he said. "A new toy. Looks like auction-work," he added, as he turned one of the chairs, critically, around.

Now this nettled me. Not only because he called the chairs "a new toy," but because his tone was disparaging to auction-work. So I replied, a little tartly,

"I don't see why you call them toys. Gracious knows, we've wanted new chairs ever so long! I've bought them out of my savings."

"It wasn't that, my dear," he added, coming up and kissing me. "I'd have given them to you in a moment, if I'd known they would have pleased you. The truth is, we men care so little for these things," he continued, apologetically, "that we don't always realize how much pleasure they afford our darling little wives."

This mollified me a good deal. But I was not quite conciliated yet. So I said, with a pout,

"I don't think you're fair, when you sneer at them as auction-work. Why shouldn't things, that are sold at auction, be as good as things sold in shops?"

"Why shouldn't they?" he answered; and now he put his arm around my waist, and drew me to him. "I'm sure I can't tell, only they never, or rarely, are. I've a dim idea," he continued, looking laughingly into my eyes, "that auction-work is made to sell, not to use, and hence that show is substituted for strength. But let us hope that our chairs will be paragons of usefulness as well as of beauty. Meanwhile, what has my little wife got for supper?"

By this time I was quite restored to good-humor. The truth is that Harry is always so kind, that I can afford, now and then, to let him banter me a little.

On the whole, as time went by, I considered I had achieved a triumph. Everybody admired my pretty chairs, and acknowledged that they were surprisingly cheap also.

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One day Deacon Staples came in. Now the deacon was a heavy man, and awkward also.

"I've hearn you had some new chairs," he said. "Darter Jane, she said they were 'mazing fine, and cheap as dirt. They don't look like dirt, though," he said, laughing at what he thought a joke, "they look, contrary-wise, too pretty to sit on."

"Not at all, not at all, deacon," said I, hospitably. "Pray, try one of them."

The deacon accordingly sat down.

"I declare," he said, "they're powerful nice. Soft and easy as a feather-bed, ma'am; and rest the back so comfortably."

As he spoke, he tilted back, on the hind-legs of his chair, a feat which I have noticed fat men are addicted to, when lo! the supports gave way, and he sprawled on the floor.

Between mirth at his ludicrous appearance, and anger at the mishap to my chair, I hardly knew whether to laugh, or to cry. The amazed look of the victim, and his evident inability to get up without assistance, turned the scale in favor of the former. I gave him a helping hand, smiling as I tugged at his heavy bulk.

"Don't think of apologizing," I said, kindly, as he began to stammer his regrets. "It was the fault of the chair altogether."

By this time the deacon was on his feet, and was examining the broken legs. "Well, I dunno," he said, "but what you're right. Seems to me it's auction-work, now that I come to look at the cheer."

The hideous old hippopotamus! When he left, I flung myself on the sofa, and had a cry.

My husband, coming in to dinner, found me wiping my eyes and ruefully contemplating the broken chair. He listened, sympathizingly, to my story, and then said,

"Never mind, Mary. We'll have the chair mended, and it will be as good as new. The deacon weighs as much as an elephant, anyhow, and would break down a chair of marble. For my part, I think he ought to sit on a stump, and carry it about with him wherever he goes."

The picture of the deacon carrying a large stump of a tree about with him, when he went

visiting, was so ludicrous that I burst out laughing, and so forgot my annoyance.

The weather now began to get warm. One day, while dusting the parlor, I was startled by the sight of a moth-fly, a thing, up to that time, unknown in our neat household. The next day there were two or three. I remembered, with dismay, Miss Smith's assertion, and began immediately to examine my new purchase. A blow or two on the chair-seats raised swarms of the destructive insect. The stuffing was alive with moths!

I tried everything, for many weary weeks, to get rid of the pests. But all was in vain. The moths had evidently been in the chairs when I bought them; and Miss Smith's prying eyes had discovered them just in time to make a victim of me, instead of Mrs. Jerome. Very soon it came to be a question, not of keeping my chairs, but of preserving the rest of my furniture; and in self-defence I had to send my chairs to a cabinet-maker's, where the stuffing was taken out, the wood cleaned, and new horse-hair substituted. By the time this was done, and fresh plush put on, my chairs cost me, as the phrase goes, "a pretty penny."

My husband, however, behaved beautifully. He did not then, nor has he since, uttered a word of reproach, or even of reminder, about the chairs. The subject is a sealed book between us.

But other people are not so forbearing. The other day I met Mrs. Jerome in the street.

"You didn't have such a bargain in those chairs, after all," she said, with hypocritical politeness. "I saw them, last week, at the cabinet-maker's, and knew them at once. I suppose, now, what with new hair, and new plush, and new varnishing, they've cost you half as much again as if you'd bought a set from Mr. Jordon at first: he said, they had, at least, and he ought to know."

Hateful creature! I could have struck her, if it had been proper. But I answered, civilly, as I always do, in such cases. Only I made a vow to myself never to have anything to do again with BARGAINS AT AUCTION.

AFTER A LONG SICKNESS.

BY N. B. TURNER.

For weary years my clouded sight
Has never known the sweet delight
That greets me this bright May.
For me the grasses did not grow;
For me the flowers did not blow;
Nor happy lambskins play.

And though the seasons went and came,
To me they only were in name—
I only, Winter knew.
Dread Winter, fraught with care and pain;
God grant it ne'er may come again
To chill my life anew!

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"Now, Georgie, do go and dress. You know how long it takes you. Mr. Millfield will be here before you are ready."

"Time enough, aunt Jane," replied the willful young beauty. "Harry and I haven't had our romp out yet—have we, Harry?"

As she spoke, she turned her head, roguishly, and looked over her left shoulder, where Master Harry, her baby brother, a little four-year-old, with chubby face and curling hair, the very image of a young Cupid, was perched triumphantly.

It was a pretty picture! The large cavalier hat, which Georgie wore, gave a sort of Vandike-like air to her face, making it look lovelier than ever; while the arch air of the child, peeping over her shoulder, added something of mischievousness to the whole. In spite of the sweet smile, of the large, loving eyes, and of the tender, mobile mouth, you saw that Miss Georgie Winterglade could be, on occasion, something of a flirt.

"There," she said, at last, putting the child down, "we have had enough for to-day, Harry. Now I must rush up stairs and dress. Aunt Jane has gone off in a regular huff."

It did not usually take long for Georgie to finish her toilet, but on this occasion her hair would not come right, and she was, consequently, behind time. At last she was ready, and taking her fan and gloves, she prepared to go down stairs to the drawing-room, where her escort awaited her: the said escort being a handsome young gentleman, well-bred, and born to an excellent position in society, Mr. Frederick Augustus Millfield, to whom she was said to be engaged. But before leaving the upper floor, she passed into the next chamber, where the very queen of old ladies sat, in a large, crimson chair, before an open grate fire.

"Now, grandma," she said, with a look of mischief and conscious power, "how do I look?"

Mrs. Winterglade was pronounced "charming" by old and young; and was quite as great a belle, in her way, as her more flighty grandchild. The girl was not unlike her, and the starry lustre of those sixty-year-old eyes was reflected, more brightly, in the eyes of twenty. Her widow's dress had not been changed for thirty years: it was nearly covered with crepe,

so thick that it had the softness of velvet; while the plain, white cap was of snowy freshness. Beautiful hands, that had been painted, and modeled, and kissed, and quarreled over, lay in her lap; and the still handsome face wore an affectionate smile, that had yet something of sadness in it, as her eyes rested on the figure that curtsied and *pirouetted* before her.

"Your mirror has already told you all that I think," said Mrs. Winterglade, fondly; "but I am afraid, dear child, that you have quite forgotten Mr. Millfield, who must really feel hurt by this time."

"She generally does forget Millfield," remarked aunt Jane, who sat on the other side of the fire; "and if I were Frederick Augustus—"

"What would you do now, aunt Jane, provided you were twenty years younger, and had a legal right to call yourself a man and a brother?"

"I would transfer my affections to a girl who had some heart," was the reply, in an irritated tone; for aunt Jane was not at all pleased with the allusion to her age.

The transparent skin that seemed almost drawn over the lady's thin face was deeply flushed, as Miss Georgie threw back her head and laughed as though she could not possibly help it.

"First, catch your fish," said she, saucily enough; "for, impossible as it may seem to you, auntie, I am really about as good as other girls—better than some of them. I do think I am rather nice-looking, and if I love to flirt a little——"

"A little!" was echoed from the corner.

"Go down, Georgie," said her grandmother, mildly, but in a tone that forbade trifling. "No guest in my house must be treated rudely."

"Yes, grandma," said Georgie, with a kiss that was enough to disarm any amount of anger, "you are the only one who can make me behave myself." Aunt Jane flushed again, and her head went up a few inches. "Do you know, though," she continued, "I am quite jealous of Frederick Augustus? I believe you think almost as much of him as you do of me."

Mrs. Winterglade rose deliberately, and taking the young lady's arm, walked her down to the parlor.

The brow of the young man, which had begun to look gloomy, cleared, as he beheld the glowing apparition, and he thought in his heart,

"If to her share some trifling errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

"Have I been long?" asked Miss Georgie, very sweetly, when the gentleman had paid his respects to her grandmother.

This was fairly adding insult to injury; but he answered very creditably that the time always seemed long when he was waiting for her.

He might have said with truth that it not only "seemed," but was long. Miss Georgie, however, smiled benevolently, and vouchsafed no sort of apology for her tardiness.

But Mrs. Winterglade said, very sweetly, that her granddaughter must be excused this time, as her dressing-maid had been quite unsuccessful with her hair, and it had to be done over at the last moment. Mr. Millfield brightened perceptibly under her genial influence; and it added considerably to Miss Georgie's attractions, that she would put him in possession of such a charming grandmother.

"Mother," said aunt Jane, when Mrs. Winterglade returned up stairs, after the young couple had gone, "you really spoil that girl."

"Let us spoil her, Jane, in a measure," replied the old lady, with her hand on her daughter's, "my only son's, and your only brother's only daughter. Nobody but her, and poor little Harry left. These bright, young days come but once in a lifetime; we will strew her path with roses while we can."

But aunt Jane, or as she should more correctly be called, Mrs. Emmerton, did not approve the rose theory. Georgie, probably, supplied her path with too many thorns.

Meantime, let us follow our heroine to the ball-room. Whenever Georgie entered a room, there was a perceptible hush in the assembly. Malicious people had even been known to say that anxious dowagers figuratively gathered their sons under their wings, as though she were an improved edition of the wicked giant in fairy-tales. But be this as it might, she certainly made a sensation; and the gentleman in attendance always felt himself to be of less consequence even, if possible, than Mr. Toots.

Frederick Augustus realized this rather keenly, as several eager admirers rushed forward, on the evening in question, the moment Georgie entered; for Miss Winterglade's engagements were never looked upon in the light of other people's engagements—time alone

would prove whether she was really to be regarded as private property. There are some fortunate people who can do and say with impunity things that would not be tolerated, for a moment, in any one else; and Georgie Winterglade was one of these fortunate individuals. People talked, of course, and blamed her; but, nevertheless, these very people showed smiles upon her, and would stand on their heads, as the saying is, for the slightest mark of her favor.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Millfield, in obedience to orders, was endeavoring to make himself agreeable to another young lady—with at least one ear and eye on Georgie's words and movements—a very distinguished-looking man, in military undress, appeared in the door-way, leaning carelessly against the arch, as though he were undecided whether to enter or not.

Georgie's quick eye spied him, and made the rapid discovery that he was quite handsome, with a very heavy mustache and beard, and rather a fiery expression; that he was about forty, and evidently a stranger. She hoped he would come in, he was certainly very interesting. He did not move, however, for some time; and the young lady became quite restless, and changed her seat.

"Come, Hadleigh," said a gentleman to the new-comer, "don't stand there like an ornamental pillar, but get fairly into the room, and I'll introduce you to Miss Winterglade, the belle of this bright *parterre*."

"No; thank you," was the reply, "none of your Miss Winterglades for me—I have heard of the young lady, and intend to keep clear of her. I have been admiring a very lovely girl, the one yonder with those great, luminous eyes; introduce me to her, and your belle may continue to enchant the crowd at the piano, as I think she is doing at this very moment."

The gentleman smiled, but made no answer; and very soon after, Col. Hadleigh was presented to the object of his admiration, who turned out, to his astonishment, to be the dangerous Miss Winterglade, herself. Moreover, she had heard every word he said, and scarcely knew whether to be pleased or indignant.

As he was a man, however, she reasoned that it would do him no harm to be punished a little. He looked conceited, she said to herself, though acknowledging that he had sufficient grounds for this. Falling quite naturally into the role of a very frank and artless girl, with the dimmest possible perception of her own charms, and a happy gift at turning flattering remarks into ridicule, Miss Georgie soon cast a subtle

spell over the colonel, who had never met any one quite like her, while poor Frederick glowered at them from a distance.

"I declare," remarked a very plain young lady to her sister, "how shamefully that Georgie Winterglade does behave! And the worse girls act, the more men seem to admire them. Just look at poor Mr. Millfield, fairly turned off, while she flirts with that conceited-looking colonel! I'll call the poor man over here—he seems so lonely."

Frederick obeyed the beckoning finger, as in duty bound; but did not seem to appreciate the interest he had excited. He answered so absently, that Miss Duffie bit her lip with vexation; and, finally, allowed him to glide away without making any further effort for his detention.

Miss Georgie was exasperating in the extreme, smiling up into the colonel's face, and listening as flatteringly to his words as though he had inherited the wisdom of the ages; while she quite forgot the waltz she had promised to Frederick, and treated him, when he crossed her path, as though she had been his elder sister.

"Georgina," said Mr. Millfield, quite sternly, when they were driving home, "how is this to end?"

"In other words," she replied, very tantalizingly, "you wish to know what my intentions are? I can only say, at present, that they will be developed by circumstances. Just now, I think seriously of going to sleep, as soon as my head touches the pillow. Do you know aunt Jane considers that she has had a very bad night, unless she falls asleep while she is preparing to retire?"

Something like, "Cruel, heartless flirt!" issued from Frederick Augustus' lips.

"Don't call names," said Miss Winterglade, amiably, "for I shall not call you anything."

Mr. Millfield was past speech, and could scarcely refrain from shaking his lady-love, as he lifted her out at her grandmother's door.

"Pleasant dreams, and a better frame of mind," was her parting salutation.

His dreams were delightful; the colonel (who appeared to him a very ugly, coarse-looking man) used him as a target for a murderous revolver; while Georgie looked on, smiling, and seemed to derive great satisfaction from the performance.

When Mr. Millfield's card was brought in, next morning, Miss Winterglade was not equal to the effort of seeing him.

"Now, Georgie," said her grandmother, quite sternly for her, "what does this mean?"

"It means, ma'am," replied the young lady, very meekly, "that Mr. Millfield, last evening, developed some traits of character that I do not admire; and an interview with him, this morning, would not be satisfactory to either of us."

"How about your traits?" asked aunt Jane, with a rather vicious twitch at her crochet-work.

"They are very well, thank you, ma'am."

Mrs. Winterglade glanced reprovingly at the naughty girl; and Mrs. Emmerton made a fresh attack.

"Did you meet any stranger last evening?"

"Yes'm, I was introduced to a very handsome man, a Col. Hadleigh. He asked permission to call."

Mrs. Emmerton threw a significant look at her mother, and suddenly left the room; when Georgie, with a sigh of relief, dropped down on a cushion close to her grandmother, and gazed dreamily into the fire, as she remarked, "I can't realize that aunt Jane has really been married—she seems just like an old maid."

"I do not approve of your conduct, Georgie," said Mrs. Winterglade, gravely; "you are disrespectful to your aunt, and frivolous to your admirers. I tremble for your happiness ten years hence, if you are spared to see that time."

"Ten years is a long time, dear grandmother," said the girl, laughingly, as she caressed one of the beautiful hands; "besides, I intend to reform long before that. I do not mean to be naughty, but aunt Jane has a gift of drawing out all the bad in my nature. I think she is a good woman, too, and means well by me."

The soberly, reflective way in which this was uttered, caused Mrs. Winterglade to smile in spite of herself; but she discreetly turned away her head to hide it from Georgie.

"Your aunt Jane," said she, "was very attractive as a girl, with a delicate, peach-blossom kind of beauty, that is seldom seen. You know the romantic story of her first meeting with her husband?"

"Yes," replied Georgie, as though repeating a lesson long since learned by heart, "I remember. She was crowned with lilies, and barefooted, and left, like somebody or other in the mythology, on a rock in the water, by some mischievous girls, who promised to row back for her immediately, but, instead of that, they rowed to land to give her a good fright; and a

very handsome, young gentleman finally came to her rescue, and took her into his boat; and this was uncle Emmerton, whom I never saw. I have always envied aunt Jane that episode; why don't something romantic happen to me, I wonder? I'm all ready to be fallen in love with in some uncommon way, by some uncommon man: but I'm very tired of ordinary mortals."

"Rather extraordinary sentiments for a young lady who is engaged," said Mrs. Winterglade, disapprovingly. "What would Mr. Millfield say to all this?"

"But, grandmamma, dear, I am not really engaged," interposed Georgie; "there is only a sort of understanding between us."

"An understanding for what, may I ask?"

"Why," with a little hesitation, "if we are satisfied with each other, we shall be engaged. But I do not think I am satisfied. I didn't like Mr. Millfield's conduct last night. He really seemed jealous and irritable; and I wish him to understand that I have not promised yet to forsake all others, and cleave only unto him."

The reader will, probably, think that Miss Georgie received only her just deserts in getting an unusually grave lecture from her indulgent grandmother; at least, aunt Jane did, who was about entering the room while it was in progress, but turned back, in a very comfortable frame of mind, to her own apartment.

Georgie cried, and promised amendment; and the dear, old lady began to think that "really she had been very severe to the poor child," and bestowed an extra petting on her when the lecture was over.

There were traces of tears in her voice, and a pensive expression in the "great, luminous eyes," that were Col. Hadleigh's especial admiration, when Georgie went down to receive that gentleman; and her conquest of the evening before was still more firmly riveted.

Miss Winterglade, after that morning, began to discourse in a new strain. She talked of having "some one to look up to," of "reverencing one's lover and husband," and expressed great disgust for "boys."

Aunt Jane "saw what it was coming to," as she said a number of times; and so did Frederick Augustus, who gnashed his teeth and retired at an early stage of the proceedings; while Mrs. Winterglade mourned over this strange fancy of the spoiled child's, and tried her best to discourage her.

"Think, Georgie," she would say, "of those four children!"

"I do think of them, grandmamma," would Georgie reply, "dear little things! I mean to teach them all myself. Don't I teach Harry?"

Aunt Jane said but little. Yet she managed to get Georgie into a towering passion with her, one day, when a letter from Col. Hadleigh gave an account of the serious illness of one of the infants, by remarking that it would be a blessed thing for the child, and for Georgie, if it should be translated to heaven.

The step-mother elect declared that she would not part with one of them—there were not *any* too many—and such remarks were utterly savage and unfeeling. Aunt Jane was quite annihilated, and figuratively washed her hands of Georgie's affairs for the future.

People generally thought it a very presuming thing in Col. Hadleigh, a widower of forty, with four children, to appropriate pretty Georgie Winterglade. They could not imagine what spell he had cast over her. Others looked rather incredulous, and wondered how long it would last. The colonel was supremely happy, for not only the young lady herself, but all her surroundings, were perfectly unexceptionable. Mrs. Winterglade was a connection to be proud of; and her establishment had an air of wealth and refinement that had come down through several generations.

Col. Hadleigh was a very proud man, rejoicing in a family, that, he said, could be traced back to the Norman Conquest; and one of the highest praises he had to bestow on Georgie was that "she would grace a coronet." He hinted that there was a stray one floating around in his family, and some day it might actually rest on those beautiful locks.

The four children had all been to spend the day at Mrs. Winterglade's, and nearly deafened her with their noise; sticking up her best chairs with candy, and roaring at the top of their lungs whenever their innocent recreations were interfered with. Aunt Jane said, very dryly, that those who loved them could enjoy the comforting conviction that they were not destined to early deaths.

One day, however, Miss Georgie tried her power with the colonel, and went too far. It was something like that story of the chivalrous period, where a lady tested her lover's bravery and devotion by dropping her glove into an inclosure containing some savage animal, and dared the gentleman to rescue it. She recovered her glove, but lost her lover; and so it was with Georgie. Her unreasonable demand was politely complied with; and she was as politely "released," as the colonel expressed

it, in an unexceptionable note, that she tore to pieces, and danced on; and then rushed to her grandmother with such white cheeks and flaming eyes, that Mrs. Winterglade was fairly frightened.

"Georgie," said the old lady, mournfully, when the full extent of this humiliation was made known to her, "you are very much to blame."

"Oh!" cried Georgie, in mingled anger and distress, "do send me away somewhere, grandmamma—I never can meet that hateful man again!"

And she comforted herself by throwing into the fire quite an elaborate doll, that she had been preparing for the eldest hope of the Hadleighs.

"I wish I could go into a convent!" added the young lady, as she reflected upon her very unpleasant position.

"You would be flirting with the priests before you had been there a week," remarked aunt Jane.

Georgie took this quite meekly; and even wondered whether a regular course of aunt Jane would not be a beneficial, though bitter, tonic. She cried, and her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks pale; and as it was impossible to scold her in this condition, her grandmother said kindly,

"Go to bed, my child—and in the morning we will talk this matter over."

Georgie went, and sobbed herself to sleep; more, it is to be feared, because the colonel had sent in his resignation, instead of being dismissed, than from any feeling of disappointed love. Frederick Augustus, and the other unfortunates, seemed likely to be revenged.

Mrs. Winterglade passed a wakeful night; blaming herself severely for Georgie's misdeemeanors, and wondering what disposal she had better make of her troublesome charge. As Georgie said, she could not meet the colonel again, which she was likely to do, if she remained in town; and as it was nearly June, a quiet country retreat seemed the best thing that offered. People like Mrs. Winterglade usually have such conveniences, and all others, at their command; a very obliging farmer-cousin and his family would, she knew, feel highly honored by a visit from the young lady; and as the place in question was as different as possible from Newport or Saratoga, a month's retirement in that quiet region would, probably, have a most beneficial effect.

Georgie made a wry face when cousin Gol-

ders was first proposed to her; but in the end, she acquiesced with a very good grace. She was glad to go somewhere, and it was not the season yet for anything exciting; besides, she had a dim, undefined sort of feeling, that, in some way, she was going to meet her fate, and that it was coming to her in a very pleasant shape. How could she tell but that it might be a second and improved edition of aunt Jane's adventure, with lilies and bare feet, on a rock in the water? It was not the season for lilies, but Georgie did not stop at this.

Aunt Jane packed Georgie's trunk with a sort of cheerful malice that was rather hard to bear, and even proposed accompanying the exile to her Siberia; but Georgie felt that this was making her punishment disproportioned to the offence, and resolutely declined.

Grandmamma was quite solemn at parting from her pet, and gazed after her wistfully, from the platform, until the train was in motion; but Georgie appeared to be in high spirits, and assured the old lady that in two hours' time she would be in the bosom of cousin Golders' family, and, perhaps, helping with the week's churning or baking.

She never got there at all.

She had disposed of her traveling-bag, and opened her novel; discovered that the inevitable woman and baby were on the right; the stout gentleman just behind; and the young man who stared, and is disposed to be officious, in front of her; but, becoming quite oblivious of all these surroundings, she was tracing her heroine through a most delightfully-romantic dilemma, to the total absorption of all things real.

Suddenly, there was a lurch of the car—a crash; another lurch, and Georgie was thrown from her seat. Darkness and confusion; a hand grasped her; she was raised in somebody's arms, and dragged through a window; but, quite unheroine-like, she did not faint, and was fully conscious that she had received several bruises.

She was considerably stunned, at first, by the suddenness of this unlooked-for episode; but remembering that some one had rescued her, she turned to look upon her preserver; and then she screamed for the first time, and hid her face in her hands.

It was Frederick Augustus.

Never had he acquitted himself so well, both in act and speech; and he looked really noble as he said,

"I could not help it, Georgie. Do not think me guilty of the meanness of following you. I

took the train solely on business, with no knowledge whatever of your movements; and my surprise at seeing you, a few seats in front of me, was quite as great as yours now is at seeing me. Will you let me do what I can for you?"

The coals of fire were falling fast and furious, and Miss Georgie instinctively put her hands to her head. "You have saved my life," she murmured, "and I so little deserve it!"

"Georgie!" whispered her deliverer, "may I dare—"

"Only run into another train," said a gentleman, as he passed them; "grand smash-up, and several killed, I believe. All who have whole bones should be thankful."

Georgie shuddered, and drew closer to her protector. No need to go to the middle ages for chivalry, nor to swords and epaulets for bravery; this was more than being rescued from a rock in the water; and aunt Jane's little episode sank into nothingness beside it.

Mrs. Winterglade could scarcely believe her eyes, later in the day, when a carriage drove up, and the granddaughter, whom she had supposed safely domiciled by this time at cousin Golders, alighted, with the most tender assistance from Mr. Millfield. She was thankful,

after the first shock, that it was not a new admirer.

"Georgie," said the old lady, when they were somewhat quieted, and Frederick Augustus had taken his leave, "is there a fresh 'understanding' between you and Mr. Millfield? It seems to me that things look like it."

The crimson cheeks and fast-filling eyes were quite eloquent, as Georgie nestled up to her grandmother. "No, dear grandmamma, but with your approbation, there is now a firm engagement, as sacredly binding to me as the marriage-vow itself. You approve, do you not?"

"With all my heart, dear child. In spite of his quiet exterior, I always felt that there was a great deal in Frederick Millfield; but he must not take you away from me too soon."

"He is certainly very forgiving," remarked aunt Jane, who could not help saying it for the life of her.

Georgie left her nestling-place, and walked directly up to her aunt. Before the astonished lady could realize it, a kiss had been pressed on her lips, and a gentle voice whispered,

"He is forgiving, aunt Jane—will you be so, too?"

THE ABSENT FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

'Twas a year ago he left us,
And it seems the other day
That I flung my arms about him,
And the great ship sailed away.
You were slumbering on your pillow,
And he kissed you as you slept;
And the blessing that he left you,
Was the sorrow that he wept.
Oft at night I hear him whisper,
As I'm dreaming in my bed,
Then I know your father's praying,
Asking blessings on your head.

We must cling, my boy, together,
For the time we're left alone;
You for me, and I for you, love,
Till those lonely years are gone.
He is toiling through the Winter,
Through the Summer days of sun;
From the cheerless chill of daybreak
Till the weary day is done;
All for us, my boy and darling!
Would the happy time would come,
When we'll hear again his footsteps,
When we'll welcome him at home.

LOVE REVEALED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Such a trite and graceless slander,
You would wonder I could win her,
She, as white as purest snow;
From my lot of fit defend her,
For she loves me true and tender,
Her warm blushes told me so.
Heaviness may gather o'er me,
And the way look dark before me,
As it oft times will below;

I will pass it by unheeding,
For she loves me, at my pleading—
Her clear eyes have told me so.
O'er the changeless seas a sailing,
With our hope and faith unfailing,
In the sunshine we will go;
All in all, and never parted,
For she loves me, the true-hearted—
Her dear lips have told me so.

PUT OUT OF THE WAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 367.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were hours, during that day, when the dilemma before Fred Leeds almost drove him insane. Should he return to the old starving, ill-clothed, scoundrelly life in Bohemia, or should he follow up this chance of a wealthy marriage, no matter at what cost? At times, he would thrust the whole matter from him, and for a moment enjoy his segar, or his wine, or his own feeble joke at the club, as though the fat, German fiend had not his whole life in her flabby, unclean hands. But then the terrible dilemma would rise before him again, till his weak brain almost gave way before it.

He dined at home. The colonel requested Mrs. McIntosh's presence in the library, and left the young people alone over their dessert. Then Fred proceeded to put a plot into execution, of which he had been thinking for the last few hours. He had never mentioned the Wortleys to Lotty, since the first day they met Dick in the Park. But he plunged boldly into the middle of the subject now. Lotty's gentle voice, and pitying, brown eyes fixed on him, gave him courage. The pear was so very ripe, he thought, it would be a shame not to pluck it.

The truth was that Fred's features were sharpened and haggard; and Lotty, who was fond of the "kind, little fellow" in a certain way, watched him as his mother might have done, longing to administer some of her darling homeopathic doses.

"You are intimate with Mrs. Wortley, they tell me, Lotty?" he began.

Lotty donned all her armor in an instant. She was clothed in steel, complete, before Fred had half cracked his almond.

"She is my aunt. I like her. Yes."

"The old lady's well enough," carelessly.

"It's Dick that I'd guard you against."

"Why, he is a friend of yours, Frederick."

"Of course," coolly. "A very proper acquaintance for me. But for a young girl tenderly reared—that's another thing."

There was one sharp glance from Lotty, and then she went back to the flowers beside her plate, and began to pull them to pieces,

playing with the dog beside her, half humming a tune the while.

"You are not listening, I'm afraid," Fred resumed.

"Oh! I beg pardon! Certainly. You were talking of Mr. Wortley. You said he was—was——"

"No fit companion for you. He is coarse and vulgar. None of the men in our set would have introduced him to their mothers or sisters. You noticed how I tried to avoid presenting him to you?"

"Yes, I noticed." There was a quiet, amused smile on Lotty's mouth. She kept her bright eyes on Fred's face.

"There are some odd stories afloat about Wortley, which I would not mention to you, only that you may know how to estimate him. It was only last month he was up before the Police-Court on a criminal charge."

Lotty half rose from her chair, her eyes glittering. "I do not believe it," she said. Then quietly sinking down again, she added, calmly, "You are mistaken, Frederick."

"No mistake, 'pon my honor. It was in the police report. Assault and battery. Charged on a couple of policemen, who were taking some woman off to the Tombs. A kind of woman of whom I cannot speak to you. One of his companions. There is the paper," passing it over to her.

She took it and held it a moment.

Curiosity, strong in man or woman, was raging within her; but, being a woman, she was able to conquer it. She laid down the paper without a glance. "It does not matter. I know Richard Wortley," she said, quietly.

A great load was taken off of Leeds' mind by her manner.

"You believe it without reading? Well, it is true. The only excuse for him is that he was under the influence of liquor—Richard drinks, and drinks hard. I have known it for years, and it enables me to explain much of his discreditable conduct. I always accounted for his mad folly about the Warford will in that way."

"The Warford will?"

"Did you never hear of that? But, of course, you did not. The Wortleys would be glad to smother it, no doubt; and we would be slow to tell you anything so shameful of a relative. Warford was a queer old party, a grand-uncle of Mrs. Wortley, or something of that sort; a miser, to tell the truth, with no heirs, except one son, whom he had disinherited years before. He took a fancy to Dick, who humored him, gave him first-class lunches at the restaurants, and nursed him when he fell sick. Played a bold game for the money, you see! In consequence, when the old man died, Dick was brought in sole legatee, the son cut off with the price of a suit of new mourning. Now, you know, the Wortleys are poor. They live from week to week on the sale of those daubs of his, and they never lay by a penny. Dick's hand is happiest in his pocket, flinging out dollars like pebbles; and when all are gone, then to work again. So you may know what a godsend this fortune was to them. The old lady is a dead weight on his hands, too, and this money would have put her comfortably out of his way, and left him free to follow his own devices."

"And that is your judgment of Richard Wortley!" Lotty's brown eyes flashed fire, as she broke out thus. But the next moment she controlled herself. "Go on, Frederick," she said, quietly, "I am listening."

Fred watched her speculatively, a moment, with his light eyes half contracted. "You do not agree with me, I perceive," he said, with studied courtesy. "You think him a devoted, self-sacrificing son, no doubt. Hear the sequel, then! This affectionate son, this sound, reasonable man of business, gets drunk one day, (my charity suggests that excuse,) and by a stroke of his pen leaves himself and his mother paupers."

"I do not understand," she said, with a bewildered look.

"Gives back the estate to Warford's son—houses, land, and stocks; plays my Lord Marquis of Carabas; invites young Warford, if he wants to show his gratitude, to buy a couple of his landscapes. 'You'll lose nothing by it,' he said, with his sublime conceit. 'Ten years hence there will be a demand in the market for all I can paint.' Fact! I had the story from Ingoldsby, who saw the whole transaction. Then my man lights his segar, and saunters home to his mother, whom he had beggared."

"And Warford?" said Lotty, who had listened with bated breath and glistering eyes.

"Warford? He was struck dumb, Ingoldsby said. I suppose he thanked God for sending brandy into the world."

"Richard was not drunk when he did that!" Fred laughed contemptuously.

"That was about four years ago," he said.

"Wortley has been scraping his way in the beggarly fashion, you see, ever since."

"Have you any more stories of him like these?"

"I'll tell you some others another day, if they please you."

"They do please me," said Lotty, deliberately rising and looking at him steadily. "I thank you for them, Frederick. Whatever meaning you attach to them, they help me to understand Richard Wortley better."

Her manner, even more than her words, made him begin to doubt the wisdom of his Machiavelian policy.

He also rose. For the first time the chance of mistake flashed upon him. What if the fruit was not ripe? What if this girl, who stood quietly waiting, apparently to reveal some undisclosed secret concerning herself, was, in truth, indifferent to him? What if, while he had delayed and doubted, Wortley had actually won her?

It had been easy enough to debate, while he thought the result depended on his decision. But when the fact that it was beyond his power suggested itself, the money in the lead-mine, now forever gone from him, assumed gigantic and maddening proportions.

But Fred Leeds never lost control of himself. He went toward Lotty, and took her soft hand in his. It was hot. She trembled, and her whole frame throbbled with fever and repressed excitement.

He stroked her fingers gently. "Lotty," he said, soothingly, "I have tried to be your friend. I tried to take the place of a brother to you when you came among us a stranger."

"I know that," the tears in her eyes. "You were the only friend I had. But I have a nearer friend than you, and it is not wise to malign him to me."

Fred drew a long breath, and in that moment faced the worst. He met it gallantly. "I understand it," he said, in a tone of deep concern. "I had no idea that this was so serious a matter. I will not try to influence your attachment, Lotty," pausing between the sentences, apparently overcome by some secret feeling. "But this warning it is my duty to give. Richard Wortley is a man who has loved many women. But he has been true to none."

If ever the day comes when his love fails you, remember your—your brother, Lotty," with a feeble smile.

It penetrated all her indignation and touched Lotty, for she was a soft-hearted woman, and could not bear to see even a dog, justly or not, in pain. "You wrong Richard," she said, gently; "but it is because you do not understand him. I never doubted your friendship for me, Frederick."

He raised her hand to his lips and held it there. At the same moment a servant opened the door, and announced "Mr. Richard Wortley."

CHAPTER IX.

FRED went forward cordially, both hands out, to meet him. "My dear fellow! I am delighted to see you!" he cried.

Lotty drew back with a shy greeting, the happy blushes dyeing her very throat. Dick alone stood motionless, the purple blood in his face, looking sternly from one to the other. He put his hand on Leeds' shoulder, with a contemptuous shake, as though he had laid hold of an unclean spaniel.

"Knowing your secret as I do, Leeds," he said, under his breath, "it is hardly wise in you to touch, with your foul lips, the woman to whom I am betrothed."

Fred had hardly time to draw himself away when his father entered. The colonel was grave, and moderate, and genuine beyond parallel to-night; his iron-gray hair, his slow, thoughtful smile, his steady, reasonable eyes, were calculated to inspire the world with the belief that one middle-aged man in it had absorbed more than his share of respectability and truthfulness.

He paused a moment, with Dick's card in his hand. "Wortley? What, my old friend Sophy's son?" holding out his hand, and surveying him from head to foot with a grave, pleased smile. "Why, here is a fine young fellow, that has taken his place in the world without my knowledge! A boy that ought to gladden his mother's heart! Your visit was to me, I understand? Will you follow me to the library? You can return and make the acquaintance of these young people presently, if you will."

Now Dick had come to the house, filled with utter contempt of the two miserable adventurers, father and son, who had Lotty in their clutches; feeling no especial obligation, either, to conceal this contempt. To be thus benevolently scanned and approved, as a school-boy

would be by his teacher, was, therefore, in no-wise conducive to the soothing of his galled temper.

He followed the colonel, determined to make short work of it. It was not the first time he had broken into a nest of soft, slimy snakes. There was a very certain mode of treatment for them—trample them down without mercy. As for these weak, miserable tricksters, the game was in his own hands.

In short, Master Dick never had a better opinion of his own ability and astuteness, than when he followed the colonel.

In a very few moments the library-bell rang, and a message was sent for Frederick. As the latter crossed the hall, he encountered Mr. Westcott, one of the new friends whom Col. Leeds' dinners had brought to him that winter.

"A word with your father, Fred, my boy, about that pair of trotters, unless, as John says, he is engaged."

Fred opened the library door, disclosing Dick Wortley hot and with knitted brows, but seeming as an angry man always does, to fill the whole center of the stage; the colonel to the left, cool, grave, smiling.

The latter glanced at the intruders from under his shaggy brows.

"Ha! Mr. Westcott?" he said, cordially. "Come in, come in. Come in, Fred. No intrusion, I assure you, Westcott. My business with Mr. Wortley is concluded, and as it is of the pleasantest nature, I see no reason why you should not share in it. An old friend of the family, you understand, Mr. Wortley?"

To which Dick returned an indifferent nod for answer, looking down from the height of his scorn on these pretty suavities, as but so much writhing of the reptiles on whom he had set his heel. Poor Dick! for whom every word and trivial gesture of that interview became afterward laden with life or death.

"Frederick, our young friend has come to inform me of a betrothal existing between himself and my ward, Miss Hubbard. I called you here to welcome him among us."

Fred's face glowed with pleasure. "Hillo, Wortley, old fellow!" he cried, clasping Wortley's hand; and he was silent for a moment, apparently from emotion, but, in fact, because he must have breath to consider what game his father meant to play, and how he was to follow suit. "This is a strange surprise. You have come to ask my father's consent, eh? And gained it, no doubt. He is the most indulgent of guardians."

"Why, no, Fred," interposed the colonel,

in a gently grieved tone. "Strangely enough, Mr. Wortley has *not* come for that purpose. I think I deserved the usual courtesy, for, as you say, I have not been a severe guardian. However, young people alter old customs," with an indulgent smile to Westcott, who looked curiously from one to the other.

"I did not ask your consent to my marriage with Miss Hubbard," said Dick, "because I knew, if you had the power, you would refuse it. You have not the power, fortunately. I detest shams, and all tricks of ceremony. In three months Miss Hubbard will be of age, and at liberty to make her own choice."

"She remains in my house after that by the terms of her father's will," said the colonel, quickly.

"Until she leaves it for that of her husband. My only wish, in seeking this interview with you to-night, was to inform you of our engagement, because I hoped, that, when it was made known to you, Miss Hubbard would be free from annoyances to which she is now subjected."

There was an awkward pause.

"Now, my dear boy," said the colonel, in a tone of the friendliest remonstrance, "why do you persist in this unaccountably aggressive conduct? You had every opportunity to woo and win Lotty, in the usual way by which maidens are wooed and won. Your mother's son would always have been welcome in this house. Instead of which, you meet her clandestinely. The first intimation I receive of your acquaintance with my ward, is an announcement of your intention to marry her in three months, and your resolve to place yourself in position as her chosen knight to defend her against some chimerical persecution, which you conjure up for her in this household. May I ask," with a good-natured, bantering smile, "what is this persecution of which you complain?"

"Do you wish an answer now?" said Dick, glancing significantly at Westcott.

"Assuredly. I have no secrets in this matter from any one, least of all from an old friend. I am sincerely anxious to know what injustice you complain of." And he feigned to listen with real curiosity.

"I complain of this," said Richard, slowly. "That, from the day you took charge of Miss Hubbard, it has been your design to obtain possession of her fortune, and failing other means, you would have forced a marriage with your son."

Col. Leeds turned to Westcott with a deprecating shake of the head, as if to crave his

forbearance for the rude passion to which he was unwillingly a witness. Mr. Westcott felt it incumbent on him to take part with his friends.

"I think you are a little intemperate, Mr. Wortley," he said. "It is not a misfortune to any young lady, surely, to be sought in marriage by my young friend, Mr. Leeds."

"It is an insult for him to address, or touch her, as I saw him do, to-night," said Richard, turning in his blazing wrath upon the cowering little wretch himself. "Frederick Leeds is a married man."

There was a moment's silence. The colonel had been shading his eyes from the fire. He now laid down the screen carefully. But he did not glance toward his son. There was not the movement of a muscle in his face, though he knew that he had, at last, his son's secret.

Fred, as soon as he had breath, gave a contemptuous laugh.

"You know how true this is, father," he said.

"I have no doubt that he knows," continued Dick, calmly. "If I could, I would have removed Miss Hubbard from under your guardianship. As I could not, my only resource was to tell you, as I have done to-night, that she had a protector who understood your villainy to its depths. For the three months to come I will hold you in check."

As he spoke, poor Dick turned and went off with the air of a conqueror, thinking it was so sweet to fight any enemy, however ignoble, for the sake of the woman he loved! His heavy, firm tread echoed down the hall, pausing a moment at the door of the drawing-room. But Lotty was not there. Missing her, he passed down the stairs, with a sudden, vague sense of having been foiled, after all.

He wished that he could have told her to-night that Leeds was a married man. Not that he was jealous of the cool friendship which she had for the fellow. Still, it would have been better if she had this safeguard. He stopped, for a moment, in the hall, half intending to send for her; then his passion conquered him, and he stalked on, and out into the street. He could not breathe the same air, he said to himself, as these paltering scoundrels.

Dick Wortley had time enough, afterward, to recall every unhappy, mad act of that night, and to curse the day when he was born with the quick temper that led him to his ruin!

When the door closed behind Wortley, Col. Leeds looked up, with his ordinary easy courtesy.

"I regret so much, Westcott, that you have been annoyed in this manner," he said. "Take this chair nearer the fire."

"The young man has certainly been drinking!" said Westcott, who had stood aghast with astonishment, staring from one to the other. "I never heard of anything—anything like it in my life."

"It is rather an unusual method of asking the consent of a guardian to his ward's marriage," answered the colonel, with a smile. "A 'stand and deliver' fashion, not common in our modern days."

"Worse than that, sir! The reckless assertions about your son—about Frederick," with a keen glance at young Leeds, which both men noted. "Do you think he *was* in liquor?"

"No. The trouble lies deeper than that," in a grave voice. "I am loth to mention it, but—" and stooping over, the colonel whispered earnestly for a few moments, while Mr. Westcott listened with an occasional nod and a compassionate, "Tut! Tut!"

"I understand," he said, at last. "Of course, you will take proper means to rid your ward of the annoyance?"

"Certainly. I thought best to humor him for the present. But about those horses now, Westcott?"

When Fred Leeds, an hour later, heard Mr. Westcott's cab leave the door, he crept back to the library. His father was waiting for him, standing on the rug, with his back to the fire.

"This story is true, I suppose?" the colonel said, curtly. "You are really married?"

"Yes, it is true," answered the son, doggedly. "The woman may be here any hour. If you will give me my passage-money, I will go back to Paris by the next steamer. The game is up here."

The old man, stroking his grizzly whiskers, surveyed him with a cool contempt.

"Let me hear the whole of the affair. Keep nothing back," he said, at last.

He listened without comment, while Fred told the story.

"Then I understand this Wortley is the only person who holds this power over you?" said the colonel, when his son had finished.

"The woman herself."

The colonel made a slight, contemptuous gesture. "She can be easily silenced," he said.

"I wish that *he* could be silenced, in the one effectual way," muttered the young man, gritting his teeth as he rose. "I wish to God we

lived in the days of Bastiles. I wish, as in Italy, in other times, such a man could be got rid of for a few scudi. I'd put a knife into his heart to-night," he continued, his savage passion rising with his words, "if we were out of this cursed land of civilization. But every act of a gentleman's life is dragged into daylight here for the mob to gloat over."

"Not all," said the colonel, dryly. "A man can be got rid of for a few scudi, here, as readily as in Italy. Richard Wortley will not trouble you or me long."

Fred leaned his elbow on the mantle-shelf a moment, and stared at his father.

"You mean to—to murder him?" he said, at last, under his breath.

"By no means," laughing. "Don't turn so white about the gills. I am no butcher. I won't risk a hempen-collar about my throat. No. There are Bastiles in the United States, by the aid of which any inconvenient person can be put out of the way for life. It is a quiet, safe means, which a gentleman can use with no fear of punishment. There must be secrecy, and—the *scudi*," with a laugh. "Only pay enough, and get up your case right, as the lawyers say, you have science and philanthropy both to assist you."

"What do you mean?"

"Ring for John to order a cab. What we do must be done before morning. To-morrow Wortley will make your marriage public. I will explain as we go."

In a few minutes the cab was at the door, and the two men, closely cloaked, entered it, and were driven away.

CHAPTER X.

THE night was stormy. A blinding fog swept over the city. Even on the most crowded thoroughfares the fitful cries of the wind, and the fierce strength of the tempest, dwarfed into a ghastly littleness the lights and hurrying tumult beneath.

The carriage, in which the two men were, left the open streets, after awhile, and turned into unfrequented lanes and alleys leading to the further disreputable limits of the town. Young Leeds looked out uneasily, shuffling nervously in his seat. The streets were narrow and dark; here and there a lamp made a dull, red circle of light in the thick, black vapor. At long intervals a footstep of some invisible passenger echoed with a heavy reverberating thud. Fred knew himself to be nearing that labyrinth of courts and secret hiding-

places, where crime in New York holds high carnival. The very air grew thick and loathsome, as though from the smoke of some actual Tophet.

"Do you know the neighborhood, sir?" he ventured, anxiously, to say, at last. "This frontage of buildings is but a coating of respectability. Just behind them are the foulest pest-houses in New York."

"I know the place," was the calm reply. "Are you afraid?"

Fred writhed uneasily. "I have no wish to be entangled in any sort of crime," he broke out. "It's too risky. If I cannot win the game without the aid of thieves and murderers, I'll throw it up. Let us go back, sir."

The colonel put out his hand quietly as Fred caught at the check-string.

"I am not going outside of the law," he said. "It adapts itself to our necessities, fortunately, as completely as a glove to the hand. As for the thieves and murderers, and their companions in this street, I need the help of one or two of them; and the law, and science, and philanthropy, will receive them, in this case, as worthy coadjutors—for a consideration," he added, with a sneer. "Here is our place."

The cab stopped before a low, plain, two-storied house, with a red sign at the side of the door, on which was painted, "Doctor Molker."

The door was so promptly opened, at the first touch of the bell, that one might have suspected the doctor's patients usually came at night. The father and son found themselves in a small anteroom, and a stout, stoop-shouldered man came in, in his slippers and flowered dressing-gown, saying, in an unmistakable Jewish accent. "What can I do fair you, gentlemen?"

"I have a young friend," said the colonel, "whom it is needful to place under restraint for a time—for the safety of his friends——"

"Ah, yesh! For de safety of his friends?" gravely, rubbing his hands.

"It will require your certificate. I understood that you made cases of this kind a specialty?"

"Ah, yesh! Dat ish one of my specialties. I have oders. De human man ish subject to so many ailments, my gentlemen," wagging his head sorrowfully. "Ish it necessary dat your young friend be confined immediately?" with one keen glance at Leeds.

"Before morning. He is violent."

"Ah! dat ish sad! sad! I will get de certificate in one moments," opening the table-drawer and selecting a blank-book, from which

he tore a printed form. From the mantle he took down pen and ink. "I usually see de patients; but you so very respectable gentlemen dat your word is enough," scrawling his name rapidly at the bottom of the certificate. "How did you call de patients?" pausing, with the pen suspended.

"Wortley. Richard Wortley."

"Richard Wortley, it ish," writing it, and throwing some sand over it.

"What is your fee, doctor?" said the colonel, and drew out his pocket-book.

"I askh fifty dollars in de case where I do not see de patients," holding the paper under his hand. "You ish so respectable dat I think dat ish not necessary."

The colonel counted out the money, and the paper was handed to him, the Jew laying hold of his coat eagerly, the notes clutched in his other hand. "If your friend ish very violent, I would recommend——" lowering his voice to a whisper. "It ish a very quiet institution, and safe. But any of dem will do."

The colonel blandly thanked him, hastily loosening his grasp from his coat, and motioning Fred to the door.

"What ish your own name, my good sir? You did not mention it."

"I beg your pardon. Wetherall, John Wetherall."

"Ah, yesh! Well, good-evening, Mr. Wetherall! I hope your young friend may recover speedily. I shall be glad to see you again. I have oder specialties, as you call dem. I have a little money, too, to lend, when my friends get into trouble—friends like dis young man here."

He stood bowing, and rubbing his hands, and glancing up and down, until they were out of the room.

The colonel drew a long breath, as the carriage-door closed on them. He was heated and excited: he had lost his usual calm reticence. "The foul wretch!" he cried. "It was no pleasanter errand for me than for you, Frederick. But he serves our purpose. One cannot always choose their tools."

"Of what value is that greasy slip of paper?" asked the son.

"Value?" tapping it triumphantly. "That printed slip, with our friend Molker's name on it, has all the power of a *lettre-de-cachet* in the worst days of the old regime. I have done my part in procuring it: the law will do the rest. I can call upon the police to assist me in clandestinely arresting Richard Wortley, and in imprisoning him for life if I choose. In a prison,

too, from whence no tidings of him shall ever come."

He was silent for awhile, and then broke out again, as though his success had intoxicated him.

"You were complaining of the meddlesome law in this land of civilization; complaining of the vulgar notoriety and daylight into which a man was obliged to drag all of his actions. Where else would we have had such facilities as these? If Wortley had committed a murder, he would have had the privilege of counsel and trial, before he could be punished; every particular of the case would have been aired and torn to pieces in the public press; but when you and I want him out of our way, we find a Dr. Molker ready to sign this paper for a consideration: and this paper consigns him to confinement for life, without judge or jury, or a chance to escape."

"And even Molker's signature was not necessary," he added, after a moment. "I could have written it myself, signed a fictitious name, and added M. D. There would have been no questions asked. But I will do nothing illegal. Could the law have done our work for us in old Italy? Bah! Remember her clumsy assassins and poison bowls?"

"You are playing a dangerous game," said Fred, after awhile. "Nothing is so well guarded in America as personal liberty. I know nothing of so fatal a flaw in the law as this you talk of."

"No one seems to know of it but those whose interest it is to use it," coolly answered his father. "You will see whether I have mistaken its power." He pulled the check-string and looked out. "To Police Station, No. 5," he said, to the driver.

CHAPTER XI.

It was near midnight, but Dick Wortley still lingered beside his mother's fire. He had all his plans to talk over with her; and Dick, as usual, was vehemently in earnest about the least of them; and then there was the sweet, new refrain coming in at every close. The quiet, fair woman, who sat listening to him, had fancied that she knew every pulse of her son's heart, since the day he lay a helpless baby on her breast. But to-night it seemed to her as though she never had gained insight into its depths before. She never had known how single-minded and credulous her boy was, under all his affectation of knowledge of the world; nor how full of delicate, tender

fancies, with which to crown the woman of his love.

For Lotty was the first woman he had ever loved. Platonic friendships and flirtations had left a crust of indifference about his heart; but when Lotty had pierced through it, she found a nature as pure as, and finer than, her own, to welcome and cherish her: and to convert, by its own magic, the affectionate, hot-tempered little country-girl into a half-divine maiden, who, in her purity and beauty, bore yet about her marks of the moulding fingers of the gods.

Mrs. Wortley, who thought Lotty, as she was, would make a better wife for Dick than any such wingless Psyche, yet listened to her son with the tears in her eyes. His words awakened, strangely, some old music in her own life, long ago silent.

Dick roused himself to the fact, however, that the clock was on the stroke of twelve, and got up hurriedly.

"I don't know why I have such a strange feeling of reluctance to leave you to-night," he said. "I feel as if I had gone back to the old boyish days, days when I used to bring all my troubles to pour out to you. What a fire you always keep, mother," he added, hastily, as if ashamed of words that bordered on sentiment. "Other people's fires char black, or are choked with ashes; but yours is always quiet and clear, shining to the very heart. Like you, you dear little woman," putting his big hand on the soft, gray hair.

His mother laughed.

"Your brain is on fire, my son," she said. "You see even a faded old woman through a rosy heat. You had better go to bed."

"Bed! I have half a day's work before me. I had a dozen new canvases sent home to-day, a new stock of paints and oils, which I must arrange. I'm going to work to-morrow in earnest. Three months is a short time to prepare for marriage. I mean to make enough on those canvases to take us all back to Europe, as soon as Lotty is my wife. We can live at half cost there. I'm sure of work, and I will be growing in my profession. You see what a practical, long-headed fellow I am, in the prospect of being a family man!"

"You forget Lotty's fortune."

"No; I don't forget it," turning red. "I will never touch a dollar of her money. Fred Leeds shall not taunt me with that motive, please God!"

"Which shows how practical a man you are."

"I'm afraid I've showed my lack of common sense in a worse way than that. I laid out

every dollar I had in my pocket for the materials to-day. However, Hooper's landscape is done, and he will pay promptly. It's a wretched way to manage, this hand-to-mouth habit of mine; but it comes from my Irish blood, I suppose. But I mean to grow canny and saving, now. Hillo! who the deuce can that be, so late at night?" for the door-bell was rung violently at this moment.

Jessy, half awake, entered with a note. Dick read it aloud. "It's from Sherman, mother," he said. "We met him at Strassburgh last, you remember? I will read it to you."

DEAR DICK—Just in. On the Cambria. Leave in the five o'clock train for St. Louis. If you could spare me an hour, to-night—there is a great deal I have to tell you. I send a carriage to avoid delay. Present my regards to Mrs. Wortley. Yours, C. SHERMAN.

Astor House.

"Go, by all means," said his mother, as he looked at her dubiously. "I wish you could induce him, Richard, to stay for a day or two,"

"It's not likely," said Dick, pulling on his overcoat. "I'll probably stay with Charley till he leaves for the West, though, mother. It wouldn't be worth my while to go to bed for such a bit of the night. You'll not be afraid? Make Jessy bring her bed into the next room, and double-lock the doors. I'll be at home by daylight."

"You'll lose your night's sleep, Richard," said his mother, anxiously.

Dick laughed, as he stooped to kiss her; and then hurried off. But, at the door, glancing back and catching sight of the pale, sweet face watching him earnestly, he stopped, returned and kissed her again, holding her cheeks a minute between his hands.

In time to come, the memory of that boyish kiss would come to her and fill her with hope and trust.

"He will come back to me," she would say. "He will come back as free from guilt as he went."

CHAPTER XII.

THE storm had increased in violence as the night wore on. The rain fell in torrents. Outside of the windows of the close carriage all was total darkness, except a dull glimmer now and then from the street lamps. Dick pulled up the collar of his coat, lay back in the corner, and abandoned himself to those sweet visions, which every lover will understand.

He grew so absorbed in them that he did not observe that the carriage stopped, while a couple of men mounted beside the driver, or that it was closely followed by another coach through every turn of its winding course.

He roused himself finally, trying to look through the foggy pane. "A deuced long time reaching the Astor House!" he growled. "Hillo! here we are at last," for they had stopped suddenly before a long, lighted building.

The door was flung open, and he sprang out on to the platform of a railroad depot. Two or three lamps were stationed along it at intervals. On one side of him the door of a waiting-room was open; behind it was a background of refreshment-stalls. Twenty or thirty passengers, with valises or umbrellas, were hurrying out. On the other side, close by his elbow, was the last car of a train just starting. The bell was ringing. Conductors were calling out with even a duller sing-song than by daylight.

Another time, and Dick would have sworn, but to-night he was in a good-humor with all the world. "Driver, you've made a mistake," he cried. "This is two miles from the Astor House. Where the deuce is the fellow?" he added, as, looking around, he saw neither carriage nor coachman.

A group of three or four men stood near. All at once these men closed about Wortley.

"I beg your pardon," he said, trying to pass between them. "I am afraid the driver will escape me, if I do not hurry."

"This is your way, sir," said one of the men, giving him a wrench by the shoulder, and pushed him toward the platform of the car.

Dick's answer was a blow, which hurled the man back. Then supposing it was a conductor, and that his blow had been too hasty, he half apologized. "You'd better find a civiler way of dealing with your passengers," he said. "But I'm not one of them."

The man, recovering himself, made a sign to the others, who closed about Dick again. Then, opening his coat, he showed Wortley the star on his breast. Lowering his voice to a whisper, he said,

"I have you in charge," with a significant nod.

"You mistake, sir," cried Dick, angrily. "I am not your man."

But the officer, who had a grave, kindly face enough, answered in the same considerably low tone: "There is a criminal charge against you. You had better come with me as quietly as possible."

Dick, who, after the first shock, began to find his senses and his usual self again, shook him off as a man might an eel that had wrapped itself about him.

"You have made some mistake, sir," he reiterated. "You have no criminal charge against me."

He was stalking off, when the others stopped his way.

"No doubt there is a mistake," said the officer, respectfully. "Or you may be able to prove yourself innocent. But it was *you* whom I was directed to arrest. I beg of you, for your own sake, to come with me without noise. My men have their billies, as you see. If you resist, it will only lead to exposure, and the story will come to your mother's ears. I deceived her so far by the note."

"Do you mean that Sherman——" cried Dick. He stopped, dazed and bewildered.

"I mean that the train is starting, and you must go aboard of it," answered the officer, now speaking sternly. "If you don't go quietly, my men will put you there. At the next station the affair will be settled," he added, more respectfully. "No doubt you can prove the mistake by a word or two. But I advise you to go quietly."

Dick paused a moment. There were six men to one. White-hot as he was with indignation, he yet had sense enough to see that the policemen were only tools in this mistake or insult. So he stepped into the car.

A few words would, doubtless, set it right, he thought, or reveal the principal in the affair. There was no use in brawling like a street ruffian, with half a dozen armed men against him. As he took his seat, two of the policemen strolled in and found places behind him.

The chief dropped back, and made a sign to two gentlemen, who were on the platform. They followed him to the smoking-car.

"All right," he said, with a mysterious nod. "Less trouble than I thought."

"What pretence did you use?"

"Criminal charge."

"Very good, Miller, very good." It was the elder man who answered. His manner was grave and authoritative. He spoke in an ordinary voice, with no attempt at concealment, for the conductor had paused to listen, and the other passengers in the smoking-car began to send furtive and curious glances toward the group.

"You have managed the affair with great consideration for our feelings, Mr. Miller," continued the gentleman, with some emotion

in his tone. "I have telegraphed in advance, and as soon as the officers from the institution can meet us, you will be relieved of your charge."

"The sooner the better. I must be back before to-morrow night."

"Prisoner, eh?" said the conductor, snapping a ticket.

A dozen neighboring heads were turned to catch the answer.

The elderly gentleman answered, after a short pause, in the same slow, grieved voice,

"No. A young friend—a relative, whom I am removing to an asylum—for the insane."

"Tut! tut!" compassionately.

"Dangerous?" inquired a white-headed old gentleman, who sat smoking in the corner.

"No. The disease assumes more the type of melancholia so far, though the physician warns me he may become violent at any moment. I am obliged to remain out of his sight. He has conceived a strong antipathy to his nearest friends."

"Always the case, sir: always the case," said the old man, sympathetically; while all the other heads began to shake significantly. There was a little more conversation, and then the passengers dropped the subject.

As morning broke, and the men began to saunter from one car to another, Wortley noted the prolonged inspection with which each favored him as they passed, and the quickness with which their eyes were averted when they met his own. The old Connecticut man passed and repassed, each time with a lugubrious shake of the head when behind Dick.

"I fear he is growing violent, sir," he said, in a half audible whisper to the conductor.

"His face is very much flushed, and the eye is excited. You can always detect insanity by the eye, sir! I have had a great deal of experience."

"There is no danger with so many men on the car."

The conversation became general on the subject of maniacs, and much sympathy was expressed for the two gentlemen who had the unfortunate patient in charge.

"The elder is a man of great refinement and feeling, I soon saw that!" said the old gentleman. "I have no doubt that the poor young man is his son."

Before the sun had been up an hour, there was not a passenger on the train who had not heard the story. The ladies quietly changed their seats, leaving Wortley alone at his end

of the car with the two policemen behind him; the men kept a furtive watch on him, ready to anticipate his first movement of violence.

Now the train was an express-train: and Dick beckoned the chief up from his lounge by the stove, and began to question him in a low tone, but one which made the other passengers prepare to act on the defensive against an outbreak of fury. "I understood, from you," he said, "we were to be set down at the next station. This train runs through to——"

"You are to be brought before the court there."

"What for?" said Dick.

"I do not know," answered the policeman.

"They will tell you in good time."

"But I never was in —— in my life. How can I be arrested for an offence committed there? Besides, I have committed no offence, neither there, nor anywhere. Gentlemen," and he turned, excitedly, to the passengers, "I believe I am being kidnapped."

The moment after, he was ashamed of the excitement he had shown, for no one interfered, and, on the contrary, he saw several shrug their shoulders. "I will wait," he said, to himself, proudly folding his arms. "I shall see a lawyer at ——, and then all will be right."

But as time wore on, his perplexity and shame grew maddening. For himself, it mattered nothing. But Lotty? The story of his arrest would, doubtless, be blazoned in the morning papers. And his mother? But she never saw the papers, she would not have even the miserable comfort that they could give.

He sat listening to the dull thud, thud of the engine underneath, picturing his mother's terror as the day wore on, and he did not return, remembering his guilty carelessness in money matters, which had left her without a penny. But it would only be for a few hours longer. When he reached ——, a telegram would quiet her until he could return.

Suddenly Miller came near him, and paused, making a sign to the men behind him. The train had stopped, for a moment, at a way-station.

"I can send a message home?" said Dick, turning to him.

"Certainly." The man had won Dick's confidence. He was only a tool, and had done his work as inoffensively as was in his power.

"I wish counsel at once."

"Of course. Counsel, of course. The law perfects every man." But he hurried out of the car as he spoke.

The whistle sounded, and the train rushed on. Dick looked round. Miller had not re-

turned. The policemen, too, had disappeared, and in their places were two short, brawny men, one Irish, and the other Dutch.

They were now in the suburbs of a large town. The bell rang, there was a long, grating sound, and the train stopped. Dick rose to his feet, breathless, with a sudden suspicion. The two men behind him rose as he did. He hurried out on the platform. They came, swift and noiselessly, and stood on either side of him. Miller was still nowhere to be seen.

A sharp-faced man, who stood near the door of a close carriage, at this moment came up. Speaking through Dick, as if to the men, not recognizing him any more than if he had been air, he said,

"Is this the patient?"

"Yes."

"Violent?"

"Not yet."

"This way," jerking his head to the carriage. But Wortley did not move.

"Where is Miller?" he said, sternly and angrily.

"This way," sharply said the man, for the crowd was gathering about them.

There was one moment of bewilderment, and then Wortley faced them, bracing his broad back against the wall. A glimmer of the truth had broken on him. His face was white, and his eyes on fire with all the repressed fury of the night; but his voice was low enough.

"There is some damnable conspiracy here," he said. "I am not a boy to be caught in it. Show me your warrant."

The two keepers pushed through the crowd and crowded against Wortley on either side, their eyes on the sandy-faced man in front. Dick brushed at them as though they had been flies, and they staggered back.

"Show me your warrant."

The men made no answer, but moved up to him again.

"Gentlemen," cried Dick, wheeling suddenly to the crowd, and speaking excitedly. "I was tricked out of my house at midnight, made a prisoner without the show of any legal authority, and am to be dealt with—God knows how! Is there no one here to help me?"

"My dear sir," said the white-headed old man, pulling Dick soothingly, with his valise in the other hand. "Do not be alarmed. You are an American citizen. Your liberty is secure. The law is your defence. Go with the gentlemen quietly."

"The law is my defence. I will see their warrant, then, before I submit to arrest."

"Here it is," said the man, in front of him, making a feint of drawing something from his breast-pocket.

Dick stepped forward eagerly. Like a flash, one keeper clutched his throat from behind, strangling him, while the other slipped the handcuffs on his wrists. Then, with a heavy, dexterous blow on the head, as though he had been a bullock, they sent him staggering to the edge of the platform, where he fell. One or two of the brakemen, lending their aid, he was dragged in on the floor of the carriage. It was all the work of a moment.

The door was quickly shut, the keepers mounted, and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

Dick lay, in a crushed heap, not even conscious of pain: he was senseless!

Meantime the train moved on again.

"Oh!" sighed a lady, who had watched the scene. "How thankful I am that he is secured!"

"A very dangerous case," said the old man from Connecticut. "I don't know that I ever saw worse symptoms in an eye. I should pronounce him incurable. But there is no knowing what science can accomplish now-a-days. Let us hope for the best."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE close carriage, in which Wortley was driven, stopped before a frowning, stone gateway. A snuffy, old man came out from a lodge behind. There was a creaking of keys and drawing of ponderous bolts; then they rolled on into dreary, far-reaching slopes of half-thawed snow, set with grim cedars, a prospect terminated on all sides by a solid wall of stone.

There were fresh traces of wheels on the road before them, and a cab with smoking horses was standing in front of the massive building, to which all the paths led.

Within, in a high-ceiled, white-walled parlor, set with funereal haircloth-chairs, two gentlemen waited. They were Col. Leeds and his son.

An inner door opened, and a small man, with cold, gray eyes, entered, their cards in his hand.

"The Messrs. Wetherall?"

Leeds bowed. "Dr. Harte, I presume?" he said. "I have brought the patient, doctor. He is coming—just at the door." His ordinary gravity had given way, as the crisis of his venture approached. He was nervous and excited, and rubbed his gloved hands incessantly together.

Dr. Harte, on the contrary, spoke as though his body were a machine wound up to talk, while the real man were asleep, or gone on a journey. That unutterable eye, and voice, and wooden manner, is too often common to men whose daily routine brings them into contact with suffering. One wonders whether the indifference, assumed at first for prudence, has not penetrated deeper and deeper, till the whole man is actually hardened into a wooden puppet, only to be set in motion by duty, or what he thinks duty. Whatever the explanation be, it is a sad fact, that almost the last place to look for genial temper, or quick sympathies, is in the actual manager of any charitable institution.

"Yonder comes the patient," cried Leeds, pointing out of the window.

Dr. Harte scarcely glanced toward it. "He will be attended to," he said, calmly. "You have brought the necessary documents?"

"The certificate? Yes. Here it is," presenting it with illy-concealed trepidation. "Dr. Molker. You are acquainted with him?"

The Superintendent, glancing slightly at the scrawl, and folding it up, answered, "I have not that honor. There is another paper requisite, before a patient can be admitted, Mr. Wetherall, which the Institution has found it advisable to demand, in order to protect itself from fraud."

Col. Leeds took out his cambric handkerchief, and wiped the corners of his mouth slowly.

"I thought the law required only the certificate," he said, calmly, replacing the handkerchief in his breast.

But his face was deadly pale.

"The statutory law does not even require the certificate. Common law, or custom, calls for it. But the Institution has suffered so much from fraud of late years, that we have thought it prudent, for the security of justice, to demand previous to the detention of a patient—"

Col. Leeds gave an eager gesture of assent.

"A bond, furnished to the manager, for the payment of his board, and other expenses. This bond must secure such payment for the space of thirteen weeks, and must have the names of two responsible and known indorsers. We do this to protect ourselves."

Col. Leeds drew a long breath, a breath of relief.

"Oh! to protect yourselves?" with a smile, quickly hidden. "The bond shall be furnished in an hour. What are your rates of board?"

The Superintendent named the sum.

"If the patient's friends dislike publicity," he added, "he can have a room and attendant to himself, by the payment of a larger sum. If it is your request, in that case, he need never see the face of a human being, except his keepers."

Leeds and Frederick glanced at each other anxiously.

"Place him apart, for the present, if you please, doctor," said the colonel. "I will consult with my son, and notify you of our wishes when I return with the bond."

"Where is Wortley?" said Fred, as they rose to go, and he walked to the window to look out.

"He has been removed to another room. I will send him to a ward as soon as our business is arranged," said the doctor.

Col. Leeds hesitated, hat in hand; then hurriedly asked, with assumed indifference, "What tests, or examination, do you subject your patients to, on entering, to determine their insanity?"

"None. We rely on the certificate: that is *prima facie* evidence."

"In case of the failure of payment——"

"The patient must be at once removed," was the prompt answer. "Will you look through the Institution, gentlemen, before you go?" and he touched a bell. "You will find here all the evidences of the great advance which science has made in the curing of insanity in later years."

Col. Leeds bowed. "I've no doubt of it, doctor—no doubt of it. We will be happy to inspect the building on our return. But I fear my unfortunate relative may see us now; and he is very violent, against us, his nearest friends——"

"It is too often the case, sir."

"Your cells for violent patients are *safe*?"

"Quite safe. You need not fear his escaping;" and he ushered them to the door:

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. HARTE met the man, who had brought Wortley from the depot, as he crossed the hall.

"Where is the patient?" he said.

"In the waiting-room. He's very violent—almost broke from the keepers, handcuffs and all, just now; talks about conspiracy, as they mostly does."

The doctor nodded and entered the waiting-room. He paused an instant, looking at Dick, who, now recovered from the blow that had stunned him, was pacing up and down like a caged tiger.

After measuring his height and muscles thus, the doctor went up and carelessly tapped him on the breast.

"Stop!" he said, fixing his eye on Dick's.

The doctor was a firm believer in the power of one human eye over another. In this case, however, no effect was apparent.

"What house is this?" asked Dick.

"The House Beautiful, many of our friends call it," answered the doctor, employing one of the stereotyped jests with which he "calmed" his patients. He did not smile, however, as he spoke; on the contrary, the narrow, gray eyes still stared inflexibly.

"I do not know who you are, sir," said Dick. "But you appear to be a man of sufficient intelligence to know that the treatment I have met would not be tolerated in the most absolute despotism. That a man should be kidnapped—taken by force through the streets of a crowded city by daylight—Pardon me, you are not listening to me, sir?"

The doctor finished his whispered directions to the little keeper.

"Ward six, No. 3, as soon as possible," he said, turning to look idly out of the window, without regarding Wortley.

Now Dick had made an effort to hold himself and his grievance off at arm's length, as it were, and to speak of it dispassionately, as though he were a cool spectator. This cool indifference made his blood boil. After a moment's stifling pause, he resumed,

"I am innocent of any crime. I have been taken from my family, leaving them almost penniless. My business will be ruined by my absence. You must know that you are responsible for this."

"Be calm, Mr. Wortley! be calm!" was all the answer the doctor vouchsafed.

"I will hold you to account," said Dick, his anger rising. "No man can be imprisoned without warrant or hearing, without the chance of defending himself by the law."

"I think you are mistaken," with an amused smile. "I have a paper here," touching Molkers' dirty slip, "on the strength of which I could arrest the judge upon the bench, and hold him until I considered him fit to be set free. Ready, Miach? Will you follow this gentleman, Mr. Wortley?" pointing to one of the under-keepers in the door-way.

Dick saw, with one quick glance, a crowd of other men in the hall, stout, brawny Irishmen. What could he do, handcuffed, against them? A cold thrill of actual fear, for the first time in his life, contracted his muscles.

"Are you going to murder me?" he said.

"Gently! gently! Your detention is perfectly legal. You may be assured of that," said the doctor, unctuously.

"Then send for counsel for me. You can refuse that to no man, if he were the vilest felon that lives. Mr. Lloyd," naming an eminent lawyer, "is a friend of my mother's. Send for him."

"Certainly. All in good time. Follow Mr. Minch in the meanwhile. He will remove the handcuffs. I do not wish to use force with you, Mr. Wortley," significantly.

Dick looked back suspiciously. "Will your messenger go at once?"

"In coorse," said Minch, urging him on with his hand on his collar. "Didn't the docther say it. Wid ye doubt a jontleman's word?"

How shall we describe Wortley's feelings, when he found himself alone in his cell? His head still pained him, where he had been struck; but this was comparatively nothing. Before the horror of his situation, which he now, at last, fully understood, everything else was forgotten. He had heard of people being imprisoned in lunatic asylums, who were perfectly sane; but he had never believed such stories. Not even when he had read in the newspapers, accounts of trials growing out of these false arrests, had he had more than a half skeptical belief in their truth. There was some mistake, he had been wont, in his charitable way, to say: at least, the parties incarcerated must have been guilty of eccentricities that had deceived their family, or others. But now he realized his error. Great heavens, what was to become of him? Here he was, as sane as man could be, kidnapped by a fraud, and there was no redress! On the contrary, his very anger, the natural result of the deception and imprisonment, was, he now saw, interpreted against him. He had little faith in the doctor's promise to let him

communicate with a lawyer. He remembered, now, that, in all the trials he had read of, it was put in evidence, that letters from the patients of insane asylums were generally suppressed.

"Buried alive! Buried alive!" he cried, at last, starting from the seat, where the keeper had left him, and beginning to pace to and fro, excitedly. "Oh! All-Mighty God!" he said, stretching his arms up to heaven, "look down, and help a miserable prisoner. Give me patience to bear with these men, and intelligence to frustrate them, or I am lost forever—lost, never to be heard of again!"

His supplication calmed him for awhile—when did it not soothe a bruised and breaking heart? But, after a time, his excitement returned. How else could it be? He could not avoid dwelling on his position. He could not help but rack his brains for some plan of escape. Very soon he was pacing his cell again, faster, faster, faster continually, till even the keeper might have been excused for thinking him really insane.

Late that evening, Minch thrust his face into the room where Dr. Harte sat smoking.

"That Wortley's growin' woyolent, sir," he said. "I told him the messenger hadn't gone fur his counsel," with a furtive wink, "and, begorra! he demands paper and ink. Shall I give him something to quiet his narves? I doubt we'll get small sleep in that ward the night."

"No, give him the paper and ink. And, by-the-way, Minch, do not destroy the letters. Bring them to me."

An hour or two after, Dr. Harte lit a fresh segar, and leisurely broke the seals of Dick's letters to Mr. Lloyd and to his mother.

He read them slowly, shaking his head at them, and then said, "Poor fellow! he seems very mad, indeed!"

With that he threw them both into the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

BY F. C. DOLE.

Give me your hand, beloved, your arm is strong,

And I am weak, alas! and fear to tread
The new-found road, that seems so very long

"To where the sunlight shimmers overhead.

Shadows beset me in this stranger land—

Give me your hand!

Give me your hand, beloved; pain may be sweet,

§ If you are near to help me bear the load;

Though rock and briar pierce my bleeding feet,

As on I press the rough and toilsome road;
I'll bear the smart, and smile if you are near,
Without a fear.

God looks upon us, though we may not see

The glory of His face all shadowless;

He speaks full kindly, though we may not be

Prepared to hear His words whose power can bless

Give me your hand, beloved, and lead me on

Nearer His throne!

UNDER COMPULSION.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

"Poor Emeline! I am so thoroughly sorry for you!" And kind Mrs. Maberley showed her sympathy in a very warm kiss on the soft cheek of Emeline Maynard. They were seated together in Mrs. Maberley's fine, airy room, on the second-floor of a summer hotel, in front of a window that overlooked the glittering amplitude of Long Island Sound, bathed, just then, in the full fervors of an August noon.

Pretty Mrs. Clara Maberley is a young widow of about thirty-two; and Emeline Maynard is a very charming maiden of eighteen, with whom, since they first became acquainted, scarcely a fortnight ago, Mrs. Maberley professes to have fallen desperately in love.

"I wish that a certain other person was inclined to be as friendly as you are," Emeline said, and her voice trembled tearfully. "Oh, Mrs. Maberley! why is it that uncle Fane opposes my marriage with Leonard? Surely, there must be some other reason than that of his family. Because Leonard Leavitt's father was a self-made man, what possible excuse can uncle Fane find for everlastingly separating us? I used to think that his old habit of talking about 'respectability, respectability,' for hours at a time, was merely a harmless habit, and nothing more. But I have found, to my sorrow, that he can sacrifice the happiness of a human heart to this absurd hobby of his. I wish poor papa was alive. If so, he would never permit uncle Fane, for all he is so rich and powerful, to stand between myself and Leonard Leavitt!"

"Ah, Emeline! it is idle to wish for impossibilities. You say that your uncle is firmly resolved, and that he has told you he desires for you a match more socially respectable than that which would be represented by your union with Leonard Leavitt. Well, as far as I can see, my child, there are two courses open to you. One is—elopement."

"Elopement! Oh, Mrs. Maberley! I never thought that *you* would advise so wicked——"

"I don't advise it, my darling. Believe me, I am very far from advising it. There is another course which, though difficult, is certainly more preferable. I mean persuasion—to prevail upon your uncle to discard his objections, by sheer force of skillful diplomacy."

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Emeline's face fell. "If you only knew, Mrs. Maberley, how often I have pleaded and besought uncle Fane, and all to no purpose. He never gets angry. Flying into a temper isn't his style, you know. He doesn't bluster nor fume; he smiles and toys with his watch-chain, and placidly shakes his head. Then, when I have finished my supplication, he generally crosses one leg over the other, and during a prolonged stare at his well-polished boots, tells me in slow, grave tones that my mother was an Abercrombie. With uncle Fane it is a supreme favor on the part of Providence to have had one's mother an Abercrombie. I think that he considers the world's population to be made up of Abercrombies, and a few millions of inferior beings hardly worthy of mention in so august a connection."

"You put his favorite weakness in a very ludicrous manner," laughed Mrs. Maberley; "but I must say, Emeline, that, as far as my experience of your uncle's character goes, it certainly corresponds very truthfully with your description."

After Emeline Maynard left her chamber that morning, Mrs. Maberley sat for a long time quite silent, as though deeply absorbed in thought, the pretty, countless-lined roll of her embroidery lying untouched in her lap. At last she started up with an impulsive air peculiar to her, and throwing the embroidery on a side-table, exclaimed,

"I may as well try it. Everything is fair, they say, in love as in war. There is no better scheme that I can think of at present; and poor Emeline has endured her uncle's cruelty long enough."

She descended the stairs, not long afterward, and passed out on the broad, high-pillared piazza of the hotel. Quite a number of people were assembled there, and to many of these Mrs. Maberley cordially bowed. One gentleman, leaning against a pillar and looking toward the opposite beach with a languid air, Mrs. Maberley observed rather attentively.

She approached him presently, and lightly touched his shoulder. He turned, showing a pale, pinched face, adorned—if we may use the term—by a scanty, gray beard, trimmed and combed, however, with the utmost neatness.

His costume, too, was marked by something which, if not absolutely foppery, bore a decided resemblance to it.

"Charming morning," said Mrs. Maberley, looking seaward.

"Delightful," assented the gentleman, whose voice, by-the-way, seemed to correspond with his appearance, being artificial and peculiar in its sound, and having a certain affected drawl that Mrs. Maberley was by no means fond of hearing. "You are, doubtless, surprised at my lounging attitude, Mrs. Maberley. I confess that to lounge about piazzas is not my usual custom."

"No, Mr. Abercrombie. I was not surprised by your attitude, however."

"And may I ask why not?"

"Because, whatever Mr. Fane Abercrombie chooses to do becomes him," Mrs. Maberley answered, with her pleasantest smile, and an engaging twinkle of her merry eyes, that was by no means lost upon her hearer.

"Oh! thanks, thanks. You are very kind to say so, I am sure." And Mr. Abercrombie coughed behind a delicate handkerchief, cambric, and lavender-scented.

"Yonder is a very cool and inviting spot," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Maberley, glancing toward an adjacent corner of the piazza. "And see, there are two chairs arranged so nicely together. What a charming *tete-a-tete* you and I might have, provided——"

"Provided what, Mrs. Maberley."

"I only had my embroidery."

"Have you left it up stairs?"

"Yes."

"In your room?"

"Yes."

"Can't I fetch it for you?"

"It will be too much trouble, I know."

"But I assure you that it will not."

"You are altogether too good," Mrs. Maberley quite gushingly said. "You know my room, Mr. Abercrombie? No. 23, second floor; and the embroidery is lying on a small table near the door. I shall be so much obliged to you. Here is my key."

Mr. Abercrombie bowed, and moved smilingly away. A second after he had left the piazza and entered the house, Mrs. Maberley rapidly followed the direction he had taken. She saw him ascend the stairs, and, at a safe distance, silently pursued him.

He now stood in front of the door of her own chamber, unlocking it. Presently he opened the door and entered. Mrs. Maberley followed rapidly, and herself entered the chamber, just

as Mr. Abercrombie was removing the piece of embroidery from the side-table. She closed the door behind her, and began quietly to look it.

Mr. Fane Abercrombie heard her, quietly as she moved, and turned around in some surprise.

"So you concluded to come yourself, Mrs. Maberley?" he stammered; hardly believing what he saw.

"Y—e—s," drawlingly spoken. "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Abercrombie, while I lock you in."

"Lock me in, madam!"

"Precisely."

Mr. Abercrombie stared with amazed eyes.

"I don't think that I exactly comprehend your meaning," he said.

"Well, then, I will endeavor to make it clear." Mrs. Maberley had locked the door on the inside by this time, and placed the key in her pocket. "I have heard, Mr. Fane Abercrombie," she placidly continued, "that you have a very high opinion of what is called respectability. You are proud of the name you bear, and would consider any publicity attaching to it a decided disgrace. Am I right?"

"You are, unquestionably, madam."

"Any publicity, for instance, like that of being found hidden in a lady's closet."

"Madam!"

"I thought you would get indignant," proceeded Mrs. Maberley, with a laugh. "Such scandals are bad enough, when a man of twenty-five is connected with them. But when one of sixty, or thereabouts——"

"Do good enough to unlock that door, Mrs. Maberley!" exclaimed Mr. Fane Abercrombie, with irate haughtiness. "I do not understand your conduct, though I understand enough of it to see that you are attempting some—some——"

"Practical joke, Mr. Abercrombie! Upon my word, you are right. With the exception, however, that the whole matter is anything but a joke to you. It too closely concerns the happiness of your niece, Emeline Maynard."

"My niece!"

"Yes! Do you know, Mr. Fane Abercrombie, that unless you make me a solemn promise, this morning, every person in this hotel shall know, before evening, that the very respectable personage whom I have the honor of addressing, was found by me hidden in a closet of my chamber?"

"But such a statement, madam, will be, as you know, an atrocious falsehood."

Mrs. Maberley laughed a gay, little, malicious laugh, her eyes sparkling with fun.

"Of course, it will," she answered, coolly. "People will believe otherwise, however, when I vouch for its truth."

"For heaven's sake, madam! inform me why I am to be scandalized in this—this shocking style?"

"Because," and Mrs. Maberley's eyes flashed now scornfully, "because, sir, you have treated your niece, Emeline, in so brutal a manner. There is no objection to Leonard Leavitt for Emeline's husband, save an absurd, tyrannical, snobbish one, which you yourself have raised."

"And you wish me——" stammered poor Mr. Fane Abercrombie, thoroughly agast.

"I wish you, Mr. Abercrombie, to remove that objection. Unless you do so, I shall open this door, and shriek away your character, through this great hotel, in less than five minutes."

"Shriek away my character!"

"Exactly!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberley. "Extreme cases require extreme remedies. Moreover, I shall give you but a short warning."

The man glared at her as if he would like to knock her down.

She went on coolly,

"Consider, Mr. Fane Abercrombie," she said. "Which is it to be? Your respect-

ability preserved intact, or its utter and irremediable ruin? I am in earnest. I was never more in earnest in all my life. I love Emeline, and have an opportunity of saving her from a great unhappiness. You are in a trap. You had better yield gracefully, acknowledging your defeat. Come, decide quickly. Either swear me a solemn, sacred, binding oath, that you will freely consent to Emeline's marriage with Leonard Leavitt, or else find yourself suddenly converted from the irreproachable Mr. Fane Abercrombie into somebody whose best friends feel privileged to talk against, as having lost caste and respectability."

The victim paused a moment. But there was no escape.

"Madam," he said, at last, "I agree to your terms. I will take the oath you desire."

He spoke coldly and stiffly.

Mrs. Maberley bowed and unlocked the door, without a word.

The next day Mr. Fane Abercrombie himself announced Leonard Leavitt's engagement to Emeline Maynard. The marriage followed soon after. Mrs. Maberley's victory was signal and entire; but Mr. Fane Abercrombie never spoke to her afterward. For this, however, she did not care. She had her revenge, when the happy pair were safely united, by telling the story of his promise made UNDER COMPELSION.

CHILDREN AGAIN.

BY MARY F. HUNT.

We're children once again,
Free from the worldly stain—
The sinful stain—
That leaves its blight on all.
We roam where daisies grow,
And pink, wild-roses blow—
How softly blow—
And by the wayside fall.

We gather lilies bright,
And from their cups so white—
So purely white—
We drink the glistening dew.
We through the meadows pass,
Across the swaying grass—
The scented grass—
And o'er the violets blue.

When tired we homeward stray,
Along the forest way—
The dewy way—
Neath many an aged limb.

The day is almost o'er,
And through the open door—
That open door—
Floats out the evening hymn.

And oft we meet again,
To hear the low refrain—
The sweet refrain—
Beside the hearth of home.
Before the crowd of life,
Before we join the strife—
The restless strife—
Which comes with earth's wild storm!

Long sunless years have flown,
And we are left alone—
Ah, me, alone!
Without a loving hand,
To lighten some our load,
To guide us o'er life's road—
The weary road—
Across this weary land!

WHAT MISS KILDUFF TOLD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I AM a woman—that doesn't astonish you. I am Irish by descent—my name and my quick temper may have led you to suppose that, and you like me all the better for it; and the latter quality I have mentioned you can sympathize with as well as any man I know.

Over and above all this (I dare say I shall be ungrammatical occasionally, women usually are when they try to tell a long story) I am an old maid. Now you are astonished, not at the fact, but at my acknowledging it cheerfully and boldly.

You want me to tell you something about myself—some of my experiences. By-the-way, that's a ridiculous word, and doesn't mean anything, but it sounds well enough—so let it go.

You think I have had a romance, and you want to hear it. Of course, I know what you'll do—you'll alter my name, and put me in a story, long nose, angular form; and all. You needn't take the trouble to deny it, I shouldn't believe you if you did. You would put your grandmother in a story without hesitation or reverence, and tell your own worst escape unblushingly, if you could make money out of it, or gain the credit of having written a brilliant article.

Bah! I knew the whole tribe of you—but I don't care. Light your pipe, take the easy-chair, and imagine me eighteen, for that is where I shall begin.

I was not a handsome girl; I had fine eyes and beautiful hair; I was straight and well made, and I was unusually clever. I was a very proud creature, and though few people suspected it, a very sensitive one, with a great longing to be loved by my relations and friends—and I never thought I got as much affection as I deserved.

I had a sister two years older than myself—she was very pretty, and a wit. I had a sister two years younger—she was a beauty, and a fool. My father adored the elder girl, my mother worshiped the other; and my astute parents agreed in just two things—in underrating me, and hating each other.

Nobody wanted me to be born, though I am sure they need not have blamed me, since I never asked the privilege of being brought into

this tiresome old world; but, somehow, both father and mother seemed to think it was my fault.

You see I made my appearance just at the wrong time, when my parents were fretting most under the yoke that bound them together. My father was very tired of his wife, and my mother was horribly jealous of her husband, and neither of them was prepared to love a child upon which the other had any claim.

By the time my younger sister was born, the keen edge of their mutual anger and rebellion had worn off, and my mother, falling into invalid ways, was sufficiently solitary to open her heart to the new comer, and love her with all the fervor that a weak woman can put into an affection which centers upon one object, and is essentially selfish.

There we were, still rich enough to be comfortable—might have been much more so if my father had not possessed the happiest faculty for spending money, and my mother had been able to carry her marvelous theories of economy into practice.

We lived up the Hudson river, near enough town to have frequent visitors, and go down occasionally for gayeties, and my father staid at home as little as possible—like most men.

I said I was eighteen. Margaret, then twenty, was engaged to a rich man, a good deal older than herself. Lucy was insisting, with all the willfulness of sixteen, on considering herself quite too old to be tied down to lessons and girlish restraints any longer, and gave my mother no peace until she was allowed to take her place as an eligible young lady—I mean eligible for flirtation and matrimony.

So, between the cool assumption of the engaged sister and the charming selfishness of the younger, I came poorly off for my share in the way of dress and money; and as I was too proud to tease, it grew to be an understood thing that I cared nothing for society or amusements.

"Of course, you'll be an old maid," Margaret always said to me; "you were born for that. Never mind, you'll be a good sort of old thing, and if I ever should have children, an old-maid aunt will be just what I shall need to interest herself in them; and you may be

sure father will spend every cent he owns before he leaves this mortal sphere."

And Lucy said,

"Here, Peggy, do alter this dress for me, that's a duck! I am the youngest and the prettiest, and you ought to be willing to help me."

They always called me Peggy, though the nickname ought to have been my elder sister's, for I was baptized Helen.

"I wish you'd study Greek," my father said, as a standing joke; "you've just the nose for it, Peggy."

"It's no use talking, Peggy," sang my mother, "somebody has got to manage the house. Margaret won't, Lucy is not fit, and you know what my health is—so do try and show that you have some natural affection and gratitude in you. And, oh, Peggy! don't look that way—you do so remind me of your father's sister; and if ever I hated mortal woman, it was that old cat."

There's a whole volume in these three speeches. You can understand what my life was just as well as if I took pages to descant upon my troubles. I was not a bit in the situation of a heroine in a novel. Nobody persecuted me—they were all fond of me, after a fashion, only they were not used to considering me of any real importance. I was a superfluity, in fact, and must pay for it.

In a great many families you will see one child that there seems no exact place for—that was my case. I got in the habit of regarding myself in that light; I was an inadvertence, or an accident—and that was all about it.

So I did what I could with my life, of course, in a blind enough sort of way, for there was no one to help me or set me right. I do not mean to lie; I was not an angel of patience, and I had very little predisposition toward martyrdom. Sometimes my temper flamed up, and I went through a process that my father roughly called "playing the deuce;" and they were all glad to stand from under at such seasons; but they punished me for it after by cold looks and sneering words. I always tried to make up for such wickedness by being more attentive to my duties, and more patient, and was half inclined to think it was my own fault that I was not more loved and regarded.

That was Helen Kilduff at eighteen. My birthday came early in the spring, and the summer that followed was the beginning of my romance.

Nobody suspected it, but I was an inveterate dreamer. My every-day life was so bare and

distasteful that I got in the habit of living in a romance; and I think the chief of the tribe of sensation-writers never wove more wonderful plots, and put in more startling incidents than I into my silent novels. I was passionately fond of fiction and poetry. I was, under that cold, shy exterior, the most impulsive, warm-hearted thing; and I had grown so accustomed to living in my ideal world, that I think the most startling event arising to change the tenor of my existence would have appeared to me perfectly natural.

I meant to do wonderful things in those days—write books, paint pictures, go on the stage, be a Sister of Charity, go into a mad-house, die early. Oh! you know the whole rignarole. As we grow out of our youth we laugh at such dreams and fancies—perhaps we might better mourn over the lost power of indulging in such enthusiasms.

It was the loveliest June day imaginable. I had been very busy all the morning in the laundry, for Lucy was going away for a week, and the woman would be careless about her fluted dresses—sewing on Margaret's outfit—writing a letter to my father—helping my mother through a neuralgic headache; and at last I was free, and went out into the late afternoon for a breath of fresh air.

I went off to the woods, up on the hill, and sat there and dreamed my dream, and wondered when the change and the magician would come. It was time to go home all too soon—my father was coming up that night, and would bring a friend with him, and a late dinner, properly served, must be ready.

I could laugh at the jumble of the romantic and the practical. Luckily for me I could see the ludicrous side of things; I started up—ran down the hill—hit my foot against a stump—fell—rolled over—heard a cry of dismay—opened my eyes, and found myself in the arms of a young man. Yes, indeed! and as handsome a young man as ever helped a young woman out of a scrape in any novel.

"Are you hurt?" demanded he.

"I think not," said I, and tried to stand, and could not, and tried to laugh, and felt myself grow sick and pale, and knew that I had sprained my ankle. There's an incident at last—as I am not a heroine you must excuse its lack of originality.

"You are hurt?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"What can I do? There's a house down there——"

"It's my father's, and I want to go there,"

I interrupted, and longed to scream, but did not.

"Where are you hurt?" I believe he asked next.

"I've sprained my ankle, I'm afraid," I said, as quietly as I could; and then he looked very helpless, naturally, being a man.

To cut the matter short, he helped me home; and when we reached the veranda, there stood my father and his friend, and Margaret's betrothed, all just arrived, and Margaret herself.

I took that opportunity to faint away for the first, and almost the last time in my life; so I can't tell you how the handsome man made his explanations.

When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa in the sitting-room. Margaret was standing by me, with a camphor-bottle in her hand, and a disgusted expression on her face. One of the maids was unlacing my boot, and hurting me so dreadfully that I screamed, and my father loomed near.

"She's better," said he. "When a woman can scream, she's all right. I've sent for the doctor, Peg; you'd better get to bed. A fine dinner we shall get—women never do have any consideration."

"I never knew such a girl," grumbled Margaret. "Oh, dear! To go tumbling down hills like a great boy! I'm very sorry about your ankle; but don't scream, it makes me faint! And I'm so sick with this camphor. Mary can help you up stairs. Do just see this bracelet Mr. Forsyth has brought me."

Off she went, and I went to bed; and the doctor came, and I had not really sprained my ankle. So the next day I could limp down stairs; but I was only fit to lie on the sofa; and there was nobody to mind me, for Margaret was busy with Mr. Forsyth, and Lucy was packing. They were all very sorry for me; but they all felt that it was inconsiderate of me to have met with an accident at such a time.

"How could you do it, Peggy!" expostulated my mother. "To go rolling about and falling over a strange young man."

I felt that it was indiscreet, and was tolerably meek about it. Lucy started on her visit that morning; and in the course of the day up came my handsome young man to inquire after me.

His name was Walter Rodney. He was an artist, and he knew my father slightly; and father introduced him to me, and went off to play billiards with old Mr. Edwards, and Walter Rodney sat a long time with me, and—

I didn't hesitate from modesty or effect. Talking about it all makes it seem so recent and fresh, that I was near crying a little, though I am thirty-five.

This was just it! He looked straight into my soul with those beautiful eyes; he talked to me, and in his words, the very sound of his voice, my soul recognized a new but perfectly familiar language, a voice that appealed to something deep within my heart, and my whole being cried out in answer.

That may be nonsensical, but it is true! I went straight off into dream-land, and I say, thank God! That love has brought me all the real trouble of my life. I have endured through it every form of suffering, pain, separation—worst of all, suspense; but I say, thank God that I have known it! I shall say it with my last breath here. I believe it will be the first hymn of gratitude my soul shall utter in the hereafter.

He sat with me for a long time. I think we talked from the first like old acquaintances. I caught a glimpse of his choicest dreams and hopes, and understood and sympathized with them, and he knew that I did so.

I am rather a plain old maid, with a long nose; but I believe that each soul sent into this world has its rightful mate, if only it can find it—and I had met mine; that means more than anything else I could tell you if I talked for an hour.

He was gone. I heard him laughing with my father in the hall; heard him invited back—urged to come frequently. Then his step went out through the vestibule, and my soul followed him.

The next thing was father and Mr. Edwards talking, and it was about him.

"He's a wonderfully agreeable young fellow," said the old bachelor; "but you know his reputation?"

"Oh, I know!" answered my father, carelessly. "He's half Society-man, half Bohemian—awfully fast, and all that; but he's very amusing, and as he'll only be here a fortnight, we may as well have the fun of his society. Margaret is disposed of, Lucy is gone; and he's not likely to look at Peg's big nose—let him come."

Mr. Edwards said something I did not catch, but my father replied,

"Nonsense! Peggy is too busy with her books and her housekeeping to think about flirtation—don't believe she even knows the meaning of the word! The best girl in the world, but a born old maid. Bless you, he'd

never think twice about her, and she'd only be bored and frightened if he did."

After awhile I got up and limped to the glass. Was I so plain? This new revelation had made its impress on my face already—I could see it. I was not handsome, like my sisters; but it was not the dull, cold face my father thought it. For the first time I knew that I had magnificent hair—it's just as lovely still. For the first time I felt that the eyes that looked at me out of the glass were much better worth possessing than a pretty woman's prettiness. Then I got away from the mirror, a little startled at the strange look that had flashed into them.

I did not tell myself that I loved this man. I did not know it. I was a woman; but I went away up into my heaven, and the glory of his face followed me, and the music of his voice thrilled my soul with a melody that has never left me solitary since.

Two weeks went by—two whole weeks; so brief a space, and yet they held a whole eternity. I have been away down into the depths since then. Oh! I have suffered, even if I do say it quietly; but in the very bitterest paroxysm of my agony, yes, in the hours when man and heaven seemed most cruel, I was never wicked enough to deny that I had had a great happiness given to me.

If all coming time should be a blank to me, I was always ready to own that my life had not been wasted. I had loved and been beloved—I had been happy. Other people spread their happiness thin to make it poorly cover a life; I had mine in one glorious avalanche—I never denied that.

Two weeks, and before they were gone, he told me that he loved me—told me the whole story of his life, his errors, his failures, his sins; and I, a woman, loved him all the better because I could pity him.

He was very young, too—only twenty-three; so ambitious, so noble, with his boyish follies falling away from him, and the real nature developing itself and longing to grow toward the light. A genius—you know what a reputation he has made since. Warm-hearted and loving as a woman, generous and wayward as a man; hot-headed, passionate, bad-tempered, illy brought up; familiar with life in all its phases—his own master for years. The only wonder was that he was not worse. Proof enough, except to the willfully blind, how fine his nature was from the fact that, after all he had gone through, he could still love goodness, and long to turn toward the light and the truth.

Lucy came back. For two days she tried her powers of flirtation on him, and he treated her as if she had been a pretty doll. Then she turned about and detested him with all the venom of a weak character; but, though a fool, she was a woman, and, therefore, certain there was a cause for his conduct, and quick to find it out.

There is no meanness of which a mean woman is not capable, from listening at doors to opening letters. Lucy did both, and when she knew the whole truth, she went straight to my father.

He flew into one of his horrible tempers. My mother wrung her hands, and lamented over me as if I had disgraced the family, and she had always expected it; and Lucy, uncomfortable at the storm she had raised, took refuge in the conviction that it had been her duty, and so was able to be properly virtuous and severe.

"A miserable, penniless scamp," cried my father. "Over head and ears in debt! And only yesterday Edwards told me he wanted to marry you himself."

This was after a great deal of talk and repetition, on his part, that the real secret of his anger came out. He had always expected me to be an old maid, and was proportionately delighted when he learned the honor Mr. Edwards intended me.

"And he is coming up to-morrow," said he; "and here you are fancying yourself in love with that scapegrace."

"That I should live to bear it!" moaned my mother. "Twenty thousand a year, at least, thrown away."

"Thrown away?" repeated my father, turning on her. "I have known for years that you were an utter idiot, madam; but you needn't think I am! The girl shall marry Mr. Edwards, if I drag her into the church."

By that time, between despair and rage, I was desperate, and his own defiant spirit was fully roused in me.

"I will never marry him!" I exclaimed; "never! You may separate me from the man I love—you may kill me; but you shall never force me to that."

More sneers, more threats from him; and at last I poured out the bitterness and grief of my whole life.

"You never cared for me," I said; "you never treated me as your child! I have been neglected, scorned all my life; and now you come with this new outrage."

It is of no use to go over that dreadful scene.

I know how wicked I was—God forgive me and them!

And in the midst of it Lucy, from the window, called out that Rodney was coming up the path. My father turned both the women out of the room; admitted Rodney himself, and then burst out on him. He called him very vile names; he brought up every story against him—every idle report; and for my sake that man bore it.

"I do not deny that I have been reckless and wild," he said; "but I love her! Look at her—she loves me! Don't take from us our one hope of happiness! We will wait—we will be patient; but for God's sake be merciful!"

Merciful! Is any man in this century capable of being so where money is concerned?

The end came at last.

"Leave my house!" my father ordered. "You shall never have her! You have defied me. Let me see if she dares go to you with my curse on her head."

"Helen!" Walter called.

I went straight to his side. If there had been a gulf of fire between me and him, I should have gone through it when his soul called out to me in a tone like that.

My father tried to force me away with mad oaths.

"Let her alone," cried Walter Rodney; "it is the last time I shall speak to her. I do not know if she would consent, but I would not take her from you—have your way. Only this, Helen, believe that I have loved you, that I have told you the truth! Whatever comes—whatever stories they tell, believe that."

"I will!" I answered. "And now hear me, father—listen! This man is going away forever—I love him! I swear before heaven that I will be as true to him as if I were his wife! You may separate us here; but I will live with the one hope of meeting him in heaven; and as heaven hears me, it knows I shall not fail."

He held me in his arms—I felt his kisses rain down on cheek and lips. I heard my father's voice in wilder passion; then Walter Rodney was gone. I neither fainted or went mad—people have to live when such suffering comes.

The summer passed. Margaret was married; Lucy was sent off to amuse herself under the care of a friend. I lived and bore my burden.

For a whole year I was persecuted to marry Mr. Edwards. He gave up at last, for I appealed to him in my father's presence to leave me alone, if he had either manly decency, or human feeling.

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My father did not kill me—that is all I can say.

On through the years! I was twenty-one; Lucy married; my mother died; my father and I were alone in the old house. He never softened—never forgave me during all those years. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that, after the time when he ceased to be violent and abuse me, he did not speak to me from one twelvemonth to another, except when it was absolutely necessary.

He had never been a good man. He lived until I was twenty-three; then he died from the effects of a fall from a horse.

He was sick for a fortnight. My sisters came home once during the time for a day each. I took care of him; and at the last I think he knew he was dying, and I think he tried to speak to me, and to say there was no harsh feeling left in his heart, but the words were only broken and indistinct.

"Where I was wrong, father," I said, "forgive me. Where you were wrong, I forgive, too; and I think heaven will pardon us both."

He smiled. From that hour he grew more tranquil, and died very quietly at last, holding my hand in his.

There was very little left—even the old house had to go to settle his debts. But I was spared poverty and dependence—a moderate fortune was left me by a relative.

Since we parted, no communication had passed between Walter Rodney and myself. He had been in Europe—in the East; had painted good pictures; was winning a name—the public journals told me that.

Two months after my father's death he came to America; heard that I was alone, and came straight to find me. I was still in the old house. Lucy was with me; she had just learned of my having a fortune left, and had come to visit me. She was very angry because I would not save the homestead. I did not want the place, and her husband refused to purchase it as she wished. She wanted me to buy it and settle it on her son.

Walter Rodney came. In this world the most tragic events of our lives are usually linked with some incident that is either paltry or ludicrous. I was in my bath-room—in the bath. One of the women came to the door and knocked, and said it was a gentleman's card—he wished to see me instantly.

I told her to push it under the door; reached out my arm and got the card—it was his.

"Say I will dress and come down," I cried, too wild to know what I said.

It seemed to me as if I consumed ages in dressing. I could not get my clothes on—I could not arrange my hair. The more I tried to hasten, the slower my icy fingers moved. When I was nearly ready, I upset a pitcher of water over myself. I bruised my hand; I met with every drawback that was conceivable.

I think I must have been nearly an hour getting myself into a state so that it was possible for me to go down stairs. I rushed into my sitting-room—Lucy sat there.

"Where is Walter?" I shrieked.

"Gone," she said. "I did not know he was here. I came in, and he burst out on me, saying that he had loved you all these years; had come to you, and you could send him word you had gone to dress; you could keep him waiting after all this time to adorn yourself."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"What could I say? I thought it was better he should go—a beggarly painter; and you know Mr. Pierrepont wants to marry you."

I sent after him. He had gone—no trace. I wrote to New York to a friend of his—no answer. I waited three days; I was a woman, and could do no more. The third morning Lucy read aloud from a paper that Walter Rodney had sailed for Europe, on his way to the East.

I gave way, then. I was suffering from a violent cold—a fever followed. I was confined to my bed for weeks, so ill and shattered that, cold weather having set in, the doctor ordered me not to leave the house. Lucy had left me, afraid that the fever was contagious. I lived through that winter. I cannot tell you how—but I lived.

When spring came, I sailed for Europe. I could not stop to think whether it was unwomanly. I must see him—must tell him the truth. My letter inclosed to his artist friend had been returned long since; the gentleman did not know Mr. Rodney's address.

I went to Paris—no trace; to Switzerland, when the warm weather came. I was stopping at Vevay; wondering where I should go next, unable through any channel to hear of him.

One moonlight evening I wandered down to the lake, and there I came face to face with Walter Rodney. He was standing with his arms folded in an attitude I knew so well, looking out across the golden waters. I knew him in an instant—my soul would have recognized him if a million years had passed.

"Walter!" I called. "Walter!"

He turned and saw me—he knew me, too. There he stood—speechless—white.

"Walter," I cried, "I was true—I was faithful!"

It was not a romantic story. I told it—I waited for him to speak—to forgive me. Oh, my God! my God! He lifted up his white face, and no lost soul in purgatory ever raised one more hopeless and despairing.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" he groaned. "Helen—I am married!"

There we met and parted. It was very brief—very quiet. He told me all that Lucy had said—I was inclined to marry Mr. Pierrepont—he had better go away. He could see for himself that I had no good news for him; that I shrunk from the meeting, since I could keep him waiting on so frivolous a pretext.

We met there and parted. He held my hand in his. I was the stronger then. I tried to remind him of the life beyond—of the hope of meeting there; but he could only feel the agony of the living death of that hour.

"Never to meet in this world?" he repeated. "And my madness has done it!"

I could not bear that, it was too much.

"Tell me the hardness will pass," I said, "or I shall go mad. Walter, promise me to live—to make your life all that it was meant to be."

Oh! I don't know what I said; but I could weep at last—those blessed tears that kept my tottering reason from going completely out.

Then I heard his voice. I think if a dead man could speak, the tones would sound as his did in my ear.

"I can't weep!" he said. "I can't find a tear! I will do all that you wish, I promise that."

He groped about blindly, staggering like a man just recovering from the effects of some physical blow.

"Give me your hand, Helen," he said, "a moment—we will part then."

I crept to his side, and laid my hands in his. He did not offer to kiss me; he did not speak one tender word, such as was forbidden then.

There we stood in silence, looking up into the night—into the cloudless heaven that looked so far away.

"Helen," he said, suddenly, "do you remember the day we walked in the woods for the first time, and the wild honeysuckles I gathered and wove in your hair?"

I had been back, too; for the moment, with each, the actual had been swept aside—we had been back in the glory of that first dream. I believe some angel mercifully sent it, to give us strength.

It was all over. He clasped my hands a little closer, looked once more in my face, and said,

"Go your way, now, and let me go mine."

We neither said farewell. Once again he pronounced my name—
"Helen!"

The old, old voice, with the old tenderness ringing through it; then, before the mists cleared from my eyes, he was gone—and I stood there alone in the silence of the night.

I was twenty-three years old then—I am thirty-five now. Oh! you poor weaver of the imaginary sorrows of imaginary beings, try and realize it—those years—those years!

I think I have been neither wicked or weak. I think I have had faith in God throughout—and lo you, the end!

Two weeks ago I was sitting in this very

room, when the door opened, and, without warning, Walter Rodney stood before me. I had known that he would come. Months and months before I had learned the tidings of his wife's death. There was no sign from him. When it was right for him to come, he came.

Hark! Did you hear the bell—now, then, a step? That is his! See! here he comes—my handsome Walter still!

Stand by me, Walter! Let him look at us! I have told him our story—yours and mine. There is only this left, when two weeks more are gone, I shall be Walter's wife.

Oh, friend! look up through the gloom, and remember I had an object in telling you this. Let it teach you that, however dark the night is, with faith in God, you shall live the darkness out, and see the blessed daylight break at last, as we have—my Walter and I.

AT SEA.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

The sun is shining out at sea,
And the flashing waves roll on;
And the spray is falling, wild and free,
The restless surf among.
Can you catch the spray?
Can you count each ray?
Can you clasp each silver shield?
It is soft and bright,
Graceful and light—
But the sea will never yield.

The sun is shining out at sea,
But the gulls are flying low;
They are saying farewell to the mermaids free,
In the silvery depths below;
For a floating cloud,

Like a misty shroud,
Lies low in the distant West
And they speed away,
While the mermaids play
In the foam of the ocean's crest.

The sun is shining out at sea,
And the sun-sprites play at will;
The mermaids' hair floats wild and free,
And the sunbeams deck it still.
But a soft wind sighs,
And a shadow lies
O'er all the sea in the West;
And a rainbow's rim,
O'er the cloudlet dim,
Speaks God's promise sure and blest.

BITTER OR SWEET?

BY SYLVIE A. SPERRY.

Yes, which is it—bitter or sweet?
Sweet will it be to me?
Love is sometimes—often—a cheat;
What will my love-life be?
Bitter or sweet? And I question fate,
Low on my knees to-night;
Will this love, that has come to me of late,
Be really a crown of delight?
Tender and true in the coming years,
Will my beloved one prove?
Oh! for assurance to calm all fears—
Time cannot conquer love!
Bitter? for many a loving one sips
Only gall from the cup,

When they raise to their quivering lips—
Eagerly drinking it up.
Bitter? God pity the one who finds
Only, alas! too late;
When the vow is spoken that ever binds,
Firm as the bonds of Fate!
That men will borrow the cloak of love
Only for a disguise;
Other motives they have that move—
Love only wins the prize.
Mine, which is it—bitter or sweet?
Sweet will it be to me?
Love is sometimes—often—a cheat;
What will my love-life be?

MISS PEACHY PEAY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

THE usual annual check had come from cousin Wanamaker, and Mrs. Caldwell and her daughters were discussing where they should go for the summer. Mrs. Caldwell was a widow, with but a small income, and Mr. Wanamaker was a millionaire.

Mr. Wanamaker, himself, though a widower, was still in the prime of life, and eminently handsome; and Mrs. Caldwell, perhaps, would have preferred his hand to his check; but she knew this was a hopeless wish.

"So kind of cousin George," she said. "And now, girls, where shall we go? I am tired of Saratoga and Long Island. What do you think of a quiet country retreat somewhere?"

To a quiet country retreat, after some discussion, it was resolved to go. The place selected was a farm, up among the hills, belonging to a well-to-do farmer, known as grandfather Tole. Aunt Phoebe, grandfather Tole's sister, had rather opposed the taking of boarders, as she opposed everything that was novel; but Chloe, the eldest of the granddaughters, who was the family Jupiter, had spoken up promptly. "Why not?" she said. "It will stir us up, and give Maggie some idea of great folks, for I am told these Caldwells are very fashionable. Let us have them by all means." Maggie was Chloe's younger sister, and the pet and beauty of the family; and when she too pronounced in favor of the scheme, the thing was settled. So the Caldwells came—mother and daughters.

"They're not stuck up a bit, if they did come from down below," said aunt Phoebe, when tea was over. "Appear just like our sort of folks."

The Caldwells were equally pleased. "Let's stay here always," said Mabel, the younger daughter, to her mother, "it is so beautiful in the country. I hate the city."

It really was very pleasant at the old farmhouse, those early summer days. There was such a tender green on field and tree; such blossom and scent; such sparkling mountain streams; such wonderful moonlight. The Tole family, too, were so pleasant. Maggie was the life of the house. She was so full of fun and was so obliging. "So cultivated, too," said Mabel, who had fancied that farmer's daughters must be ignorant. "Why, she has read more books than I have, ma!"

But as the summer advanced, and the days grew hotter, and things lost their novelty, the fickle Mabel began to be less enthusiastic about the country.

"Always the same milk and fruit, always the same drive," she said. "And Maggie has so much to do now that she can't be with me like she used to. I'd rather a thousand times be in town. It is so dreadfully stupid here, with not so much as a donkey-cart going by. The mosquitoes are ever so much worse than at home. There we have bars, and then there are more people, so they needn't bite just all the time. And the flies are awful."

In the midst of her grumble, there came a smart rap on the door, that was directly pushed open by a little, old woman, who dropped a brisk, little curtsy on the threshold, and then stepped in. She was dressed in an old-fashioned "short-gown and petticoat," and wore on her head a huge, green silk affair, fashionable thirty years ago under the name of "calash," and bearing close resemblance to a chaise top. Away in under this monstrous bonnet was the wide frill of a white muslin cap; and a pair of covered iron-bowed glasses covering a pair of twinkling black eyes. The old woman carried on her arm a covered basket, and in her hand a great bouquet of field-lilies, jewel-weed, golden-rod, and clematis.

"Miss Peay, Miss Peachy Peay," said she, dropping another curtsy, "I called to fetch you a handful of my sopsovine apples. My tree is early, and I thought mebbly you hadn't had a taste of apples yet this year. And here is a parcel of blows I picked as I was a-coming. Mebbly you will like them, too. They are considerable pretty."

As she spoke, Miss Peay opened her basket and took out a dozen smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

"Oh, how nice! Thank you ever and ever so much!" cried the Caldwells, in a heartfelt way. "Do stop and sit with us awhile."

"Yes, I was a meaning to," returned Miss Peay. "I live over to the Cross-Roads, a good bit from here; but I rode in with my brother Philip as far as the turn of the road. He brought his grist over to the mill here, for he thinks Cooley grinds better than the man does at our place. And he had one or two arrants

to the store; so I don't need to be back to the turn under half an hour or such a matter."

"And you live with your brother?" asked Mrs. Caldwell.

"Oh, yes! Him and me, we never, ne'er a one of us, married, and we've always lived together. We was twins; but we aren't any alike. You would not think we was anything to each other."

"Is it a farm like this where you live?" asked Mabel, forgetting her discontent at once.

"Something like," returned Miss Peay. "My brother, he carries on the out-door work, and I keep house for him."

"Do you do all the work your own self—every bit?" asked Mabel, in a tone of pity and wonder.

"La, yes, Miss! I hope so; and have a good bit of time left for my knitting. I knit twenty-five pairs of striped mittens, and twenty-five pairs of feeting last winter. Mr. Call, to the brick store, takes them, and pays one half the money, and one half the goods."

"Feeting? What are feeting?" asked Mabel.

"Feeting! Why don't you know? Men's socks, or stockings, or whatever you call them. I finished off a pair this morning."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mabel, "can't I get a pair of Miss Peay's feeting and send to Mr. Wanamaker?"

Mrs. Caldwell smiled; and the quick, black eyes under the calash caught the smile and the thought behind it.

"Tisn't likely," said she, "my homespun, blue yarn would be suitable for a city gentleman; but I would send him a taste of my sop-sorvines in welcome, if there was a chance."

"Oh, yes!" cried Mabel, "do send him some apples! We are just sending a box of ferns and mosses for his aquarium, and there is plenty of room."

"Send them, to be sure," answered Miss Peay, opening her basket again; and as though it had been the widow's barrel that never lacked its handful, producing another dozen of smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

Miss Peachy Peay went away presently with another brisk, little curtsy. But the effect of her visit lasted longer. It even outlasted the apples. Mabel's good-nature and content continued all day, as she occupied herself filling a letter to Mr. Wanamaker, with a picturesque and enthusiastic account of the visitor.

But that was not the last of the visitor. She came again upon another day, when Mabel was in the midst of another fit of dissatisfaction.

This time Miss Peay brought some early

blackberries, and a great handful of water-lilies; and she came in a dress still odder and older-fashioned, with the same little dipping curtsy, and the same quaint cheerfulness of manner.

"Mr. Wanamaker was ever and ever so much obliged for those apples, Miss Peay," cried Mabel; "and he says if you are as nice as your apples, he wishes we would take you home with us. Will you go, Miss Peay? Now please, do!"

"Home with you!" exclaimed Miss Peay, her black eyes shining with mirth. "A plain, country body like me would make a pretty figure in the city! And I should be worried to death by all the noise and sus. Somebody a-going by in the road pretty much continually, I expect; and a fire likely enough somewhere about, a'most every day. But I thank him, and you, too, for the invite."

"Oh, Miss Peachy, you must go! Mr. Wanamaker wants to see you awfully. He truly does," persisted the inconsiderate child.

Miss Peachy laughed heartily; but before she had time to do more, the village coach drove up before the door, and Mr. Wanamaker himself got out.

At that sight Mrs. Caldwell rushed eagerly upon the piazza, followed by all the children; and Miss Peay was left alone in the room, with no way of escape but through the little, square entry, where Mr. Wanamaker stood paying the driver, and shaking hands with the Caldwell.

She had no idea of meeting him, though, and so she darted across the room to seek an exit through the window. But her dress caught on an ugly nail that Mabel had driven in the case—ment to hang balls of thistle-down upon.

"I am awful glad you've come. I do love you so!" she heard Mabel say: and then the party began to move toward the room.

Miss Peachy Peay, at this, made another effort to escape; but the nail held firmly to the stout chintz gown that couldn't tear, for, alas! it was not woven in our degenerate looms.

"Miss Peachy Peay is here this minute, Mr. Wanamaker, and so you can see her," continued Mabel, with a lip that she put on, like a state dress upon state occasions.

Miss Peachy Peay at this struggled still more fiercely; but still nail and chintz refused to part company. And it was this astonishing tableau that presented itself to Mr. Wanamaker's eyes as he entered the room.

"Permit me, madam," said he, coming forward politely.

At that instant the gathers of the gown gave

way, and at the same time the green calash and iron-bowed glasses fell off; and down floated a mass of fair hair, and up looked a sweet, girlish face in a pretty flush of girlish shame.

Mr. Wanamaker had only an instant look, for as soon as she felt herself released, Miss Peachy Peay disappeared around the corner of the house, never to return.

"Oh, mamma! what a trick has been played on us," cried Mabel. "Did you know it was Maggie all the time? I didn't dream it."

Mamma smiled, with wise superiority.

"Country life gets dull sometimes, and we have to amuse ourselves with all sorts of travesties," said she, in a side apology to Mr. Wanamaker.

As to poor Maggie, she would gladly have hidden her diminished head during Mr. Wanamaker's stay; but that was not possible. The servant, who was to have been such a family relief, never came, and Maggie was both chambermaid and table-waiter. But when she appeared that night with his cup of tea, Mr. Wanamaker gave no sign of recognition; so by degrees the hot color burnt itself out on her cheeks, and she quite recovered her tranquillity. Nevertheless, he noted every look, and word, and gesture, though so quietly that even Mrs. Caldwell's observant eyes did not see it.

So that, for once in her life, she was taken unawares when, at the end of two weeks, Mr. Wanamaker led her to the arbor at the foot of the garden for the sake of asking her advice, as he said, and began to ask it by announcing his intention of adopting Maggie Tole as his daughter.

"My advice!" thought Mrs. Caldwell, curling her lip a little. "He is past advice, and a good way past it. I have seen for two days which way the robin was going to fly."

But outwardly she was sweeter than honey, and smoother than oil.

"How nice!" said she, heartily; yet, as a woman would have perceived, with an under-

tone of disapprobation. "A capital idea," she continued, after a reflective pause, "only—I doubt if her grandfather would part with her. And then, she is rather old for adoption—twenty-two at least, I fancy."

"Twenty-two!" repeated Mr. Wanamaker, aghast.

To be sure! What had he been thinking of. Whatever it was he evidently thought of it no more, for, though he staid another two weeks, he never spoke of adopting a daughter.

Neither did he at Christmas, when he came to Cranberry, to see how the country looked in its robes of transfiguration, white and glistening. Nor in the early spring-time, when he came for no reason at all, that aunt Phoebe could discover.

"Unless to see about getting board for next summer; and I should 'most thought he'd a wrote for that, and not be to the cost of a journey down here," said she. "Look here! I wouldn't go in the parlor—there's folks there; that New York gentleman, Mr. Wagonmaker. Likely he wants to see your pa on some business or other," she added, as Maggie came down the stairs, looking as fresh and fair as a daisy.

She went right on, however, in spite of aunt Phoebe's warning, and as soon as she opened the parlor-door Mr. Wanamaker came forward and, bless you! took her in his arms, and kissed her.

"I want to know——" ejaculated aunt Phoebe, opening her eyes.

She did know, and soon, for though Mr. Wanamaker still said nothing about adopting a daughter, Maggie Tole before the water-lilies were in bloom, went to live with him in his beautiful home in the city.

And when she went, packed away in the choicest corner of her trunks, among white satin, and lace, and muslin, and orange-flowers, was a green calash.

"In memory," said the happy bridegroom, "of Miss Peachy Peay, who introduced to me my wife."

THE EVENING HYMN.

BY T. H. SINCLAIR.

In that sweet hour when we forget
The hap and hazard of life's way,
No hope deferred, nor sad regret
Joineth our circle, when we've met
In that sweet hour, the close of day,
"For all the blessings of the light,"
Our praise, we trust, on high ascends,
And praising for each hour aright

This may be dearest in His sight,
This hallowed hour when daylight ends.
Love! when thy skillful fingers glide
So deftly o'er the rippling keys,
What charm doth draw me to thy side,
But Music, Love, and Eventide
When daylight dies above the trees!

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 390.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now, little wretch, tell me everything."

The dwarf shrunk, and attempted to wrest himself from under the powerful hand which Louison pressed upon his shoulder.

"Tell me, or I will inform your mistress that you spy upon her!"

"No, no! I pray you."

"Spy upon her, and for what?"

"Nothing. Oh, madame! it is for nothing. Zamara has all his life had the habit of listening. He loves to know everything; that is all. He never betrays."

"Unless it is for his interest," said the woman, laughing maliciously, as her threatening eyes read the little, aged face that had grown dark and wrinkled, like a withered prune, during the progress of his servile life. "Of course, in these times, secrets are commodities that sell for good prices. You have many to sell, and I wish to buy. Is there anything that Zamara loves better than gold?"

"No, no!" cried the little Indian, and his eyes struck fire. "Nothing but madame, my mistress."

"Do you love her better than this head?" exclaimed the woman, burying her hand in the crisp hair, which was now more than half white, and shaking the head her words threatened till the creature's teeth chattered. "Answer me that, jackanapes."

The dwarf threw up both his long, thin hands, and held on to his head, seized with sudden terror.

"My head—my own head? No, no! There is nothing on earth that Zamara loves better than that. Take your hands away—take them away, you hurt me!"

"Well, there, you are free. I don't mean to hurt you; but understand this, if you wish to keep this worthless head on your miserable little shoulders, you will forget that any mistress exists to you in the world, except Louison Brisot."

"And who is Louison Brisot?"

"Look in my face."

"There, I do," faltered the dwarf, lifting his heavy eyes to the bold, handsome face bending down to his level.

"Then do not forget it, for I am your mistress. It is for me that you must watch, and spy, and listen."

"But why for you?"

"Because I can have your head cut off if you don't—cut off, and stuck upon a pike. Have you never seen such things?"

"Yes," gasped the dwarf, and his dark face turned livid. "I saw them carried along the road from Versailles. It was terrible."

"You saw women carrying them?"

"Yes; I saw it."

The poor dwarf shuddered, and wrenched himself from the hand which seemed to burn his shoulder.

"Those men were strong, powerful, full of life; but they offended the women of France. While their huge trunks lay in Versailles, you saw their heads dancing over that army of women. Look at me. It was I who lifted this hand, and in the twinkling of an eye those great, shaggy heads fell."

"Oh, *mon Dieu*! let me go. Let me go!" cried the poor wretch.

"No; there is no such thing as letting go. You must obey me, or——"

Here the woman drew a finger across her throat with the slightest possible action, and uttered a short laugh as the dwarf winced in cowardly fear.

"What is it that you want of me, madame?" he gasped.

"That you report everything to me. A little thing, but it is all I ask in exchange for your miserable life."

"But about what?"

"About your mistress; about Count Mirabeau; and, above all, about the queen."

"The queen! I—I know nothing about her. How should I?"

"How should you, little craven? Who is it that carries letters from Mirabeau to the Austrian?"

"It is not Zamara! Upon my life, upon my soul, it is not Zamara!"

"But you know who does take them?"

"No; I am not trusted so far. She doubts me—me, who stood by her when all her friends fell off, who went with her into exile among the detestable English, where the skies forever weep rain, and one is chilled to the soul. All this Zamara did, but yet the mistress will not trust him."

"But he can find out?"

"Yes; Zamara knows how to do that."

"Well, listen then. Some one takes letters from Count Mirabeau to the queen, and they pass through the hands of your mistress."

"No, no; she would not be permitted. She never sees the queen—never!"

"Still, it is through her these letters pass. I know it from words that fell from the count—careless words, which he fancied I did not heed. That much I know—you must find out the rest."

"If I do, what then?"

"Why that paltry life of yours will be safe. I have the power—I have the will. No one, great or small, shall touch it."

"And my mistress?"

"Do not trouble your little head about her. She professes to belong to the people—she, who came from its dregs. Let her prove herself their friend, or be proven their enemy. You have nothing to do with that."

"Ah! but she has been kind to me—only that sometimes she suspects."

"Not so kind as I will be, if you prove sharp and faithful."

The dwarf bent low and kissed the rim of that woman's garment, in token of submission, as he had often kissed the almost regal robes of the countess, his mistress.

"I shall remember that madame has the power to kill," he said, abjectly.

"A safe way of insuring honesty," laughed the woman. "I am not afraid that you will venture to trifle with your own life."

The dwarf took his cap from the floor, where it had fallen in the first tremor of his fear, and cast a furtive look over his shoulder, longing to escape from that dreadful presence; but Louison seemed to find pleasure in tormenting him.

"*Mon Dieu!* how pale you look through all that blackness!" she said. "There is wine. What you have to do requires more courage. Drink, drink!"

The dwarf seized upon the goblet which Louison filled, and drank off wine enough to

have intoxicated a strong man before he relinquished his hold on the glass.

"That is good wine," he said, drawing a deep breath, and kindling into something like courage. "One does not fear so much with that in his veins. Now will madame, or mademoiselle, I do not know which she is, inform me exactly what she wishes of Zamara?"

"Sit down here," said Louison, placing herself on a couch, and tossing one of its cushions to her feet, on which the Indian crouched like a dog. "I will tell you just what you are to do—and make sure you do it."

"Zamara listens," murmured the dwarf, feeling a warm glow of wine burning through the duskiness of his cheek.

Thus, with his great, black eyes half closed, and his features relaxing into the repose of luxurious enjoyment, he sat inertly, while Louison went into the detail of her plans, in which he was to act the part of a traitor and a spy upon the only real friend he had ever known.

Persuasion or bribery might have failed to turn that pampered creature into the foul ingrate he became. But Zamara had seen such things during the riots of Paris, that the very thought of danger from that quarter made a craven of him. His own poor life was the only real possession that he had on earth; when that was threatened, all that was good and honest in his nature gave way. He arose from the cushion the abject slave of the woman whom he regarded with crouching fear and deadly hate.

"You will know where to find me, for this is my home."

Zamara looked around the room with contempt in his heart. The flimsy curtains, knotted back with tufts of faded pink ribbon; those poor plants in the window, pining for want of a little water; the table, littered over with Jacobin pamphlets and rebellious journals; the pictures on the wall, those mirrors in tarnished gilding, the faded silk of the couch, dead flowers in the vases, all bespoke the reckless ambition of their owner to ape the luxury she pretended to despise. Zamara saw this, and his miserable little heart filled with contempt of the woman he feared. He had lived too long in the regal splendor of the little Trianon not to sneer in his soul at the vulgar mockery of elegance affected by this woman of the people.

"You will know where to find me," said Louison again, looking around her room with great satisfaction. "It is not likely that you can forget, having once been here."

"No; I shall never forget," answered the dwarf, with a gleam in his eye, and something almost like a sneer in his voice, "never!"

Louison had been terribly wounded in her vanity by the position in which she discovered Theroigne de Mericourt and Du Barry. Those two women, both almost as worthless as herself, had become her bane since the night when she had seen Mirabeau smiling on them as guests of a table to which she was not invited. She had heard of the elegance which Du Barry still kept up, and knew that Theroigne was following her example, with the fearless audacity of a bold, beautiful woman, ready to risk her power rather than sacrifice one iota of the personal luxury which she considered as her right.

"These women would thrust me aside," she reasoned, with vindictive hate. "They have already taken my place in the clubs, and now crowd me away from Mirabeau's table. If they can ape queens with safety, so can I. But let them take care, I have one almost in my grasp. She thinks to play double, and win on both sides. We shall see! We shall see!"

These thoughts swept through her mind as the dwarf stood by, longing to go, but afraid to move. She had noticed the insipient sneer on his face, and it wounded her self-love.

"This is not a palace," she said, sharply. "I know that; but who can tell what may happen. I am far more likely to—but no matter. There is no knowing what ship comes in first when the ocean rages. Remember this, neither Count Mirabeau, or your mistress must meet or communicate, without all the particulars coming to me at once. Your life depends on that. Now go, I think you understand me."

"Yes, I comprehend," answered the dwarf, crushing his cap nervously with both hands as he edged toward the door.

"And you will not forget, I make sure of that," said Louison, waving her hand as a signal that he might go.

Zamara took the hint and glided through the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It is a letter from my sister Tillery. Just as usual, she wants you. As if there was no person in the world but herself."

"I should like to go. Dame Tillery is always kind, always glad when I come," said Adela, flushing with pleasure. All at once a thought chilled this sweet enthusiasm. If she went to Versailles then, perhaps he might come

in her absence, and never take the trouble of coming again."

Dame Doudel saw the change in Adela's countenance without comprehending it.

"Do not be troubled, little one," she said. "You shall go, if it disappoints you so much. My sister has no children of her own, and I would not stand in the way of any good fortune that might come to you for all the world. So brighten up! brighten up! and get your work done. She will not be here to-day or to-morrow—you have plenty of time."

Still Adela's pretty face was clouded, and her bosom swelled with a sigh, soft and quick as the bland air that shook the snow-white curtains at her window. "Two days! Perhaps she might see him in that time. Surely, if he cared about coming again, there would be time enough."

"Now fill your basket, Adela, and come with me to the market. If you are to have holidays with my sister, we must work hard now."

Adela sighed. Her own share of the business had grown very dull since so many courtiers had been driven from the kingdom. There could be scarcely a market for flowers when the people of a nation were starving for bread. Still she said nothing, but gathering up the garlands and bouquets that lay heaped on the table, prepared to go out.

Those two females, as they came out of their humble domicile, found a strong but by no means unpleasant contrast. Dame Doudel, with her thin features, sharp, black eyes, and prompt action, was the very embodiment of those national traits, which have rendered the women of France among the most brilliant and practical in the world. Adela, with her sweet, young face shaded by a straw gipsy tied under the chin with a knot of blue ribbon, and the outlines of her slender person scarcely concealed by the thin mantle of white muslin that flitted over her dress, seemed pure and innocent as the flowers she carried on her arm. Even in that busy and riotous season, when all France was in a state of agitation, people turned in the street to look at this pretty creature as she stepped daintily along, tapping the pavement with her high-heeled shoes, and looking down with loving fellowship on her flowers, as if each bud were akin to her.

When Dame Doudel and her protegee reached the market, a little tumult arose among the women, most of whom recognised Adela as the person who had with one word so effectually represented their cause to the king on that memorable day at Versailles.

"It is the child our Mirabeau brought to us when he said the women of the market must be represented by a girl pretty and innocent; for nothing less can speak well for their devotion to France. From that day we have made her the child of the market. We are all her mothers. When the king made her a promise, it was for us. When he kissed her forehead, it was a seal of good faith to us. The king is good! The king is good! If he breaks faith with us, it is because of the Austrian."

With these words, accompanied with ardent caresses, the women of the market swarmed around the girl as if each one had some proprietorship in her innocence and beauty. They loaded her with fruit; they added to her lovely burden of flowers, and embraced her as if she had been a goddess.

Adela received the homage with blushes, and almost crying, as she thought how little she had done to deserve so much affection. In vain she strove to convince them that she felt like an impostor. They would not permit even herself to diminish one virtue in their idol; would not believe that anything less than perfection could rest in the being whom Mirabeau had chosen to represent them before the king.

At last Adela shrunk away from all these demonstrations, and bursting into tears, cried out,

"Do not praise me! Do not love me so much! I did nothing! I used no argument; nay, I was worse than a coward, and could only cry out for bread, bread for our famished people, when a panic seized me, and I fainted at the king's feet!"

"Yes, yes! but he lifted you in his arms; he kissed your forehead while the Austrian was looking on. His heart would always go out to the people if she would let it. What was the need of words. He saw our wants in your face; he heard them in that one word—*bread!*"

Adela was standing by Dame Doudel's stall, around which the women of the market had assembled, forgetting their traffic, and filled with enthusiasm. Their praises went to the young girl's heart. With a love of royalty deep-seated in her nature, she felt her present position among these ardent women as a fraud which she had no right to maintain.

Dame Doudel, while she rejoiced in the scene, watched her protegee closely, knowing her parentage, and how naturally her heart turned to those royal persons whom her father had served, she feared that some imprudent word might extinguish the enthusiasm which was exalting her into something scarcely less than

a goddess. All at once Adela burst into a passion of tears, and retreating from the crowd of her admirers, caught Dame Doudel by the dress, and sobbed out,

"Oh! tell them—tell them who I am! that I love the king; the queen, and everything that belongs to them! Tell these good women that they are breaking my heart with the praises that I do not deserve, never can deserve!"

"Hush, child! Hush, I command you!" cried the dame, breathless with terror. "What is it to them? Who asks you not to love the king—we all love him!"

"What—what does she say? Who is it among us that has made her cry—tell us that!"

"It is nothing. She is a tender-hearted little thing, and weeps with joy. Cannot you see that yourselves? Hush, my darling! let me speak for you. I know these women; they wish no evil to the king. Hush! hush!"

Still Adela's tender conscience was not pacified. She was timid, but by no means a coward. Those women evidently believed her heart and soul one of themselves, while she shrunk from all sympathy with them. How could she make them understand this without wounding her benefactress.

"Let me speak! Oh! let me tell them!" she pleaded, clinging to the frightened dame. "It need harm no one but myself. Tell them who my father was, then they will hate me, and let me go."

"I cannot. I have already told them you were my niece. Would you prove me a liar, and have me hooted out of the market?"

"No, no! I did not think of that."

"Then be quiet."

"I will—I will. Only tell them that I deserve nothing."

"Very well; but look up. Wipe your eyes, and try to smile."

Adela tried her best to obey. She wiped her eyes with a fold of her muslin mantle, and made a pitiful attempt to brighten her face; but just before her, or rather above her, as she looked up, stood a young woman mounted on one of the stalls, who was regarding her with the keen scrutiny of an enemy. Adela gave a faint cry, and clung to Dame Doudel in sudden terror.

"Do not speak—let them all go; but take me away—take me away from that woman! She pointed the gun at my father. But for her—but for her——"

The words died on those white lips, leaving them parted till the teeth shone through. The great, blue eyes of the girl widened and glowed

with kindling horror. She knew that the woman who stood there, so fiendish in her beauty, was, in fact, her father's murderer. A sick faintness settled down upon her, and she sunk to a market-stool perfectly insensible.

Then the voice of Louison Brisot broke forth in clear, ringing tones, that fell from her lips hot with the seething anger of a jealous woman.

"My friends—women of France, tell me, if you can, who is it that you are worshipping?" she demanded, looking around upon the crowd which was now increased by a rabble from the streets. "Have you grown weak enough to pay homage to a child like that? What could she do for France? See how she sinks down and withers, like a dead lily, at the first sound of my voice. Is it of such material that freedom is moulded? Is she a creature to represent the liberty of a nation? Why the first trumpet blast would frighten the life from her body. What has she done that you gather around her so?"

"She is goodness itself—a child of the people, innocent as an angel. It was she who stood before the king that day at Versailles!" cried a dozen voices. "Why should you come here, Louison Brisot, to assail her? What can one like you know of a blameless child like her?"

"But who is she—I demand that? Who is she?" cried Louison, trembling with rage; for this was the first time her opinions had been questioned among the women of the market.

A broad-chested, keen-eyed woman, seated among the vegetables on her own stall, with both arms, bare to the elbow, folded over her bosom, answered this question promptly,

"She is the friend of Mirabeau. He chose her to speak for us before the king. What more do you want, Louison Brisot?"

"The friend of Mirabeau! Let me look on her face!"

Louison Brisot sprang from the stall, where she had been accustomed to harangue the women, and forced a passage to the spot where Adela lay insensible, half supported by the arms of Dame Doudel.

"Let me look on her face, I say. Mirabeau has no friends that are not mine."

The deathly pallor on Adela's face was white and cold as it had been when her father fell dead at her feet on that awful day when the Bastille was taken. Had she saw the young creature blooming, and with smiles upon her lips, it is doubtful if she would have known her again. As it was, a triumphant smile lighted her face when she turned upon the crowd.

"This is an aristocrat, and no friend of Count Mirabeau's."

The market-women laughed, some with good-natured, mellow laughter, others bitterly, and casting menacing glances at Louison.

"As if we did not know," said the woman, who had, from the first, answered Louison so boldly. "I, myself, went with her before the king. Count Mirabeau put her especially under my care—the lamb! Who will have the face to gainsay me in that? Not you, Louison Brisot, who never saw her."

"But I have seen her," almost shrieked Louison; "and, as I tell you, at the Bastille."

"And why not?" called out Dame Doudel, lifting her face from the pale, young creature on her bosom. "Who among us was not at the taking of the Bastille? I was, and she went with me."

Louison's outstretched arms fell to her side. She was not convinced; but this evidence, coming from the center of the market, baffled her. She looked around on the crowd of faces uplifted toward her, some were angry, some drawn with sneers; but most were laughing at her defeat in careless good-humor. The stout woman who had, in fact, been one of a committee to wait on the king that day at Versailles, swung herself down from the stall on which she sat, and began to arrange her vegetables in high good-nature. Another, as she held up a splendid fish for the inspection of a customer, asked Louison if she thought that fine fellow was an aristocrat, too; and shook her sides with laughter when a sharp glance, but no answer, came in reply. In fact, in less than ten minutes the throng around Dame Doudel's stall had dispersed, and the whole market was given up to business, made a little brisker by the time that had been lost.

Thus the crowd settled back, chaffering for fish, sorting out vegetables, and running up accounts, while the business of the day went on, and Louison Brisot made an ignominious retreat, for the first time, from the people she had almost ruled by her eloquence and fierce beauty; for those market-women had become almost men in their tastes, and looked upon youth and beauty with the admiration of another sex. A few of Dame Doudel's nearest neighbors hovered around the fainting girl; but Louison had disappeared from the market before Adela came to herself. The moment she opened her eyes, these warm-hearted women began to encourage and console her. What had she to fear? Why did she faint? Was it because of Louison Brisot? That was foolish—

no one minded Louison now. Since it was known that Mirabeau had put her aside, when a proper person was wanted to lay their troubles before the king, she had been of little account. The market-women were wives and mothers, honest women, who wanted to earn bread for their children in an honest way; and Mirabeau knew best how they should be represented. If he had wanted Louison Brisot, Theroigne, or Madame Gosner, to lead us, would he not have said so? But he did nothing of the kind. "Take this young girl," he said; "you go to entreat the king, not to insult him. Liberty is grand, it is pure; when she pleads, it should be through innocent lips." That was what our Mirabeau said—and he was right. You have spoken for us, little one, and we will let no one wrong you, much less Louison.

"You are kind, I feel your goodness here," said the poor girl, pressing a hand to her heart, which was still heavy with pain. "I only wish it possible to deserve the trust you place in me."

Adela spoke wearily, and her mournful eyes filled with tears. The shock that fate had given her brought back the great sorrow of her life. The girl had a vivid imagination, and for a time the market, with all its gleaming fish, tinted vegetables, and crimson meat-stalls, vanished from her sight—she stood under the shadows of the Bastille, its grim towers shook to the foundation as a vast horde of human beings raged around them, men and women, soldiers and citizens, all crying out for some human life. A human life—whose was it? What was that which came crashing down from the tallest of those towers? The horror of the reality was scarcely more dreadful than the memory that woman's face brought back upon her with a suddenness that struck the very life from her heart.

"Let me go," she said, appealing piteously to Dame Doudel; "I have stood here too long. They are all kind; but the air stifles me."

Adela took up her basket of flowers and left the market, followed by kindly words and pleasant looks from the women through whom she passed. With a slow, weary step she wandered away into the street, not once offering her flowers, but walking on dreamily, unmindful where she went, or whom she met. Indeed, she was so utterly unmindful of everything around, that a woman was following her all the time, keeping a little way off, and she quite unmindful that the enemy she most dreaded was on her track, bitter and vindictive as a she wolf.

"Will you sell me some flowers?"

Adela started, looked up, and saw the strong, ugly face of Count Mirabeau bending over her.

"Some flowers—some flowers!" repeated the girl. "Yes—yes. If—if you want them."

"Of course, I want them. Let me select, but with your help, though. Shall it be roses, heliotrope, or myrtle?"

"Myrtle, I think," said the girl, too sad for a choice of the brighter flowers.

"But roses, too, and some of these sweet-smelling things."

"Here is a bunch in which they are all tied up. Will you take this, monsieur count?"

"You knew me, then, pretty one?" said the count, taking the flowers and fastening them among the ruffles in his bosom. "Know me well enough to blush like your own roses: while I—where have I seen that lovely face before?"

"Do the flowers please you?" said Adela, dropping her eyes under the bold stare Mirabeau fixed upon her.

"Please me? Of course they do. Here is a likeness of the king, if you can forgive the head for the sake of the gold."

"A Louis d'or," said Adela, hesitating—"a Louis d'or!"

She held the coin a moment, and gave it back again, with a gentle shake of the head.

"What, my little Jacobin, do you hate the king like that?"

"Hate the king? Oh, no! I love the king, and am no Jacobin, though I do sell flowers, and in some sort belong to the market."

"Love the king, and refuse to take his likeness, even when stamped on gold, that is beyond belief."

"It is not that; but you offer me too much. The flowers you have are only worth a few sous. I will take that, but no more."

"But if I insist upon it?"

"Dame Doudel would not permit me to accept gifts, even from monsieur."

"Dame Doudel! Oh! she sits in the market—I know her well. But what has she to say in this matter? When Mirabeau sees a pretty girl, and she pleases him with her merchandise, or her face, all the old women in France shall not limit his generosity. Take the gold, child—take the gold. Dame Doudel, if she is your mother, need not be told."

Still Adela shook her head.

"I cannot take it, monsieur count. Dame Doudel is not my mother—only a good, kind woman, who loves me and gives me a home: but she would never let me receive alms and

call it selling. As for keeping it, I tell her everything."

Mirabeau was looking earnestly at the girl's changing face as she spoke. All at once his own features cleared up from the doubt that had clouded them.

"I remember now. You were the child I sent to the king that day, and a more lovely little embassadress never was chosen."

Adela blushed, but a bright smile flashed over her face.

"I was honored. It frightened me; but I was so grateful that you permitted me to go."

"There was another person grateful, I doubt not, and that person was the queen, who dreaded something much worse, I will be sworn! I heard all about it, little one, and have never repented the choice we made, though there was some fierce anger among the grand army of women at the time; for you stood in the way of more than one whose brazen ambition would have confronted angels with satisfaction."

"Yes, I know," answered the girl, lifting her earnest eyes to the count, and speaking with gentle confidence. "There was one in the market, this morning, who reviled me before all the women, as if I had been to blame in something."

"Indeed! And who was it?"

"They called her Louison."

"Louison Brisot?"

"Yes, that was the other name—a tall, handsome woman, with eyes like fire."

"Oh, yes! I recognize the description. So she dared to assail you. My favor has driven the creature mad, or she would not have found the courage to attack any one Mirabeau has exalted by his notice. This shall not happen again, I will answer for that."

"Oh! I am not afraid. It is only the sight of her face that can hurt me."

"Her face? Why it is bold enough, but one of the handsomest in Paris."

"Oh, it is terrible!" cried the girl, shuddering. "If I could only forget it."

"Why, what can distress you so in Louison's face? Surely, it has done you no harm."

"It leaned over the man's shoulder; it singled out my poor father on the wall—my poor, poor father, who was only doing his duty by the king in guarding the Bastille. Oh! that woman was his murderer!"

The poor girl trembled as she spoke; her sweet, young face grew cold and white as marble: and the eyes that she lifted to Mirabeau were full of the anguish she could not speak.

"Louison Brisot has much to answer for, and she shall some day give a strict account for this cruel deed," said Mirabeau, sternly; "but let her pass now—I have something else to ask you. Did your father love the king?"

"Better than his own life, or he would have joined the insurgents and been saved," answered the girl, promptly.

"And you? Remember, child, it is an unpopular, if not a dangerous thing, to speak well of Louis, or his wife."

"I know it—mother Doudel has warned me; but I sometimes think it is cowardice not to say the truth. As my father loved the king, I love him; as my father served the king and died for him, so would I, if my poor life could do him good."

"You are a brave girl!" exclaimed Mirabeau, reaching forth his hand, which took hers in a firm clasp. "I did not expect this. So you would serve the king. Well, well, it may be that the chance will be given you. If it should, what then? Would all this bright courage fail?"

"You ask this because I fainted that day at Versailles. I was so young, then—so very, very young."

"But are you so much older now?"

"Yes; years on years. When he died, I ceased to be a child. It is a long, weary time since that day."

"But can you be silent?"

"If silence will serve the king, I can be dumb."

The pallor had left her face now, and it was kindled up with a generous glow that spoke well for the courageous soul within.

"But if Dame Doudel should not approve?"

"In this I would not ask her; that which my father taught me I will abide by. His first lesson was duty to my God; his next, duty to my sovereign—loyalty with him was sacred as religion."

"Strange girl," muttered the count, who gave that forced respect for conscience and religion, which these, in their simple truth, will wring even from infidels. Strange, brave girl!"

Perhaps the man was contrasting his own mixed and, to a certain extent, ignoble motives with her pure heroism; for his eyes sunk abashed from the earnest purpose kindling in hers, and he began picking the flowers to pieces which had just been fastened in his bosom.

"Don't!" she said, with tender pathos in her voice. "Don't! you will hurt them!"

"Hurt them!" repeated the count; "hurt them! Would to heaven I had never done worse things than that. But tell me where you live?"

Adela gave Dame Doudel's address.

"I shall not come myself, perhaps, but you will hear from me. Remember, my name should not be mentioned. No one must be informed that we have met. If you wish to serve the king, it must be cautiously. Some friends of his have need of a trusty messenger, who can pass in and out of the palace unsuspected; you would not hesitate?"

"No."

"It may prove dangerous in the end."

"I am not afraid of any danger that comes only to myself; but mother Doudel—that which I do must not harm her or her husband."

"Of course. It is for their safety that they should know nothing."

"Then, if danger comes, it will only reach me."

"Be cautious, and there is no danger."

"It is hardly worth while to be cautious for myself, so few people would miss me if I were to die before night; besides, mother Doudel and her husband, there is but one."

"And who is this one?"

"I had better not tell—he might not like it."

"He! Well, I must not ask."

Adela did not see the smile that passed over that mouth, or the laughter that sparkled in the eyes that Mirabeau bent upon her. Her mind had gone back tenderly to the prisoner of the Bastille, and she wondered in her heart what he would do if any harm should take her away from him."

"Oh, yes!" she murmured; "there is good reason that I should be careful."

"The best reason in the world," answered Mirabeau; "for, without caution, you can do nothing for our friends at St. Cloud—with it, a great deal."

"Then you also are friendly to the king?"

Mirabeau looked into the girl's face with a strange, puzzled expression in his own. The simple truth that he read there was enough. One element of this man's power lay in his almost intuitive knowledge of character, and in the prompt selfishness with which he seized upon the talent and labor of other men, adapting them to his own genius so completely that even to himself he seemed to make them entirely his own. The firm resolution which lay in her heart made itself known to the man. As a gentle, truthful girl, he would not have trusted her, but he saw more than that, and spoke out frankly.

"Yes, my girl, I am friendly to the king. I am so friendly to this great nation, too, that the one great aim of my life shall be to bring the people and the court into harmony."

"Oh! if you could! If you only could!" cried the girl. "It is the work of an angel you undertake."

"That is why Mirabeau seeks an angel to help him," he said, bending his head toward the flower-girl, as if she had been a duchess.

"Do not mock me, monsieur. I am only a poor girl, with so few to care for me in the world, that I can afford to take a little danger on myself. When you want me, I shall not stand back."

"I am sure of that, and say, good-morning! knowing that I have one true friend more."

As Mirabeau said this, he lifted his hat with a courteous bend of the head, and swept down the street, forgetting to pay the sous which Adela had named as a fair price for her flowers. In this one act the nature of that little, great, and most wonderful man, betrayed itself. He was ready to toss away gold for a tuft of flowers, but forgot entirely the trifling sum which was their just value. Prodigality has always a germ of meanness lying at the core.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DON'T YOU KNOW?

BY E. W. GRISWELL.

LITTLE, dark-eyed maiden,
Beauteous angel fair,
With dainty taper fingers
Twining in your hair;
Roses from the garden,
Blending red and white
With your smooth and glossy curls,
Dark as shades of night—
Don't you know I love you?

Say, my little sweetheart,
With the pearly chin,
Dimpled like an angel's,
Free from guile and sin;
You, with wavy tresses
Veiling shoulders white;
You, with twinkling eyes, dear,
Like the stars at night—
Don't you know I love you?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

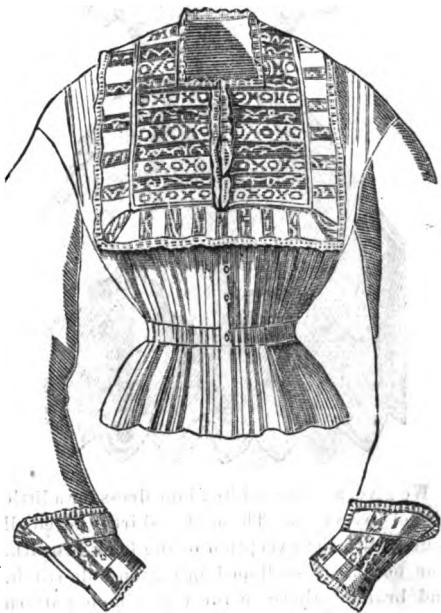
BY EMILY H. MAY.



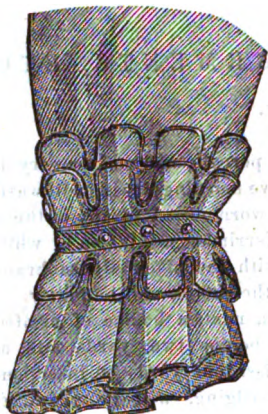
We give this month a very pretty morning-dress, to be made of percale, chintz, or *brillante*, and which admits of a variety of trimming. The fronts of the dress are cut in one piece from the shoulder down, after the ordinary wrapper pattern. The back is gathered into the waist, and two whole breadths in the skirt are gathered into the back. A ruffle six inches deep trims the bottom of the skirt, headed by three rows of worsted braid, or bands of any solid-colored percale, cut on the bias, and stitched on by the sewing-machine. As will be seen, a small cape is simulated upon the waist, trimmed to match: but the collar is separate, and quite large. The dress is buttoned down the front, belted in at the waist, and to the waistband is attached the pocket, which must be lined with some stout, stiff material, so that it may retain its shape. These separate pockets will be found very desirable with summer morning-dresses, as they have the advantage over those sewn upon the dress of not tearing away, as so often happens. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with ruffles same width as that on the cape. Of yard-wide material, ten yards will be a full pattern. White *brillante*, trimmed with blue, pink, or green, solid

chintz, or percale, will make a very dressy and inexpensive morning-dress: will wash and look well until worn out. Also, any of the very small figured Merrimac prints, on a white or buff ground, with the black alpaca braid stitched on above the ruffles, will be pretty.

We give, next, a bodice of pleated muslin. For this bodice two yards and a half of white Swiss, four yards of insertion, and six yards of edging, will be required. After pleating the body and fitting it, lay on the insertion to simulate a square pelerine, at distances of about one and a half or two inches between the strips of insertion. The bodice is cut slightly square at the neck, and trimmed with edging. Coat or opera-sleeves to match. These muslin bodices are almost indispensable for summer wear.



Very steady efforts are made by those who design fashions to return to open sleeves, and no doubt most summer dresses will be made in this style. The sleeve we give here is quite plain at the upper part. It is suitable for pique, percales, or muslin dresses. The frills are bound with wash braid on the material,

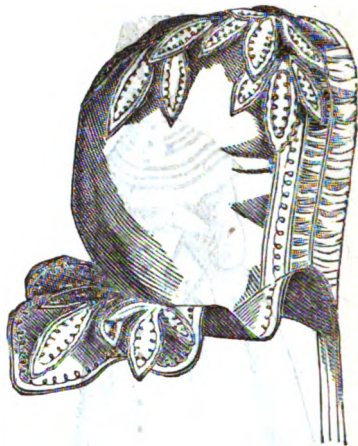


cut bias, and scallops or points may be substituted, or the frills may be made quite plain. The band dividing the frills is bound on both sides, and buttons are dotted on it at intervals.



We give, above, a white pique dress for a little girl of two years. The under-skirt is gored all round, with the exception of the back breadth. The bottom is scalloped in button-hole stitch, and braided above in the very simple pattern seen in the design, which needs no tracing, as any expert needle woman can carry it by her eye. The upper-skirt is all gored to fit the waist, and cut in six deep points, which are again scalloped to match the bottom of the skirt. The tabs, from the waist, may be made separate: or, if preferred, it will look quite as well just to braid and scallop them upon the upper-skirt. A low neck waist, without gathers,

and short sleeves: or, if the dress is to be worn for the street, substitute a high body with long sleeves. A prettier walking-dress could hardly be designed. From three to four yards of pique, and a dozen pieces of braid will be required.



We also give two little bonnets or hoods, cut like the flannel "Red Riding-Hoods," out of white pique, and braided with white star braid. In the first, the face has a double puff of Swiss muslin, put on over the pique; and the leaf trimming is made, the pique cut in the leaf-shape, and scallops in button-hole stitch on the edge, braided above. A full border of muslin, trimmed with a narrow Valenciennes edging, is to be quilled and put on the face of the bonnet.



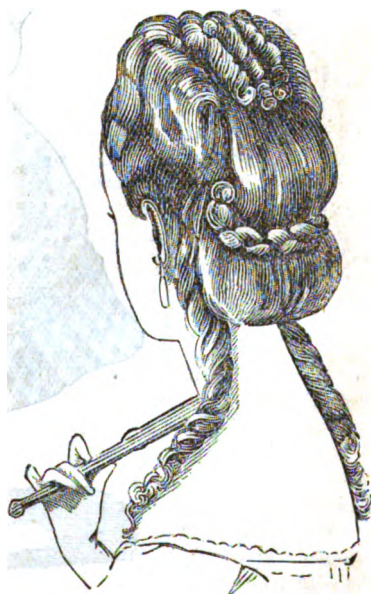
The other is more simple—only a pattern braided on the crown, and the face and cape scalloped in button-hole stitch. A bow, and to the ends are added a drop button, acorn-shape.

BRIDE'S VEIL. NEW COIFFURE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an engraving of a bride's veil, (front and back views,) and below two new styles for dressing the hair, both being back views. The bride's veil is of tulle illusion placed under a wreath of orange-blossoms, which forms a very low diadem; the hair is raised straight up from the roots, with Russian bandeaux and tufts of frizzles placed in the middle of the coiffure. Medicis collarette of white crape. The back view shows the trailing branch of the orange-blossoms under the veil, an arrangement that is both new and pretty.



We give also two engravings of the latest novelties in dressing the back hair. The style can be imitated easily with these cuts before you.

TRAY-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a pretty pattern for a Tray-Cover. The materials are Irish linen, embroidery cotton and sewing-cotton.

The design gives an open pattern in white embroidery upon linen, worked with white cotton. The button-hole stitch in the palm-leaves must be worked first, in order to be able to cut the threads that are drawn out close to the but-

ton-hole stitch. In the corner palm-leaf, the thick stripes of the stuff between the threads, which are drawn out crosswise, are worked over with cross stitches. The other palm-leaves have thick stripes with hem-stitch on both sides, and fine little knots along the middle. The fringe, which is made by drawing out the threads, must be knotted, according to design.

TUNIC AND BODICE FOR LITTLE GIRL.

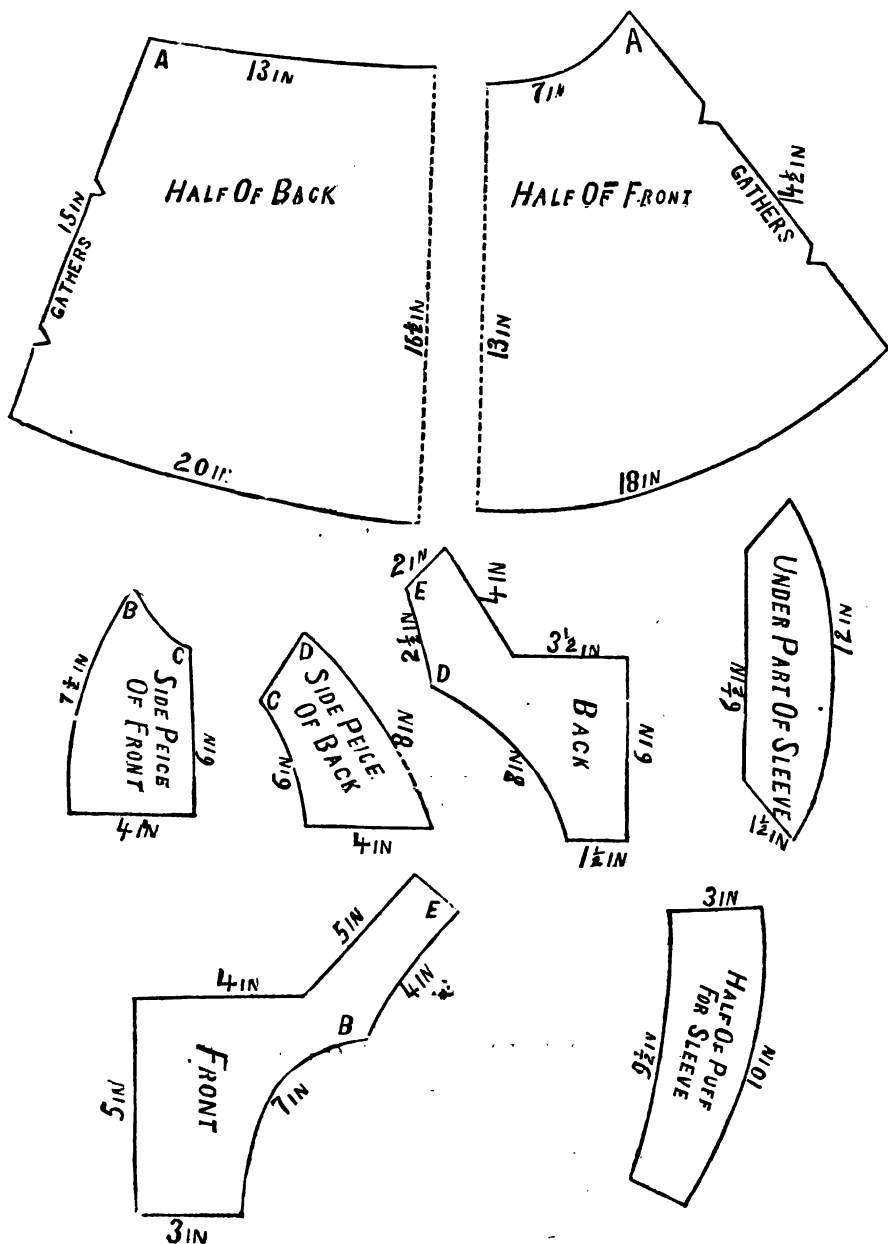
BY EMILY H. MAY.



This simple and pretty tunic is suitable for children of six or seven years of age. It may be made in muslin, alpaca, foulard, silk, camel, or, in short, of any material, either like the under-skirt or contrasting with it, though the latter is the more fashionable.

One yard and three-quarters of yard-wide material is required; and five yards of ruching, about two inches wide, forms the trimming. We

said) to cut a pattern, of the full size, out of an old newspaper, enlarging it according to the inches marked on each piece. Then try



give an engraving of the dress, on the preceding page, and on this a diagram, by which to cut it out.

this pattern on. After this, from the paper pattern, (so enlarged and fitted,) cut out your dress. In this way you will avoid mistakes, or waste of stuff.

It is always best (as we have often before

CROCHET SCARF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



MATERIALS.—White wool, mauve-colored wool, a bone crochet needle to correspond.

Make a foundation chain of twenty-two stitches with white wool; join the stitches into a circle. 1st round: Insert the needle into the first stitch, work one stitch, draw out a loop three-fifths of an inch long, keep the loop on

the needle, work one stitch more, and draw out another loop of the same size. 2nd round: Take the needle out of all the long loops, and take them up separately one by one by slip-stitches of mauve-colored wool. Work thus thirty-four rounds. Gather up the ends, and fasten a small tassel of white and mauve wool.

BORDERS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two new and handsome borders in embroidery. They are very fashionable, and used for trimming chemises Russe, aprons, etc.

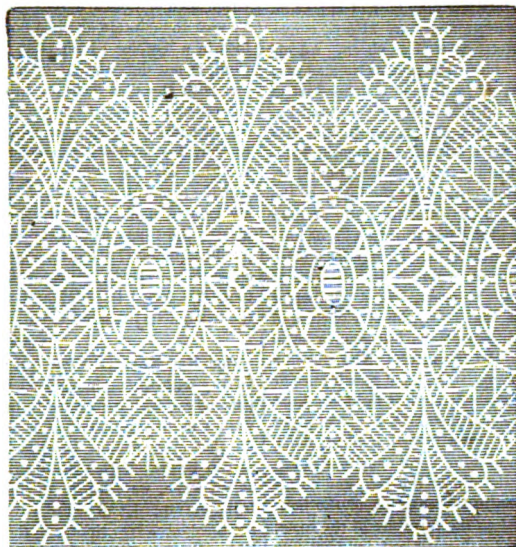
In one of these borders, as will be seen from the engraving, are worked, along the middle, two scallops of stalk and twisted button-hole stitch in two shades of yellow silk, with loose,

colored stitches adjoining on either side of different bright colors, placed alternately. The edges are in black, twisted, button-hole stitch, inclosed in gold-colored button-hole stitch.

The other border is worked in two colors. The diamond is formed in button-hole stitch. The long stitches and crosses are of an opposite color.

BORDER FOR SHAWL.

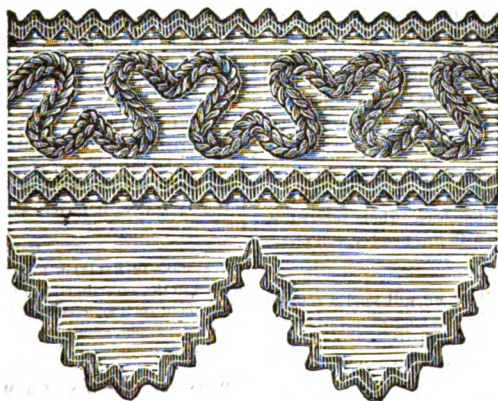
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a very pretty border, in an Oriental pattern, suitable to be worked on white cashmere shawls. Work in black or dark-colored silk in point Russe, back-stitch and knot-stitch.

TRIMMING OF BRAID ON PIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a pretty and effective trimming for children's pique frocks, jackets, etc., a waved braid on buff or drab pique looks well, and black or scarlet worsted on white pique, both and a plaited braid will be required. White looks and washes well.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HOME-MADE FURNITURE.—A good deal more money is wasted on furniture than is really necessary. Some of the most cozy and comfortable articles may be had almost for nothing. For example, box-ottomans are always convenient, and may be made pretty as well as cheap. An old packing-case, covered with chintz, and put at the foot of a bed, out-of-the-way, so to speak, will hold a dress-skirt at full length. Smaller boxes of this kind are very useful as window-seats, and will hold hats, jackets, work, etc. But now, how to make one. Find a box of the shape and size you wish, and see that there are no nails sticking out; if so, hammer them in, or pull them out. Line the inside of the box, top, bottom, and sides, with common white or gray glazed calico, using brass-headed nails, or tin tacks, at long intervals, to fasten the calico on with. Then take a piece of the coarsest calico or canvas, double it and measure it with the top of the box; let it be nearly half a yard wider all round. Make it into a bag, leave the end open, and stuff it rather tightly with horse-hair, feathers, or even newspapers torn into the tiniest fragments. Now thread a packing-needle with very strong string, and pass it once or twice straight through this cushion; pull it tight and knot it firmly. Do the same at equal distances of six or eight inches all over the cushion, which will then, if nicely done, look as though padded by anything but an amateur hand; nail the cushion firmly to the top of the box, and so far your work is done. Now, as to the covering of the box: this must depend a great deal on the furniture of the room, of course; rep, moreen, or damask wear best, but Cretonne chintz is as cheap as anything, and infinitely prettier and more clean, for it washes well. Take the piece of whatever material it may be that you intend for the top, and wherever there is a knot in the canvas below sew a flat button of any kind to it. When this is done, the covering must be nailed on all round, with a broad furniture gimp, or fringe, and brass-headed nails. The sides are to be covered with the same material, and can either be padded, or the stuff put on plain. If this is chintz, it must have a calico lining, or probably the wood of the box will show through; fasten this on by the same arrangement of gimp and brass nails, as you did with the top. A really handsome box might thus be made for a drawing-room by covering the sides and top with different pieces of Berlin work, and it would be most useful to hold music, port-folios, etc. For such use, the inside lining would look best of chintz, instead of calico. These box-ottomans always remind one of those pretty box pin-cushions, in which form so many old *segar-boxes* come into use for our dressing-tables.

WITH THE NEXT NUMBER begins a new volume. This will afford an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. Those subscribers and clubs, whose terms expire with this number, will please remit early.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of our premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art In Heaven." Or, if preferred, either of our other premium engravings will be sent instead of our "Our Father."

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS to "Peterson" can get either of our premium engravings by remitting \$1.00. To all others the price is \$2.00 for any one, or \$3.00 for any two. The whole five will be sent to one address, however, for \$5.00.

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TO SIT OR WALK **ERECTLY** is not only necessary to health, but indispensable to good looks. The neglect of it weakens the lungs, by not giving them room to play, and makes either man or woman appear clumsy, awkward, and boorish. To seek to maintain an erect position, or to recover it when lost, in a manner which is at once natural, easy, and efficient, is not difficult. It is only necessary to walk habitually with the eyes fixed on an object ahead, a little higher than your own, say the eave of a house, or the top of a man's hat, or simply to keep your chin a little above the horizontal line, or, it will answer to walk with your hands behind you. If either of these things is done, the necessary, easy, and legitimate effect is to relieve the chest from pressure, the air gets in more easily, develops it more fully, and permeates the lungs more extensively, causing a more perfect purification of the blood, imparting higher health, more color to the cheek, and compelling a throwing out of the toes. To derive the highest benefit from walking, hold up the head, keep the mouth shut, and move briskly.

OUR NEW NOVELLET, "Put Out Of The Way," turns on the facility with which, in some parts of the United States, sane persons can be incarcerated in lunatic asylums. The author wishes us to say that there is no exaggeration in the story, for that every leading incident has substantially happened, as can be proved from the records of various courts. Even as we write, we read, in the newspapers, of a sane man being entrapped, and buried alive in a lunatic asylum, under circumstances very similar to those described in the novelet. The author, very properly, gives no clue as to the locality of the institution to which the hero is carried, leaving it uncertain whether it is in the State of New York, or in one of the New England States lying on its border; for his purpose is not to assail any particular asylum, but rather to assist in awakening public sentiment to the necessity of a reform in the manner in which patients can be committed to such hospitals. The story, as a story, is one of intense interest, that deepens as the narrative progresses.

THE **ROUND HAT** is to be worn, this summer, almost universally, with short skirts, or at least skirts that are not train-shaped. It is considered much more in keeping with these short skirts, and with the accompanying tight-fitting mantle, than the bonnet. On the contrary, with the train-shaped dress, the veil bonnet, or the lace capulet, is regarded as more in harmony.

IS THE **CRINOLINE** to be still worn? asks a fair correspondent. Certainly. Modern toilets, double skirts, flounces, and puffs, render the crinoline absolutely necessary, only it conceals itself so well that it is no longer talked of, and for this very reason, it is very sure to keep its place a long time.

QUESTIONS IN RELATION to articles advertised must be addressed to the advertisers, and not to us. We know nothing more about such articles than the public at large, and even if we did, or could, know, we have no time to answer letters concerning them.

WHEN THE **DIRECTION** of a Magazine is to be changed, write to us at what post-office it has been received, as well as the post-office where you wish it sent in future.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE dress-makers in Paris are men; and Worth, the most fashionable of all, is an Englishman.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.—We still continue our liberal inducements to clubs. At our prices, "Peterson" is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest and best of the ladies' magazines. Single subscribers get "Peterson" for \$2.00, while all the other magazines, which have any pretensions to be equal in merit, are \$3.00 and \$4.00. To clubs, our terms are cheaper still. Specimens sent gratis. Clubs may begin with either the January or the July numbers. We can always supply back numbers for the year. Persons who order the Magazine from news dealers, or others, must look to them for the supply of the work. We have no agents for whose contracts we are responsible.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Hohensteins. A Novel. By F. Spielhagen. Translated from the German by Professor Schele De Vere. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—We like this novel better than either of the author's other fictions, particularly "Problematic Characters," and its sequel, "Through Night to Light." Spielhagen is a bitter enemy of the German aristocracy. But we do not wonder at this. The distinctions of rank, especially in northern Germany, are kept up with a rigidity, that is not only behind the times, but is absolutely offensive. An American, or even an Englishman, can hardly realize this insolence of caste. Yet this very natural hatred mars, to a certain extent, the artistic merit, as well as the truthfulness of the novel before us, because it leads Spielhagen to paint all his nobles in uniformly dark colors, and to depict all his other characters in hues too bright. We like "Hammer and Anvil," another of his books, even better than the "Hohensteins," and are glad that Leypoldt & Holt intend to publish it next month.

History of the American Civil War. By J. W. Draper, M. D., LL. D. Vol. III., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the concluding volume of a history which we have noticed before. It is the most philosophical we have yet had of our late civil war. Mr. Draper tells the story with the sincerest desire to be impartial, and has evidently spared no pains to acquire original and trustworthy information from both Northern and Southern authorities. His narrative is clear without being picturesque, yet it is better so than if turgid or stilted. The text is illustrated with numerous plans of battle-fields. Yet the work, with all its merits, will not win a permanent place in literature. The truth is, it is too early to write an impartial history of the late conflict. Meantime, however, books like this prepare the way for what will yet be done more satisfactorily. The volume is handsomely printed.

Removing Mountains: Life Lessons from the Gospels. By John S. Hart. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: R. Carter & Brothers.—Mr. Hart always writes from a full mind. He does his work, also, in a thorough manner, thinking out his subject clearly and fully before he puts pen to paper, and afterward taking care to express himself in the best and most lucid language. His present theme is one especially suited to his cast of mind. No book, as he well remarks, so richly rewards thoughtful study as the Gospel narrative. We think it will be impossible to read this little work without having one's insight into that narrative increased, one's reverential feelings heightened, and one's spirituality stimulated. The volume is beautifully printed.

Wonders of Glass-Making in All Ages. By A. Saussey. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—Still another of the valuable "Illustrated Library of Wonders." There are no less than sixty-three engravings in this one volume, many of them very beautiful.

The Six Cushions. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: W. V. Spencer.—A story for young people, told with truthfulness as well as grace, and quite equal to other works by this gifted writer.

Lost Sir Massingbred. By the author of "A County Family," etc., etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A very excellent novel, by an author who has recently made a hit in London, with his other fictions. The present story is that of a haughty, cruel baronet, who comes, at last, to a singularly awful end. The sympathies of the reader are profoundly interested on behalf of the hero and heroine, and against Sir Massingbred; and when the denouement occurs, there is a sigh of relief that retribution has at last overtaken the guilty man. The novel, in the boldness with which this main idea is conceived, is altogether the best the author has written. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Edward Wortley Montague. An Autobiography. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Turner & Co.—In a preface to this work, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, that accomplished critic, says that it is "more romantic in its incidents than most of the sensational novels of the day." Edward Wortley Montague was the eldest son of Lady Wortley Montague, and knew most of the celebrated people of his time. He has described these people, as well as told his own adventures in the book before us. Hence the autobiography is a picture of English society a hundred and fifty years of ago, which is, perhaps, without a parallel. The volume is carefully and neatly reprinted from the London edition.

George Canterbury's Will. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A very handsome edition, in double-column octavo, of the last novel of this popular author. "George Canterbury's Will" is better, we think, than anything Mrs. Wood has written, except "East Lynne," and "The Channings." The volume can be had bound in either muslin or cloth.

The Lost Daughter. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The eleventh volume of the beautiful "green and gold" edition of the novels of Mrs. Hentz. Another volume will complete the series. "Love after Marriage," "The Banished Son," and "Courtship and Marriage," have preceded this one. All of these fictions are love-stories of the good old school.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is by the author of "Little Women," a work that has an amazing popularity, and it is quite as good in its way. Miss Alcott well says, in her preface, that her "Old-Fashioned Girl" is not intended as a perfect model, but as a possible improvement upon the "Girl of the Period." The volume is very neatly printed.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of the very best novels we have had for many months. Apart from the mere story, which is, however, beautifully told, the book is to be recommended for its high, even noble, strain of thought. In this respect, it excels even "John Halifax."

The Bab Ballads. By W. S. Gilbert. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—A reprint, in very handsome style, of a book of humorous ballads, which has created quite a sensation in England. Without being equal to the "Ingoldsby Legends," these "Bab Ballads" are full of fun and laughter. The illustrations are numerous and quaint.

The Sublime in Nature. By F. De Laney. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—Another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," of which we spoke in our last number. The book is full of engravings.

A Marriage in High Life. By Mrs. Grey. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A novel that is full of interest, not to say romance, as, indeed, are all of Mrs. Grey's fictions. A cheap edition, price fifty cents.

The American Chess-Player's Hand-Book. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—This is intended principally for learners, but will be found of value to all chess-players. The book is handsomely printed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated Novels written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. The whole of her works are comprised in thirty large duodecimo volumes, and each volume is complete in itself. They are all printed on the finest paper, and bound in uniform style, in cloth, gilt back, and sold at the low price of \$1.75 each, in cloth; or an edition in paper cover is sold at \$1.50 each. A complete set of the thirty volumes, in cloth, gilt, will be sent to any place in the United States, to any one, free of freight or postage, on receipt of Forty-five Dollars, by the publishers. The following are the names of the thirty volumes:

The Maiden Widow.
The Family Doom.
The Prince of Darkness.
The Bride's Fate.
The Changed Brides.
How He Won Her.
Fair Play.
Fallen Pride.
The Widow's Son.
Bride of Llewellyn.
The Fortune Seeker.
Allworth Abbey.
The Bridal Eve.
The Fatal Marriage.
Love's Labor Won.

The Lost Heiress.
The Deserted Wife.
The Gipsy's Prophecy.
The Two Sisters.
The Three Beauties.
Vivia, Secret of Power.
Lady of the Isle.
The Missing Bride.
The Haunted Homestead.
The Wife's Victory.
The Mother-in-Law.
Retribution.
India; or Pearl River.
The Curse of Clifton.
The Discarded Daughter.

Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers. Copies of either, or all of the above works by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of the price of the ones wanted, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A VOICE FROM THE KITCHEN.—Upward of thirty professed cooks, many of them hailing from the best hotels in the United States, have voluntarily come forward and pronounced RAND'S SEA-MOSS FARINE the finest article for puddings, custards, blanc mange, creams, jellies, and other favorite items of the dessert that has ever come under their notice.

So much for the palatability of the new element of food.

A still greater number of distinguished physicians and scientific chemists indorse it as a nutrient of the very highest class; while every housekeeper who uses it admits that it is full fifty per cent. cheaper than malsena, farina, corn starch, or any other preparation from corn or the cereal grains.

The new food staple is manufactured, under a patent, by the Sea-Moss Farine Co., 53 Park Place; and in view of the above-established facts, it is not surprising that their extensive machinery is kept running night and day to supply a demand that is rapidly becoming universal.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—"I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine in May, 1858," writes Mrs. C. A. Rogers, "and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in a family, with no repairs of any sort whatever. I have never broken but one needle, and that not until I had used the machine more than seven years, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are all in good working order. I cannot see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads.

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The Madison (Wis.) Democrat says:—"An appreciative critic declares that Peterson's Magazine gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other."

LINENS.—The Peake brand of Irish linen and linen handkerchiefs are pronounced to be the best in the market, having gained a reputation for strength, durability, and beautiful finish unequalled by any; and are in the highest favor everywhere. They can be found at most any dry goods store in the city or country, and can be distinguished from others by a mountain peak stamped on each piece.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS AND FISH.

Lobster and Fish Salads.—A very nice and elegant dish may be made with all kinds of cold fish, and some kinds of shell-fish. The following way of dressing is for a small lobster-salad, and will do for all fish salads: Have the bowl half filled with any kind of salad-herb you like. Then break a lobster in two, open the tail, extract the meat in one piece, break the claws, cut the meat of both in small slices about a quarter of an inch thick; arrange these tastefully on the salad; take out all the soft part of the belly, mix it in a basin with a teaspoonful of salt, half a one of pepper, four of vinegar, four of oil; stir it well together, and pour on the salad; then cover it with two hard eggs, cut in slices, a few slices of cucumber, and, to vary, a few capers and some fillets of anchovy.

Mutton-Soup.—Cut a neck of mutton into four pieces, put it aside, take a slice of the gammon of bacon and put it in a sauce-pan with a quart of peas, with enough water to boil them; let the peas boil to a pulp, and strain them through a cloth; put them aside, add enough water to that in which the bacon is, to boil the mutton; slice three turnips, as many carrots, and boil for an hour slowly; add sweet herbs, onions, cabbage, and lettuce, chopped small; stew a quarter of an hour longer, sufficient to cook the mutton, then take it out, take some fresh, green peas, add them, with some chopped parsley and the peas first boiled, to the soup; put in a lump of butter rolled in flour, and stew till the green peas are done.

Green-Pea Soup.—Take some young carrots, turnips, onions, celery, and cabbage-lettuces; cut them in slices, and put them into a stew-pan, with a little butter, and some lean ham, cut in pieces. Cover them closely, and let them stew for a short time. Fill up with stock sufficient for the soup required, and let it boil until the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint, and the crust of a roll; pound all, and having boiled a quart of peas as green as you can, strain them off and pound them also; mix them with the rest of the ingredients, and pass through a sieve. Heat it, and season with salt, pepper, and sugar; add a few young boiled peas, and use the spinach to restore it.

Frying Fish.—Wash and wipe the soles perfectly dry, rub them over lightly with a little flour, and cover them with bread-crumbs and the yolk of an egg; then place them in a pan of boiling dripping, or lard, sufficient to completely cover them; and when done, place them on a dish before the kitchen fire. The most inexperienced hand will thus be able to send them to table crisp, and of a beautiful brown color; but if the fat be insufficient, or not quite hot when the soles are put in the pan, they will be flabby and greasy. Too small a quantity of fat is the most common error.

Economical Soup.—Put into a sauce-pan one-pound pieces of stale bread, three large onions, sliced, a small cabbage, cut fine, a carrot and turnip, and a small head of celery, (or the remains of any cold vegetables,) a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of marjoram and thyme. Put these into two quarts of any weak stock, (the liquor in which mutton has been boiled will do,) and let them boil for two hours; rub through a fine hair-sieve, add a pint of new milk, boil up, and serve at once.

Green-Pea Soup.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of ham, cut into small pieces, two sliced onions, two or three sprigs of parsley, into a stew-pan, with two quarts of green peas, and, after putting in a quart of cold water, rub all well together. Pour off the water, and place the stew-pan over a good fire, not forgetting to stir the contents every now and then, and, when perfectly tender, thoroughly mix in two tablespoonfuls of flour. As you mash the peas against the sides of the stew-pan, add good stock, about two quarts, a tablespoonful of sugar, and season with pepper and salt to taste. Let the whole boil together for about five minutes, after which pass it through a sieve, and put it into another stew-pan with a pint of boiling milk. After it has boiled for five minutes, skim it well, and serve it up, sending with it toasted bread, cut into slices.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Spiced Beef.—A joint from the round, rump, or flank, from ten to fourteen pounds is the usual weight of the piece intended to be thus dressed. Make a mixture of the following ingredients, and let them be well amalgamated; pound finely as much mace as will quite fill a teaspoon, grind a nutmeg to powder, and add it, also two spoonfuls of cloves, one-fourth of that quantity of Cayenne pepper, and half a pound of coarse, brown sugar; rub the beef well with this mixture for three days, turning it each day once; add three-quarters of a pound of salt, and then continue rubbing well each day, for ten days more; at the expiration of that time dip it into some cold, clear spring water, twice or thrice, secure it into a handsome shape; put it into a stew-pan with a quart of good beef-broth, let it come to a boil; skim as the scum rises, and, as soon as it boils, put in three carrots, cut in slices, a bundle of sweet herbs, a little parsley, and an onion, stew gently four hours. If it is intended to serve this dish cold, let it remain until it is cool in the liquor in which it was boiled, but take the precaution to put the meat into a clean pan, and pour the liquor over it.

Fried Patties.—Mince a little cold veal and ham, allowing one-third ham and two-thirds veal; add an egg, boiled hard and chopped, and a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel; moisten with a little gravy and cream. Make a good puff-paste; roll rather thin, and cut it into round or square pieces; put the mince between two of them, pinch the edges to keep in the gravy, and fry a light brown. They may be also baked in patty-pans; in that case, they should be brushed over with the yolk of an egg before they are put in the oven. To make a variety, oysters may be substituted for the ham. Fry the patties about fifteen minutes.

Sea-Pie of Veal.—Take a scrag, breast, or neck of veal; cut it into slices about an inch thick; fry some slices of salt pork in an iron pot; flour the veal; lay them into the hot fat, and let it brown a little; add water enough to just cover the meat; let it simmer about half an hour; season it with pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Have ready a common paste; roll it about half an inch thick, just large enough to cover the meat; cover the pot with a hot iron cover. Let it cook gently about three-quarters of an hour.

Beef-Collops.—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops; cut the beef into pieces about three inches long, beat them flat, dredge them with flour, fry them in butter, lay them in a stew-pan, cover them with brown gravy, put in half an eschalot, mixed fine, a lump of butter rolled in flour to thicken, with a little pepper and salt; stew without suffering it to boil; serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste; serve in a tureen, while it is hot.

Scalloped Chicken.—Mince chicken with lean ham and a little pepper minced, in scallop-shells or a flat dish, and two large spoonfuls of cream, cover with crumbs, and set before the fire to brown, with a little butter on the top.

VEGETABLES.

To Preserve Peas for Winter Use.—1. Peas must be chosen young, and fine for preserving, and after being shelled should be thrown into boiling water with a little salt in it. Allow them to boil for five or six minutes, and then put them into a colander to drain. Place a cloth doubled four or five times upon the table, and spread the peas upon it. When well dried, put them into bottles, covering them with fried mutton fat. After this has cooled a little, fill the neck of the bottles nearly to the top with the fat, cork them down, and having tied a bladder over the tops, put them in a cool place. When they are required for use, boil the water before putting them in with a little butter, sugar, and salt, and when sufficiently done, let them drain in a sieve; put them again into a sauce-pan, with a good piece of butter, shake them round constantly until the butter melts, and then dish them. 2. Shell the peas, put them into a kettle of boiling water, warm them up two or three times, dry them on a cloth, and bottle them securely. 3. Shell some fine peas, put them into boiling water, and after heating them up two or three times, pour them into a colander to drain. When this is done, turn them out on a dresser covered with a cloth, and afterward pour them on another cloth to dry perfectly. Put them into wide-mouthed bottles, and leave room at the top for pouring in clarified mutton-suet only to the thickness of one inch, and for the cork; secure this with resin, and keep the bottles in a cellar. When used, boil them until tender with some butter, a spoonful of sugar, and a very little mint. 4. The following is a Russian method of preserving peas, and is said to be used in the imperial kitchen: Let the peas be shelled, scalded, and dried according to the manner previously described, and then put them, on tins or in earthen dishes, into a cool oven once or twice, until they harden. Keep them in bags of paper, which should be hung up in the kitchen. Before using them, let them soak in water for an hour, then put them on the fire in cold water and a little butter, and boil them until sufficiently tender, with a sprig of dried mint.

Tomato-Sauce.—Cut into quarters two quarts of tomatoes, and sprinkle them over with salt; let these remain until the next day, when the juice should be squeezed from them, and boiled with a quarter of a pound of shallots, some whole peppers, and bruised ginger; boil the mixture slowly for half an hour, and strain it; pulp the tomatoes through a strainer, add them to the liquid, and boil again slowly for another half-hour.

To Broil Tomatoes.—Wash and wipe the tomatoes, and put them on the gridiron over live coals, with the stem down. When that side is brown, turn them and let them cook through. Put them on a hot dish and send quickly to table, to be there seasoned to taste.

To Cook Cauliflower.—Soak it for twenty minutes in salt and water; boil it in fresh water for twenty or twenty-five minutes; then serve it upon milk-toast or on water-toast, and add a dressing of drawn-butter.

To Bake Tomatoes.—Season them with salt and pepper; flour them over, put them in a deep paste with a little butter, and bake in a stove.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED PONGEE.—The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with a deep pleated ruffle of white muslin; a ruffle of the same kind is put on beneath the black velvet waistband, and is cut deeper behind than in front; the body is high at the back, low and square in front, and is worn over an inside handkerchief of crepe lisse, and finished by a row of lace headed by black velvet. Sleeves tight on the upper arm, with a deep ruffle.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt and body are of prune-colored foulard; the skirt has three plain flounces

at the bottom; upper-skirt of blue and white striped foulard, draped at the sides in a careless manner. Jacket of blue foulard, made short and loose at the back, with long ends in front, and with very long, hanging sleeves: the jacket is cut open at the neck, and is trimmed with fringe.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF MAUVE SILK.—The under-skirt is of the same material and color, and has one deep flounce at the bottom, headed by three narrow ruffles, which stand up. The train-skirt is elaborately trimmed with pleatings of silk and white lace; the high waist is cut with a deep basque, ornamented with a large bow at the back, and trimmed to correspond with the train. Sleeves tight on the upper part, with very wide ruffles below.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt has three ruffles, the upper one confined at the heading by a bias band of brown silk; the upper-skirt is made with a short apron in front, and so long at the back that it falls below the upper ruffle of the under-skirt; the trimming is put on this skirt like the upper ruffle of the lower-skirt; the waist, which is high, is ornamented to look like a cape with the same trimming. Very small black lace bonnet, with pink roses.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt, which is long, has one deep ruffle, trimmed with bands of black velvet. The tunic is deeper behind than in front, and is looped up at the side; the ruffle on this is not trimmed, but is headed by two rows of black velvet, and the skirt is ornamented by black velvet bows in front and at the sides. Very low waist, trimmed with black velvet, and made of a good height by the muslin tucker at the top.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with five fluted muslin flounces, each flounce is deeper at the back than in front, and is headed by a row of black velvet. Low, square waist, to correspond with the skirt; waistband and six large bows of black velvet.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GRAY MOHAIR.—The lower-skirt has one ruffle, with a pleated heading, and at a little distance above this is another trimming made like this heading, one half of which turns down, and the other half stands up. The short upper-skirt has two rows of the same trimming. The tight waist has a plain coat-basque at the back with revers of black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS FOR VISITING, OF DELICATE MAUVE SILK.—The long skirt is simply trimmed with a full notched-out ruffling of the same; the coat-basque is made full at the back, and has a large bow and ends at the waist; it is cut away in front to show the white silk vest. Long sleeves, made a little loose at the hand. Small mauve hat, with a white plume.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY PONGEE.—Skirt long and plain; the body is made with a deep coat-basque, and is trimmed with black lace and blue ribbon; a row of black lace forms a collarette at the neck.

GENERAL REMARKS.—News from Paris hint of changes in skirts; but none of the latest dresses sent out from Worth, and other good houses, indicate it so far. In fact, unusual changes in style are generally made in the autumn, and not in the spring.

The few innovations that have to be chronicled are, first, indications of the suppression of the extremely puffed skirt; secondly, the larger introduction of velvet revers in the body, occasionally accompanied by vests; and, thirdly, the adoption of the collarette *Medica* for the more elegant visiting dresses. It would appear, moreover, that lace is about to enter largely into the trimming of all silk and satin robes; and there is a growing indication of the under-skirt, which is now so elaborately trimmed, being worn without any trimming at all. The waistband, too, is on the eve of being suppressed, and, to compensate for its abandonment, corsets will be pointed at the waist in front, or be made with broad, square, or rounded basques, or with a series of small vandykes or scallops. At the same time that the trim-

ming of the under-skirts of walking-dresses show signs of being abandoned, the same skirts of evening-dresses are being ornamented with flounces, bands, rouleaux, and ruffles up to the very waist. Sleeves are being worn loose at the ends, and occasionally pointed in shape.

It is said that Madame Ollivier, the young wife of the new Prime Minister of France, intends making quite a revolution in respect to low-necked dresses, and she has given out that she will never make her appearance in a low dress; and, in order to be agreeable to the leading minister's wife, it is most probable that the ladies who attend the assemblies of the Minister of Justice, will go in high dresses for the future. And, indeed, low dresses have been disgracefully abused of late. The high, square-cut bodices are infinitely more becoming than when the shoulders remain totally uncovered, as is too frequently the case. When the *elegants* discover how much more favorable to their appearance an open bodice is to a low one, they will not hesitate to adopt the former for dinner-parties, and even for the opera.

THE BONNETS are, many of them, faithful copies of those worn during Louis XVI.'s reign, and possess a certain grace peculiarly their own. First in the list there is the "Charlotte Corday" bonnet, made of black tulle and black lace, and is precisely the same shape as the celebrated cap of the beautiful Charlotte. It towers high at the top of the head, and has a gathering or fullness of black lace covered with white lace over the forehead. A large, black velvet bow ornaments the bonnet, and either a tuft of cerise roses is fastened at the side, or, what is more poetical, a branch of the chestnut-tree in full bloom. The strings are black velvet.

HATS are mostly worn high, or the trimming is disposed in such a manner as to make them appear so. Many of them are turned up on the left side, and have a stylish, at the same time jaunty, look. Gauze and china crepe are both much used to trim hats with; and black lace appears on nearly all. A few well-trimmed Leghorn hats have appeared for country wear and croquet; but they are most unbecoming, except on children, though we acknowledge very useful. The Chinese hat protects the face equally well, and is more becoming; it has no crown, only a slight elevation in the center, and is usually trimmed with only a knot of ribbon or velvet, though a small bunch of flowers is sometimes put on the top.

MANY PARASOLS are made of pongee, lined with blue, brown, green, red, or any colored silk which may be preferred, or which will match the dress; the edges are scalloped and bound with the silk, like the lining.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF GREEN AND BLUE PLaid SUMMER POPLIN, made quite plain; over it is worn a black silk basque, made rather loose, and without sleeves.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL.—The petticoat is of pink silk, cut in points at the bottom; the redingote is of pearl-colored silk, crossing in front, and fastening at the side under a large bow of pink silk. This redingote is trimmed with a ruffle of the same; plain waist, with a small untrimmed cape, and long, tight sleeves. White hat, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD, WITH A GAY STRAPE.—The skirt and waist are quite plain. Over this is worn a dress of white pongee, which is made without sleeves, and is very loose, belted at the waist, where it falls over the belt, and is looped up with a wide bow and ends. White hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF NANKEN.—The trousers are made short, and loose at the knee, and the jacket is trimmed with brown braid.

FIG. V.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF GRAY CASHMERE FOR A BOY.—The stockings, waistband, and neck-tie, are of crimson, and a crimson ribbon is tied around the straw hat.

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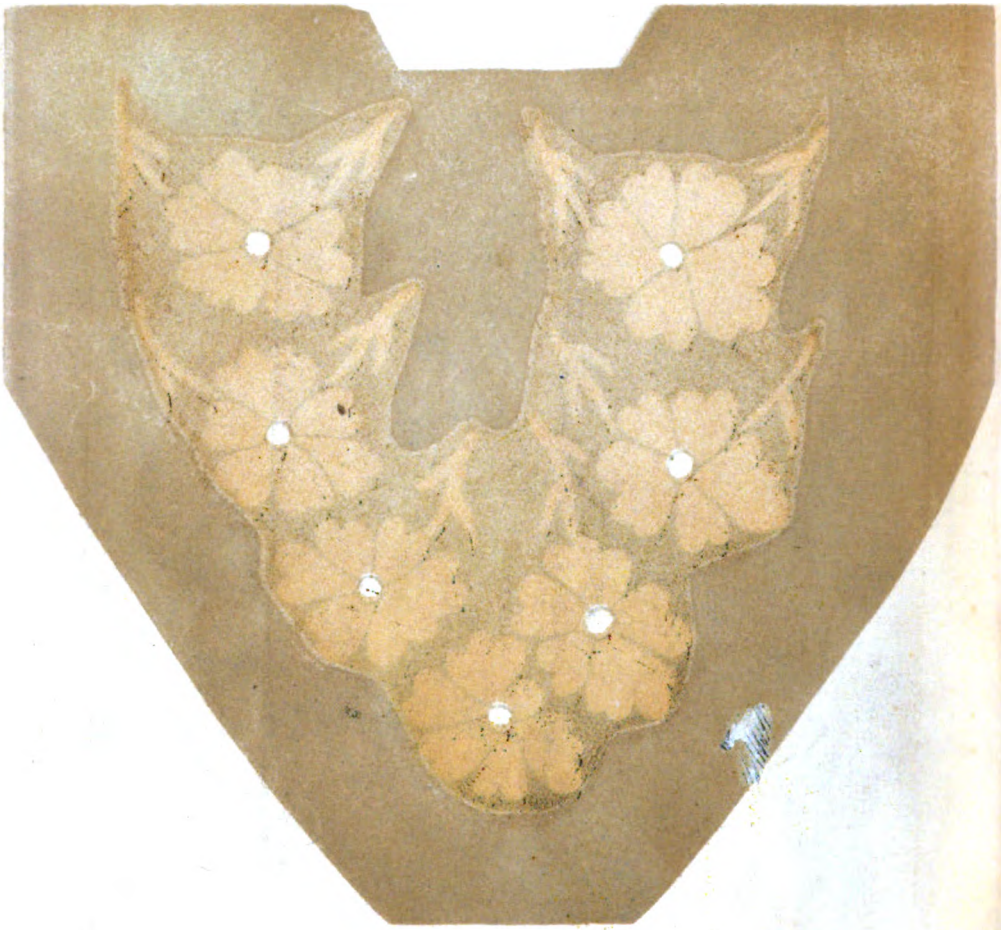
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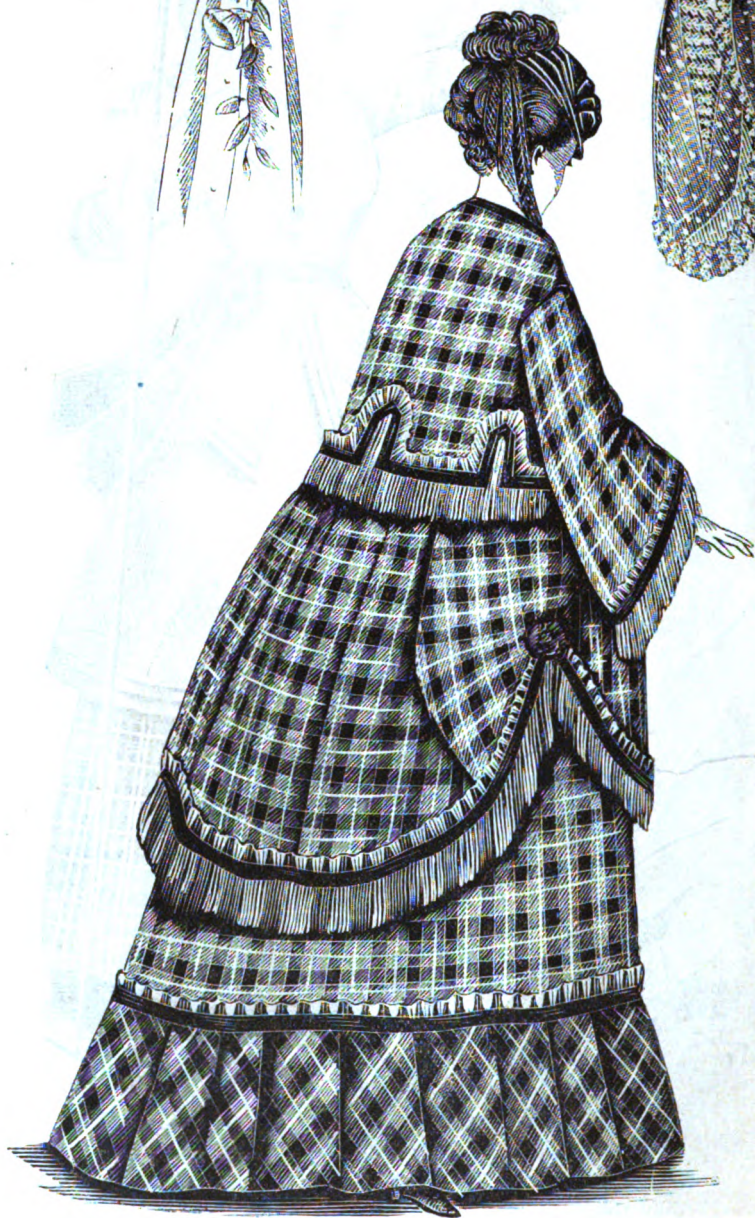
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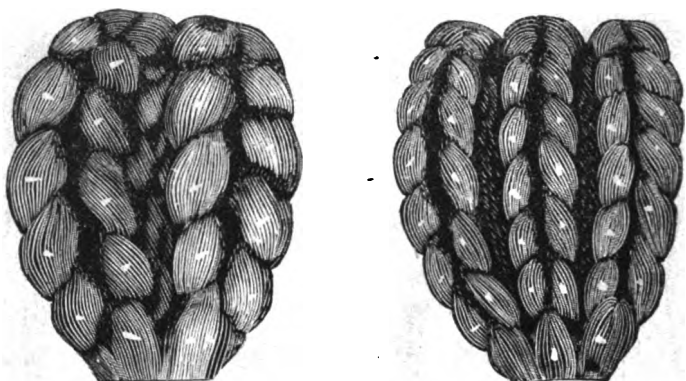
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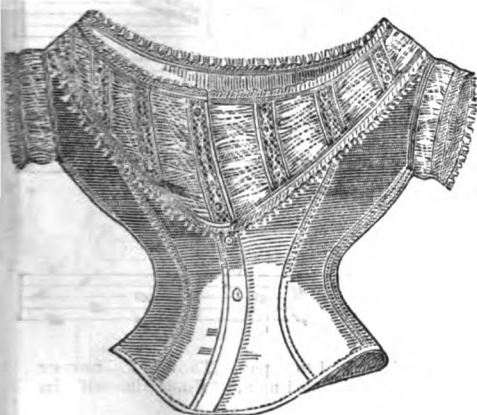
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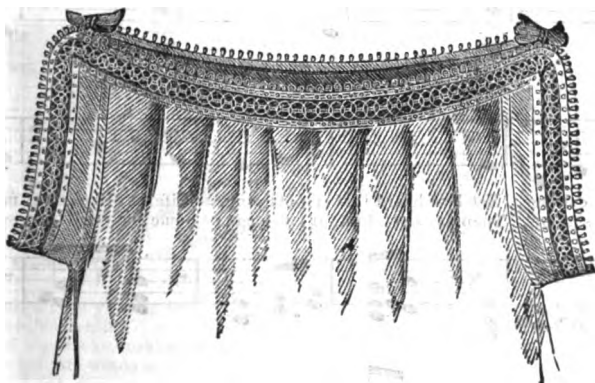
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By M. Hobson.

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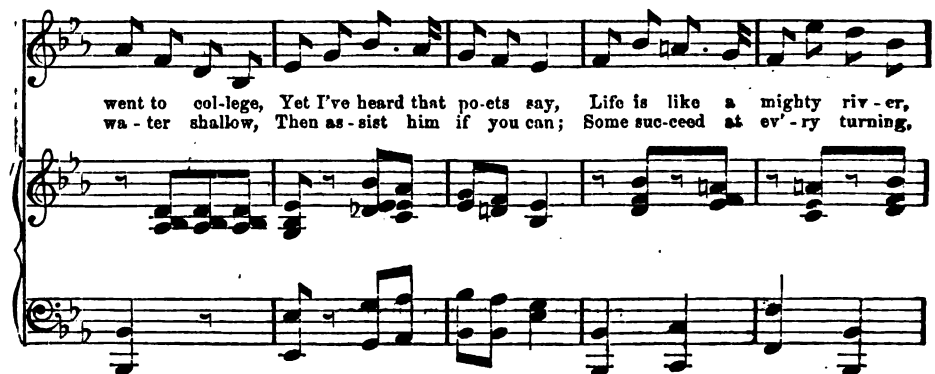
PIANO. *p*



1. In the world I've gained my knowledge, And for it have had to pay, Though I never
2. Many a bright, good-hearted fellow, Many a noble-minded man, Finds himself in



went to college, Yet I've heard that poets say, Life is like a mighty river,
water shallow, Then assist him if you can; Some succeed at every turning,



PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

Roll-ing on from day to day, Men are ves-sels launch'd upon it, Sometimes wreck'd and Fortune fa - vors ev'-ry scheme, Oth - ers too, tho' more de-serv-ing, Have to pull a-

CHORUS.

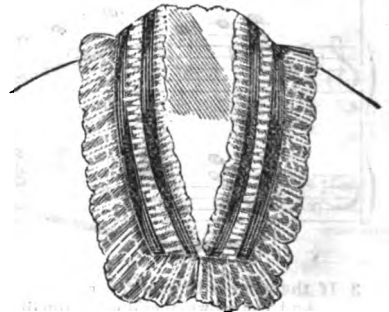
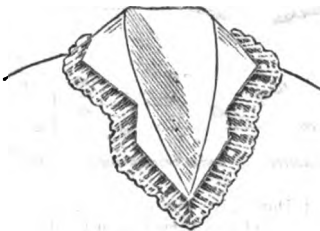
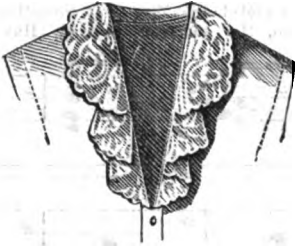
cast a - way. So then gainst the stream. So then Do your best for one an - oth - er, Mak-ing life

ad lib.
rall.
f

pleasant dream, Help a worn and wea-ry brother Pull-ing hard a-against the stream.

3 If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weather'd ev'ry squall,
Think of those who luckless labor,
Never get fair winds at all.
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide.—*Chorus.*

4 Don't give way to foolish sorrow,
Let this keep you in good cheer,
Brighter days may come to-morrow
If you try and persevere.
Darkest nights will have a morning,
Though the sky be overcast,
Longest lanes must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last.—*Chorus.*



BODIES FOR SUMMER-WEAR. COLLARS, ETC.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

THE UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

"HURRY up, gentlemen! the coach is waiting," cried the voice of the stage-driver, in front of the Metropolitan Hotel, at Long Branch.

My story goes back to the days when railroads to the Branch were as yet unknown, and when the transit to New York was achieved by coaches that ran toward Sandy Hook, where a steamer awaited the passengers.

A tall, handsome young man, at the summons, came down the stair-case, two steps at a time, and almost ran over a matronly woman, a few years his senior, who was crossing the hall.

"What? Going to leave us?" said the lady, in some surprise, and with more meaning in her look than in her words even.

"Yes! It's no use," was the reply. "Thanks for your good wishes, which I can see in your looks, Mrs. Maxwell. But I'm tired of playing the fool."

"Pshaw!" said the lady, putting her arm familiarly into his, and leading him into the drawing-room, which, at that hour, was deserted. "Faint heart never won fair lady, Mr. Hastings. Listen to me. The coach will wait a moment."

"It's not a question of faint heart," answered the gentleman. "But Kate won't have me. See here, Mrs. Maxwell—it's hardly fair of you to corner one—but she refused me, point-blank, last night."

"And what if she did? I refused Mr. Maxwell the first time myself. It's a way some of our sex have. Come, stay, and try again."

"I'm a proud man," was the reply, "and don't like being trifled with. But I'd stay, if I thought it would do any good. But it won't. She isn't anywhere about, you see, though I told her I would go away to-day. When I said it, she actually laughed. And yet, confound her, I can't help loving her."

Mrs. Maxwell would have liked to have

laughed also. But she knew better than to do it just yet.

"She was a little hysterical, or she wouldn't have laughed," she said. "The truth is, Herbert, you are a pair of fools. You are proud, as you say, and don't brook refusals. Kate is, perhaps, a bit of a flirt, but I sincerely believe she loves you. All she needs is a little more urging. You must storm the fortress till it surrenders. Give her no quarter, that is my advice;" and now Mrs. Maxwell, seeing his face brighten, ventured a laugh.

It was a clear, musical laugh, and it cheered Herbert still more. He hesitated. If another five minutes could have been granted to Mrs. Maxwell, she would have prevailed. But, at this moment, a voice cried,

"Here he is. Hurry up, Hastings. We've been looking for you everywhere. The stage-driver says he won't wait another moment. Ah! Mrs. Maxwell. Our holiday is over, you see. Good-by."

That interruption decided Herbert. He shook his head in reply to Mrs. Maxwell's entreating look, wrung her hand, and dashed out of the drawing-room. The next minute the crowded coach was rolling heavily through the sand, with the surf thundering on its right.

It was six miles, or so, to the steamboat-landing. For the first two miles the passengers, all of whom were gentlemen, chatted gayly; but after that they gradually grew silent, the monotonous drag of the wheels in the sand acting as a sort of soporific. One or two, in fact, fell asleep. And now Herbert began half to repent of what he had done. "Perhaps I have been too hasty," he said, to himself. "What if Mrs. Maxwell is right?"

He mused thus for quite half a mile. "I've a great mind to go back," he thought. "Hold on, driver," he cried, aloud, "I've changed my mind. Stop till I jump out. I'll walk back."

Before his sleepy companions could ask what he meant, he had left the coach, had lit a segar, and was plodding through the heavy sands on his return.

His mood soon changed again. "What a precious fool I am making of myself," he reflected, and he turned to hail the coach, but it was a quarter of a mile off.

He stopped still. "If that fish-hawk dives before I count fifty," he said, "I'll go back to the Metropolitan: if not, I'll walk to the landing and take the afternoon boat."

The fish-hawk dove almost immediately. "Fate has decided for me," he said, desperately. "Now let us see how wisely."

Meantime, where was the offending Kate? To do her justice, she was not aware how much she loved Hastings until she had refused him. It was not altogether coquetry that led her to say, "no." The answer had been given in the first surprise and embarrassment of the proposal. She was frightened to find, almost immediately, how much she had misunderstood herself. She grew more and more embarrassed in consequence; and her manner, afterward, at which Hastings took such offence, was, as Mrs. Maxwell had suggested, really the result of nervousness. Even before he left her she bitterly repented what she had said. Had he persevered a little longer, she would have confessed the truth. She did not, however, believe he would leave the Branch, even after he had said so. Hence, early in the morning, she had started for a long walk on the beach, hoping to meet him there, as usual; for hardly a day had passed, within the last fortnight, that these two had not so met.

There was an old wreck, at that time, about a mile, or more, above the Metropolitan, which had been a favorite haunt of theirs, and thither she repaired. She tried to read till Herbert should appear, but her thoughts wandered from her book continually. Meantime, the hours passed without Herbert appearing. Her heart began to fail her. She spent the time examining her real feelings, and the more she scrutinized them, the more she felt her love had gone from her forever. By-and-by the hot tears began to come. She knew how proud Hastings was, and she said to herself he would never come back.

The sea rolled heavily in; the fish-hawk sailed overhead; the breeze blew fresh from the eastward; the sun shone dazzlingly bright. It was getting toward noon. She gave up all hope, at last, and rising, began to walk back toward the hotel. But, after awhile, she sat

down again, on a boulder, under shelter of the bank, for she had been, all this time, upon the beach below it. She would not yet abandon the chance of seeing him. Gradually she fell into a sort of reverie, and began, half unconsciously, to trace Herbert's name in the sand with the point of her parasol.

It was at this juncture that Herbert, walking along the top of the bank above, discerned her. He had already passed her, and would not have seen her at all, but that his attention was suddenly directed to a fish-hawk, that, diving for a victim, had gone sailing off, northward, with its prey. His heart began to beat fast. Here was the chance he had wished, yet not dared to hope for: it surely was a favorable sign that she had gone to their usual rendezvous. He hastily sprang down the bank and began hurriedly to retrace his steps toward her.

He thought she would hear him as he approached. But she did not. She was evidently too absorbed: in what, however, he could not yet discover. He came nearer and nearer. What with the roar of the surf, and her own absorption, Kate still remained unconscious of his presence. He approached so close, at last, that he could look over her shoulder. Blessed vision! Could he believe his own eyes? She was writing, with her parasol, in the sand, the word,

HERBERT.

His first impulse was to snatch her to his arms. He was loved then? Mrs. Maxwell had been right.

But he restrained himself, waiting, with bated breath, to see what she would do next.

She did nothing for a moment. Then she sighed, and went on tracing, slowly, other words. They were

HERBERT. I LOVE YOU.

Hastings could control himself no longer. His segar had long been out, though retained mechanically: he now flung it away, and stooping over, caught Kate's face in his hands, and kissed her full on her ripe lips.

She sprang up, with a half scream, and turned to face him, angrily, for she did not realize, for a moment, who it was. But when she recognized her lover, she blushed over throat, cheek, and brow even, and covering her face with both her hands, would have run away, if Herbert had not been too quick for her.

"Darling," he whispered, clasping her in his arms, and drawing her to him, "God bless you for those words! I had come to try my

fate once more. Say that dear confession over again."

Kate was silent for awhile. But his caresses soon dried her tears, and made her forget her momentary shame.

By-and-by she looked up saucily and answered,

"Well, listeners, they say, never heard good of themselves, and if I'm such a flirt, as Mrs. Maxwell tells me I am, you haven't much of a bargain. There, will that do?"

"Then you do love me?" insisted Herbert, eager to hear, in her own sweet accents, the acknowledgment.

Kate's eyes were now full of mischief.

"What is written on sand, you know, is the simile for a woman's fickleness."

But, even as she spoke, her sparkling eyes lost their saucy look, and gazed at him with such love, that Herbert took her in his arms again and kissed her rapturously; and I am afraid, if the truth must be told, that Kate, after awhile, kissed him in return.

What a happy hour it was that followed! The lovers paced up and down the strand, far out of sight of any intruders, exchanging confessions as to when they first began to be interested in each other. Ah! that first hour of mutually acknowledged affection. Is there anything in life, ever after, half, or quarter, so blissful?

Mrs. Maxwell happened to be standing in the piazza of the hotel, as Hastings and Kate

returned, toward dinner-time, arm-in-arm. She understood all at a glance, but she could not forbear a little raillery.

"Ah! you're back again, Mr. Hastings," she said. "I thought you'd such imperative business in New York, that, if you didn't get there to-day, the world would come to an end. And you, Kate, my dear; you said you had a dreadful headache. Will walking in the sun cure it, child? Bless me, how red your cheeks are! Really, you must use some glycerine. Do you know what glycerine is, Mr. Hastings? You really don't! Well, well," with an arch smile at Kate, "you'll find out now, soon enough."

Kate staid to hear no more of this badinage. Taking her arm hastily from Herbert's, though not without a last look of love, she fled up the stair-case, like a frightened deer.

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly, watching Kate till she was out of sight. Then she turned to Hastings.

"I congratulate you," she said, pressing his hand warmly. "You've won a real treasure. So much, too, for taking an old woman's advice."

"I wish all old women, as you call them, were as beautiful and kind as one I know," answered Herbert, gallantly kissing her hand.

"But how did it come about?"

"Ah! that's my secret," answered Herbert.

And to this day he has never betrayed Kate. Only he and she know in what way she made her UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

WAYFARERS

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

The way is long, my darling;
The path is rough and steep;
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep!
But, oh, my love! my own one!
No ill to us can come;
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home!

Our feet are tired, my darling,
So tired the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest—how sweet!
For, lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder shining dome,
Before us gleaming like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered,
So early in the morn;
And on we go, with empty hands,
And garments soiled and torn.

But, ah! the dear All-Father,
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers, and whiter robes,
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love? Art famished?
Art faint, and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
Be joyous, as at first!
For, oh! the sun sets never,
Within that land of bloom;
And thou shalt eat the bread of life,
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep;
And fast across the evening sky
The long, gray shadows sweep.
But, oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever grief may come,
For in the way the Father set—
We two are going home!

"A PERFECT TREASURE."

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

ONE day Frank came home, with a look of triumph.

"I have a 'perfect treasure' for you," he said, "in the way of a nurse. Gerald Temple is going to take his family to Europe, and when he heard what you wanted, offered to let us have their nurse, whom they will not want."

I heard a low sigh. Virginia, Frank's only sister, had been sitting in a corner of the drawing-room. She rose now and slipped out.

"How could you, Frank?" I said, following her with sad eyes. "I have never heard your sister speak of the Temples since she has lived with us: the very mention of their name brings back the memory of Gerald's brother, and all that sad tragedy."

"I am sorry," said Frank, "but I did not know she was in the room. Poor Virginia!"

Yes! poor Virginia, I said, to myself. But once the blithest, loveliest little creature I ever knew. It is something of a story, but 'tis "an owre true tale," and I will tell it in the shortest way I can.

Virginia and Frank were orphans, and old Mrs. Chichester, their grandmother, had adopted Virginia almost from her infancy. The old lady had very ambitious hopes of making a splendid match for her beautiful grandchild. But Virginia thought otherwise; and when she was just seventeen, at the time of my wedding, she and Langley Temple were insane enough to fall desperately in love with each other. Langley was Frank's most intimate friend, and the pair met continually at our house until grandma Chichester found it out. After awhile Langley was ordered to his ship, (he was in the navy;) but Frank waged battle with grandma until he obtained a viperish consent that the lovers might correspond. Grandma took pains not to let Frank know how Virginia was tormented and tyrannized over, until the poor child consented to go out into society again; and there she met, and made ready conquest of, the very man whom grandma had intended for her beauty—Horace Kent. Virginia refused him; but grandma said, scornfully, "That made no difference. She would come to her senses soon;" and, to my utter amazement, the *trousseau* went on, and by-and-by we were bidden to the wedding—a

quiet, elegant affair, where Virginia talked and walked as if she were frozen. Frank and I confessed to each other, that night, that the business passed our comprehension, for we had no idea then of foul play.

Kent and Virginia were to sail for Europe within a fortnight of their marriage, and went to Washington and Baltimore to pass that time. Left alone, one evening in Baltimore, with a severe headache, Virginia remembered to have seen some aromatic vinegar in her husband's dressing-case. Kent was peculiar in his careful way of locking up his belongings, and she took her own bunch of keys to open the box, when, rather to her surprise, she found the key left in the lock. Some listless, vague impulse, which she could never afterward account for, prompted her to lift the upper tray, although she had found the vinegar already. Underneath, to her surprise, she found papers, and was about returning the tray to its place, without further examination, when her eye was caught by the words—"My own Virginia," in a dear, a too well-known handwriting!

When Kent came back that night, he found his beautiful, young wife senseless upon her bed, with two letters crumpled between her cold fingers. One, the last letter that Langley had actually written her; and the other, the base forgery, in which he asked to be released from his engagement. Kent was not all bad. He loved her madly, and you may be sure that his sore punishment began, when, after the physicians had brought her out of that death-like swoon, the first words that came from Virginia's lips, in that strange, passionless tone, which is far worse than anger, were, "Remember! I will never forgive you—*never!*"

They came back to New York for a single day; but Virginia saw no one but her grandmother. The old lady, upon her death-bed, raved of that interview, and vainly implored Virginia's forgiveness for urging Kent on to his treachery. The newly-wedded pair sailed in the ill-fated ship which took fire off the coast of Nova Scotia, and whose name still carries terror to many a heart. Virginia was one of that handful of survivors; her unhappy husband fought for her place in the boat, and, remaining behind, himself perished with the

ship. The agony of terror, the long night which she spent at the mercy of the waves, proved too much strain upon poor Virginia's already overburdened frame, and Frank and I were summoned by telegraph to her at Halifax, where she lay for days, unconscious, with a brain fever. And then, to add to her misery, when recovering, she was thrown into a nearly fatal relapse by seeing, accidentally, that the *Tecumseh* had gone down, in the attack on Mobile harbor, with every soul on board. The *Tecumseh* was Langley's ship.

Kate came to live with us about two years before the commencement of my story. She seemed to feel a sort of sorrowful remorse about her husband, which was not grief, and yet it cast a shadow over her life. "He was treacherous and false," she said to me, one day, "and he broke my heart—but what right have I to judge him? Harrie, I told him that I would never forgive; and he died thinking himself unforgiven." Of Langley, as I told you, she never spoke.

Well, the "perfect treasure" made her appearance. She was a rather young-looking woman, with a pleasant, low voice, and very good manners, for one of her station. I was charmed. Certainly, this girl seemed determined to please me; she did her work in a faultlessly neat way; she amused and played with the twins; and baby had more quiet nights than I had known him to have for weeks. So, after a month's trial, I began to sing Alice's praises, and allowed her full control in her own department, with a good many privileges. Virginia alone did not seem to like her. Virginia had a curious way of looking at new faces—a searching, penetrating glance, that I always thought had a sort of mesmerism in it, all the stranger because her eyes were so gentle and soft. Alice never met the look fairly, as I remembered afterward.

It was the spring of '65. The closing scenes of the war were crowding thick and fast upon each other. Virginia kept her room a good deal. The warm April weather seemed to enervate her, and she shrank away from the joy and enthusiasm we all exhibited. Poor child! it was hard for her to hear of the soldiers and sailors who would be coming home now, and to feel that, for her sore heart, Peace would bring no balm.

One night, Frank had taken a box at the Italian opera in New York. We lived in Brooklyn, and, as Kellogg was to sing, I begged Virginia to go with us. But she steadily declined. She would stay at home and keep

house, she said. Now, two of my servants were going to a fireman's ball the same night, leaving only Alice and the cook at home; so I must say I felt rather more easy about the children when I found that Virginia would not go. Going from New York to Brooklyn at night, however, is a long journey, and it was close upon one o'clock when we drove up to our door.

In the meantime, Virginia, after our departure, had sat for some time writing letters in her own room. The twins were having a noisy romp in the nursery; and when she looked in to say good-night, Fred fastened himself upon her neck, and begged to come and stay with auntie. She yielded, and then Fred began building card-houses on the sofa until he got tired, when he curled himself in a corner, and in two seconds was fast asleep. Being very much interested in her book, Virginia let the little fellow sleep on, thinking that by-and-by she would take him up to her own room and put him to bed there, as she frequently did. At last she fell asleep herself.

She never knew how long she slept, but she had a painful nightmare sensation, as if somebody was trying to smother her; and after struggling with the feeling for some time, she slowly, and with a great effort, opened her eyes. Why! what had happened to the room? The gas must have gone out—it was totally dark, save a flickering gleam from the dying fire on the hearth; and what a sickening, deadly smell there was. With a lightning rapidity, which is more like instinct than thought, it suddenly flashed upon her what the strange scent was—chloroform! Then, as she caught her frightened breath, and shrank back into her chair, a low sound of voices from the dining-room reached her ears. The door between the rooms was ajar, and she saw a thread of light from it; the voice she first heard was a man's.

"Yer didn't give the young 'oman too much, did yer?" it asked, rather anxiously.

"Wish I had," answered Alice's low, stealthy voice. "I hate her! She suspects me."

"Ha, ha!" gurgled the man. "She must ha' been purty ondivil to yer; yer usually gets on the right side of 'em. Is that 'er pitcher silver or plate?"

"Plate. The silver is up stairs."

Virginia shook as she heard the venom of that low voice. "She was Mr. Langley's lady-love, till her old grandma stopped it."

"And what were Mr. Langley to yer, my girl?" said the man.

"Hush! you'll wake the child, and I don't

want to do him any harm. Mr. Langley—"The woman's voice softened. "He never said a dozen words to me in his life; but, look you, Vincent, I worshiped him."

"That's right. Tell me all, as I'm yer husband that is to be," said the other, with a coarse laugh.

"Mrs. Kent has splendid jewels, too. I picked the lock to look at them. You can take as many of those as you like. Come."

As soon as the sound of their footsteps died away, Virginia snatched the deadly handkerchief off her head, and staggered to her feet, though dizzily. She was a very spirited girl, and determined that the pair should not escape. But what could she do? It was vain to think of getting the cook to alarm their neighbors at the corner, for the next lot was vacant, and she must cross the hall, and go past the stairs, to find her. There would be no use in throwing up the window and screaming; the house was on Clinton Avenue, far out, and the policeman did not come past very often.

Virginia wrung her hands, when a sleepy murmur of "Auntie!" startled her. In a second her resolve was taken, and she was on her knees by Fred, kissing him and saying, "Fred!" my darling, "auntie is going to do something very funny. You remember how papa jumped you down from the balcony on Christmas-day to run after the monkey? I'm going to jump you down now. Don't speak a word. Act like a man. There!"

Fred was just four years old, but a great boy for his age, and he always obeyed Virginia implicitly; so he rubbed his sleepy eyes wide open, and was carried to the window. The balcony, outside, was not far from the ground. As Virginia looked out, carefully, she saw, under the corner gaslight, a tall figure, with a gleam of brass buttons.

"Fred," she whispered, rapidly, "run fast to that policeman, and tell him he must come right here to auntie; then go to Mr. Motley's at the corner, and ring the bell with all your might—it is low, and you can reach it—and tell George and Harry Motley that aunt Virginia says there is a thief in the house. Don't be afraid, Fred; be a man, like papa!"

Over; softly, gently, over the low railing; and then, with a good shake of his small person, Fred's fat little legs trotted swiftly off toward the policeman.

Directly, under the balcony, a voice said, softly,

"What's wanted, ma'am? Can you open the front door for me?"

"I cannot," she panted; "there are burglars in the house, and I should be heard. Couldn't you get up here somehow? Has the little boy gone to the neighbors?"

There was no answer to her question, but the policeman easily followed her suggestion, and climbed up over the balcony.

The fire had now died out in the room; the only light was a faint glimmer from the hall.

"Wait!" whispered Virginia, laying her cold hand on the policeman's arm as he made a motion to go forward. "They are up stairs, in my room, looking for my jewels. If you will stand just behind that door, I will creep up the back stairs and reconnoiter; if the woman comes down to answer the bell, seize her. There is but one man; if I want help, I will call, and then you must rush up the front stairs."

"Are you not afraid?" asked the policeman, with some surprise; but Virginia was gone before he had finished the remark.

When she reached the stairs, she found, by the sounds, that the man had evidently gone into the silver closet, which stood on the other side of the back stairs, and that now she was between the two—for she could hear Alice walking about in her room. Quick as a flash, the little figure glided up the stairs, slipping off her boots on the lowest step; there was no light in the hall, except that afforded by the burglar's lantern, for the gas was turned down low, and the lantern set inside the closet-door. That door opened outward, and the key was in it; a spring, a sudden bang, and then the click of the key in Virginia's nervous fingers, as she turned it in the lock. A tremendous curse came from the captured thief, as she leaned breathless against the door. The same moment the gaslight behind her was suddenly turned on, and Alice confronted Virginia.

"You here, madam? Well, you and I are quits, anyhow. Open that door, or I'll send a bullet through your head! You didn't think of my having the revolver, did you?"

"No," said Virginia, looking in the girl's furious eyes with her peculiarly calm smile.

"Help! Police!"

"You may split your pretty throat calling," said Alice, seizing her savagely by the arm. "No. one'll come; the cook's drugged, and you're at our mercy. Give me the key!"

"I'll trouble you for that pistol?" said a stern voice behind Virginia, as a quick, strong arm jerked the weapon away from Alice.

Alice, with a shriek, fell on the floor, for she realized all at once. But Virginia, gasping,

"Ah, my God!" gazed as if turned to stone, for it was Langley Temple that she saw.

"Virginia! don't be so terrified," he said, "it is my very self, no ghost. Take my hand, love; see, it's flesh and blood, like your own."

He had her in his arms. The door-bell was ringing furiously, but he would have let the neighbors pull the wire till it broke, before he would have left her in that dumb, shocked state. As he touched her, she trembled violently; then the light came back to her eyes, and, with a sob of joy, Virginia flung herself on the breast of him whom she had mourned as dead.

The Motleys had time to think that Virginia was murdered before the pair opened the door. Very much surprised were they, to see, instead of the policeman they expected to find, a very tall, handsome man, a stranger, in undress navy uniform. Fred, now that his part of the fun was over, began to roar, and Virginia took him up in her arms, while the four gentlemen, (assisted by the real Simon pure policeman, a brawny son of Erin,) opened the closet, and secured the prisoner. Within the next fifteen minutes, the other servants had returned, (for the burglary took place before eleven o'clock,) and Alice, having recovered from her swoon, was carried to the station-house.

I don't know how Langley and Virginia were occupied till my return, but when Frank thrust his latch-key into the door, Virginia flew out of the library, and tried, with a few incoherent sentences, to prepare me for seeing something! The consequence was, that when I pushed the door open in a very bewildered frame of mind, and saw Langley smiling at me, I was terrified almost out of my senses, and came near fainting.

To the best of my recollection, the household sat up nearly all night, though, finally, after I had heard the whole story, been speechless over Virginia's bravery, and hugged Fred, now fast asleep in the arm-chair, Frank dragged me off to bed.

I don't know that Langley and Virginia sat there till morning, but, certainly, the first persons I saw upon coming down to breakfast, were themselves, on the identical sofa where I had left them.

Langley's story is too long a one to be told here; suffice it to say that, being on deck as the *Tecumseh* sunk, he had been able to strike out from the sinking ship, and, under cover of the smoke and war of battle, to swim ashore. There, however, he was taken prisoner, and kept in close confinement for months, finally making his escape. Coming direct to Frank to gain intelligence before presenting himself to his family, he had stopped to light a segar under the gaslight, where Virginia had mistaken him for a policeman. He had known her instantly; and, probably, only her fright and agitation prevented her from recognizing his voice, which, as he mischievously told her, he "did not disguise in the least."

Alice and her accomplice were identified by the police as old offenders. The woman had carried on a systematic pilfering at the Temples, and was an accomplished hypocrite. To my intense gratification, the pair were sentenced to the full term at Sing-Sing.

Langley and Virginia were married very quietly soon after. Frank gave away the lovely little bride, whose fair, girlish bloom had come back to her, and who, under the influence of love, seemed a different woman from the pale, sad creature, who had moved so quietly about my house.

They idolize each other, and, I think, have quite forgiven grandma Chichester and poor Horace Kent. Fred has always been a great pet with his aunt for his bravery on the night of the attempted burglary.

Between Fred's boasting and my sly teasing, poor Frank will never be allowed to forget his instrumentality in introducing me to such "A PERFECT TREASURE!"

NOR LIFE, NOR DEATH, CAN E'ER DISPEL.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

I look upon the star-lit sky,
And wonder which, unto thine eye,
Of all the gems that crown the night,
Seem glowing with the fairest light!

Are mellow moon-beams, touching now
Thy clustering hair and upturned brow,
Like loving lips in fond caress,
Lingering on lip, and brow, and tress;

Of winds that stir the rose at will,
Which blooms beside my window-sill,

And lightly makes, and breaks, love's vow—
Which of them latest kissed thy brow?

And will the river, rushing by,
Bear to thy listening ear my sigh,
My whisper? though we meet not yet,
Nor thou, nor I, can e'er forget.

But, whether this the message be,
Its rippling murmur beareth thee,
The love that binds us, both know well,
Nor life, nor death, can e'er dispel.

PUT OUT OF THE WAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME LVII., PAGE 443.

CHAPTER XV.

WE will not dwell on the days and weeks that followed. Dick tried to comfort himself, for awhile, with the hope that his letters had been forwarded. He could not, he said to himself, be in the charge of fiends! Surely, no man, no matter how callous, would be so cruel as to shut him out from this one chance. Even the murderer, caught red-handed in his crime, was allowed an opportunity to prove his innocence, if he could. The law mercifully said he was innocent, till the jury and judge pronounced him guilty. "If Dr. Harte has a heart in his bosom," Dick said, to himself, as he paced his room to and fro, "he has sent my letters. To-morrow they will reach their destination. The day after aid will come, and I shall be free—free!"

But the morrow came, and the morrow after that, and still other morrows, and yet there was no sign of help. A week elapsed: then another; and now, at last, Dick gave up hope. "Oh! if I had but that villain by the throat," he cried, clenching his hands, and thinking of the doctor. "But no! no! I shall go mad, really, if I look that way. God help me, a miserable sinner! I must keep cool, cool, or they'll think me insane in earnest. I must temporize. Let me see, the keeper told me, that, once a month, Dr. Harte went the rounds personally. It is only two weeks off. I must wait for that—wait for that—wait for that."

He was already, as you see, half-crazed at times. He had got into a way, like really insane persons, of repeating his words. He would run his hand through his hair, would stop in his rapid pacing to and fro, would mutter to himself—any one, almost, seeing his wild gestures and wilder looks, would have pronounced him mad.

The month went by. Mr. Minch, the keeper, was sauntering through the fifth ward, jingling his keys, one day. He was fond of this sort of exercise. There were sixteen wards in the male department of this institution. Of these sixteen wards, two were open to visitors. Visitors came from all parts of the country, and were enraptured with the cleanliness, the

beautiful grain of the flooring, the snugly carpeted little chambers, the white bed-spreads, the parade of cheap books, the chapel, the laundry; they inquired how many barrels of flour were used in a week, peeped into the kitchen, wrote their names in a book, and found themselves civilly bowed out of the front door, delighted with the advance science had made in the treatment of the insane. If any, blessed with curiosity beyond the rest, asked about the fourteen wards that remained unseen, they were silenced by the reply that they were devoted to the patients whom Minch styled "woyolent."

Now the other keepers, for obvious reasons, as far as possible, preferred to hang about the show part of the building. But Minch, who, six months ago, had been a drover in Tipperary, had no squeamish dislike to the foul smells, or fouler sights and sounds of the lower wards. He relished the walk up the long, bare halls, and the wistful, entreating faces turned to him in the square openings in the cell-doors. "I don't foind so much differ in moi work, after all," he was wont to say, speculatively. "Ye couldn't in roison now call thim cratura, the loike of uz. They're loike cattle, the moinde bein' gone, and they require to be trated in the same way."

Two or three of the cell-doors were open, and the inmates paced up and down the plank-floor of the hall. At one end was a grated window, opening on a strip of grass, the prospect terminating by a blank, high wall: at the other, a heavily clamped door.

"Minch!" cried half a dozen nervous voices, as the door was slammed and locked. For Minch's visit was the one event of the day to these poor gentlemen: his coarse jokes, when he was in a good-humor, the best mental food offered to them. But one young man, gaunt and haggard, with untrimmed, black whiskers growing heavily over his sunken jaws, was quicker than the others, and pulled him into his cell, and seated him on the one chair, and stood before him. It was Dick.

"Will he come to-day? Don't deceive me again," he said, huskily.

"Oi tell ye, Muster Wortley, Dr. Harte all make the rounds in an hour, and oi advise ye to kape a quiet tongue in yer head, or he'll send ye to a place where ye'll larn it, bagod!"

"There's no worse hell than this."

"Only troy the seventh ward, me man!" he chuckled, savagely, and went out.

Two or three pale-faced men were gathered at the door; they hurried in, and began to talk in eager whispers. Dick listened patiently, and answered them with a womanish gentleness. They dropped off, one by one, leaving only a white-whiskered old man, worn thin as a skeleton, whose torn coat was carefully brushed, and who showed through all his beggarly clothes the indefinable stamp of culture and high breeding.

"Minch tells the truth," he said, drawing Richard anxiously aside.

"I will not think it," was the indignant reply. "Since I was a boy, Mr. Inman, I have heard of this institution. It is the boast of the country! When they know that I am a sane man, they will not dare detain me."

Poor old Inman shook his head sorrowfully. "I have been here for ten years," he said.

"But you——" said Wortley, gently.

"I know. But that was only for a time. My son brought me. John! He did it for the best. It was my wife's death, Mr. Wortley. We had married, a mere boy and girl, and were old people. Only John was left of eight children. They brought her into me one day dead—killed on the street. I missed her. We had buried all the others. I did not think she would have left me. I was troubled in my head, I missed her so much. Then John brought me here. But I was never violent. Harte called it mild melancholia. I was locked into that cell yonder. I had men like Minch for my companions, and these poor insane. Only these! Only these! I was used to a life of culture and society, was fond of music and pictures. I think if I had returned to my old life, if I could now and then have heard a kind word from some one who cared for me, or if I could have even seen John's children sometimes at their play, I should have forgotten that old trouble, or learned to be patient and cheerful with it. There have been days when I have been so mad with hunger for a word from some intelligent, kindly human being, that I believe to have heard it would have cured me. It would have been something stable to grasp. But to be locked in these bare walls, day and night, like a felon: locked in, locked in: to know the next day, and the next, could bring only Minch,

and the mad men; and for recreation, the half-dozen dissolving views, suited to children, which I had seen weekly for years."

"But the physicians?"

"Dr. Harte is the assistant superintendent. You will find what insight he has, and what hope there is in him. Men, in his position, get blunted. Dr. Chase, the chief, lives yonder, in a house detached from the building. He visits the male department with the directors only, and passes rapidly through the wards."

"But why do you not go home?"

The old man did not answer for a moment. At last he said, brokenly,

"I wrote to John regularly for a year or two, but the letters never reached him. They told me one day that he was dead. He had written to me often, they said then; but Dr. Chase thought it best to destroy the letters. I never heard from my boy after he left me here. He was the last—the last."

"And now?" said Dick, after a pause.

"His son is a gay, young fellow, quite willing to consider me incurable. He has taken out a commission of lunacy, Minch tells me."

"And has your property while you are incarcerated here! Please God, I'll right other wrongs than my own, when I am free!" For Dick hoped great things from his expected interview. He was young, you see. The young despair, and then recover, fall, spring up, and hope again.

The old man's face lighted for a moment, then sunk into its usual hopeless quiet. "It does not matter now," he said, despairingly. "I am an old man—the time is so short. But you——"

"Oh! I am safe enough! As soon as I meet the physician, I am safe." It helped him to hope, to talk in this sanguine way; he had, in fact, persuaded himself, within a day or two, that there was hope.

As he spoke, there was a confused noise at the upper end of the hall, followed by sudden quiet.

"He is coming!" whispered Mr. Inman, and made his escape to his own cell.

Dick tried to arrange his hair, and sat down on his pallet. Every day, lately, he had gone over this interview, planning the argument by which he would enforce his freedom. But now every word was forgotten: his heart beat hard in his chest; he knew by his weakness how the confinement and intolerable anxiety had told on him. One idea only was clear to him, that to be composed was his only chance.

The door swung open.

"You wished to see me?" said Dr. Harte, pausing outside.

Wortley rose and brought the chair forward.

"A word or two, doctor." His tones surprised himself; they were as quiet and courteous as though he had been in his mother's room at home.

Harte nodded, and sat down. Minch stood in the door.

"I have a statement to make," said Dick. "I will use as few words as possible; but I beg of you to weigh them well. This is a matter of life and death with me."

Dr. Harte's face was immovable.

"I am a sane man. I was brought here by a foul conspiracy. The Leeds, who placed me here, are the only enemies I have in the world."

A slight look of *amusement* had crossed the doctor's face at the beginning of these words. Unfortunately for Wortley, it was the invariable cry of all patients. At the name of Leeds, however, the doctor looked up.

"I know no such persons. You were brought here by your relative, John Wetherall."

"There is no such man! There is fraud here, and I call on you to right it." Wortley was standing. He spoke in a slow, controlled voice, holding his hand on his chest, with the one thought still clear to him, that, on his composure, hung his only chance of escape. "You are a young man, Dr. Harte," he continued, earnestly. "Put yourself in my stead. An innocent man, shut into this cell, without warrant——"

"I have the physician's certificate."

"Shut into this cell, the whole hope and business of life cut short for you in an hour, and this given you in its stead. I left my mother ill; she depends on me for her daily bread."

"Your story differs so much from that of Mr. Wetherall, that you must pardon me if I prefer that of the sane man."

"Test my sanity, then. Bring me before any court. I have here a letter to Judge Cathcart, of New York—he is my friend. He will bring me out on a writ of habeas corpus. Give me a chance to try my sanity."

Dick placed the letter, as he spoke, in Harte's hand. He was very pale, but his eyes, in spite of his efforts, blazed with excitement.

"I have another letter here, doctor, which I will be glad if you will post for me," he added, drawing it from his bosom. "You are a gentleman, and I can ask you to do this for me.

That man," pointing to Minch, "has tampered with my letters, sir. Somebody has read them: it must be he."

Dr. Harte nodded, with a slight change of color, and put the letters in his pocket-book.

A quick look of relief passed over Dick's face.

"When Judge Cathcart receives that, I am safe," he said. "I knew, when I had a gentleman to deal with, all would be right; though I hoped to have seen you sooner, doctor."

It would have been well for Wortley if he had stopped here. But he thought his own case so sure now, that he might venture to speak a word in behalf of his fellow-prisoners. Dick had been noted, all his life, for his readiness to succor the miserable.

"About the management here, doctor," he began, in a deprecating tone.

Dr. Harte gave a shrewd glance at the speaker, and dropped his eyes, bowing attentively.

"I do not blame you for admitting me here; that is the fault of the law, I suppose. But you should have tested my sanity. For four weeks I and the other inmates of this ward have been left to the scientific treatment of Mr. Minch. I am told that it is the case in all the wards. Even delicate women, whose mental derangement arises from physical causes, receive no medical attention, but are left to the sole care and companionship of such women as they would employ in their kitchens."

"Your information is comprehensive," dryly.

"It is correct," said Dick, hotly. "I know the reputation of this asylum. But when science comes to us diluted, through Minch and his comrades, it is cursedly poor stuff. My God, sir! you would not let one of these ignorant keepers lay a finger on an instrument of music in your house lest they should injure its tone. And yet, when the minds of poor human beings are driven, by sorrow or religious error, into the very valley of the Shadow of Death, from which it would need wisdom and tenderness akin to that of God to deliver them, you give them up to these wretches to use as they will!"

"Have you done, Mr. Wortley?" said Harte, coldly rising.

"No; there is much more that I could say," he stammered, fearing he had gone too far. "But I know it is only needful that I suggest the evil to you. Any rational man must see the absolute fact as I point it to you."

"Minch!" Dr. Harte tapped on the door, and the keeper appeared. "I regret to find that Mr. Wortley's disease is much more aggra-

vated than I supposed. Let him be removed to the lower ward. For your letters, sir," tapping his breast, "as you are so accurate in your information, you should know that no communications are permitted to pass from the patients to either counsel or friend. I reserve the right of reading letters as a means of judging of the mental condition of their writers."

Dick had no time for words. He thrust back the table that stood between them, with a clutch at the physician. Judging from his colorless face and gleaming eyes, it would have fared ill with the latter, if he had fallen into Wortley's hands just then. But Harte was already on the other side of the door, which Minch locked in Wortley's face.

There was a moment's pause, while Dick stood in his baffled and impotent fury. Every word of the secret passion and tenderness, which he had written in his long imprisonment in that letter to the woman who was to be his wife, rose before him. In another hour this man's eyes would be prying into it, perhaps jeering at her and at his love.

Harte lifted the wooden flap, half a foot square, in the center of the door. Minch was behind him. "Och, give the man his letter. It's loikely to a woman," the latter muttered.

But the sandy little face of the physician had gathered a fresh air of authority. He looked speculatively at Wortley as a dangerous maniac: the more, because his paroxysm of rage was suddenly over, and he spoke with apparent coolness, although his lips were yet blue.

"I will escape from this place," said Wortley, sternly. "And I give you warning that for every word and act you will render reckoning."

"You will escape, eh? You will never leave this asylum with my will," answered the doctor, with a virulent gleam in his light-blue eyes. "Put him in the *eighth* ward, Minch. And I appoint Brady his special attendant."

Minch shrugged his thick neck and grinned. The flap fell and shut them out of Dick's sight.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUCH to Wortley's surprise, Minch did not return. The morning slid into noon, and broadened into the warm afternoon sunlight, but he was left unmolested in his cell. An hour after the doctor had disappeared, old Inman crept cautiously up and thrust his thin, gray face into the flap.

"What is it, Richard?"

"Brady and the eighth ward. I don't know what that implies."

"I do," under his breath. "I have been there."

"No matter," in his usual sturdy, bass tones. "I'll escape from here, and I'll take you with me, if there's a God of justice alive. Let them bar the dungeon as they will."

The old man, for reply, got hold of one of Dick's big, warm hands, and held it in his withered fingers, as though it was his last hold on the real world. Perhaps it was more than we know. He had dwelt so long in the late evening, in the chill, and dark, and utter hopelessness, and this rough, passionate young fellow had brought back the old daylight of the outer world to him, brought his boy again, and his own long-lost youth.

Now he was going.

"You will never come back," he said. "Never! Never! Men as sane and strong as you, with the world waiting full of love and promise for them, have gone down into that place before now."

Wortley's blood ran cold at these words; but only for a moment. All the old, fresh courage, which, before his imprisonment, would have led him to face any odds, had come back to him, as if by inspiration, in this hour. He felt, for the time, as if he could overreach even Dr. Harte and the doctor's myrmidons: that, let them do what they might, he would triumph over them yet. It was, so to speak, a frenzy of courage. It left him only too soon. But while it lasted, it made him, as it were, more than human. There was nothing, he felt, he could not brave. His brain, too, worked marvelously. In a flash, a plan of escape came to him, which only required patience, or so it seemed, to carry out successfully.

"They did not murder them," said Dick, impatiently. "There must be a limit to all tales of horror."

"No, they did not murder them."

"If you mean that they made madmen of them, I do not doubt it. Minch and Brady might make such a mistake when ministering to a mind diseased. But I am not the sort of man out of whom they can fashion one. There's no imagination about me. Now, listen to me," lowering his voice to a rapid whisper, "I will escape—with you. I may need your help. When the spring weather opens, you will be permitted to walk out on the grounds, won't you?"

"With a keeper."

"No matter. We must have some little

difficulty. Discover which is my window. Pass under it, and be ready for a signal."

"What is your plan?"

"I have none. It may need a month or a year to elaborate one. But I will succeed at last. Only be ready."

"I will." The color began to steal into his hollow jaw. "It is a great many years since I have had anything to think of, Richard," rubbing his hands softly together.

"I may be only able to give you the faintest clue. You must be sharp and watchful."

"I'll be as sharp as a trap. I was what the Yankees call capable in my youth; though you'd not think it now," with a sigh.

The distant door grated, and the old man slunk across the hall like a dog before his master.

Wortley's meals were brought to him regularly that day. At night he turned into bed, thinking that Harte had changed his mind. An hour or two after, however, he was conscious of a blast of cold air on his face, contending with an oppressive, irresistible drowsiness; then he dimly saw the long, dark corridor, and Inman's face, as the keeper's light flashed on it in the square opening of the door. It was a curiously tragic face in the darkness, with its thin, white hair blown back, and full of horror and pity.

Through the thick shadows, of Wortley's sleep it touched him with a dull pain, a remembrance of old Lear, forsaken by his daughters. "Poor Tom's a cold!" he muttered. Then a sweet, sickening odor filled the air, and his head fell flat on the pallet.

When he woke, in the morning, he was in the eighth ward. He raised his head, which felt stunned, and was weighted like lead. A gigantic Irishman, in a filthy shirt, sat near him on the floor, lighting his pipe.

A moment's reflection showed Dick what means had been used to bring him there. He determined to begin by letting this new keeper see that he knew the truth.

"Ah! chloroform," he said, quietly.

His companion made no answer.

Wortley never had been so coolly master of himself as since the moment when Dr. Harte showed him his true position. He determined to lay by his rage to keep until he should be free. For the present his business was to find that freedom. It was a task that would need the power of every nerve and muscle in his body; and more than this, it would need foresight and caution such as the headlong fellow had never shown before.

He would succeed; and once free, his vengeance would be as certain as his success.

He looked about him to survey the "vantage of the ground." It had one merit, it was close under his eye. The cell was of stone, six-by-ten feet. It was lighted by a slit in the wall, placed about two feet higher than his head. This slit was only wide enough to admit his hand.

"I must go out of the door," said Dick, to himself.

There were two openings into the cell—the door leading into the hall, and an open arch at one side, wide enough for a man to pass through, out in order to throw the two adjacent cells into one.

The cell itself was, with this exception, precisely the same as those set apart for convicts, sentenced to death, in the New York prison.

"Except that here," muttered Dick, "Dr. Harte is judge, and executioner, and public. The law gives its discipline before the eyes of the whole nation; but Harte works his will on us undisturbed, as though we were rats in a hole."

He got up, at last, conquering the intense pain through his eyeballs and temples. He had been lying on a foul straw mattress, laid on an iron cot, which was clamped to the wall; two or three stone vessels stood on the floor. Other furniture there was none; in this cell he was to perform all the offices of life, with such fresh air as reached him through the slit in the wall. The cell looked as if it had not been cleaned since its last occupant left it. Damps, and moulds, and smells too foul to name, hung about the walls.

The keeper, established comfortably on a low stool, meantime puffed away at his rank pipe.

Dick went over and looked through the arch into the next cell. The cell was the same, but a shade cleaner.

"You sleep here?" he said, turning to the keeper.

No answer.

"You are Brady, eh?"

Silence. The small, yellow eye giving one furtive glance at Dick. Wortley put his hands on his knees, and stooping down, studied the man. He had heard of Mike Brady as a foul hitter in the prize-ring, years ago. Then he had disappeared. Dick, to be honest, did not think the worse of him for prize-fighting. But to hit foul! The only human characteristic he could detect in the mass of muscle and beastliness before him, was obstinacy.

"If I do not talk to him," said Dick, "he will chatter like a magpie."

For three days, accordingly, Dick Wortley never opened his lips.

This was the routine of his life. He made what toilet he could with the water given him, Brady staring on during the whole time. Then he ate the meal, which had been shoved through the flap of the door. After that—nothing.

Nothing to read, to write; no human being to speak to; the same thoughts to go over, day after day. And they seemed—what wonder—to grow fewer every day. Another meal to eat, and then the filthy bed was ready for sleep, as it had been for a seat all day.

Dick spent the time in planning. He had a tolerably clear idea of the geography of the asylum. It was built in long, one-storied wings, jutting out from the main building, connected at the center. The eighth ward Dick had known from the others, in his old cell, by the dead, blank walls on each side, broken only by the slits of windows. It, like the other wards, however, was painted a soft, pearly gray, on the outside, and had a fine effect in summer among the groves of cedars.

Now this was the problem which hung before Dick, as he sat, day in and out, swinging his legs from his pallet: "To make my way through these stone walls without any tools but my fingers, and with Brady, P. R. looking on."

It was not an easy problem. In spite of his cool resolves, Dick Wortley found himself going back from it to Lotty, to his mother, who was now in want—perhaps starving. When he came back to his plan, his mind would not settle on it. It swung loose from his control as never before. There was a sharp sense of coldness in one spot of his brain. That, or the foul air, made him drowsy. He slept at noonday, day after day.

At night Brady usually drew his mattress into the cell with Wortley. Now, at night, Dick was wakeful.

Wasn't there the glimmer of a chance here? Brady was but a great dumb clod of matter, after all, easily overreached. Dick forgot that Brady had held his tongue for more than two weeks, which hinted at some unusual power.

Dick watched for a night or two; then finding the keeper unusually heavy in his sleep, he got up, stepped over him, and crept into the other cell. He had no definite idea of what he wanted to do. But to be alone, for an instant, he thought himself free. He stooped down to finger the lock.

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His throat was gripped from behind as in a vice, and he was dragged back on the floor.

Dick fought. He was a strongly-built man, and this fight had been rusting and cankering in him for months. It was as well, perhaps, that he should do what he could. But it was like a hand of flesh crushed in an iron machine. All of Dick's strength went into his frenzied assaults and blows, and was wasted; but Brady's great carcass of muscle was cool and slow. When the time seemed to him to be ripe, he gave a sniff, and leveled Dick with a foul blow, jumping on his chest with his knees. Dick remained quite quiet there. It did not need any blows, the weight was enough.

Dick Wortley's head dropped to one side, grew sickly and livid as when he was a jaundiced baby; then the blood slowly rose to his mouth, and dripped, dripped on the floor.

The keeper picked him up and slung him on the pallet. The next morning he brought Minch in to look at him. While they were stooping over him, Dick opened his eyes. He struggled up on one hand and struck at them with the other—struck at them both. There was no more reason in his eyes than in a dog's.

Dr. Harte, hearing of this, prescribed "the hose." The hose was a wooden machine, on which Dick was tightly strapped on his back—head, legs, and arms, hanging down. He remained there as long as Messrs. Minch and Brady judged best, for the blood to be driven to his brain. Then they took him out, and finding that his head was heated, they fastened him under the shower-bath, suffering the slow drop of the water to fall upon one spot in the brain, until from the frenzied eyes, and unconscious moans of agony, it seemed as though the tortured soul within was seeking, at eyes and mouth, some means of escape.

That night Dr. Harte was sent for, and reported Wortley to be laboring under an aggravated attack of brain fever.

"I thought it probable that it would follow; his mania has been unusually violent, lately," he said.

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK, being a profitable patient, was nursed with tolerable care. He was removed to the dormitory. It was late in June before he was himself enough to know that the claw-like fingers, picking at the sheet, were his own. He had brought back but a shattered body with him from the gates of death. But he had learned reticence; he asked no questions, made no comments. He saw that he was kept

scrupulously apart, as a dangerous, disaffected patient, and laughed quietly to himself. Escape from the dormitory, he thought, would be comparatively easy.

He sent for Harte one day. So unusual a step caused a flutter among the attendants.

"My clothes are in rags," said Dick, stretching out his shirt-sleeve. "What provision do you make for clothing your prisoners?"

The little man was all alive with politeness. "You can purchase any article you wish from us, Mr. Wortley."

"I have no money. I will trade this ring. I know its value."

In this way he got his clean shirts.

"Wortley," said the doctor to Minch, outside, "is preparing to escape. I see the cunning in his eye. He is stronger in body and mind than he appears. To-morrow, let him go back to Brady and the eighth ward."

That evening, Minch came in to bring his supper. "I was in the chapel, tother week, when one of yer people called on Docther Harte," he said.

A cold shivering shook poor Dick's weak body at the word. But he did not open his lips. He knew the first sign of interest would shut Minch's mouth.

"I heerd some news of yer kin," Mr. Wortley.

Dick sat up. He looked ghastly and gaunt enough, wrapped in the blanket.

"My mother——"

The regulation frown came over Minch's stolid face.

"Now don't ye excite yerself; yer eyes is woid."

"Oh, God!" muttered Dick, and lay down, covering his face.

"Well, she's alive," said Minch, at last. "They've took her in to a sort of private almshouse. It's overcrowded, but it's better than the hospitals."

The covering was drawn closer over Wortley's face. Minch talked on for some time, but Dick did not hear him.

At last Minch said, raising his voice,

"There was a woman they said that you meant to marry, name of Hubbard. When you disappeared, she hung on faithful till the last. Then she heerd it wasn't a criminal charge that drew you off. But a woman. That was more than she could forgive. She's goin' now to marry a man named——named——"

A very shrewd eye was watching Minch from under the blanket. "Named Leeds?"

"Begorra, that's it!"

"That is all you have to tell?" coolly.

"Yes," with a crest-fallen air.

"Very well," turning to the wall. But inwardly Dick laughed with triumph. "You put your sign manual on that too plainly, Fred," he said. "She might forget me. But marry you? Never!"

To-morrow he would make the attempt.

But to-morrow he was back in his cell, with Brady as companion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRADY redoubled the vigor of his watch. During the day he never left the cell, or if obliged to do so for a moment, his guard was relieved by Minch. Twice a week he led Wortley out for exercise, going twice around the beaten path about the ward. At night, distrusting his own heavy sleep, he went into the other cell, barricaded the arch with a great box, and drew his pallet across that for additional security.

Dick was not slow to perceive his advantage in this. During the night he was alone: whatever he did must be done then. On his own physical strength he could no longer count: looking with almost loathing at his trembling hands and legs. Skill and patience must do all. The first night the moon shone in through the grated slit high overhead, as Dick began to reckon his chances. The window was impossible; the walls were of stone; on the other side of the arch lay the fiend Brady, and a cell just like this. The door remained—the door was of wood, stanchioned with iron. The key Brady carried. "I can't steal it. I will have one made like it," thought Dick.

But to do this he must have tools. He looked for one minute, with a miserable laugh, over the bare walls and floor, and then suddenly pulled off his waistcoat, and examined the buckles of his braces.

Steel! the bands wide and thick, and, as it proved, good metal. Why, he almost felt his feet on the high-road at that! He considered their capabilities. One band for a file, and one for a knife. He could work them on each other, and on the iron hinges of his bed. He began, that moment, and worked most of the night. He could not detect that he had made the change of a hair's mark in them, especially as he worked toward morning in the dark.

The next day Dick slept heavily; there was nothing else he could do. About noon he was roused by a sound of filing in the room. A carpenter was at work at the door, looking

at him over his shoulder, now and then curiously.

"What are you about, my man?" Dick called out pleasantly.

"Making cages for Dr. Harte. One of his birds wants to get out, eh?"

Dick whistled and strolled up, looking on. The lock had opened on both sides of the door heretofore. The man had inserted a solid wooden panel on the inside, removing that penetrated by the keyhole.

"Give me a key," laughed Dick, aloud, "and I'll soon cut a hole for it through that wood."

"Through this, too?" opening the door, just as Dick meant he should, to show him that an iron plate had been slid in the panel, covering the back of the lock. It was held in place, at the edge of the door, by two screws, which could only be seen, of course, when it, the door, was open.

"You'll have to make a key in there out of your fingers, and cut through this iron plate with them before you get out," said the unsuspicious carpenter, with a half amused, half pitying look, at the "madman."

"You are too much for me now," answered Dick, aloud. "I must manage to get a screw-driver out of the buckles," he added, to himself.

He began to save bits of his bread that day, moulding it at night into a sort of paste. He worked again all night upon his tools. It was on the next day that Minch removed his clothes. They were frequently in the habit of leaving the patients in a state of nudity, on pretence of violence. But to the fact that it was Minch, and not Brady, who executed the order, Wortley owed the privilege of retaining his under-shirt and drawers.

The days and nights were now growing intolerably hot in the coolest parts of the city. What they were in these cells, infested by vermin and mosquitoes, under the broiling July and August suns, no words can tell. Thank heaven, you and I, reader, will never know.

In the dark and heat, surrounded with creeping, nauseous things, whose shapes he could guess at, with the air about him filled with fiendish yells and forlorn sobbings from the maniacs in the near cells, Dick worked on through that summer. There were but few events in it, but they were hopeful ones. It was the last of July when he finished his file. It was a month later before he completed his knife and screw-driver.

Three months spent for two or three paltry tools.

But Dick's courage had the true immortal quality in it. It was roused now, and it would never give up.

September came. Accident now gave Dick a helping hand. Brady, deceived by his inaction and perpetual sleeping, had grown lax. Seeing Dick stretched, as usual, like a log on his pallet, he ventured, one day, out of his cell-door, for a chat with one of the women. He left his keys on the box. When he came back, he fancied, for a moment, he heard a jingle when he entered; but looking for the keys, he saw they were lying untouched, just where he left them, while Wortley was asleep, the sun glaring on his face.

Under the sheet, meantime, Dick clutched his bread model of the key, his heart pounding against his chest, and his veins throbbing in his temples to bursting. This little trivial success seemed to him already like absolute victory.

After that he ceased sleeping by daylight, and took to whistling. It was regarded with mild amazement by Brady, as another of the inexplicable changes of his disease. Hour after hour he sat on his pallet, his head down, whistling shrilly the same air. Brady little knew that he was listening as he whistled.

But Dick fancied, at times, that his hearing, through confinement and illness, had grown as keen as an Indian's. Not a hum of the bee, through the dark cedars outside, escaped him; not a chirp of the grasshopper in the scorched grass; still less the footfalls of the patients, who were led out by turns for their daily walk.

Sometimes, however, even the stout heart of Wortley gave way. Inman might be dead, or gone to another ward, he reflected. Between him and success, there must lie, not only his own effort, but a thousand such chances, over which he had no control. Besides this, his foul surroundings, the companionship of Brady, the sense of imprisonment, and, more than all, the consciousness that he was in the midst of human life, as it were, all gone mad through pain and trouble, had shaken his reason unknown to himself. In an insane world, where there was nothing reliable or tangible to grasp by, he began to reason insanely. If this was the effect on his practical, steady intellect, what was it on more delicate imaginative men, with brains already trembling to their fall?

One day, however, Dick was attracted by a slow, feeble step in the grass without, accompanied by one heavier. The feebler one, he fancied, paused and lingered before his window.

The next day, at the same hour, the same step was heard, the same hesitation, and the next, and the next.

He was assured now. It was Inman. At the first unobserved moment, his fellow-prisoner, he knew, would give him a signal.

He prepared a long cord, that night, from ravelings of his shirt, soiling it till it was as nearly the color of the outer wall as possible. To the end he attached the bread model, now baked hard in the sun.

But how could Inman, even if he got the mould, have a key made in iron? God knows! But Inman, at least, could communicate with the outer world, through the servants, though he had no means of bribing any. It was the merest chance of a chance. Yet on such chances as this hung his success.

On a scrap of paper, Dick had been able, meantime, to write a few words of direction. He had noticed, in his walks with Brady, a mossy boulder under a great cedar. Under that stone, the iron key (so he wrote) was to be placed. Tying the paper and bread together, he contrived to throw them in the window-slit, lodging on the edge, so that at a signal from Inman, a touch would send it down the outside.

Then he waited day after day.

The feeble step still halted; but no signal came.

One day, however, the step approached more rapidly, and a queer quaver of a voice echoed a bar of Dick's whistle.

Wortley looked anxiously at his keeper. The man, fortunately, was stooping over, sheltering in his hand a match, which he was blowing at, in order to light his pipe. His back was to his prisoner. He was quite absorbed in his work.

Noiselessly Dick sauntered to the window, and, as he passed, loosened the string with a quick jerk. The mould swung down outside, and Dick pursued his way.

Returning, and whistling, as if unconsciously, he reached the window again. A rapid glance showed him Brady still occupied in lighting the refractory pipe. In an instant, Dick had drawn the cord back, and seen that the model was gone.

Ah! how peacefully he slept that night. But it was not only the hope of success, which made his slumbers light and happy as those of an infant: it was that, as he drew back the cord, he had felt a little twitch given to it, a sign that a friendly human hand and human heart was at the other end!

He had almost forgotten that there were such things in the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

AND now there came days and days of hope deferred, of waiting, that finally settled into dull inaction, I had almost said stupor.

One hot day, and sweltering night crept slowly after each other, during which Wortley had but a single thought, which was to keep off the maddening consciousness of the foul cell, and fouler human life closing him in.

Everything hung on the chance that Inman would be able to get the key made, and yet there was a hundred chances to one almost that he would not succeed in it. And if he did not, imprisonment would be for life.

Brady, who was at last goaded to chatter by Wortley's obstinate silence, beguiled the time, meanwhile, with anecdotes of some of the State asylums and alms-houses in which he had been employed; of gray-headed old paupers, who had been kept there for forty, fifty years, whose histories, whose very names, were long ago forgotten.

Out in the fresh air and every-day world, these true, revolting facts would have passed Dick by as hideous nightmares; here they had an awful fascination for his weakened brain. The damp walls, the unclean stench, gave them a present verity, and beyond these, the cries of the maniacs that night and day filled the air.

The autumn went slowly by. Weeks crept into months, but there was no signal or tidings from Inman.

Wortley settled down, at last, into a dull and heavy stupor, but conscious that his brain was giving way at last.

"If relief does not come soon, it will be too late," he said, monotonously, day by day, again and again to himself.

Twice a week, Brady took him out to walk. On pretence of weakness, Dick accustomed the keeper to see him sit down at one or two points to rest, one of which was the boulder under the cedar. At first, so sanguine was his hope, he would push his fingers into the damp moss beneath, trembling with the certainty of finding the key. But after awhile he gave up this expectation. He still felt, slyly, for the key, but he had no hope of finding it.

Autumn crept into winter. The moss dried and burned away, and gave place at last to yellow clay and snow. All hope, even the last feeble spark, now died out of Dick's heart. From habit, he brushed off the snow, and sat

down on the stone; but he often forgot to put his hand underneath, and sat moodily looking at the ground between his feet, his thoughts creeping heavily out beyond the limits of Brady and his cell.

His stupor served him well. Brady, growing almost as tired of imprisonment as his captive, fell into the habit of opening the door into the corridor, an hour or two in the morning, and placing his camp-stool outside to chat with the other keepers in the hall. This inadvertence acted on Dick like a sharp spur on a sluggish horse. For a day or two he was quiet: then he crept after Brady: then he stood in the door-way, stupidly regarding him. The keeper drove him back, the first day, with a blow that would have felled a bullock. "He's nigh on an ijjit," he explained to his chum outside. "Thar's some on 'em ther brains goes to water."

Dick overheard, and acted on the hint. The next day he came out with a more stupid leer, and the next, and the next, till finally Brady grew tired of driving him back, and suffered him to stand in the door, listening, with a silly smirk, to his stories to the other keepers.

When Brady had grown used to see Dick standing beside him, the latter prepared to go to work. Taking the inch-long screw-driver in one hand, he put both hands behind him, as he stood leaning with his back against the edge of the door, swaying it carelessly to and fro a few inches, attempting thus to remove the two screws which held the iron plate. But the screws had grown rusty and were stiff, and the force he could apply in this position was feeble. While he worked, too, he had to guard the imbecile look upon his face, listening to Brady's droning talk, who flashed keen looks of suspicion on him now and then.

For five days he worked without effect. The sixth the first screw moved. He left it, and began at the other. When both were loosened, he came to the work with a bit of soft fat, saved from his dinner, and hidden in the palm of his hand. Brady, that day, was engrossed in a long-ago combat between the McGuires and Furlongs, at Drogheda, and while he illustrated the fall of shillelas and cracking of skulls, *con amore*, Dick Wortley listened and laughed inanely, removed the screws behind his back, greased them, and reinserted them.

He had gained one point, and he drew a long breath.

The next day, he took the screws out with ease. Next, he drew out the iron plate, and replaced the screws. Then he went in and lay

down on his bed, the plate in his hand. Between him and the keyhole was only the wooden panel.

When the key came, what might he not do!

He was certain it would come now. Success had fired him as with new wine. He was his old self again.

He watched Brady, that night, as the latter locked the door. The plate was not missed. The narrow, black line, which alone had marked its presence on the edge of the door, had been too slight to be noticed.

The next day, Brady did not open the cell, not even for his usual gossip. There was a noise, from dawn, of scrubbing, and hurrying to and fro, outside. A white spread was brought in and laid over the bed. The cell was thoroughly cleaned and aired. Dick watched, with his heart throbbing, so as to shake his feeble frame. He could not tell, at first, what it meant. At last he overheard the keepers, outside, talking. No need now to wait for key, or stolen flight. The Inspectors were coming, and had asked to be shown through the "violent wards," so they were saying to each other. At ten o'clock they would be in this corridor. Soon after, Brady appeared, washed and combed, and attired in a decent gray suit.

Wortley, who had been scrubbing at his own haggard face, in his basin, waited patiently. A new hope had sprung up in his heart. If he could see the Inspectors, he need not wait for the key. The Inspectors would discover, at once, he was not insane.

"How soon can I be shaved, and have my clothes?" he asked, when Brady sat down, at last.

The keeper scanned him from head to foot, and shook his head, grinning to himself.

Dick stood up, trembling; gave one look at his half-clothed body, at the matted black beard, and the hair of a month's growth. He saw what the man meant. No one, looking at him, would believe him sane. He forgot, in that moment, to whom he spoke.

"For God's sake, give me a chance!" he cried.

Brady raised his fist, and then, remembering that the Directors were already in the building, sunk back in his seat, bringing his bull-dog features into the proper amiable leer.

Dick Wortley stood by the pallet, breathing hard. He looked down at his tattered and soiled shirt and drawers. Suddenly he gathered courage. He was a gentleman, he remembered, and these men, who were coming, were

gentlemen. There was hope in that, for they would recognize him, in spite of his dress.

The great clock of the asylum struck nine, ten! The heavy doors, at the end of the corridor, swung open. In the cells, a dead silence; in the hall, the sound of two or three pleasant voices, chief among which was Dr. Chase, bland and authoritative.

The halt made by the party at each door was but momentary. When the Inspectors neared his cell, Wortley rose, and stood close by the door. Brady made no effort to stop him, but surveyed his white face and shaking body with a half laugh.

The steps came closer outside. They were at hand—they halted. The door was not opened, only the flap raised, and a benevolent-looking old Quaker peered in.

"You will perceive," said Dr. Chase, "that we have continued the railroad down this corridor, by which the meals of the patients can be brought to each door. It is thoroughly made."

The members of the Committee were instantly intent on the railroad. One of them said, "Your arrangements are always thorough." Only the Quaker did not seem to be so much absorbed in the railroad as the others.

Dick bowed and pressed close, catching the old man's sleeve to detain him. He knew he had but a minute.

"I wish to state my case to you, sir," he said. "I want a hearing—justice——"

"Surely, surely!" said the Quaker, interrupting him. "Thee shall have justice. What is the cause of this poor fellow's ailment, doctor?" he said, turning to the physician. "It is a face that interests me."

Dr. Chase's reply was in tones too low for Dick to hear. One or two others of the Committee peered over the Friend's shoulder.

"I beg of you to examine me, and judge for yourselves," said Dick. "I assert that I am a sane man, unjustly imprisoned. There was a conspiracy, by which I was brought here. I have never been permitted intercourse with my friends, or my counsel. There has never been any effort made by Dr. Chase, or his subordinates, to test my sanity."

"You must not try to discredit Dr. Chase, my poor fellow. That is but a madman's policy," said one of the men, outside, smiling to the doctor.

"I throw discredit on no one. I simply demand my liberty," he said, hurriedly. "If there is any law to defend me, I appeal to it as an American citizen."

Wortley's eyes, as he spoke, turned incessantly from one to the other. They were sunken deep; they were fierce, from long nights of despair. The old Quaker tried, uneasily, to loose his sleeve from the grasp of this excited speaker. He evidently was a little in fear.

But he said calmly, nevertheless, turning to Dr. Chase, "The man was brought here with the proper vouchers, of course?"

"Certainly. He came with a certificate, as the other patients do. You may judge of his mental condition," he continued, lowering his voice, "by the ward in which you find him. Brady, his keeper, gentlemen; a very estimable man. I refer you to him."

"Ah, Brady! We know him. How do you do, Brady?" said one of the Committee.

"Do, sir? Wishin' my 'count of patient? Wioient, gentlemen. Don't know as ever I nussed one with a bigger devil in him, when it gets loose. Lately, he's been shammin' stoopid. That's wore off, to-day, suddint," with a virulent glance at Wortley. "Nobody but a keeper kin know the depths of their cunnin'."

"No; I suppose not. Shall we pass on gentlemen? Good-morning, Brady!" said the same Committee-man.

But Wortley held the Quaker's sleeve tight. He knew it was his last chance.

"For God's sake, send me a lawyer!" he cried. "I will not rot here unheard. The vilest murderer, in an American jail, has a chance for counsel, and a public hearing!"

"What does thee talk of?" said the Quaker. "Thee can be taken out any day on a writ of habeas corpus. Here," producing a note-book, and opening it, "here is a sheet of paper and a pencil, and there's an envelope. Write thy letter to any man of law thee chooses, and Friend Chase will see that it is delivered for thee. Thee can ask nothing further than that," and he drew his arm away hurriedly, and was gone before Wortley could stop him.

The next instant the flap of the door fell, and Dick was left to his despair.

The Committee passed down the corridor slowly. An awkward constraint had fallen on them. Dr. Chase was gravely silent; and this tacit rebuke affected even the Quaker.

"Did I promise too much for thee?" asked the Friend, at last.

"You promised more than I shall perform," was the calm reply. "It has long been a rule in this, as in all similar institutions, that the correspondence of patients should be strictly

under surveillance. If the rule appears faulty to you, I am ready to hear your suggestions, provided they are founded on scientific grounds. But so long as it exists, I will carry it out."

"Thee is quite right," answered the Quaker, after a moment's reflection. "The young man deceived me with his calm manner. I acted too hastily, as thee says. But no doubt it requires an expert to detect insanity."

Dr. Chase observed a dignified silence. The other members of the Committee, however, declared that they had never seen a wilder glare in any eyes, than in Wortley's. It needed no expert to decide on *his* condition!

"And he thinks he was put in by an enemy?" pursued the Quaker. "Poor fellow!"

"There is not one of them who will not tell you the same tale," said the doctor. Then, in order to turn the conversation, he said, "I wish you to observe the boilers in the laundry, gentlemen. The heating arrangements are now perfect, I flatter myself."

Dick heard the steps echoing down the corridor. He sat on his cot, his head buried in his hands, every feeling gone, except that of

utter, utter hopelessness and despair. If he could not persuade so kind, so good a man as the old Quaker had seemed to be, how could he expect, he said to himself, to influence others? In the reaction, he forgot, for a time, all about the key. He regarded himself as immured forever, without a possibility of escape. "Or if I should escape," he thought, "they will follow me; they will all swear I am insane; and even a court of justice will pronounce against me. Am I, indeed, insane?" he cried, in his heart. "Has reason gone from me? Do my very looks reveal to others that I am mad? Mad! Mad!" he said, with his fingers wildly tearing at his hair. "Good God, mad! and I knew it not!"

A burst of tears came to his relief. When a man weeps, it is terrible; but those tears saved Dick's intellect, perhaps his life. Dick, for the moment, had been insane. If he had gone on, dwelling on his hopeless condition, speculating as to his own insanity, he would, like others, have gone mad before morning. As it was, he had a respite. But for how long?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ONLY A CURL OF A BABY'S HAIR.

BY A. M. NESMITH.

On the crowded path of the city street,
Where the hurrying footsteps pass and meet;
Where flags are worn by the eager tread
Of the living stream, and the stream long dead;
Of that stream of hearts, whose ebb and flow
Still speaketh of home, and of homeless woe;
Of that stream whose waters but swell the tide
Of the life that is flowing far and wide—
Surging along on its billowy crest,
Say—What doth it bear on its troubled breast?
Mid the mud and mire of the murky ground,
What treasure is this in my path I've found?
'Tis a little packet, so worn and old,
Creased through by many a careful fold;
Is it a fond lover's token of trust,
So often lost 'mid corroding and rust;
So often forgotten or cast aside,
To be trodden down by the skirts of Pride?
Or is the miser's bright, hidden hoard,
Where his golden god is in secret stored?
Or the simple mite, by the toiler won,
From the morning dawn till the set of sun?
Touch the hidden spring, undo cord and band,
And the secret lies in thy open hand.

Ah!—only a curl of a baby's hair!
So silken and soft—so glossy and fair!
In a golden circlet, whose bright threads twine
'As the tendrils clasp of the living vine.
Only a curl—yet what miser's hand

E'er heaped the treasures of sea or of land,
Or counted his gold with greedier eyes,
Than the mother bends where her baby lies?
Or what lover's trust could more sacred seem,
In his fairest vision or brightest dream,
Than this little curl that I find to-day,
In the murky path of the thronged highway?

Poor little curl! does a mother dream now
Of the clustering locks on a baby's brow;
Of the loving eyes that have met her own,
Of a voice with music in every tone;
Does she know she lost, on life's plain to-day,
A flower that with fragrance has filled her way?
Ah, me! does she dream of a mother's loss—
A darker path and a heavier cross?
Were those golden threads so fondly hid,
Severed in shade of the coffin's lid?

Fold it away in its covering old—
Its story may never on earth be told;
We may fancy visions of earthly things,
And dream of the rush of angel's wings,
And feel the force of the saddening spell,
Which those sun-bright threads have no voice to tell
And the stream flows on, and its restless tide
Is ebbing and flowing far and wide,
And life's anchor bands of frailty speak,
For even a three-fold cord will break;
As the thread of time is leaving me
To merge in the woof of eternity!

LAURA'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

LAURA had been making out a bill.

MISS HAYDEN,

TO LAURA STETSON, DR.

Satin over-skirt, \$5.00

Paid out for same, 2.00

Ruffling skirt, seven bias ruffles,
corded on both sides, 5.00

Belt, with sash ends, braided, 1.00

Total, \$13.00

"That's all," said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, and breathing a sigh of relief.

"I hope she will pay you to-night," murmured old Mrs. Stetson.

"She is well aware of our needs—none more so," was the sad reply. "At the same time she carries her old habits of saving into her new life, for she knows I shall not charge one half the price that a regular dress-maker would. She would have to pay Madame Joliffe twenty-five dollars, at the least."

"Well, it's a shame," replied her mother, "that you can't get the regular price when you do your work as well, and better, in my estimation. Time was when your father could have bought and sold Walter Hayden; and now you must work your fingers off for his daughter, who has neither your education, nor——"

"Oh, don't, mamma!" pleaded Laura, with a little laugh, that was partly hysterical. "You only make it worse for me, you see, calling up old times. Just say it will all come right in the fall, as papa used to;" and with the smile still on her lips, she turned the troubled eyes away, that her mother might not see her tears.

For poor, proud Laura, earning a scant living for her mother and herself, had a memory of the Haydens hidden in her heart.

When Bart Hayden, the handsomest man in New York, some said, had gone away, only a year before, she had thought of him for months after, nay, even till now, with quickened pulses and heightened color. The Haydens were not wealthy, then; but within a short time they had come into a fortune, and it was rumored that young Bart was also growing rich through lucky speculation.

It was just nine months since the death of Laura's father. He had dropped down, sud-

denly, while apparently in the full enjoyment of health; and after the funeral, it was found that his affairs were in a very tangled condition. In fact, only a small house was left to the widow, through the consideration of creditors, and that far from comfortably furnished.

Laura, the child of wealth and fashion, her father's idol, a delicate, thorough-bred, elegant girl, who had hitherto sunned herself in the warm rays of prosperity, and hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a heroine. Whatever she could find to do, she worked at with all her heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dress-making, for which she had a talent, and concerning which she had often laughingly said, that if she had not been rich she might have been famous; everything was undertaken willingly, and labored at uncomplainingly. She accepted the situation, though not without some struggles with pride, and many secret tears.

"Well, I suppose I must carry the dress home," said Laura.

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time when a carriage was at the call of her beautiful darling.

"Dear, can't I take it?" she asked, gazing at her anxiously. "You look ill."

"I am ill—that is, my head aches; but the walk will do me good," Laura responded, trying to look bright. "It's not far to the Haydens. Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!" and she bent over and kissed her mother's forehead.

Out in the air she felt better. The nervous depression from which she suffered gradually left her, as she became interested in the sights and sounds about her. In gay and beautiful dresses, some of her former acquaintances passed her, a few with a nod of recognition, but most without noticing her at all—little stings there were, but she held her bundle firmly, lifted her head a trifle higher, and passed bravely on. Turning a corner, she came full upon an unexpected tableau. A smartly-dressed boy, with a feather in his cap, kicked and struggled with his nurse, who vainly pulled the obstinate child till her face was purple.

"Why, Lucy! Why, Benny!" exclaimed Laura, for the girl was nurse-maid at the

Haydens, and Benny the youngest hope of the house. "What's all this?"

"Deed, Miss, he's awful," said the girl, nearly crying. "When he makes up his mind, it's a tiger he is, Miss. Jest see him now."

Laura spoke a few words to the boy in a low tone, and he ceased struggling for a moment.

"We're all at sixes and sevens," said the nurse, "and the Missis is orful nervous. Mr. Bart's just returned from Californy, without no warning, and brought a beautiful young lady with him. I do suppose it's his wife from what I heard—and it quite upset the Missis, and made such a time! Now, Benny, there's that placeman; so you better come."

Laura heard, and for a moment street and houses whirled round, so that she had much ado to keep herself from falling. The words rang in her ears—"I do suppose it's his wife." The strange and sudden revulsion of feeling passed, however, leaving her deadly pale. Certainly, Bart had a perfect right to get married: a perfect right to forget her—of course, he had. Men had done such things ever since the flood, and would, probably, to the end of time. Over and over again she said he had never committed himself, and yet her heart answered that he had.

Those words he had whispered, had dared to whisper, she said, to herself, with flaming cheeks. What was it but an avowal? What a tingling memory it was! She saw herself as she stood at that moment, attired in the most exquisite fabrics, the acknowledged queen of the *fete*; and he, handsome and poor, had brought an answer to his question on her very cheeks, in her very eyes.

The blood burnt her face now; but as she came in sight of the noble dwelling, it receded, leaving her pale and almost faint.

She stormed at herself for being so supremely foolish; but the tears were very near her tired eyes, for all that.

Huge trunks blocked up the hall. A loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck woefully against her heart; and the first person she saw was stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden, just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men who were taking the boxes up stairs. What right had he to look so suddenly radiant?

"Laura—my dear Miss Stetson!" exclaimed the young man, hurrying toward her.

But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold, little bow; and did not choose to see the hand he extended.

"Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she said, in a set, cold voice. "I came to bring some—"

she could not say work, "something for your sister. I generally go to her room. Is she there?"

He fell back a little. Strange how the light went out of his face.

"I—I rather think she may be engaged," he said, in a blundering, confused way: there might have been a little anger in the voice; "but—yes, perhaps you had better go up," and he turned on his heel.

"He didn't like to speak of his wife, and no wonder," half sobbed Laura, to herself, a choking sensation in her throat.

It was queer how the stairs bobbed about; but, perhaps, the thick drops on her lashes might explain it.

"What in the deuce makes her act so oddly?" muttered young Hayden; then in a tenderer voice, "poor little thing! it's pride, I suppose; but she might have seemed just the least glad to see me, I think;" and then he kicked a box out of his path, and went moodily to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone.

"So glad you brought it," she cried; "and oh! doesn't it look beautiful? What a fairy-fingers you are!" and she shook out the creamy satin with exclamations of delight.

"Sit down, won't you? I've so much to tell you. Bart has come home."

"Yes, I know it; but I can't wait—not a moment. It will be getting dark, and—and—" She grew desperate with the fear that Anne should see the tears, and the trembling mouth; and stooping, snatched up the bill, and placed it in the hand of her patroness.

"Oh, so sorry! Suppose you won't mind waiting for the pay till next week?"

"We are out of coal and wood," said Laura, her cheeks crimson; "and, in fact, we need the money."

"Dear me! Dear me! I was so thoughtless to spend every cent I had. But stop—I'll go down and ask Bart."

Laura felt as if she could sink through the floor.

"Stop!" she said, detaining Anne by a hold on her arm, her face quite white and proud again. "I can wait—never mind. Of course, I can depend upon you by Wednesday?"

"Yes. I'll run round before, perhaps. Must you go? You don't know how much I've to tell you. Well, then, good-night."

Laura had not worn her veil. The tears were running down her cheeks as she hastily descended the steps of the palace-like house, and Bart Hayden, who happened to be there, saw them. Oh! the humiliation to that proud

spirit! She threw a half-defiant glance at the handsome, pitying face; then, with a gesture that repelled him, for he had come toward her, she almost flew down the street, nor hardly drew a breath till she was at home.

How dreary and meagre it all looked! the few cheap dishes, the scanty table-cloth, the half-covered floor, the faded wall-paper, the worn-out chintz on chairs and lounge.

"I'm dreadfully tired, mamma; let me lie down," she cried, in a suppressed voice, and threw herself on the creaking old lounge.

"What is the matter, my darling? I see—she didn't pay, of course; and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh! the heartlessness, the wickedness of those who are rich! I thought——"

A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her mother answered the call, and in strode Bart Hayden, almost defiantly.

"At least *you* will welcome me, Mrs. Stetson," he said, the old, fine ring in his voice.

Laura sat up, calm and cold again.

"Anne sent this by me," he said, and laid a sealed envelope on the table.

"When did you get home?" asked Mrs. Stetson, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise.

"Only a few hours ago," was Bart's reply. "I brought cousin Jack's wife with me; she was ordered home for her health, and Jack couldn't leave, so I took Mattie in charge. Poor girl! I am afraid home is not going to help her much, or, indeed, anything else."

Laura made an almost imperceptible movement. She was far from cold, now; her very temples burned.

"Well, good-night!" he said, stealing a glance at Laura, as he arose, after answering Mrs. Stetson's inquiries. "I've done my errand, and, Mrs. Stetson, you, at least, will let me come, sometimes, and talk with you, won't you, for the sake of old times?"

The mother's reproving eyes were fastened upon Laura. What did the girl mean by acting in this way?

"To be sure!" was her quick answer, "if

you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. Poor Mr. Stetson——" and the widow could get no further.

"Yes, I heard," he said, pityingly, "long ago. Anne wrote me. But I am not one of the fickle kind, Mrs. Stetson."

This with a reproachful glance at Laura.

"Good-night!" he said, the next minute, and bowed to both women.

He had reached the door, when a faint voice called,

"Bart!"

Yes, it was Laura's eager cry. She was ashamed of what she had done, and heartily repenting.

He came back with half-suppressed eagerness in his manner, his glance wary, but anxious.

"I was just a little rude to-night," she said, looking dangerously beautiful in her humility. "Please forget it."

"Indeed I will;" and he seized her pretty hand, his eyes radiant. "I understand! Oh, yes! I quite understand—you were always such a sensitive little creature! So you forgive me, eh?" he blundered.

"It was you who were to forgive me, I believe," said Laura, demurely, her lips quivering, ready to cry and to laugh, too.

"Mrs. Stetson, will you allow me to whisper?" asked straightforward Bart.

"Certainly!" said the old lady, her heart beating quicker. What was going to happen? Had poverty done its worst for them. Was there, indeed, bright hope for the future?

Bart put his full, shining beard close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words, that had so long lingered in her memory.

Laura did not repulse him. He felt then that her heart belonged to him, that it had never gone out to any other.

So it happened that, after that evening, Bart Hayden kept calling, and that the widow invariably left the two young people together; and the end of it was, a brilliant wedding in less than a year.

THE SUN-SHOWER.

BY ELLEN E. EVERETT.

A sudden cloud, a dash of rain,
And then the sun shines out;
How laughingly the children run,
How merrily they shout!

And such is life. Take heart, ye sad,
Ye sufferers worn with pain!
God's face is only hid awhile,
And soon will shine again.

HOW IT ENDED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I.

IT had been a day of unheard-of atrocities and *diableries* on little Jem Larcom's part, from the time when he first got out of bed in the morning, and distinguished himself by kicking over a pitcher of water, because old nurse suggested that his face must be washed. He had gone on from bad to worse, until he committed the crowning sin of visiting the kitchen, and falling out with the cook. She would not permit him to use the toasting-fork as a dagger, wherewith to stab a dead rat. In his passion at having his taste for surgical experiments thwarted, he spat in the pudding, and was incontinently hauled up stairs, a mass of kicks and shrieks, to be brought to judgment before grandma.

Grandma sat in her easy-chair, very dignified and awful; but Jem was too far gone with rage to tremble before her frown, as cook and the house-maid detailed his enormities in the shrillest of staccatoes, the house-maid winding up with: "And me blissid shins is a rael rain-bow, mum, where he kicked me wid his——"

"Pudding!" shrieked cook, who had just reached the climax of her story, which she had related without the slightest regard to the voluble narrative poured forth by her companion.

"You dreadful child!" exhorted the old lady. "What shall I do with you, I wish to know?"

To the horror of the whole conclave, including the three elder children, who were models of good behavior, Jem shouted.

"Hang grammar!"

The furious gesture with which he aimed the ejaculation at the stately old lady, showed plainly that it was his paternal progenitress he wished to send to execution, and not that valuable but utterly incomprehensible record of the rules governing the English language, which is the legitimate object of hatred to all children; and, indeed, Jem was not old enough to have made its acquaintance.

"What do you say?" demanded the old lady, while the rest stood paralyzed by this instance of total depravity.

"Hang grammar!" bellowed Jem, pounding the leg of her chair with both fists and heels.

"This comes of his being allowed to get out with the stable-boys," quoth grandma, looking needles at Miss French, the governess, who, roused by the tumult, entered the room, just in season to catch the repetition of that fearful malediction.

Miss French did not waste time in answering old madam. She got cook and the house-maid out of the room, apparently not curious in the matter of rainbows, as she declined to look at the celestial arc, which Miss Mulroony declared to have been imprinted on her right shin by the boy's boot-heels; sent Floss, and May, and quiet Arthur, away to their studies, and left grandma and herself alone with the culprit, who stood a swollen lump of sullenness on the hearth-rug, and was heard to repeat in a strangled whistle—his tired lungs refusing breath for a shriek,

"Hang grammar—grammar!"

Grandmother Larcom had been accustomed all her life to subduing people without much trouble, or, if she could not, to showing herself as firm and hard as a rock; but she could neither subdue Master Jem, nor be true to her principles. However, this morning it was necessary, owing to the aggravated circumstances of the case, to employ unusual severity; so, finding it impossible to reduce the criminal to submission, she tied him fast to the table-leg with her worsted garter. Jem gnawed the fetters asunder with his teeth, and made his escape, his soul filled with visions of liberty and adventure. An hour after, he was captured at the corner of a neighboring street by a policeman, who chanced to be awake at the moment, and brought back, regardless of his explanation that he had started for "Spike Speak."

When overtaken, he was found to have two slices of bread-and-butter, and his pet guinea-pig in his pocket; and he and the guinea-pig bit the good-natured policeman in the hand. The servant of the law was "sixth of kin" to Miss Mulroony, and so acquainted with Jem by sight; and he and Miss Mulroony held a long conversation in the area, while she bound up his wounded fingers, and fed him with cold custard, which cook allowed her to take, but which, some days after, on occasion of a quarrel,

accused her of having feloniously purloined; a charge that so tortured Miss Mulroony's sensitive soul, that she threatened to strangle herself with the dish-cloth, but concluded to throw it in cook's face instead.

However, the boy Jem was brought back, and had a long sermon and something good to eat from grandma, and was rebellious through both; but at the conclusion of his treat went, of his own accord, to Miss French, and after a whispered conversation between them, he condescended to make it up with his grandmother, though it was rather too much in the style of, "I've been bad, but I forgive you," to afford a moderately sanguine person strong hope that his ameliorated condition of morals would prove of long continuance.

Grandmother had to be satisfied, however; she had to be satisfied with very little in the way of proper behavior from Jem, though he was barely six years of age, and the old lady had wielded the sceptre of absolute authority all her life. Jem was a puzzle and a new revelation; and grandma's awful cap front was rendered so limp by the alarm she had undergone, during his absence, that she hailed the dubious avowal of contrition with eager words of praise, and a shower of kisses, from which apple-cheeked Jem retreated; and with his usual facility for spoiling any display of sentiment, said in his small, gruff voice,

"Don't—you hurt! Have you raised a beard, grandma?"

Then Jem went off with a picture-book and a cake, and Madam Larcom, thrown thus violently down from her pedestal, observed kindly to the governess,

"You are the only person that can control him. I don't know how you manage; but you are a dear, good girl, Miss French, and I am very grateful to you."

It was more of an acknowledgment than Madam Larcom often made to people; but you see it was dawning upon her that she liked pretty Miss French exceedingly, and as the quiet, brown-eyed girl had now been several months in her house, she was able to found her opinion on a reliable basis.

I think the world in general was not overfond of Madam Larcom, though a good many persons had been afraid of her—they said her dead husband among the number; but never mind old scandals. She began life as a beauty and an heiress, and had ruled with the despotic power of a reformed Catharine II. on a small scale—that is, until eight years before the season of which I write. At that period there

had arisen a rebellion in her dominions; but the old lady proved successful in preserving despotism, though the rebel went forth to voluntary exile; and the gossips declared that, for all madam looked more sternly calm than ever, her kingdom lost its pleasantness to her eyes when the recalcitrant departed.

It was her son Ralph, her youngest child, just past his twentieth birthday, when he and his mother had the last of their battles royal, and he disappeared, nobody knew whither.

There were other children; stately daughters and staid sons, all married and respectable, with flocks of their own; but though they were often invited to visit madam, such as knew averred that the visits bored her, and that she disliked the whole set, because they presumed to be obedient, while the darling of her heart had turned and rent it.

The eldest son and his wife were dead, and their four children lived with madam. Little Jem was born two years after his uncle went forth an outcast, and madam took him, a helpless baby, from the arms of his dying mother; the old servants said that she adored the child, because he so much resembled her own bad boy, in both face and disposition—but none of them dared to hint at the likeness in her presence.

No person knew the cause of the quarrel between the mother and son; she never spoke of him, and not one of her other children ventured to mention his name. The old nurse, who had spent her life in the family, told Miss French that there had been all sorts of stories, and the boy was dreadfully wild.

"But I'll not believe he did anything low and mean. No, no! I shall never know what made the trouble, I doubt, for though madam and I have hung together since we were both girls, and so will do to the last, I hope; to ask a question about poor Master Ralph, is what I'd never dare."

Little Miss French wondered over the affair, sometimes, and it seemed a dreadful thing to her that there should be such variance between the two; but she had a shrewd head of her own, and could see what a despot madam was; so she sympathized with the outcast more than a worldly, well-regulated mind would have done. But she never felt madam's tyranny herself unpleasantly. Madam was a thorough lady, and treated dependents with uniform kindness, though her will was law, and the most stubborn of her servants, or tenant-farmers, trembled before her terrific civility.

For madam owned a tract of land large

enough to make two modern duchies, up in one of the northern counties, with an immense old manor-house on it, that had come down to her from her Knickerbocker ancestors, (she was a Van Tassel, to be sure;) a house in which, of course, Gen. Washington had slept, and lovely Mrs. Arnold feasted—it would not have been a manor-house without those memories.

Madam spent a good many months each year at her place; for she had lived in the old mansion as a child, and every stick or stone about it was so transformed and brightened in her eyes by scores of sweet memories, that she considered it the most beautiful spot on earth. Just at the time Jem started on his expedition to "Spike Speak," and was ignominiously brought back from the street corner by the custard-eating policeman, Madam Larcom was preparing to transplant her household to Beve-wick—for it was the last week in May, and madam's laws in regard to departures and returns, were as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Three days after, they went up the river—children, little Miss French, and all; and charmed was the pretty governess at the idea of being in the country a whole summer, an interlude of Paradise which had not befallen her for several years. When madam and she were in the carriage, driving over to the manor from the station, and entered the beautiful old park, and caught sight of the picturesque mansion, Miss French fairly exclaimed with delight,

"I never saw anything so lovely," said she; "it is like a fairy scene."

Madam thought her a more sensible girl than ever, and began pointing out spots of interest, and telling stories connected with various old trees—for madam did not regard the race of governesses as imperious women are given to doing in novels. She considered it necessary to secure a lady as a guide for her small flock, and having accomplished that, to treat her as such.

For nearly a fortnight, quiet and peace reigned at Beve-wick; and during that time none of the sons and daughters came up to irritate madam by the goodness, submission, and host of other admirable qualities, which contrasted so forcibly with the conduct of the child she had so dearly loved. Madam saw more of Miss French than ever, asked her to drive, placed a riding-horse at her disposal, and showed her many pleasant attentions, which the little girl duly appreciated. Madam discovered, rather to her surprise, that she

was growing very fond of Miss French; but she did not fight down the predilection, though, as a rule, she was principled against becoming attached to people now-a-days. She had Miss French with her very often, encouraged her to talk, and was so sweet and motherly, that the governess wondered how anybody could think her stern and severe.

On her mother's side Miss French boasted some wonderful Cavalier blood in her veins; and she had eyes like the eyes in the pictures of the Stuart men and women—those wonderful eyes, which always seem sad and frightened by premonitions of the sorrowful future; and it is probable that the blood and the eyes counted for a good deal with madam, having certain poetical fancies of her own in regard to beauty and descent. Besides, though perfectly polite and deferential, the girl did not live in a state of eternal assent; she had opinions, and could hold to them, and bring her reasons; and madam was tired of having people accept her dictum, not only without a murmur, but with every appearance of delight, which seemed the more false to madam the more it was exaggerated. But I fancy that the greatest charm Miss French had in the old lady's estimation, was the love which little Jem bore her; she was the only person whom he would obey, but to her he yielded his whimsical fancies willingly, for she was a wise little woman, and knew the potency of persuasion.

Naturally, most of madam's dependents hated Miss French, "for an artful piece, who put on airs;" so did the troop of spinster sycophants who lived in the neighborhood—so, for that matter, the bevy of Roman daughters-in-law had done from the moment she appeared on their horizon. But nobody ventured to expostulate with madam, only the whole crowd piously hoped "that something would open her eyes to the creature's real character." They knew she was deceitful and sly; and the Roman daughters-in-law pronounced her grand manners insupportable. But madam, keen as a fox, told them that the manners were natural, sweetly reminding the lofty ladies that they never had a grandfather among them, and that their money smelled of iron or ointment, while little Miss French inherited her grace; her ability to float into a room like a princess, her delicate hands and fairy feet, from ancestresses who had been countesses; and offered many similar reasons, which might sound silly stuff to talk in a republican country; but, somehow, it vexed mightily the republican ladies to whom it was said.

Little Miss French was very happy in the beautiful old house, and went dreaming about like a girl in a poem, though, in spite of her romance, she could be severely practical, and attended to her duties as thoroughly as if she had been an iron-backed female, with blue spectacles, and advanced opinions about the rights of women.

It was impossible that the quiet should remain long undisturbed while there was a spirit of mischief, such as small Jem, about; and one day he broke it up by a series of diabolical proceedings, which covered him with disgrace, and ended in his setting fire to a wood-shed, by throwing a red-hot poker on a pile of shavings. After that, he was—well, in her perplexity, grandma went back to the old-fashioned method of punishment, and a convenient portion of Jem's person made an intimate acquaintance with the sole of the old lady's kid slipper.

The next news that agitated the household was that Jem had run away again; and nurse, furious that her darling should be punished, though for days past she had gone about averring that he deserved to be skinned, declared it was a judgment on madam for her cruelty—she had no doubt the dear child lay at the bottom of the lake. It was growing dusk when the fact of his flight was discovered, and the servants were sent out in hot haste in different directions; and I am afraid that many curses at the sweet cherub's expense were fulminated during the enforced leg-stretching on the part of those faithful, over-fed domestics.

Little Miss French, fortunately, remembered that a few days previous he had been with her in the great wood back of the grounds, and had asked if a hill they reached led up to heaven, as he could see the sunshine on the top of it while they sat in deep shadow at its foot. It flashed upon her that he might have gone there.

So she flew off without a word to anybody: and while madam was wringing her hands in her chamber, Miss French passed through the shrubberies, out by a gap in the wall, and hurried along the wood-path until she reached the hill. There, in the twilight, she saw a tall man approaching with Jem in his arms, and at sight of her, Jem cried out,

"Miss F'ench! Miss F'ench! I started up to heaven, and he bringed me back; and he's give me a knife, with sree blades in it, if I'll go home! Oh! ain't it bully? I mean to yun away to heaven again firs' chance I get."

Jem's bearer began to laugh, and Miss French, looking at him, saw a very handsome

young man, with a long, drooping mustache, and the most beautiful eyes ever put in a human being's head; and she wondered who on earth he was, and straightway thought of Arthur and Sir Galahad; but an instant's reflection told her that it could be neither of them. Whoever he might be, he began talking easily, and put her at her ease; and Jem, by his odd speeches, made them both laugh so heartily, that she forgot she was talking with a stranger.

Jem thought, as they were all three together, it would be a favorable opportunity to escape forever from grandma and discipline, and proposed that if they could not get quite up to heaven, they should go as high as they could, say into the top of a tall tree, and commence housekeeping without loss of time.

They reached the gap in the wall only too soon, and the gentleman lowered Jem, and set him on his sturdy little legs.

"I believe you are at home now," he said.

"I am so much obliged," returned Miss French. "I know Madam Larcom would be glad to thank you."

"No need," he said, with his beautiful smile; "the little man's conversation has paid for any trouble."

Miss French appreciated the fact, that he made that speech instead of presuming on the position of things to pay her an offensive compliment.

"Come and see grandma," urged Jem.

"Couldn't possibly," replied the gentleman. "Don't cut your fingers! Shut the knife and put it in your pocket, if you have one."

"I've got four," cried Jem, indignantly; "two in my jacket, and two in my trousers—want to see?"

But the gentleman said there was no occasion; and Miss French told Jem they must get home; but she was rather breathless from her long race, and now that Jem was safe, and the first excitement over, she discovered that she had been frightened, and was tired. She sat down for a moment to rest on a mossy log, and the gentleman stood beside her, and allowed Jem to stamp on his left foot, while he talked pleasantly about all sorts of things; and Miss French learned that he did not belong in the neighborhood, whereat she somehow felt disappointed. She did not give the feeling that name, though; she told herself she was surprised.

Then she remembered that she must go home, and told Jem to say good-by to his kind discoverer.

"You'd besser come with us," urged Jem.

"I 'spect I'll get cold roast chicken for supper—grandma always gives it to me when I yun away."

"As a reward for coming back, I suppose," said his new friend.

"But she spanked me with her shoe," cried Jem; "and a fellow can't stand 'at!'"

"Then you must be a good boy——"

"Th'shaw!" broke in Jem. "You 'ouldn't like it. S'pose Miss F'ench was to spank you wiz her shoe!"

Jem was rapidly becoming indiscreet in his suppositions; so the little governess thanked the stranger again, took Jem's hand, and ran away through the twilight to the house.

She found madam trying to appear calm, but looking as white as a ghost, for the servants had, one by one, come back, and brought no information in regard to the truant.

"I knew you would find him," she said, to Miss French, and kissed her; and madam's waiting-woman, an elderly spinster of severe aspect, put up her nose, as if she smelled something very nasty, indeed.

Jem was in tremendous spirits. He displayed his three-bladed knife, and told a wonderful story so fast, that his grandmother could not lecture, of his going up to heaven, and being brought back by "a nangel." He did get roast chicken for supper: though, with her own children, madam had been principled against anything more solid than bread-and-milk. He was so full of delight at his exploits that there was nothing for it but to get him to bed; and when he was gone, madam shook her cap front at Miss French, and confessed that she did not know what to do with the sprite. She admitted that severity was useless, the old-fashioned rules of every kind without value. She was so much subdued by her recent fright, that she did not even frown when the little governess mildly suggested that the methods of government in favor, from the days of Solomon, did not seem to answer with the rising generation. Madam was so much perplexed that she forgot to ask a single question about the person who had restored the irrepressible child; and Miss French was very glad, though for the life of her she could not have told why.

Jem promised the governess to be good, and he was, till the next day at precisely four o'clock, at which time he rushed into the blue drawing-room, where grandma was entertaining a group of high and mighty Albany ladies, and, to her horror, Master Jem bawled out his freshly roused wrath in some very choice slang that he had caught from the improper society

of the stables, speaking more plainly than he had ever done in his life.

One of the stately ladies took pity on madam's confusion, and assured Jem that she was certain he did not mean to be naughty—such a pretty little boy as he was! Jem threw the whole party into speechless dismay by informing the kind lady that she was an old "parriot," for he heard his grandma say so, and finished by charitably offering to bite her without reward, if she would hold out a convenient spot. He was carried away, kicking and screaming, by an unfortunate footman, whom madam summoned in hot haste, and whose hands for days after looked as if he had been engaged in a battle with a family of wild-cats.

In spite of her being an instructress of youth, Iza French, during the next three days, had frequent visions of the handsome face that Jem's escapade had been the means of bringing momentarily into her world. But she could not help it. She tried to forget that face—it was in vain; the smile, the look was ever before her.

She did not know it, but the romance of her life had begun. Not auspiciously, she would have said, if she had known what was plotting against her. Alas! how would it end?

II.

It was at the close of the third day that Iza (I here beg pardon for her absurd name, but I was not her godfather, and so cannot reasonably be blamed) went out for a ramble through the grounds. She strayed beyond the shrubberies into the wood, and there, before she knew it, came face to face with the stranger, who had played guardian-angel for wicked Jem's benefit. She felt the color burn in her cheeks, for it looked as if she had come out because she had already met him there. He was sitting on a log, with a sketch-book in his hand; but at sight of her he rose, and lifted his hat with as much grace, if less dignity, than Sir Charles Grandison could have shown under similar circumstances.

"I beg your pardon for being in the way," he said, noticing the blush, which made her prettier than ever. "I suppose you thought the coast would be clear, as I announced that I should leave this neighborhood yesterday; but here I am still."

He laughed so pleasantly, and it was so apparent that he was a gentleman, that Miss French did not feel the necessity of doing prude, therefore she laughed, too. Then he asked after Jem, and the boy made a good

deal of conversation between them: then they talked about other things: then Miss French remembered the rules of propriety, and went home very slowly.

But she was not through with the stranger yet, and had to transgress the rules of decorum still further; for the very next day she took a solitary ride on a little mare liable to attacks of insanity, and one came over her without warning; and she ran away, and was making preparations to fling the pretty governess off and break her neck, when that ubiquitous young gentleman started up from somewhere and headed the crazy brute into a thicket of alders, and caught Miss French as she was slipping from the saddle.

The governess felt faint, and had a strong disposition to laugh, then cry, and did both; and afterward sat up on the log, where he had placed her, and said,

"I'm a goose! I'm not hurt!"

"What made the little beast run?" he asked.

"She got frightened at old Solmes' scarecrow, at the corner of the road, and I was careless and not paying attention," she answered.

He seemed so anxious that she smiled at him, and entirely forgot that he might be the Wandering Jew, for any knowledge she had.

"I don't know how I am to thank you for all your goodness," she went on; "first for finding Jem, and now——"

"Don't give me any credit for a lucky accident," he said, as she broke down and could get no further. "I never used to think myself a fortunate man: but I believe that I may change my creed."

She looked a little uncomfortable at this speech, and he added quickly, "That was downright silly. I beg your pardon."

"Madam Larcom would be glad of an opportunity to thank you about Jem," she said.

"That would be a great waste of gratitude," returned he, rather stiffly.

My opinion is, that Miss French thought him a very stupid young man for not taking advantage of so plain a means of pursuing her acquaintance, though, of course, she did not put it that way in her mind. She supposed she was thinking that he was disrespectful to speak as if madam's thanks were not worth hearing.

"Bess seems quiet now," she said, looking at the mare, who stood a picture of amiability and submission, with her bridle hanging over the gentleman's arm. "I think I will ride home."

"I could get farmer Solmes' boy to lead her

back for you, if you are in the least afraid," he said.

"Not a bit; she isn't wicked, she only gets frightened easily. I'll go back the other road, and avoid the scarecrow."

He helped her on her horse, and, once in the saddle, she felt more confidence and better able to speak.

"I shall thank you, even if you don't like it," she said. "I do thank you ever and ever so much."

He made some laughing reply, and she rode away. The mare evidently desired to make amends for her recent folly and misconduct; but the stranger took pains to keep her and her rider in sight until he saw them enter the gates of the manor; then he went up through the wood, whistling in a very plaintive way.

Of course, there was to be a romance, and these encounters only made the beginning thereof; and though, in a wise, parental point of view, I cannot approve of a pretty governess, who is imprudent and lives romances, as a story reader and writer I am very much obliged to her.

More than six weeks went by, and, to the outward observer, life at Bevevick passed quietly enough—Jem's lawless performances always excepted; but there was an awful underground muttering, which threatened an earthquake sooner or later. Little Miss French was higher than ever in madam's good graces. Indeed, I think never in her whole life had the old lady taken such pleasure in anybody's society as she did in that girl's. At least, there could only be one exception to that fact, and of the exception madam never spoke. Much and confidentially as she talked with Iza French—telling stories of her girlhood, of her youthful society triumphs abroad, of her married life—she never alluded to the son who was so terribly lost to her.

But however much madam might be deceived in regard to the damsel, her old housekeeper and waiting-maid were not in the least blinded. The pair watched Miss French with eagle eyes, and in the sacred privacy of the servants' hall shook their heads dismally over the wonderful disclosures they could make, if so disposed. Sometimes one of the men, with the usual folly of the race, impressed by the governess' beauty and gentle manners, would ask why the deuce they didn't tell it, if they had anything to tell, and be done. But the housekeeper, with a wise blink of her eyes and a tremendous sniff, would reply mysteriously,

"The time hasn't come."

And Miss Taft, the vestal waiting-woman, would roll her head like a woman in a fit, and repeat,

"No; the time hasn't come. All I say is, I hate deceit and underhanded people. But wait till Mrs. Joseph comes!"

Then the housekeeper,

"Ah! yes, indeed—wait! She has eyes in her head! I says to one and all—wait till Mrs. Joseph comes, and then let underhanders and two-facers look out for themselves, for they'll get short shrift, and no mercy."

Now Mrs. Joseph was the wife of madam's eldest living son; a woman so upright and irreproachable in her conduct; so sage and correct in her thoughts; so affable and condescending in her learning and her religion, that it was impossible for an ill-regulated mind to do anything but detest her—and old Madam Larcom detested her with all her might. But she was terribly polite to Mrs. Joseph, and often paid her elaborate compliments in the most beautiful language, which stung like hailstones; only Mrs. Joseph's gorgeous panoply of self-satisfaction was so thick that she did not feel the sting in the least. Mrs. Joseph regarded Jem as a direct emanation from the father of Evil: and Jem hated her with such fiendish energy, that when she came to the manor it was necessary to watch him narrowly to prevent open hostilities, prompted by his familiar demon.

At last Mrs. Joseph appeared, and brought with her the two youthful scions of her house and her heart. These were round-eyed girls of thirteen and fifteen, so dreadfully crammed with ologies, and languages, and logic, and historical dates, that they were about as pleasant companions as two scientific encyclopædias; and their deportment, on all occasions, was a happy blending of what Queen Charlotte and Caroline Herschel were in girlhood.

The very first night they performed wonderful German things, in the way of duets for the harp and piano-forte, that sounded like mathematical problems translated into music. They talked to each other in Swedish, made quotations from Arabic, and spoke of Sophocles and Homer as familiarly as ordinary Misses might of their playmates. In short, they were determined to show old madam how much they had learned during the last six months; and I think they succeeded in dazing her by the display, else she would not have so far forgotten herself as to whisper to Miss French, as she did, when the pair were swimming out of the room at bedtime.

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"It really would be a relief to see them tumble and bump their priggish little noses."

Miss French laughed, and Mrs. Joseph observed the impertinence, and wrath rose within her soul; not only because she suspected the forward creature was made merry by a jest at the expense of her accomplished daughters, but because, also, it was sickening to see her so completely at her ease with madam, in whose presence Mrs. Joseph, in spite of her virtues and her *esprit forte*, was never exactly comfortable. Really, Mrs. Joseph began to think that madam was growing childish. She never saw her laugh and whisper as she did with that pert little governess; and Mrs. Joseph made up her mind to mention her fears in a letter to her spouse before she slept.

But when she got up to her room—having been obliged to leave Miss French with madam—she was prevented writing her epistle by a clandestine visit from the housekeeper and Miss Taft. They unfolded their budget of news with much circumlocution, and many groans; and Mrs. Joseph felt so faint that she said her nerves were only kept from giving way by the hope of unmasking that serpent, which was a fine sentence, and fairly brought tears to the eyes of Miss Taft.

Unluckily, madam and the governess ascended the stairs in time to see the conscientious adherents stealing out of Mrs. Joseph's apartment; and madam silently drew her companion into a niche, where an undressed marble lady, who was Mrs. Joseph's horror, made her home, that they might not be observed by the busily whispering pair.

"I knew that woman was meanness incarnate," said madam, as she and Miss French walked on after the coast was clear. "She has had those two fools up to find out what has been going on! My dear, come in, like a good soul, and help me undress—I couldn't bear that treacherous old Taft about me to-night. I vow I feel all the while as if I was surrounded by a troop of slimy, creeping things! Little girl, yours is the only honest face I have seen in an age—don't you belie it."

Miss French uttered no protestations. She talked amusing nonsense, and made madam forget her bitterness and irritation; and when she was alone in her own room, the governess confessed to herself that there were worse afflictions in life than poverty, being a soft-headed little governess, who believed in affection and truthfulness.

Mrs. Joseph was not able to go immediately at her noble work of unmasking the serpent;

for the very next day luckless Jem was taken down with scarlet fever, which he had caught in a trip to the village, where he had no business to go, and so, of course, had gone. Fortunately, his brother and sisters, and Mrs. Joseph's phenomena, had been through with the troublesome malady long before—so there was no fear for anybody but himself. Nevertheless, madam was nearly out of her senses with fright; and Mrs. Joseph burst forth with learned counsel, which so irritated the old lady that she flung the courtesy of a long life to the winds, and actually called her sublime daughter-in-law “a crook-necked old turkey!” I am sorry to chronicle the words, as uttered by a woman of madam's talents and position: but she did speak them, and Mrs. Joseph bore the insult like an angel. She wept, of course, but she assured madam that she forgave her.

“For the Lord's sake, don't do it!” cried madam, in reply.

But Mrs. Joseph's forgiveness did not hold out.

The only doctor in the village was the blindest and stupidest of men. He had killed ever so many children who were suffering from the fever; and madam, instead of sending for him, listened to Miss French, and allowed her to treat the boy herself, after a process she had read of in a late London medical journal. Mrs. Joseph considered this immodest and unwomanly, and when she heard of it rushed to Madam Larcom to expostulate. But madam was inexorable.

Mrs. Joseph hurried to Miss French in a rage of hatred and passion.

“I shall hold you as that boy's murdereress!” she said.

But Miss French only laughed, and madam, in good round English, ordered Mrs. Joseph to hold her tongue and leave the room. Mrs. Joseph obeyed, for madam looked capable of putting her out, if she hesitated; but she glared at the governess, and muttered between her teeth, “Wait! I have my eye on you, Miss Serpent—wait!”

She only had to wait four days. By that time Jem was nearly well, and madam more devoted than ever to Miss French. Mrs. Joseph saw it, and gnashed her teeth. That fourth evening Miss French said she thought she would go and walk, and madam was glad to have her take the air. Mrs. Joseph was glad, too, for, thanks to Taft, she knew where the artful, young minx had gone.

The instant Miss French was out of sight, Mrs. Joseph flew into madam's room, and began

her task of unmasking the serpent. She got a good deal bruised with hard words while doing her duty; but she persevered, and brought forward so many suspicious circumstances, if not absolutely the proofs she pronounced them, that madam was forced to confess that Miss French must be called to account.

But she lacerated Mrs. Joseph's soul at the last, by saying,

“I shall speak to her, and I have no doubt she can make the whole matter perfectly clear.”

“Oh! if you are going to believe her report!” snapped Mrs. Joseph, and choked so severely with outraged virtue that she could not complete her sentence.

“She may be able to prove the truth of what she says—which is more than the housekeeper or Taft could in their report to you.”

“I did not say they told me,” Mrs. Joseph began.

But madam cut her short.

“I know you did not, my dear, but that is the fact. I saw them leave your room the first night you were here.”

Mrs. Joseph would have given an elaborate explanation of her conduct, but madam dismissed her curtly; and when the governess came back, took her into her chamber and told her, kindly enough, all that she had heard.

“My child,” she said, “I don't believe that you will deceive me—I beg you not to. I am growing old, and can't bear such things as I used.”

“I will not deceive you, dear madam,” Miss French answered, though she grew very pale, and trembled somewhat.

“That's a good girl—a good girl! My dear, I know that Mrs. Joseph is—well, she is Mrs. Joseph! But these stories are discussed among the servants—that is not well. They say you have gone out, time after time, to walk with some one in the woods; that you have had notes brought secretly. Now, I want you to clear it all up, for I am sure you are a good girl; and it is a terrible thing that any person should have even a shadow of excuse to speak ill of a young woman.”

Miss French hesitated for a moment, and then answered,

“I think I have been imprudent, but I meant for the best,” she said, looking straight at her kind friend with loving eyes, which had no lie in them—which, in spite of her agitation and fright, were full of a new and strange tenderness, that reminded madam of the eyes with which her best-loved daughter, dead years and years before, had gazed in her face.

"How imprudent?" she asked, after that moment given up to pathetic memories. "Is it true that you have met some one—some gentleman?"

"Yes, dear madam."

"And will you tell me who he is?"

"Yes; I meant to tell you;" and madam recognized the entire sincerity of the voice. "I am engaged to him now."

"But you should have told me that, and had him come openly to the house. Don't you see, my dear?"

"May I tell you the whole story, and will you hear me through?" asked Miss French.

"Of course? I want to be convinced that you meant for the best—I must be!"

Madam sat down in her great chair, and the little governess crept close to her side, and got hold of the old lady's hands—such dainty white hands still—and with a quiver in her voice, more touching than tears, she said softly,

"I love him dearly, and he has been very unfortunate! I could not tell you before; but now everything is cleared up. He sent for me to-night to tell me that."

"What is it, dear? I don't understand," said the old lady, completely bewildered by the girl's confused words.

"How silly of me!" she exclaimed. "I am beginning in the middle; but, indeed, I don't know where to begin."

"At the commencement, child," replied madam, gently; "that is always the best way: half confidences are very unsafe things."

"And I want to tell you everything, believe me."

"I do believe you, little girl. Go on."

The governess bowed her head, and kissed the soft, white hands, sighing rapidly,

"He was young and high-tempered—wickedly so. He can see it now, though he thought at the time that he was only showing a becoming pride and spirit."

"At what time?" asked the old lady, regarding her more earnestly, while a troubled expression deepened the perplexity in her eyes.

"At the time he got into this difficulty, which separated him from all his friends," said the governess, sadly.

"My dear," returned madam, in a severe voice, "a young man who gets into difficulties that separate him from all his friends, is a very unsafe acquaintance for any young woman."

"But this is different," pleaded the governess, eagerly; "he is so sorry, you see. He had been indulged and spoiled, and finally

his—the lady who had charge of him—got angry because he was so extravagant and wild; and the last time she paid his debts she told him that it must be the last—nothing should ever induce her to do so again."

The trouble in madam's face had increased while the girl spoke; now she tried to push her off, but the governess clung fast to the hands which she felt begin to tremble within her own, kissing them reverentially still.

"What do you tell me this story for?" demanded madam, in a voice that shook, in spite of her self-control.

"You bade me tell you," urged the governess. "You forget!"

"I never forget anything," cried madam, speaking sternly again; "never!"

"Let me tell you," whispered the governess; "I am almost through now."

"Go on," she heard madam say; but she would not have recognized the voice, it had changed so suddenly, and so strangely. "Go on, I say!"

"The lady gave him a check—don't stir!" (For madam was pulling her hands loose, and her face was white as death.) "She gave him a check—it was for five thousand dollars; but when it came again under the lady's notice it had been altered to ten thousand—"

She could not finish; this time madam forced her hands away, and half rose from her chair, looking terribly aged and ghastly in the lamplight.

"How dare you!" she gasped. "How dare you!"

She could not articulate another syllable, and the struggle to maintain the supremacy of the old will over bodily and mental pain was terrible to witness.

"Only hear me! You promised, madam—you promised!" fairly shrieked the little governess, in a paroxysm of nervous suffering.

Madam sank slowly back into her chair.

"I never broke my word—I'll not begin now! Go on," she said, but her voice was hard and stony, as if a marble statue had spoken.

"They quarreled—those two—"

"This mother and son, you mean?" interrupted madam. "Then say so! Yes, she told him he had worse than murdered her—he had brought disgrace into her life."

"Dear madam! dear madam! He would not speak then; he had no proof, and he was mad at being suspected. He did not forge the check—it was altered by the man to whom he paid it. Now, after all these years, that can be proved. He has found the man, who has admitted his

guilt. Oh! don't you understand? Ralph is innocent!"

• She was repeating the words over and over, but she perceived that they fell on deaf ears—madam had fainted.

When Madam Larcom came to herself, she made the girl tell the story more clearly. So Miss French told of Ralph's going to California, where he had become rich; of his coming back, determined to follow up the traces of the crime till he could clear himself; of his meeting the little governess in the wood and confiding in her; and now it was all plain, and he could see how wicked he had been not to tell his mother at first, even without the proof, instead of rushing off in a despairing rage.

"My son, my son!" cried out madam, and all the yearnings of eight long years found vent in that passionate appeal.

Mrs. Joseph, watching in the hall, heard it. In a moment she saw the governess fly out of the room, down stairs, forth into the night. By the time she reached the lower hall in pursuit, back came the governess, and with her a tall, handsome man, who dashed up the stairs like a tempest, and received old madam in his arms, as she appeared in the corridor at the sound of that step, which had not made music in her ears for such a dreary season—so dreary and so long.

By this time, worthy Mrs. Joseph was reduced to a state of coma, and sat stupidly on the floor in the lower hall, staring up at the scene, and, as if it was not enough to discover that rebellious Ralph had come back, pardoned, to get a share of his mother's money, madam was embracing the governess, and saying as well as she could in the midst of her sobs,

"My daughter! my daughter! God is very good to me! I don't deserve it! I don't deserve it!"

Ralph squeezed both mother and betrothed in his arms, and the little governess began to jest, to relieve the melodrama. At that instant Jem, roused by the noise, escaped from nurse, and clung about the knees of his newly recovered uncle, trailing a long blanket after him like a ghost, and making worse confusion than ever; and at last old madam wiped her eyes, and seeing her virtuous daughter-in-law in that humble attitude on the hall-floor, called with great animation,

"Come up, Mrs. Joseph, come up! Welcome my son Ralph, Mrs. Joseph, and kiss your new sister that is to be! I know you are delighted to see everything end so well, and Jem cured into the bargain. Come up, Mrs. Joseph—come up!"

So it did not end so badly, after all.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

THOU knowest, Lord, the thousand pitfalls that beset

This thorny path of mine;

Thou knowest all the agonizing—all the strife;

Thou knowest how the golden fruitage of my life

Has turned to bitter wine!

THOU notest all the heavy days and wakeful nights,

My lightest care and need;

Thou countest every tear that flows adown my cheek;

My God, Thou knowest I am helpless, frail, and weak,

As any bruised reed.

Small need to name my grief. Thou knowest all my heart—

A sorely troubled thing!

Oh! Thou who stilled the stormy waves of Galilee,

Speak now Thy wondrous "Peace, be still!" to me;

I heard her whispering,

E'en now, a calm unspeakable fills all my soul;

I own Thy power divine:

Dear Lord, I freely take the bitter, bitter cup;

Yea, to the dregs—the very dregs. I drain it up—

My will is lost in Thine!

HOPE ON!

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THOUGH life be dark, though friends have fled,

Though every joy be gone,

Yet still the Heavens are overhead—

Look up, oh, soul! Hope on!

The seamen, tempest-tossed and faint,

Find, when the day is done,

The pole-star still to guide his way—

Press forward, and hope on!

The palm-tree in the desert guides

The traveller, worn and wan,

To fountains bubbling in the sand—

Be brave, and still hope on!

ON THE OCEAN.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

WE were in London, stopping at the "Alexandra," on our way home from Europe. The month was June, and the gay London world was in all the rush and grandeur of its gayest season. Our windows overlooked Hyde Park, and my amusement was to watch the brilliant, animated throng in Rotten Row.

"Our party" consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Henny (Henrietta) Morgan, aged twenty, and two little Morgans, a boy and a girl. Then there was Willard Henderson, my cousin, and myself; and lastly, there was a Miss Elliott, a tall, slight girl, whose age I could never discover—she might have been eighteen, or she might have been thirty. She was remarkably pale, and with such enormous eyes and sweeping dark lashes, that there was a certain fascination in looking at her. She never seemed conscious herself of the notice she attracted, and certainly never made any effort to attract it. She was singularly quiet in her dress, wearing always black or gray; but whatever it was, she invested it with an elegance all her own. She had been traveling in Europe for some years under the care of an invalid aunt, and only joined our party in Paris, for the sake of returning to America under protection.

We had our breakfast and luncheon served in our own parlor: but for dinner we went to the coffee room of the hotel; and it was there I first noticed the marked sensation Miss Elliott's appearance always created.

"My dear," Mrs. Morgan would say, "what is it about that poor girl that makes every one stare so? She is very lady-like and unobtrusive—and surely it cannot be because she is pretty! for, after all, she is not half so pretty as my Henny, though my husband raves of her."

"It is odd that he should think her a beauty," I said.

"Is it not? A sweet girl, I find, and very gentle, but certainly not pretty."

The idea that any one should consider Miss Elliott a beauty actually startled me. I could see nothing in her except her white skin, and the wonderful eyes and lashes.

"Willard," I said to my cousin, one morning, when we chanced to be left for a few moments alone, "what do you think of Miss Elliott?"

"I think she is a beauty," Willard answered, promptly.

"In what consists her beauty, pray?"

"Why, in everything! Her figure and face are perfect."

"Oh, Willard! she is extremely thin, and so very pale."

"She is pale," he admitted, "but her skin has that creamy whiteness, which is as rare as it is lovely."

"And is she not too thin?"

"Not one whit."

"It is rather peculiar that *you* should think so, Willard. Henny is twice the size of Miss Elliott."

"That, at least," said Willard, laughing; "but I am, nevertheless, in love with Henny, and not the least in love with Miss Elliott."

"Well, I cannot understand it," I said, with a shrug of my shoulders. "Men must see beauty where women cannot; and, honestly, I find her hardly pretty."

"She only needs animation to make her charming," said Willard. And just then Miss Elliott entered the room.

She was dressed in a very rich, plainly fashioned black silk, long and trailing. I had never before seen her with an ornament of any kind; but this day she had twisted two or three times about her throat, and falling to her waist, a string of large, yellow beads, of the kind that are only to be found in Rome.

"If you intend stopping at home this afternoon," she said, addressing me, "I think I will remain with you, for I am so tired of running about."

"Pray do," I responded, cordially. "I shall be delighted to have company."

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Henny came in presently, dressed to go out. Willard joined them, of course; and so, after awhile, Miss Elliott and myself were left alone.

We sat by the window with our books, but did not do much reading; the carriages, the equestrians, the brilliant toilets, the noise and bustle beneath us were too engrossing. It was not long before I noticed that, as usual, Miss Elliott was attracting attention. A horseman, looking carelessly up as he passed, caught sight of her face, and in a moment his look became

fixed. He spoke to some gentlemen who were with him, and, of course, they all stared at our window. One of the party seemed particularly struck, for I saw him exchange some hurried words with his friends and leave them. Presently I saw his horse in the charge of a ragged street urchin, and the gentleman himself crossing to the hotel.

"How very impertinent!" I could not help exclaiming. "I have no doubt that man is coming over to find out who you are."

"What man?" asked Miss Elliott, turning her large eyes inquiringly upon me.

"Is it possible that you have not noticed the gentlemen who have been looking at this window in such a marked manner?"

"Yes," she answered, indifferently. "I fancy I used to know one of them. I have some recollection of having seen him in Nice, or Paris, or somewhere."

There came a knock at the door, and a card was handed in to Miss Elliott.

"Say that I am not receiving to-day," she said, without so much as glancing at the card. It lay there on the window-sill untouched.

"Mr. Henry Esherwood."

I thought that she would, at least, move out of sight, but she kept her place; and when Mr. Esherwood had remounted his horse and stiffly removed his hat, as he glanced again at the window, she returned his bow with unmoved calmness.

It was the day after this that we left London for Liverpool. Early the next day we were on the wharf, waiting amidst the crowd of passengers, porters, and draymen, till the luggage was transferred to the tug. It was a busy scene and a cheerful one—though there were many tearful eyes, and some sad leave-takings.

"It is rather odd that there should be no one we know going over, is it not?" I remarked to Miss Elliott.

"I think Mr. Esherwood must be 'one of us,' judging from his camp-stool and traveling-blanket," she answered, laughing, and half-pointing to a group of gentlemen near by.

Sure enough Mr. Henry Esherwood, whose card I remembered, if not his face, stood within a few feet of us.

"Is he an old friend of yours?" I asked, ignoring the way in which she had declined his visit in London.

"He is an acquaintance," was the somewhat haughty reply.

I felt properly rebuked for my indiscreet question, and inwardly resolved never again to express any curiosity in Miss Elliott's affairs.

We went on board the tug, and from the tug to the steamer. Then came the finding our state-rooms, separating our "sea-trunks" from the mass of luggage to be consigned to the hold; claiming our "deck-chairs," and making ourselves generally at home and comfortable. Mrs. Morgan fled immediately to her room, knowing very well that it would be a miracle if she left her berth before we reached New York. Miss Elliott went on deck with the children and myself. She looked bright and positively pretty; for the first time I noticed a tinge of color in her pale cheeks.

"I love a sea voyage," she said, almost with animation; "and I am never ill for a moment."

"Nor am I ill," I responded; "but the days get to dragging, and become woefully monotonous."

"I like it; I like the life," she said, leaning over the deck-rail, and looking out to sea.

We were off; the water rushed past, and curled, and frothed, and foamed. The light clouds which, mercifully for us, hid the sun, sped before us, and dipped into the ocean. The deck was noisy with the tramp, tramp of many feet, and the chatting and laughing of many voices.

Dinner and the crowded saloon for an hour or so; the walk on deck resumed till dark; tea, and later, the eternal supper of anchovy-toast, or Welch rare-bit; then cards; a sly flirtation or two on deck—and so to bed.

The next morning there were very few people visible, and most of them were pale and wretched enough to give even an indifferent looker-on a fit of the blues. The weather was a little rough, and we pitched in a way to make "sea-legs" a very necessary part of our anatomy. I ministered awhile to the wants of the suffering Mrs. Morgan and Henny, and then taking my cousin's strong arm, I mounted to the upper-deck, and established myself comfortably for the day in my own chair.

"Poor Henny!" said Willard. "I do wish I could persuade her how much better she would feel if she would come up here and breathe this fresh air."

"You cannot persuade her, Willard. She will be well in a day or two; and it is much wiser to leave her alone."

"I daresay you are right. Poor girl! how she suffers, though. Heigh-ho! Would you mind if I lighted a segar?"

"Not in the least, provided it be a good one."

"Trust me for that. It is against rules to smoke up here; but I'll risk being caught."

The segar was lighted, and after one or two

puffs, Willard suddenly asked me what had become of Miss Elliott. "I think I will look her up," he said.

And he left me to my lazy ease and novel, and started off on a hunt for Miss Elliott.

A half-hour passed before Willard returned to me. "Can a leopard change his skin?" he asked, as he threw himself down by my side.

"It is generally supposed not," I answered. "But why?"

"You will understand my question presently," he said, mysteriously.

"I don't like to be teased, Willard—tell me now."

"Who is this coming toward us?"

I did not have time to reply. A familiar, graceful figure, dressed in gray serge, approached. Miss Elliott (for, indeed, it was she, though, at first, I could scarcely credit my own eyes) was leaning on the arm of one gentleman, while two others followed behind, all laughing and talking together. I no longer wondered at Willard's question—the girl was completely changed. She had a brilliant color in her cheeks and lips; her dark hair fell in loose waves over her forehead, and tumbled in a careless mass on her shoulders. She wore a coquettish little scarlet hood, and her gray serge skirt was looped over a scarlet petticoat. The prettiest feet possible were displayed as she walked, and her whole air had an *abandon* and charm almost childish. She did not look more than eighteen, and all the precision and stateliness of her deportment had disappeared.

"How are you?" she cried, eagerly, running up to my chair. "No need to ask, though, you look so well. I so love the sea and the motion, don't you? The rocking, the tossing is so delicious, it almost takes my breath away. I delight in it. Mr. Hunt. Mr. Tabor. Mr. Erickson," she continued, hurriedly, presenting her three friends to me. "Am I not fortunate to have found friends on board? I am always so lucky! Mr. Henderson, please don't look as if you quite disapproved of me. How sad that Henny cannot enjoy this! I hope she will be well soon, for we must all make a jolly trip of it. Mr. Tabor, if you will go and fetch my chair, I'll sit here for awhile." The obedient Tabor flew to obey this command. "And, Mr. Hunt, do run after him and tell him to be sure and not make a mistake; my card is tied somewhere to the chair, and I will positively have no other." Of course, Mr. Hunt flew, too. "Only fancy my forgetting my blanket! I must have it for you gentlemen to sit upon; and as we are all dreadfully hungry,

we can have our lunch, picnic fashion, up here. Mr. Erickson, would you mind asking my maid for it? No. 8—to the left as you go down stairs." Mr. Erickson, only too delighted, disappeared on the instant.

"And have you no commands for me, Miss Elliott?" asked Willard, who was enjoying my ecstasy of surprise amazingly.

"Yes; you may look up John Britton, (he is my steward, and very obliging,) and tell him we want the nicest of lunches up on deck."

"To hear is to obey?" said Willard, leaving us with a profound bow.

"How nice he is!" said Miss Elliott; "and what a pity he is engaged. If he was not, I should feel inclined to— But I make it a rule never to interfere with other girls' lovers."

I was aware of the magnanimity of this, and I did not for a moment doubt but what she would be a very dangerous rival. I thought of what Willard had said, "She only needs animation to make her charming." And that she was charming now I could not but admit.

"Why don't you tell me that you would hardly recognize me as the same girl you knew yesterday," she said, laughing, and looking archly at me,

"I would not have ventured to tell you so, but you have guessed my thoughts," I replied.

"I am different at different times. When I am happy, I am gay; and I am always happy on the ocean."

"And you were not happy in London?"

"No; and I felt strange and rather shy with you all."

"Shy!" I thought, but said nothing.

The gentlemen returned from their several errands. John Britton provided an excellent lunch, and we made a merry picnic of it. A picnic under difficulties, however; for biscuits, and oranges were always escaping, and had to be chased and recaptured: and we ourselves found some trouble in keeping our balance when the ship would give a sudden roll. But all this only added zest to our frolic; and the little shrieks, and the little clutches at one another for support, were a part of the fun.

I am afraid we were looked upon with disapproval by the few people besides ourselves who had ventured upon deck. One old gentleman, who walked the deck persistently, though rather unsteadily, and who shut his eyes whenever he saw a great wave coming, groaned audibly every time he passed us. And a poor lady, who was laying on a heap of shawls and pillows, looking very yellow and very ill, begged a passing steward to help her change her

position. I knew we were the cause of the request; but I felt no pity—one's heart gets so hardened on board ship!

"Where's Esherwood?" Mr. Tabor demanded, speaking between two bites of a sardine sandwich. "I haven't seen him since breakfast."

"He was smoking below stairs an hour ago," said Mr. Errickson.

"I left him in the saloon, making himself agreeable to a deuced pretty girl," said Mr. Hunt.

"And he is now behind the smoke-pipe, nursing a baby," said Miss Elliott.

"Not he! exclaimed Mr. Hunt, rather desiriously.

"Go see for yourself; he passed us with a child in his arms not two minutes ago."

"It's true, I'll be bound," said Mr. Tabor; "he is always bothering about children. I vote we have him out."

"Have him out, by all means," cried the other gentlemen; Miss Elliott saying nothing, but looking entire disapproval of the measure.

Mr. Errickson volunteered to go on a search behind the smoke-pipe, and was duly invested with power to do so, and to fetch Mr. Esherwood to join us at luncheon.

"We are quite enough without him, in my opinion," said Miss Elliott.

"Then am I not to go?" asked Mr. Errickson, who had got rid of his plate and glass of ale, and had succeeded in struggling to his feet, in imminent danger of breaking all the dishes in the attempt.

"I have nothing to say about it," she answered, moving her shoulders a little disdainfully; "only, pray don't give the invitation in my name."

"Go along, my dear fellow, it's all right!" called out Mr. Tabor, seeing that the emissary hesitated. "Miss Elliott will like him immensely when she knows him better."

Miss Elliott looked rather scornful, and had resumed some of her *hauteur*, or so it seemed to me. I remembered that she had said the gentleman in question was only a "mere acquaintance."

Mr. Errickson returned almost immediately with his captive. Miss Elliott acknowledged his ceremonious greeting with the slightest inclination of her head.

"I hear you have been playing nurse," said Mr. Hunt, making room beside him for the new comer. "Miss Elliott vows she saw you with a baby in your arms a few minutes ago."

"I confess," said Mr. Esherwood, with a

smile. "Am I to be punished for my transgression?"

"You should be so—woman's prerogative! However, we'll let it pass. And now will you have a deviled bone? I can recommend the salad, having dressed it myself."

Miss Elliott was leaning back in her chair, looking bored.

"How tiresome all this is," she said to me, in a low voice.

"I thought you enjoyed it!" I whispered, in surprise.

"After a fashion, you know," with a little shrug; "these men are so stupid."

I immediately felt called upon to take up the cudgels in defence of my cousin.

"Willard, I am sure——" I commenced.

"He, I grant you, is rather nice—the nicest of the lot. Mr. Henderson," raising her voice, "suppose we take leave of this gay party, and take our places in the shade of that big sail, I have so much to talk to you about!"

Willard, man-like, was hugely flattered at having found favor in the favorite's eyes; and the two went off together, and were presently engaged in a seemingly most confidential discourse. I remembered what she had said about "other girls' lovers," and I rather resented her proceeding with Willard on Henny's account. Apparently, Mr. Esherwood had his private reasons for disappearing also, for he looked very angry.

This was the beginning of a little flirtation which, though it had no serious signs, was marked enough to attract general attention. I became very urgent to get Henny out of her berth, and on deck, for I began to fear for Willard's allegiance.

But Henny kept her room for five days; and every one knows, that five days on shipboard are like five weeks on land. A great deal of flirting can be done in that time, and acquaintances and friendships formed, which sometimes last a lifetime, but are more often forgotten as soon as the journey is over.

Mr. Esherwood and I struck up something of an intimacy; he attended to all my little wants in the way of shawls, books, and an arm occasionally for a little walk. And he made himself a great favorite with Mr. Morgan and the two children. Minnette was climbing about his knees, and teasing to be petted all the time.

The weather was now delightful, and the sea comparatively still. Every day the deck became more and more crowded, and pale cheeks were getting rosy, and languid eyes bright. Miss Elliott generally held a little court where-

ever she was—and Willard was sure to be foremost amongst the courtiers. Once or twice I saw Mr. Esherwood venture within the charmed circle, but the queen received him so coldly that he presently ceased to notice her, and would even studiously look in another direction if he saw her approaching.

I, of course, surmised that there had been more than an ordinary acquaintanceship between these two. And sometimes I was inclined to think that Miss Elliott laughed more frequently, and flirted more decidedly when Mr. Esherwood was in sight, than at other times. I had feminine curiosity enough to very much desire the key to these mysteries, but wisdom enough to remember a former resolution, never to express any curiosity in Miss Elliott's affairs.

The sixth day Henny made her appearance, and I was relieved to find that Willard was as devoted, or nearly so, in his attentions as ever. Miss Elliott, too, was affectionate and sympathetic, and established her little court around Henny's chair.

That night was most beautiful—a full moon made it almost as light as day. The deck and the sails, for the wind was in our favor, were white and gleaming; and our great ship dashed swiftly through the water, leaving a long trail of dancing light behind her. A large party of us were grouped together around the mainmast, listening to a wild, sweet chorus that a few of the second-class passengers were chanting from their place on the forward deck. There were several good voices, a high tenor amongst them, and the air would rise and swell into almost piercing sweetness, and then die away in a long, melancholy wail. The effect was indescribable; and for some time after the song was ended no words were spoken. It made me very thoughtful, almost sad; and I slipped into a dark corner behind a mast, and sat there by myself for a long time. The deck soon became almost deserted; the attractions of cards and supper outweighed the charms of the night.

Presently the stillness was broken by a voice speaking in a very earnest but low tone near me, and a gentleman and lady walked slowly out of the deep shadow of the sail into the light. I saw with surprise that they were Mr. Esherwood and Miss Elliott.

"Miss Elliott, Nora, I'll stand it no longer," he said, as he passed me. "After an engagement of three years—years of devotion on my part, accepting your whims and caprices; consenting to be treated as a stranger at one time for the bliss of the privileges you granted me at

another. I cannot endure it." He stood still, making her stop with him.

"Let me go, Mr. Esherwood." And I saw that he had put his arm around her, and was looking down into her face.

"I will let you go after I have had my kiss. It is my right; I will have it."

"No, no!"

"I will; don't struggle, Nora—I will!" And he kissed her almost roughly. "Now go, and remember, I'll have no more of your flirting with Henderson, Tabor, or any of them."

He took his arm from her waist and walked on alone. She stood as if uncertain for a moment, and then turned and left the deck.

Without any seeking I had the key to the mystery.

Four more days—how endless they seemed; and two out of the four it rained persistently in sudden, drenching showers. No more moonlight nights! Indeed, we dared not stay on the upper deck, but wandered disconsolately up and down the lower, shut in from a view of the sea, and prepared at any moment to run in-doors for shelter. Miss Elliott had selected a corner seat at the very end of the saloon, and there she sat all day playing some simple game of cards with Mr. Tabor. She had nothing to say to Willard; and she passed Mr. Esherwood without so much as a movement of her haughty head.

Willard bore his treatment tolerably well, though I am inclined to think he felt a little mortified; but Henny now, of course, claimed all of his time.

Mr. Esherwood looked frequently toward the corner with a very dark frown upon his face. Once I saw him spring up as if with the determination to interfere; but he thought better of it, sat down again, and took to petting Minnette. Initiated as I was, I now took a great interest in the little play going on before me. Would it be a comedy or a tragedy? I wondered. I sometimes thought the latter when I saw the look which came to Mr. Esherwood's face when Nora would lean back in her seat, drop her long eyelashes in a certain low, effective way, and then raise them again suddenly, flashing her soft, dark eyes upon poor Mr. Tabor, who yielded without a struggle, and became her slave. What a coquette the girl was! She had brought her art to perfection.

Two more days! And now the rain-storm changed into a gale, or something like it; and we pitched, and tossed, and rolled, and we "shipped seas;" and once even the water came with a rush into the saloon, which was all as

it should be. Who wants a fair wind and dancing waves all the time! We had bars across the tables to keep the dishes from rolling off; and the hanging shelves, filled with glass, shook as if they meant to shake to pieces; the wineglasses and goblets clinking and ringing against one another; and decanters of pale sherry noisily hobnobbing with bottles of Worcestershire sauce and mushroom-ketchup.

We unfortunate women were forbidden the decks; so we took our work reluctantly into the saloon, where we embroidered, and crocheted, and read novels for dear life. I tried to write in my journal, but there never was seen such odd writing, such eccentric "f's" and "g's," such incomprehensible flourishes! I gave it up, and knelt disconsolately upon the narrow crimson plush sofa, which ran around the entire cabin. I peeped out of a little window, watching the great, high, lead-colored waves, which, when apparently about to engulf us, would suddenly change their minds, and melt away with a heave that raised the "screw" out of water, and sent a shudder through and through our trusty ship.

As I knelt there, yawning drearily, and counting the hours yet to elapse before we could reach New York, I heard a hurrying of feet on deck, a faint scream, and then loud, eager voices. My heart sank within me—some one was overboard! Others besides myself had heard it, and there was a rush made to the door of the cabin. "What is it?" "What is it?" every one cried, growing white and sick at heart.

"Is the surgeon here?" called out one of the stewards, John Britton, looking into the cabin. But the surgeon was not there, and the man would not wait to give us an explanation. It all happened in a minute. I had hardly the time to leave my seat, and make my way around the table, when one of the gentlemen, who had rushed from the saloon to find out what had occurred, returned with the news.

A young lady, Miss Elliott, had ventured most imprudently upon deck, and had been thrown down with great violence, breaking her arm. It was sad, of course—but such a relief! I hurried out and stood in the doorway, ready to give any assistance in my power when she came down.

Esherwood had her in his arms; he was almost as pale as the girl herself. She looked now as she had done in London. No vestige of color in her face, and the dark eyes and lashes in such wonderful contrast. She tried to smile when she saw me. "It was my own

fault—I was so silly!" she said. And then a little moan escaped her.

"Are you in such pain, my darling?" asked Esherwood.

"Yes. Oh, Harry!" an almost childish appeal for help and sympathy.

"My own one! my poor little girl!"

He carried her down stairs and laid her in her own berth. I followed, very much inclined to laugh as I thought of the astonished faces of Mr. Taber and Mr. Hunt, who stood at the head of the stairs in dire uncertainty what to make of such an assumption of authority, and such words of endearment from one who was almost a stranger to Miss Elliott.

The broken arm was set, and the invalid left in my charge and that of her maid. Mr. Morgan and Willard, (Henny was again in her berth,) and many others, came with expressions of sympathy and kind offers; but Nora would see none of them, and bade me close the door.

"I'll have no one but you," she said.

"Not even Harry?" I asked, naively.

"Not even Harry," she replied, with a faint blush.

I did not tell her then, but did shortly after, of what I had seen and heard that night on deck. She acknowledged her engagement and confessed her naughtiness. She had so hated to give up her liberty; and one's fun was gone if it was known that an engagement existed!

Oh, ye fiends!

The tenth day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in New York. What happy faces, what smart toilets again enlivened the ship! What a bustle of preparation and strapping of luggage! What seeing of stewardesses and tipping of stewards! Mrs. Morgan was as well and energetic as ever. Henny had her yellow hair frizzed and dressed in great style, and her pretty little hands buttoned into her neat little gloves. Willard, perhaps, found her more attractive thus than he had done in a flannel wrapper, the yellow hair in one long braid, like a Chinaman's queue.

Nora had to be dressed by very slow degrees, as she was quite weak, and her arm very painful. She laughingly declared, when at last dressed, that a lady might possibly look very interesting with her arm in splints, but that it was certainly not graceful.

This was at two o'clock, and Minnette tore into the state-room in a tremendous excitement to tell us that she could see New York; and that the pilot was on board; and that the pilot-boat was No. 8—such a big 8! almost covering

the sail. And Mr. Esherwood said please hurry—and was he to come down and help her up on deck?

I said he might come; and the breathless little messenger departed.

The sun was shining; the water clear, blue, and calm, little boats scudding through it, and big steamers ploughing it into white ridges. The spires, and houses, and shipping of New York, were before us. The dock could be seen, too, and recognized by the crowd of people looking like Lilliputians in the distance. Everybody was on deck, everybody excited; some crying nervously with their very happiness.

Miss Elliott was welcomed, and pitied, and sympathized with; and all her admirers hung around her chair, and devoted themselves to her most assiduously. Mr. Esherwood kept back a little, but he watched her contentedly now, with no frown darkening his face; and she would constantly turn her dark eyes smilingly upon him.

I saw that poor Mr. Tabor was very uneasy in his mind, and his glances from one to another were puzzled and inquiring.

Presently Nora turned to Mr. Esherwood, and beckoned him to her with a little motion of her free hand.

"Harry, dearest, that silly Clarisse will make some absurd blunder about my things if you do not see to her. Do tell her what she is to do, and, darling, persuade her, if possible, to part amicably with her enemy, the stewardess. They have had, oh! such fierce battles!" she continued, laughing, and turning to us.

There was no such thing as mistaking the meaning of all this. Tabor had heard the "dearest" and "darling," with who knows what inward torture.

Of course, the little errand was made up for the purpose of bringing in the tender adjectives, and thus establishing the fact of an engagement, for Clarisse was a very sensible girl, knew perfectly well what she was about, and had had but one mild little tiff with the stewardess.

I acknowledge that young ladies ordinarily do not call their lovers "darling" in public; but Nora was not at all like an ordinary young lady, and she said the words very neatly and clearly, and as a matter of course.

Henny immediately asked if she might congratulate her; and Nora returned the kiss very willingly. The others followed with their congratulations, without the kiss. Willard blushed when he made his speech, and Tabor looked crest-fallen when he made his. But Nora accepted it all smilingly, and looked as happy—but not half so embarrassed—as every young lady should under such circumstances.

The ship slowly neared the dock. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, cheers given with great enthusiasm, and eager greetings exchanged by friends on shore with friends on board.

We respectfully followed the mail-bags over the plank, only we, not so privileged as her majesty's mail, were detained awhile in the Custom House.

Esherwood took complete possession of Nora, and settled her comfortably in a carriage with her maid, and her shawls, and her bags.

"Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Morgan, you have been so kind. Mr. Morgan, I fear I have been a sad plague to you. Good-by, Henny! remember, you promise to be bride-maid. And you, too, you darling," turning to me affectionately. "Where are Charlie and Minnette? By-by, children. Mr. Henderson, don't quite forget me. Adieu!" She waved us a little kiss with her white hand. Esherwood sprung into the carriage—and away they drove!

I was at the wedding last week, and wore a pink silk made by Virfolet. Henny wore blue.

The bride looked very pale. To my mind she is not so pretty on shore as at sea; but the gentlemen all declared she looked lovely; so I suppose she did.

The Esherwoods have gone to Canada on a tour.

Tabor is still inconsolable.

A WEDDING SONG.

BY ALEX: A. IRVINE.

On! sweetly ring the marriage-bells,
This joyous day in June;
The sunshine gleams on spray and stream,
The birds all sing in tune.
The breeze blows fresh against the tide;
The ripples laugh and kiss;

The roses breathe their balmy breath—
Was ever day like this?

Oh, presage glad! Oh, happy bride!
May life be like to-day!
With all the bloom of early June,
And all the sweets of May.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME LVII., PAGE 464.

CHAPTER IX.

"WILL you sell me some flowers?"

Adela started, with a thrill of surprise. "Was it Count Mirabeau come back with the money he had forgotten? Or was it——"

Adela cut these swift questions from her mind by lifting her eyes to the face of her questioner. It was the man she had met in the ruins of the Bastille, and who had helped her wreath those pretty garlands in her attic-room, which, since that day, had been the brightest corner in Paradise to her.

"Will I sell flowers to you?" she faltered, blushing brightly as her own roses. "Yes! No! Pray help yourself! Dame Doudel would be angry if I took money from monsieur."

"And I should hardly know how to give it—so we will arrange that with the good dame. Only you must make up my little bouquet with your own hands."

Adela slid the handle of the basket back on her arm, and went to work robbing different bouquets of their choicest flowers.

"Dear me! how my hands shake, the basket is so heavy," she said.

"Let me hold the basket."

"What, you, monsieur? Well, there, hold it, I will not be long; but my hands have got such a trick of trembling. So silly, isn't it?"

The man smiled, and answered, "Yes, very;" then, with the laugh melting away upon his lips to an amused smile, he watched those fluttering hands as she plucked the most fragrant flowers from her store, robbing her prettiest merchandise for his sake.

"The dew is all off them now," she said, regretfully. "If I had only known this morning; but now the jasmines are all gone; and I had some lovely white roses, pink at the heart, as if a red rose had left its shadow there; but I put the last into Monsieur Mirabeau's bouquet."

"Who? What name was that?"

"Monsieur la Count Mirabeau!"

"And you know him?"

"Know him? Oh, yes! It was the count

who would have me go before the king and queen."

"But before that did you know the count?"

"Not at all. Some one told him about me. I dare say it was the good dame, for she is always praising me more than I can ever deserve."

"And you gave him flowers to-day?"

"Gave? Well, I suppose so, for he forgot to pay me my poor little sous."

The young man laughed.

"Yes, yes; there is no doubt of its being Mirabeau. He usually does forget to pay!"

"But he meant to. Only I would not take the Louis d'or he offered, for that was worth all I had in my basket."

"So he offered you a Louis d'or; the last he had, I dare say. "Oh, yes! it was sure to be Mirabeau; there was no necessity of telling his name. So he ran away with your flowers, thinking his pretty speeches payment enough. Oh! you blush, little one. May I ask— But no, that would not be quite fair."

Adela stood before him, downcast and blushing, with the unfinished bouquet in her hands.

"You seem to know citizen Mirabeau better than I thought of," said the young man, so coldly that the young girl looked up with a guilty and startled expression in her eyes.

"But I know him so little," faltered the poor girl, thinking guiltily of the conversation she had just held.

Still the young man fixed his eyes on Adela's face, where it was not difficult to read the restless secret which disturbed her. He saw those frank blue eyes sink under his scrutiny. In order to hide her embarrassment, she searched with both hands among the flowers.

"Oh! here is one left. See! it blushes clear through the heart."

"Yes, I see it blushes," said the young man, coldly.

Adela twisted a bit of grass around the little tuft of blossoms she had arranged, and held it up timidly.

"Does it please you, monsieur?" she said,

with a glance of lovelight breaking through all her timidity.

No one on earth could have resisted that look. Before he was aware of it, this young man had the blossoms in his hand, and was smiling down upon the sweet face, looking with such childlike appeal into his.

"I think you are good and honest," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud.

"Monsieur should not doubt me," answered the girl, drawing herself up with the grace and dignity of a queen.

"I never do—I never will," he answered, fixing his deep, earnest eyes upon her.

She smiled, and took her basket from his hands.

"Now I must be going. Good-day."

The young man was hiding her little bouquet in the snowy frill on his bosom, taking from there a tuft of dead blossoms, which had been concealed next his heart.

"See, I have not parted with this," he said, blushing almost as rosiely as the girl had done. "Even now I do not like to throw it away."

"Oh! do not throw it down—that is, people might trample on it, you know."

Adela, unconscious of the action, held out her basket, and the young man laid his tuft of dead flowers among its blossoming contents. She looked into his face with a sweet, grateful smile, and buried the treasure he had given her deep down in her basket, for those poor dead blossoms had spent their breath on his bosom, and were more dear to her than a whole wilderness of breathing roses.

They parted then. The young man moved away in one direction, sighing dreamily as the fragrance of those flowers stole up from his bosom, and the girl wandered off into elysium, feeling as if every step she planted on the pavement sunk into the mosses of fairy-land, and wondering in her dreaminess why all the faces she saw looked so haggard and depressed. Could they not comprehend that *he* had cared enough for her flowers to let them perish on his heart?

The girl forgot Count Mirabeau entirely. All the art of pleasing, which he had not disdained to practice, even on this pretty flower-girl, had failed to awaken one gleam of personal interest in his behalf. Adela remembered him only as a friend to the king, and a person of whom she was somewhat afraid.

CHAPTER X.

A woman saw Mirabeau when he paused to speak with Adela, and watched him with a

glitter of hate in his eyes, as he placed the little bouquet in his bosom. There was something in his air and manner that enraged her more than an insult would have done. She could understand the homage which even a bad man unconsciously pays to entire innocence, and felt with bitterness that it could never, on this earth, be hers. In every way this young creature had thwarted and disappointed her. When she struggled, with fierce ambition, for a place on the committee of women, sent before the king that memorable day at Versailles, this child had been selected in her place by Mirabeau himself. This was her first cause of accusation against him, for he had neither feared her anger or cared to appease her reproaches; on the contrary, treated both with careless laughter and annihilating contempt. While the count tolerated, in any degree, to her ambition or caprices, she put up with this, and smothered the resentment smouldering in her bad heart, for she knew well enough that all the power she had, and more that was adroitly simulated, sprang entirely from the favor of this man, whose popularity with the people was unparalleled. But of late, even this frail hold had begun to slacken. While swerving warily round from intense radicalism to a limited monarchy, he had made few confidants, and among them Louison found herself completely ignored. But what he refrained from telling her, she had in many underhanded ways discovered for herself, and was weaving all her threads of information together, in hopes of meshing this lion in her own net.

This girl *was* in the Bastille, and *not* of the people. Some one among the men who fell that day was near to her, I can swear! Did I not see her wring her hands and cry out when one of the guard fell, headlong, from that tower? I wish it were possible to get at the man's name, then I might trace her; but old Doudel would lie her through anything, and swear that she was her own child, if one attempted to find her out. There is no use in quarreling with these market-women, they cling together like bees of one hive. Why this morning they almost booed me from the market—me, whom they would flock around, open-mouthed, when I came to them as a messenger from Mirabeau. When I denounced that girl, they protected her. Why? That scene in the street answers one.

Louison went home with such bitter jealousy in her heart, that it, for once, swept aside her wonderful patience. Mirabeau had avoided

her pointedly of late. She would endure this no longer. Women of every grade and class were preferred to her, from the queen, whom it was rank treason to know, down to the fallen Du Barry; every one, any one, was preferred to her. Had she not endured this long enough? Still Louison was not quite ready. Some tangible proof of Mirabeau's treason to his party must be obtained before she might dare to accuse him, even to his enemies.

For days and nights Louison kept herself in-doors, brooding over these thoughts, afraid to trust herself at her usual haunts, lest she should again betray her cause, as she had done in the market-place. At last this restraint became irksome. Louison was a person who craved excitement of some kind so keenly that it was necessary to her life.

One day, just as this dangerous creature was about to break loose from her self-imposed solitude, Zamara, the dwarf, crept into her lodgings, and placed a letter in her hand. She knew the handwriting, and read Adela's name in the address.

"So, so! He is writing to her! He finds something in that milk-and-water face to admire. I thought his choice of this baby was something more than a wish to satisfy these clamorous fish-women who call themselves wives and mothers, as if there lay some great merit in being one or the other. Bah! how I hate their pretensions! But then, when it comes to that, strength is everything in these days, and the market-women are all strong."

Thus the woman reflected as she held the unopened letter in her hand. Zamara stood apart, regarding her earnestly. He had brought the letter from craven fear of the woman who had threatened him, and was anxious to propitiate her further, if the occasion presented itself.

"Is madame in doubt how to open it safely? Zamara can tell her; he learned that art at the Grand Trisnon, years ago. It gave him many secrets worth knowing."

Louison started out of her angry thought, and tossed the letter toward him.

"Open it, then, and see that those impish hands leave no mark. It may be that the girl will get her letter."

Zamara went to a window, turned his back on Louison, and in a minute came forward with the letter open in his hand. It contained an inclosure, carefully sealed, and addressed to "Her Royal Highness, the Queen."

Again Louison recognized Mirabeau's handwriting, and the hot blood rushed in torrents to her face.

"It is the dagger that shall pierce his traitor heart," cried the woman, fiercely. "Open this! Open this, carefully! The wax that bears his arms, the aristocrat, must not be broken. Ha, ha! I have him now!"

Louison reached forth her hand as she spoke, clutching and unclutching the fingers like a bird of prey, eager for his food.

"There it is, without a scratch of the seal, or a break in the paper," said the dwarf, fawning upon her. "Nothing is easier than to fasten it again."

Louison did not hear him; she was searching the contents of that letter too keenly for any thought beyond it. Four closely-written pages devoured by her eyes, which flashed and burned beneath the lashes that drooped over them as she read. Once, twice, three times she went over each line, reading more carefully at the last. Then she began a fourth perusal, but paused in the midst, holding the paper firmly, and biting her lips till they burned blood-red under her white teeth.

"What can I do," she muttered, "to make the evidence complete? That Austrian woman must have the letter, and answer it."

"That can be done," said Zamara, softly, for he entered into the evil spirit of the woman with the keen zest of a rogue who had been long out of practice.

"But how?"

"Let the pretty demoiselle carry a letter, not that, but something so like it that no one will ever guess it is not the same."

"But who can make anything like it?"

"I can, madame—give me pen, and paper like that. Why, lady, before now, Zamara has affixed the king's name to a *lettre-de-cachet* when his mistress had an enemy that she did not care to trouble old Louis about. She always kept plenty of blanks in her *escritoir*, and Zamara has a swift, steady hand. Will you trust him with the letter?"

"Not to take from the house—I will not let it go out of my sight."

"Of course not; Zamara never expected that Madame may sit by while he does his work."

"If you can— Well, well, begin."

Louison laid pens and paper before the dwarf, and drawing her chair to the table where he placed himself, watched his dusky little hand as he spread the original letter before him and proceeded to duplicate it, smiling to himself as he watched her astonishment with sidelong glances now and then, while helping himself to ink.

"You see, my lady, the countess could trust

no one but Zamara, even at the highest fortune she ever had; and she needed some person who had the learning and knowledge which she lacked terribly; for ignorance, you know, madame, comes with low birth."

Zamara stopped suddenly, for a hot red flashed over Louison's face; and the dwarf remembered that her origin was quite as low as that of the woman he spoke of; but he recovered himself instantly.

"It is not often that the woman who rises has the genius to lift her mind with her good fortune. When that happens, it is always because she keeps with the people, disdaining to fritter her greatness away among aristocrats, that laugh at her always when they dare, as was the case with my lady, the countess, who depended only on her beauty and the old king's favor."

"And now," said Louison, with a sneer, "both the old king and her beauty, if she ever had any, which I do not believe, are dead and gone."

"Dead and gone," repeated Zamara, shaking his head. "It is only genius that lives."

The little wretch made a low bow, with one hand upon his heart as he spoke, and Louison fairly blushed with pleasure, for such flattery was both new and delightful to her, even from that miserable dwarf.

"Now go on with this work," she said, smiling broadly in return for his grimaces. "I am impatient to see it done."

Zamara took up the pen again and applied himself to his task with avidity. It was a long time since his natural talent for evil had been called into action, and he enjoyed this new indulgence with wonderful zest.

Louison watched his little withered hand as it crept, like a mouse, across the paper, and congratulated herself warmly on the good fortune that had cast this strange creature in her way. At last the letter was finished, and Zamara laid it side-by-side with the original. Louison examined it with an exclamation of pleasure. It seemed to her impossible that Mirabeau himself could detect the forgery.

"But the seal," she said. "How are we to obtain that?"

Zamara smiled, his craft was equal to everything; and he had only waited for Louison to discover this difficulty that he might be prompt to meet it.

"Wait a moment," he said; "it is easily done."

The dwarf seized his hat and disappeared as he spoke. Directly he came back with a

roll of wax and some white plaster of Paris in a paper, out of which he mixed a paste, and impressed the seal upon it, thus forming a mould from which duplicates might be taken. No artist ever handled his clay with more dexterity than this little traitor accomplished his work. In half an hour two missives bearing Mirabeau's writing and seal, so nearly alike that nothing but an expert could have distinguished them, lay side-by-side on Louison Brisot's table. True, the seal which Zamara had duplicated was somewhat blurred, while the other had a clear impression; but no one acquainted with Mirabeau's habits would have wondered at this; in fact, a neatly arranged letter was scarcely to be expected of him. This, being to the queen, he had been especially dainty about, as she was the only woman in France whom he was doubtful of pleasing.

"Now," said Louison, delighted by all her fellow conspirator had done, "we keep back this letter, written by Mirabeau's own hand, while the other goes to the queen by his agent. She will suspect nothing—who could? and will answer him. That answer once in my hands, and I hold that audacious traitor, and all his party, in my power. This service you have rendered me I shall not forget."

"Madame may be sure of Zamara's good faith."

"I am sure," answered the woman, with haughty self-reliance; "but our first object is this letter. How are we to make sure that the queen's answer will reach us first?"

"Trust me; this girl is told that I am faithful and true to the queen. She will go first to the stout landlady at Versailles, who has charge of her majesty's dairy at *la petite Trianon*, and can at any time gain access to the lady in waiting, and through her to the queen. Thus Mirabeau's messenger will penetrate to her majesty unsuspected, and is deemed the safest messenger to a correspondence fearfully dangerous both to Mirabeau and the queen."

"This will insure the safe delivery of his letter to the queen; but how will the answer reach me?"

"Zamara will bring it to you if he lives."

"I think you will," Louison said. "At any rate, I have no better means of securing it. Now go at once, and good speed."

Zamara left the house, carrying the forged letter in his bosom. He went directly to the demioil of Dame Boudel, and found Adela keeping house, busy among a mass of cut flowers that she was weaving into garlands and bouquets. Without a word he gave her the pack-

age. She turned very white at the first glance, and cast a frightened look at Zamara, astonished and repulsed by his strange appearance.

"Who are you?" she asked, holding the package in her hand. "Who are you, and what is this?"

"I am Count Mirabeau's messenger, and know where the package is going. He trusts me as he trusts you. We are all friends of the same illustrious person."

Adela turned whiter than before. The dwarf seemed to her like an evil spirit forced into perilous association with herself. She answered nothing, but hid the package away among the folds of her dress, after reading the portion addressed to herself.

"When will you be ready to start?" inquired the dwarf.

The girl hesitated; some intuition, keener than any process of the mind, possessed her. She shrunk from this strange creature as if some reptile had crept in among her flowers.

"That depends—— Tell the count that I will redeem my promise."

A crafty smile crossed the dark face of the dwarf. He saw that this young girl was not disposed to trust him.

"I asked," he said, quietly, "because the count will trust no one but myself to come here for the reply. He is not willing to come here."

"No, no! He must not do that."

"And it is impossible that mademoiselle should go to the Faubourg St. Antoine."

"Impossible! Oh, yes, quite impossible!"

"So you understand the count was wise in making so insignificant a person as I am his messenger."

Adela answered only with a troubled smile.

Zamara was puzzled how to continue a conversation that was so entirely on one side. By listening industriously when Mirabeau was with his mistress, he had learned the arrangements made between them, by which a safe correspondence might be kept up with the court; but he could obtain no information from this gentle girl, all his craft was lost upon her innocence. He lingered awhile in the room; but Adela had taken up her flowers, and was too deep in her fragrant work for any thought of him, save that his presence was annoying her. So he took himself off, a good deal discomfited, while Adela sat trembling among her flowers, full of apprehension because this strange creature had possession of her secret.

Scarcely had the dwarf been gone an hour, when a loud voice was heard in the passage. The door of her little room was swung open,

and Dame Tillery, landlady of The Swan, at Versailles, came sailing into the room like a ponderous, full-rigged Dutch vessel, making port with all her sails up.

"Adela, my child, I am so glad to see you; get up and embrace me, little one. Oh! that is delicious!"

Adela started from her seat, scattering all the blossoms from her lap, and embraced the dame with such affection that the word "delicious" was repeated over and over again.

"Have you come for me, aunt, as your letter promised?"

"Come for you? Of course, I have! What else could have brought me to Paris? Are not all my duties at Versailles? There is enough of them, let me tell you, since her majesty has enrolled me among her ladies of honor."

"Her ladies of honor? I did not know——"

"Yes, yes, I understand. There was no place at the palace exactly; but the queen is a woman, and grateful. I had saved her life—what could she do? The Duchess de Polignac held on to her place; and just then no woman of the people had been given a position at court, which was a great mistake, but true, nevertheless. I said position, little one, and you will observe that my language generally has improved since I became one of her majesty's ladies, to say nothing of my appearance and manner of dressing."

"I see that you are splendid!" said Adela, glancing at the gay dress, which made the stout woman look doubly ponderous.

"Ah! this is nothing, little one. You should have seen me that day when I went to court, after the one great act of my life, when with my own hands I held an infuriated beast by the horns, and flung to the earth just as it was plunging upon her majesty, and about to gore her with two horns curving so, and sharp as swords. You have heard the story, I dare say?"

Now as Adela had heard the whole thing at least fifty times from Dame Tillery's own lips, the question seemed a little superfluous. But she answered, "Yes, aunt, every one who knows you has heard of that."

"But not of my presentation at court the day after—that was the crowning glory of my life, little one. You should have seen the queen standing there among her ladies, longing in her heart to embrace me, which she would have done, no doubt, but for that stiff old mistress of ceremonies, who would not permit it. So I went up to her myself, and would have knelt, which was my duty, only I was a little troubled about getting up again, and so

made a curtsy instead. At which all the court smiled approval, and looked at each other in amazement, as if a woman of the people was not expected to be polite. Even the queen smiled, feeling my triumph, I dare say, as if I had been an arch duchess, and her own sister. That was a glorious day, little one; something to remember, and to be remembered by my grandchildren. Only there is an impediment—never having had children of my own is a drawback when one thinks of grandchildren. This depresses me sometimes; but then I think of sister Doudel and you, and feel sure that all will come right. Since you cannot bear the name of your poor father, who died gloriously for his king, I shall propose to my sister that you take the name of Tillery, and carry me down to future ages. This is what brings me to Paris now. I mean to make you my heiress, Adela. You shall inherit The Swan from roof to cellar, my place at court, the dress that I wore—everything. In fact, I mean to make a lady of you."

"And will you do one thing?"

"My child, I will do everything."

"Will you take me to St. Cloud?"

"Will I? Of course."

"Very soon?"

"The moment I get home. Twice each week I send butter for her majesty's own table from the dairy at *la petite Trianon*, for that was the department the queen gave me when Polignac persisted in staying as first lady of honor. Blind as a bat; had she given me her place, all the women of France would have felt it as a compliment to themselves, and drawn nearer to the court, if it were only for my sake."

"Do you think so?" inquired Adela, innocently, for the order of things had been so deranged in France, and she had heard so much about the power of the people, that Dame Tillery's grand boast made a profound impression upon her.

"Do I think so? Of course, I do. What is it makes the women down yonder think so much of you? Why, it is because our friend Mirabeau sent you up with that committee of women. How much greater the effect would have been if I had been chosen for a place near her majesty's person. Why, child, look at me! I could make three of you any day, and hold my own with the balance. Just observe this for a presence."

Here Dame Tillery shook out her dress and sailed across the room, exhibiting a person that would, indeed, have outweighed four of the slender girl who looked on.

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"You see," observed the self-satisfied dame, returning to her old position, "you see what a chance has been lost. This Duchess de Polignac would keep her place, and their majesties let her selfishness have its way. Then what does she do? When the king and queen get more and more unpopular; when all their friends should have stood by them like rocks, this Polignac emigrates, flies from the palace like a thief; while all France finds me at my post, making the best butter in the world for the royal table, as if nothing had happened. There is the difference, little one, between loyalty and that make-believe thing, which drove Polignac into a foreign land."

"I know that you are true to the queen, aunt," said Adela, greatly impressed, yet somewhat amazed by Dame Tillery's pretension. "Sometimes I fancy mother Doudel does not think the less of you for that."

"Perhaps not. I think, at heart, my sister is loyal. Only she does not know the queen as I do. How should she, not being a member of the household? But you and I, little one, understand each other. Now tell me what it is you wish to see her majesty about?"

Adela blushed and looked a little startled. She had promised to keep her mission a profound secret—and with this pure girl all pledges were sacred.

"I love the queen—my father died for her."

"That is enough!" exclaimed the dame, waving her fat hand; "that is enough. I ask no more. I shall say this pretty girl is my adopted daughter, and will, some time, be heiress of The Swan—receive her well for my sake. It will be done. Why, Adela, the last time I presented a friend at court, she was but little older than you are, and wanted a great favor. It was well that she came under my protection; the thing was done at once."

"But I shall ask for nothing. The only favor I want is an opportunity to serve the king, and die for him, as my father did, if that will do him good."

"But it won't. Running away and dying isn't likely to help either the king or queen. It wants brains, brains for that."

Here Dame Tillery tapped her forehead with one finger, and nodded significantly.

"All you want is a guide, and one is always at hand."

Adela drew a deep breath, and uttered a silent thanksgiving that her way to the queen promised to be made so smooth.

Having thus given vent to the self-importance that consumed her, Dame Tillery took off her

outer garments, and, seating herself in the cosiest chair the little room contained, watched the young girl.

Then Dame Doudel came in from the market, light, sharp, and active as a bird. She saw the landlady of The Swan leaning back in her chair, flew toward her, and in an instant was buried on her bosom.

"Sister, my dear, dear sister!"

At first the good landlady forgot her dignity, and gave her—sister a hearty embrace; but directly remembered herself, and put the little woman gently away.

"Dame Doudel, I love you dearly; but you are a Jacobin."

"Sister Tillery, you are a royalist."

"Yes, heart, soul, and body; but one of the people, too."

"Carrying water on both shoulders is dangerous in these days," answered Doudel, sharply.

"It is just that which will yet unite the people with their king. These cries of fraternity, equality, liberty, are an insult to us of the court."

"But the court itself must adopt them before the people will be satisfied, I can tell you that."

"Aunt Tillery—aunt Doudel, why are you talking so sharply? This has never happened before. It makes my heart sore to hear you. Forgive me, I cannot help speaking."

Both women turned from the heat of their anger and looked kindly on that young girl, who sat like a troubled angel amid her flowers, regarding them with tears in her eyes.

"Why should dissension have crept in here?" she said, gently. "We all love each other."

"True!" said Doudel, reaching forth her hand.

"True!" answered Tillery, forgetting her dignity, in an honest burst of affection, gathering the smaller woman into her cordial embrace. "We both love the people!"

"And the royal family. Our blessed Lady give them wisdom!" said Doudel, yielding a little on her part. "Heaven forbid that their enemies should increase!"

Adela arose, wiped her eyes, and kissed them both with angelic fervor, and went away, leaving the sisters together. They were not so far apart, after all. The very last persons who gave up their love for the king were the *Dames de la Halle*, to whom Doudel belonged.

"Think what it would be if this child should prove a bond of union between the people and the court," said Doudel, after the two had conversed together half an hour. "The dames

have great faith in her since she came home with the king's kiss upon her forehead. She has the wish to serve her country. Keep her in it, for you can. Shall I tell you a name—the name of a person who has seen her more than once in this very room. Bend your head."

Dame Tillery bent her head, and Doudel whispered a name in her ear.

"A true patriot," said the landlady, nodding her head in approval. "Not altogether given up to those new doctrines which threatens to drag down the throne of France. But does he know who she is?"

"Yes; she told him herself. But she does not even know his name."

"But why?"

"He does not wish it; knowing how warmly her heart turns to the royal family, he fears that it might turn against him, so he ordered me to keep his secret. Sister, I have an idea that he loves our little girl."

"Then it is high time that I take her away. She must have nothing in common with these agitators."

"Not even if it were Count Mirabeau."

"Count Mirabeau!"

"He has seen her. He came into the Assembly one day, with a flower she gave him from her basket in his bosom."

"And flung it away afterward, as he would put her aside in a week. Sister, I know this man. When the States-General assembled at Versailles, he stayed at The Swan. I liked him then, but afterward, when I took my place at court—not that I wish to boast, sister—it came to me that her majesty, the queen, hated this man, and would not endure him in her sight. So, if you hope for any preferment for our child, keep aloof from Mirabeau."

"The poor child wants no preferment. We can take care of her. I have not set in the market so many years for nothing; and you have no children."

"That is true—that is true! But this Mirabeau is a dangerous man. The girl is safer with me just now."

"But you will let her come back again?"

"Will I? Of course, sister. Exaltation, you will find, has not hardened my heart. But just now you must not stand in the way of her advancement."

With these sisterly feelings and amiable words the two women decided that Adela should go to Versailles for a time; thus unconsciously aiding in the important mission with which she was charged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We devote our entire space, this month, to new designs for making up ladies' and children's under-clothing. Our first engraving represents a pointed-yoke night-dress, (the top of it,) and may also be used for a dressing-sacque. The yoke is made of alternate tucks of Nainsook and rows of insertion, either of Hamburg work or Cluny lace: the latter is, probably, the most durable article in use for under-wear. Cut out a pattern in paper of the yoke, and on this pattern baste the insertion in the position desired, with the tucking between. After it is all arranged, it may be stitched by the machine quite through the paper, tearing it away when done; but many persons prefer taking the yoke off of the pattern, and stitching it without the paper, saving the trouble of tearing it out: but it requires more careful basting. Cuffs to match; and the gown is cut full and straight, and gathers into the yoke. About four yards of insertion and four yards of edging will be required.



Our next is also a dressing-sacque, or night-dress. In this, as will be seen, the yoke is formed entirely by tuckings, five small half-

inch tucks straight down before, and eight the same size on the shoulders. The points down the front are made of separate pieces, cut in shape, as seen, and trimmed on two sides with a very narrow edging or Cluny lace. In these points are placed the buttons and button-holes. These points are continued round the neck, also up the hands. This design is particularly adapted for a dressing-sacque, which is an almost indispensable article of a ladies' toilet. About four yards of edging for a sacque, and six or more yards for a long night-dress will be required.

Our next two are new arrangements for putting on the waistbands of both ladies' and children's drawers. The first, ladies' size, has a



small pointed yoke in front, and the back has drawing-strings, as has also the next, (children's,) both opening at the sides, where they button. The bottoms are very handsomely and inexpensively ornamented by tucks and inser-



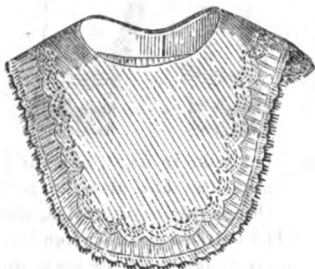
tion or bias bands of linen stitched on. First tuck a piece an eighth of a yard wide (and enough for the pair of drawers) in quarter-inch

tucks; then cut in points, and upon these points stitch a bias band of linen. In the first the main part of the drawers is also pointed and laid over the tucks, with two bands above, and the points edged with a narrow trimming; but just the linen stitched on, with a finish of tape trimmings, looks quite as pretty, and much less expensive. In the next, insertion is used above the tucks. Tucks put on either horizontally, or on the bias, seem to be the favorite mode of trimming both petticoats and drawers, in these days of sewing-machines.

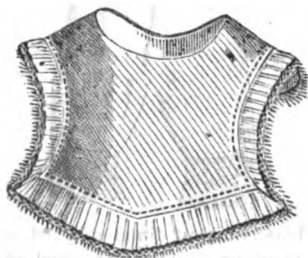
The French patterns for chemises, to be found in the front of the number, really belong to this department. The skirt is cut straight, without gores, and the armholes sloped out, as may be seen in the designs. Simply a band of insertion for the neck, and it continued around a very narrow bias-piece at the armhole, forms all the sleeve. This method of making chemises is about half the work, very much prettier, and more comfortable, especially for summer wear.

We give, also in the front of the number, an engraving of a corset-cover, or under-waist, for summer wear under thin dresses. It scarcely needs a description, as the design is so perfect: puffs of Nainsook between rows of insertion.

We give, next, three designs for bib aprons for infants. Nos. 1 and 2 especially for in-



fants of six months. No. 3 will be suitable for a child of a year or year and a half. All made of pique, braided and trimmed with ruffling.



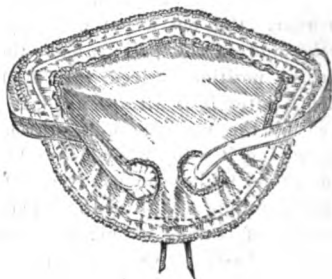
For a six months child, the fleecy pique is preferable, as it is more absorbent. No. 3

has armholes, and made of birds'-eye, or fine linen, trimmed with the patent ruffings, open

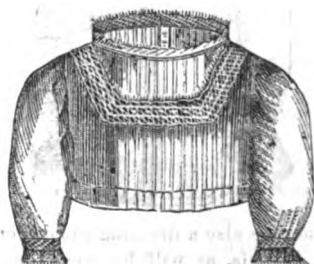


edge, looks very pretty, and keeps so nicely in place. Something very desirable for such little people.

Here is a night-cap, showing how it is to be cut and drawn to fit the head. Trimmed with a gathered ruche of muslin, edged with a narrow lace, or net, as preferred. This cap made of Swiss, and the frill edged with Valenciennes, makes one of the prettiest breakfast-caps for an elderly lady that we have ever seen, having the advantage of being easily done up. The frill may be goffered, if desired.



Waist of dress for child of two years, formed of tucks, upon which the square yoke is simulated by a band of insertion, edged on both sides with a worked trimming; high in the neck all dresses are now made, even for the babies. Long sleeves, slightly gathered at the wrist, or else cut in the coat-shape, with a cuff to match the yoke.

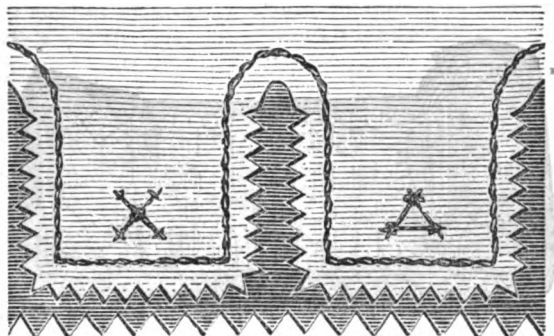


In the front of the number we give a flannel morning-jacket, showing how the trimming is

made. Both the jacket, and the piece of flannel or cloth forming the under part of the trimmings, are pointed, and the two fastened together by a row of chain-stitching, done in black or white silk, as seen in the design given

are plaited, and also how the chignon looks, when made up. Ladies can thus make the new style chignon for themselves without going to a hair-dresser.

We give, in addition to all these, in the front

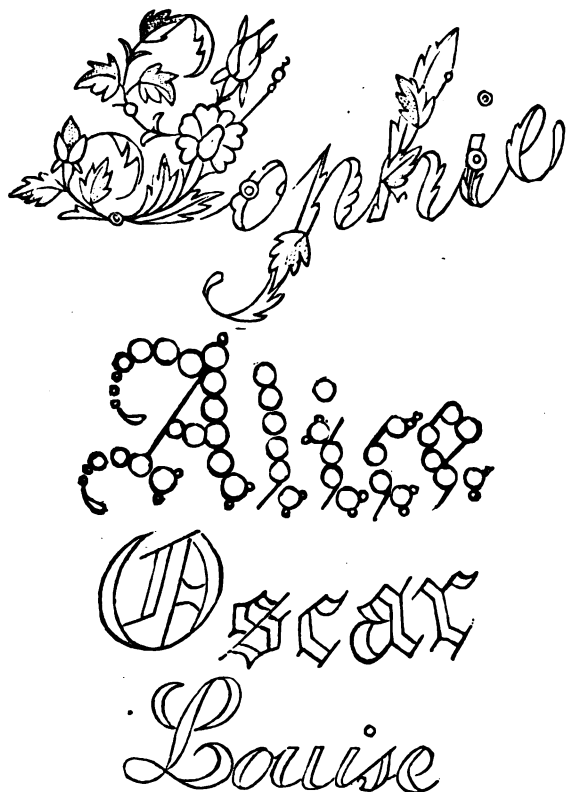


here. Add little designs in the squares. Red flannel jackets, with black or white cloth laid under, are the most serviceable.

In the front of the number we give some engravings of chignons, showing how the braids

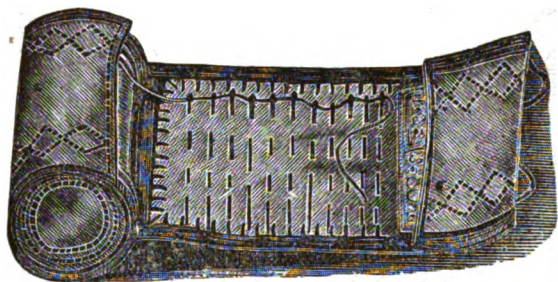
of the number, various engravings of bodies, collars, etc., for summer wear. A reference to the illustrations will show how they are made, without a detailed description.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

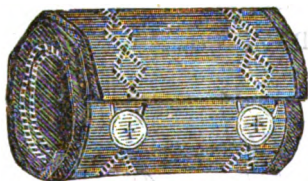


NEEDLE-CASE FOR THREADED NEEDLES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pattern for a needle-case to contain threaded needles for persons of weak sight. The materials are two pieces of silk or ribbon eight inches long and two inches broad; three-quarters of a yard of sarcenet ribbon for binding, a quarter of an inch broad.



The outside, if of plain silk or ribbon, may be embroidered. One end is turned up for a pocket one inch and three-quarters broad, for a paper of needles. At the other end is a round on each side for cotton, with a round one inch broad, ornamented with colored stitching and button-hole stitch; an opening is left in each round one inch and a quarter broad. The middle consists of white Thibet or flannel, ornamented with white button-hole stitch for ready-threaded needles, as will be seen in the engraving above. The case is closed with buttons and silk eyes.

BRAID TRIMMINGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give above a new and pretty trimming } in white braid worked in colored zephyr. These
in braid and coral stitch, and below another, } trimmings are very fashionable this season.



SEGAH-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

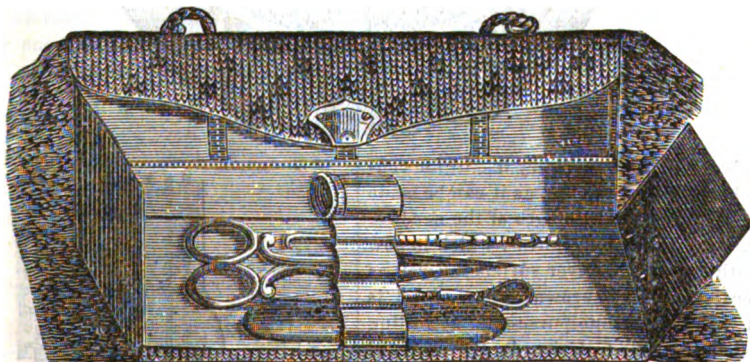
In the front of the number, we give a pattern, which is to be worked in gold braid on black velvet, printed in colors, of a Segah-Case, which is an exceedingly pretty design.

WORK-CASE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

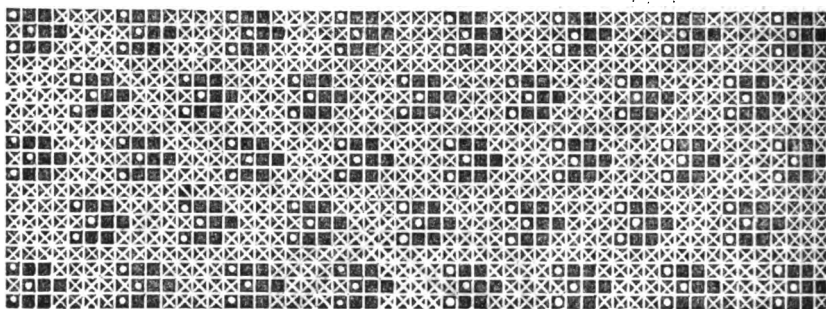


WORK-CASE.—Begin by working a strip of double crochet one hundred and twelve stitches long, and sixty-eight rows wide. The four first rows are of plain violet silk. Fifth row: five violet stitches, two black, one maize, five violet, same, but with the black silk coming forward by one stitch over the violet. 7th row: The same again, by working the first stitch upon the second of last row. 8th row: Plain violet.



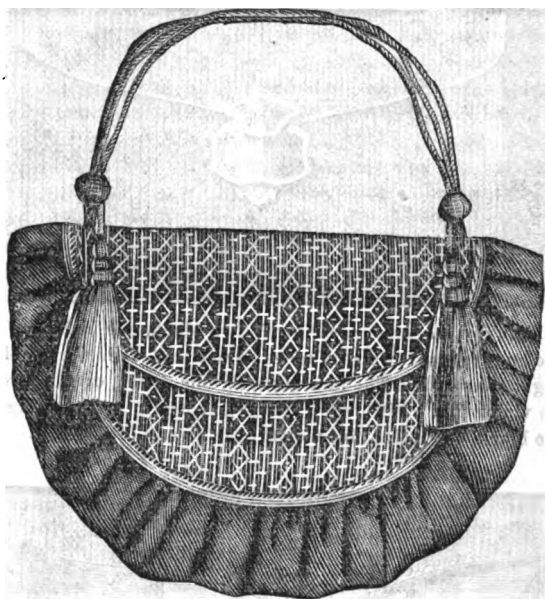
Then begin the pattern again, dodging as seen in illustration. Line the crochet strip with violet silk, and edge it on either side with fringe. Add little strips of ribbon, stitched on to hold scissors and other little implements for needle-work, and a steel clasp to shut up the case.

We give an engraving of the work-case closed; also one of the work-case open; and below an engraving of the crochet pattern.

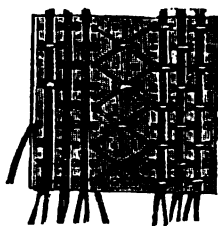


WORK-BAG: LEATHER CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS bag will be found very useful for containing knitting and netting, as it can be made any size required by the length of the needles. The material is leather canvas, which is now made with a gold and silver surface, as well as in several shades of brown. Our model is worked with bright blue purse-silk, according to the detail given, full size, in the annexed engraving. The sides and lining are rich blue silk; blue cord and tassels finish it off.



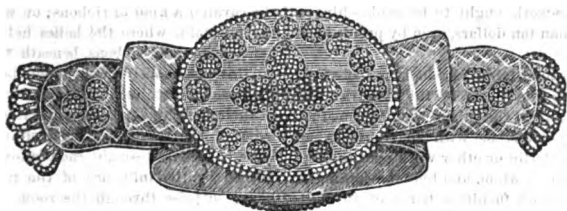
LADY'S SLIPPER: DAISY PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern, pattern is to be embroidered in yellow floss on printed in colors, for a Lady's Slipper. The black velvet. It is called the Daisy Slipper.

NAPKIN-RING OF EMBROIDERED RIBBON

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Blue ribbon, two inches and a fifth wide, black, white, and blue sewing-silk, crystal beads, steel beads, some cardboard.

For this napkin-ring take first two pieces of blue ribbon, each twelve inches and four-fifths long, round them off at both ends. Then embroider the ends of one of the ribbons with three spots of crystal beads; each spot is edged with a row of steel beads; the ribbon is, moreover, ornamented all round the edge with a double row of coral stitch of black and white silk. The second piece of ribbon is sewn on the wrong side of the first, so as to form the lining. Then make a slit in the ribbon at about five inches and a fifth from one end; this slit must reach nearly across the ribbon, and is worked round the edge in button-hole stitch. Then prepare four oval-shaped pieces of cardboard, which must each be two inches and two-fifths long, one inch and four-fifths wide; each

of these parts is covered on one side with blue silk; the silk for two of these parts must be ornamented beforehand with crystal and steel beads. Each piece of cardboard and silk is then edged all round with button-hole stitch of blue silk, drawing up one crystal bead with each stitch; then sew together, always one part with embroidery and one part without, the embroidered part being outside; the pieces are not joined together at the sides, but the edges meet under the oval embroidered part. Then draw both ends of the ribbon crosswise through the two other pieces of cardboard, and one of the ends, moreover, through the opening of the ribbon, so that the ribbon is joined into a circle. Lastly, work button-hole stitch round the rounded-off edges of the ribbon, and edge them with a fringe of steel and crystal beads; each end of the ribbon must form a loop one inch long, as can be seen in illustration.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Adeline

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MORE ABOUT HOME-MADE FURNITURE.—In our last number we gave a few hints about home-made furniture. At the request of many subscribers we add some additional instructions this month. Chintz wardrobes, for example, are not very expensive, certainly less so than oak or mahogany. Have a carpenter make you a wardrobe the size of any other one, but of a mere frame-work of deal spars about two inches square, with one or two cross pieces to support the said frame-work. Over this—top, bottom, sides, back, and front—stretch chintz. Brass hooks are screwed into the top of the frame-work at the back, on which to hang the dresses, and a little brass knob by which to open the door; also a bolt at the top and bottom, to keep the second door from flying open. The frame-work ought to be made—hinges, bolts, and all—for less than ten dollars, even by professional hands.

You can make such comfortable, nice-looking foot-stools by taking a square or a round case of thick canvas, and stuffing it tightly with any of the things we mentioned for cushioning the box ottomans, or with shavings. Then stretch a piece of pretty Berlin or other work over the top, put American cloth at the bottom, and hide the joining of the two at the sides by a thick furniture fringe of any suitable color, which ought to sweep a little on the ground. These foot-stools are much nicer than any you can buy, and you will also have the pleasure of reflecting that they are all your own work, which is very satisfactory.

We have seen a very comfortable little low chair for a bedroom (just the thing for pulling close into the fire when you are having a chat to your dearest friend) formed from one of those ugly and uncomfortable cane-seated chairs, with which most bedrooms are furnished. Any chair will do for the purpose, provided that the seat of it is tolerably broad. Have the legs of the chair sawn off two or three inches: in short, reduce it to pleasant diminutiveness, taking care that the "hind" legs are shorter than the fore-legs. Cushion the seat and the whole of the back thickly and softly with the before-mentioned canvas, stuffed and padded cushions. Make and put over all—seat, back, sides, everywhere—a loose cover of moreen or repp, leaving not one bit of the wood-work to be seen. Fringe, sewn round the seat and back, looks very well, but it is not necessary. Chintz does not answer so well as thick materials; but, should you wish to use it, you can line it with unbleached calico. When nicely done, no one can discover what was the original state of one of these chairs, such pretty, comfortable little things are they. This is a capital way in which to utilize shabby old chairs, no matter of what kind.

FOR DAY-TIME TOILETS a great many open bodices are worn, some with, others without, revers, heart-shaped or square; often the bodices have basques, and these basques are most varied; sometimes there are some at the back only, and sometimes only in front; they are square, round, or pointed, and sometimes looped up into a puff. The sleeves are also of very different shapes, from the perfectly tight sleeves with *creees* in the Henry III. style, to the pagoda sleeves, or the Oriental sleeves, slit open from the elbow, they are made in all manner of fashions.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of our premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art In Heaven." Or, if preferred, either of our other premium engravings will be sent instead of "Our Father."

THE GERMAN COTILLION, or, as it is generally called, "The German," is, as our fair readers know, almost universally danced at the close of a party, if there is dancing at all. Lately, in Berlin, a very original "German" was danced. The party was given by the wife of the celebrated chemist, Hoffman, and the students of the University were very generally invited. When figure after figure, as new as they were complicated and graceful, had been danced, a table heaped up with bouquets of white flowers and piles of spotlessly white favors was placed at one end of the great room, while at the other was a fountain spouting jets of perfumed water, which fell sparkling into a crystal basin adorned with flowers. The waltz was now resumed, and as each couple approached the table the lady took a bouquet, and the cavalier a knot of ribbons; on went the waltzers toward the fountain, where the ladies held their flowers, and the gentlemen their ribbons, beneath the sweet-scented spray; and instantaneously the bouquets became of every brilliant hue—red, violet, blue, gold, and some uniting several colors in their variegated petals; while the favors became of every color of the rainbow. The bouquets and ribbons of the same shades now sought each other, and "the new couples, formed by the influence of the magic colors, whirled in merry surprise through the room." A word for the uninitiated: the aniline coloring matters, reduced to the finest powder, had been sprinkled over the flowers and ribbons, in no way impairing their whiteness, and the contact of the alcoholic liquid, prepared and perfumed, instantly produced the richest aniline dyes.

OUR NEW NOVELT, "Put Out Of The Way," causes a very general sensation. We repeat, what we said last month, that it is not a bit exaggerated. A prominent New York daily remarks: "We have been so wont to regard the great piles of cut stone in which the insane are imprisoned for cure as one of the great humanitarian triumphs of the age, that we trouble ourselves very little about what goes on inside of them. So glaring has been the public negligence, that it is only lately we have awakened to the fact that they could be, and were used as convenient prisons for sane people." It subsequently adds, in confirmation of the treatment to which our hero is supposed to be subjected, these pregnant words:—"In the very highest of these private asylums, the tortures of the shower-bath, straight-jacket, and saddle, are still used; but worse than these (for these are only prescribed by the superintendents) is the fact that the patients are under the almost absolute control of keepers who are almost invariably selected from the lowest and most uneducated classes. In the male wards strength is, perhaps, necessarily, the principal requisite in the attendants, who are ordinarily low, stolid immigrants."

OUR COLORED FASHION-PLATE, this month, represents a lawn-party, with croquet-players, etc., etc. These parties are going to be very fashionable, this summer, in the country. They are given in the day-time, and out-of-doors, though, sometimes, they finish with a dance, in-doors, after sunset. No magazine has such fashion-plates as "Peterson."

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS to "PETERSON" can get either of our premium engravings by remitting \$1.00. To all others the price is \$2.00 for any one, or \$3.00 for any two. The whole five will be sent to one address, however, for \$5.00.

THE STEEL ENGRAVING in this number is another gem of art. Nearly all the steel engravings in "Peterson" are, like this one, from original pictures.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number. We continue our liberal inducements to clubs. At our prices, "Peterson" is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest and best of the ladies' magazines. Single subscribers get "Peterson" for \$2.00, while all the other magazines, which have any pretensions to be equal in merit, are \$3.00 and \$4.00. To clubs, our terms are cheaper still. Specimens sent gratis. Clubs may begin with either the January or the July numbers. We can always supply back numbers for the year. Persons who order the Magazine from news dealers, or others, must look to them for the supply of the work. We have no agents for whose contracts we are responsible.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By J. G. L. Hesketh. Translated by K. R. H. Mackenzie. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—No man, in this generation, except Louis Napoleon, has risen to such celebrity in Europe, as Otto Von Bismarck, the prime minister, so to speak, of Prussia. Naturally there has been much curiosity in regard to him. In this handsome volume we have a very full account of his life, as well as of his antecedents. He comes, it appears, of a family of condition, which had, for centuries, taken more or less part in public affairs. At one time, it was wealthier and more powerful than it has been recently, or at last until Count Otto restored the fortunes of his house; but it has always been distinguished for men of mark and character. The greatest of the Bismarcks undoubtedly, however, is the present possessor of its honors. He began life as a rather wild young man, so much so that he was called "mad Bismarck." Subsequently, however, he found vent for his great energies in a political career. He rose to eminence slowly, yet steadily. In 1847 he was a member of the diet; in 1851 he was sent to Frankfurt as ambassador; in 1859 he was transferred to Russia; in 1862 he was promoted to Paris; later in the same year he became premier; in 1865 he was made a Count; in 1866 he brought on the war with Austria, for which he had been secretly working for years. At Sadown he beheld his long-cherished dream fulfilled in the elevation of Prussia to the virtual leadership of United Germany. The story of this eventful life is narrated in considerable detail, in the volume before us, and the text is illustrated by numerous engravings, more than a hundred in all. The biography can hardly be called an impartial one, the author's partisanship is too pronounced for that, but the story, on the whole, is reliable, and the estimate of Bismarck's abilities not excessive.

The Young Wife's Cook-Book. With Receipts for the Best Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea. By the author of "The National Cook-Book." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—All of these receipts, we are told in the preface, have been thoroughly tested by the author and compiler. They are generally simple and economical, and therefore suitable for young housewives. On this account the title of the book is exceedingly appropriate. We give a few receipts for preserves, a page or two further on, for which we are indebted to this work. The firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers is celebrated for the number, variety, and excellence of the cook-books it issues, from one like this, designed for ordinary families, up, through an ascending scale, to that of Franchetelli, renowned the world over for its rare and costly dishes. We advise our readers, when they wish a cook-book, to send for T. B. Peterson & Brothers' list, and make a selection.

The Christmas Guest, and Other Stories. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and her sister, Mrs. F. Henshaw Boden. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A handsome volume, that contains several stories, all of them full of incident, and all narrated with spirit.

The Household Treasury. Designed for Household Use, and for Boarding Houses, Restaurants, etc. 1 vol., small 4 to. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.—This is a small quarto, containing nearly three hundred pages of fine, lined writing paper, designed for copying household and other receipts into. It is divided into appropriate heads, such as soups, meats, game and poultry, made dishes, salads, sauces, cakes, pastry, etc., etc. Every woman, almost, knows of some nice dish that has been made in her family for years, or hears of some other dish that has come down in other families; and the "mission of this book," if we may use a phrase of the day, is to preserve such receipts, in a handsome and convenient form. We wonder that nobody ever thought of such a work before. Every family ought to have a copy of this blank book for receipts.

Only A Girl; or, a Physician for the Soul. A Romance from the German by W. Von Hillem. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We are always glad to see a translation by Mrs. Wister, for she not only translates unusually well, but she also has a fine instinct in the selection of her novels. Her "Old Ma'mselle's Secret" has proved to be one of the most popular books of its class, and this story will, we think, be liked fully as much. The plot turns on the now much controverted question of woman's rights.

The Macdermots of Ballyclogran. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The scene of this story is laid in Ireland, and the main incidents, if not true in themselves, which we incline to think, are founded on truth. In no other of his fictions, except in "The Lost Chronicle of Barset," has Anthony Trollope risen to such tragic power as in this one. The heroine, with all her faults, thoroughly enlists the sympathies of the reader. The trial-scene is a powerful chapter.

Memoir of the Rev. John Scudder, M. D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The subject of this memoir was one of the most self-sacrificing of that noble band of men who go forth "to preach the gospel," and to "do good unto all men." The story of his life is well, and sympathetically told in the volume before us.

Man's Wrongs: or, Woman's Foibles. By Kate Manton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby & Danrell.—A story by a new writer, professing, as the preface says, to expose the foibles and vanities of woman. We are strongly inclined to think that the author is a man, who has assumed a woman's name the better to conceal his masked batteries.

Wonders of Italian Art. By Louis Viardot. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.—Another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." There are twenty-eight illustrations in the volume. Like all of the series, this work is capitally done. The old motto, "much in little," ought to be on the title-pages of all these volumes.

Self-Help; With Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book that every boy ought to read, and, for that matter, most adults also. If you wish to know how real, true men are formed, study "Self-Help." The work is as entertaining as it is instructive.

Debenham's Vow. By Amelia B. Edwards. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The best novel this lady has written, if we except that charming prose idyl, "Barbara's History." The volume is full of illustrations.

Tom Brown's School Days. By An Old Boy. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new edition, beautifully illustrated, of one of the most popular books of its kind. The price is a miracle of cheapness, being only fifty cents.

Baffled. By Julia Goddard. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel by a comparatively new writer, but still a story of very great interest. It is illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Celebrated Cook-Books.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are the publishers of the best Cook-Books issued in the world. They have just issued a new one, entitled "THE YOUNG WIFE'S COOK-BOOK." It contains receipts of all the best dishes to be prepared for Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea, as well as a large number of entire New Receipts, for Cooking and preparing in all different ways: Soup, Fish, Oysters, Terrapin, Lobsters, Meats, Omelets, Meat Pies, Poultry, Game, Tea Cakes, Jellies, Hot Rolls, Preserves, Salads, Stews, Puddings, Pies, Pastries, Dessert, Cakes, Biscuits, Zickles, Sauces, etc., with miscellaneous receipts and invaluable hints to Wives in every article of Household use. It is by the author of "The National Cook-Book." The receipts contained in "The Young Wife's Cook-Book," have been thoroughly tested by the author for many years, and will be found to be invaluable to every Housekeeper. No Wife, no Lady, no Family, should be without a copy of "The Young Wife's Cook-Book." It is published in a large duodecimo volume, of seven hundred pages, strongly bound in cloth, price \$1.75 a copy.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers also publish all the best and most popular, as well as the most economical Cook-Books issued. Price of each, \$1.75, bound in cloth. Their names are as follows:

Miss Leslie's New Cookery-Book, - - - -	\$1.75
Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it Should Be, - -	1.75
The National Cook-Book, - - - -	1.75
Peterson's New Cook-Book, - - - -	1.75
Widdifield's New Cook-Book, - - - -	1.75
Mrs. Hale's New Cook Book, - - - -	1.75
Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking, - -	1.75
Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million, - - - -	1.75
The Family Save-All. By author National Cook-Book, -	1.75
Francatelli's Celebrated Cook-Book. The Modern Cook, with 62 Illustrations, 600 large octavo pages, -	5.00

Every housekeeper should possess at least one of the above celebrated and economical Cook-Books, as they would save the price of it in a week's cooking.

The above Books are for sale by all Booksellers. Copies of either one, or of all of the above Cook-Books, will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of the price of the ones wanted, in a letter, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A QUESTION IN MANY HOMES.—The fine times when we could all live on the fat of the land have gone by, perhaps never to return. Of late, the question how to obtain the largest amount of wholesome, palatable nourishment at the lowest possible price, has been earnestly discussed in thousands of American homes. The introduction of SEA-MOSS FARINE as a national food staple, solves that problem. From no other article under the sun can the same amount of delicious fare be obtained for the same cost. The custards, Charlotte, Jellies, puddings, etc., made from it are "fit for Juno when she banquets;" and as a clarifier for refining cider and other fermented potables, it has no equal. The SEA-MOSS FARINE Co., who own the patent for the article, have their central depot at 53 Park Place, New York, and within twelve months they have established a business of immense magnitude and importance.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Sister Dorothea, Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, says:—"For ten years past we have been using in our establishment Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines, and also Sewing-Machines of other manufacturers; and after so many years we have arrived at the conclusion that Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines are greatly superior to all others.

"All the parts of their mechanism are so strong that the expense for repairs is merely a trifle. Besides, they can execute a larger variety of sewing than all other machines.

The simplicity of their mechanism makes the repairs easy; they do not tire the operator, and make very little noise in running. In a word, they cannot fail to be of great value to persons in want of Sewing-Machines."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads.

TABLE DEPARTMENT.

How to CARVE.—Although it is a daily duty for many men and women to cut up meat for a family, there are multitudes who do it neither well nor wisely. The following suggestions, from an agricultural paper, on this point, may not be out of place, the more especially to young housekeepers:

To carve fowls, which should always be laid with the breast uppermost, place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry thought; cut slices from the breast; cut out the collar-bone; cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey.

In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you, (it must be put on the dish with the tenderloin underneath,) then turn it. Help the guests to both kinds.

In carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle to the bone.

Cut a tongue across, and not lengthwise, and held from the middle part.

Carve a forequarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs.

To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton the same way.

To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut up, asking which part is preferred.

In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it, and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting. Cut off the limbs and divide the ribs.

In carving venison, make a deep incision down the bone to let out the juice, and turn the broad end toward you, cutting deep, and in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meats.

IN-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS WITH NUMBERS.—A pleasant way of whiling away an hour, in the evening, especially for young people, is to amuse your friends with games about numbers. For instance, "To Tell a Number Thought of." This trick may be done in various ways. The following is ingenious.

Tell the person who has thought of the number (a) to multiply it by three, (b) to add one, (c) to multiply again by three, (d) to add the number first thought of. The result will always be a number ending with the figure 3. Ask the person to tell you the result, and (e) in your own mind cut off the final three, and you have the number thought of.

EXAMPLE.—Say the number thought of is 11. Multiplied by three it is 33; with one added 34. This multiplied by three makes 102. The addition of the number thought of makes 113; cut off the three, and you have 11, the number thought of.

The rapidity with which the number can be told is the feature in this recreation. The moment 113 is told to you, you say "11" so quickly, that you cannot have had time to

reverse the processes in your mind by which the number was arrived at.

In doing this and all similar tricks, insist on having the calculations made on paper. If you fail, examine the paper, and you will be able to detect any error in multiplication, or departure from your instructions. If you do not take this precaution, you are always at the mercy of a careless operator, or bad arithmetician. Have some slips of paper ready prepared, and be sure to take each slip away after the trick is over, and before giving another.

If asked to repeat the trick, modify it in some way, so as to conceal the mode of obtaining the result. Thus, to take the example given, tell the person after adding the number thought of to double the result; you will then cut off the figure 6, and in your mind halve the remainder, and so announce the number almost as quickly as before.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DRINKS AND JELLIES.

Raspberry-Vinegar forms, when mixed with about eight parts of water, a most delicious, cooling, and wholesome summer beverage. It may be made according to either of the following receipts: No. 1. Take fresh raspberries picked from their stalks, three pounds, best white wine vinegar, two pints. Steep the raspberries for a fortnight in a covered glass vessel in the vinegar, and then strain without pressing, adding afterward two or three pounds of loaf-sugar, which is to be dissolved with a gentle heat in the water-bath. By this method, which is, unfortunately, expensive, the beautiful aroma of the fruit is entirely preserved. No. 2. Boil down the juice of raspberries with an equal weight of sugar, and add to the mixture an equal quantity of the best white wine, or French vinegar. This method is by far the most economical. No. 3. By adding half a pint of raspberry-jelly to one pint of the best white wine vinegar, raspberry-vinegar may be formed instantaneously. No. 4. Very fine. Fill glass jars, or large, wide-necked bottles, with very ripe but perfectly sound, freshly-gathered raspberries, freed from the stalks, and cover them with pale white wine vinegar; they may be left to infuse from a week to ten days without injury, or the vinegar may be poured from them in four or five. After it is drained off, turn the fruit into a hair-sieve placed over a deep dish or bowl, as the juice will flow slowly from it for many hours; put fresh raspberries into the bottles, and pour the vinegar back upon them. Two or three days later change the fruit again, and when it has stood the same space of time, drain the whole of the vinegar from it; pass it through a jelly-bag, or a thick linen cloth, and boil it gently for four or five minutes with its weight of good sugar, roughly powdered, or a pound and a quarter to the exact pint, and be very careful to remove the scum entirely as it rises. On the following day bottle the syrup, observing the directions we have given for the strawberry-vinegar. When the fruit is scarce, it may be changed twice only, and left a few days longer in the vinegar.

Currant-Jelly.—Pick fine, red, but long ripe currants from the stems; bruise them and strain the juice from a quart at a time, through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

Black Currant-Vinegar.—To four pounds of fruit, very ripe, put three pints of vinegar; let it stand three days; stir occasionally; squeeze and strain the fruit. After boiling ten minutes, to every pint of juice add one pound of lump-sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

Blackberry and Elderberry-Wine.—**Blackberry-Wine.**—Choose a dry day for collecting the fruit, set it in an open vessel, (one of those having a tap fitted to the side of it rather near the bottom,) and pour over the fruit sufficient boiling water to cover it. Next let the blackberries be bruised thoroughly; cover the vessel, and let it stand three or four days, when it will be found that the pulp has formed into a crust on the top. The fluid must then be drawn off into another vessel, and one pound of sugar added to each gallon, and well mixed in, after which it is ready to be put into a cask for a week or ten days to work, during which time the cask should be kept well filled, more especially at first. When the working has ceased, let the wine be bunged down; at the end of six or nine months it may be bottled. The addition of about a gill of port-wine to each bottle will be found a great improvement, and if kept for four or five years it will be excellent. **Elderberry-Wine.**—Take six gallons of berries, seven of water, a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of ginger, and a few cloves, and boil them together for half an hour, when they will, probably, be reduced to seven or eight gallons. Well press the berries through a sieve, and put three pounds and a half of moist sugar to every gallon, and you will then have enough altogether to fill a nine-gallon cask. After the sugar is put in, boil till the liquor becomes clear, and as the scum rises remove it. Let the liquor be taken to a cool place, and poured into the cask, and when about lukewarm put in a piece of toast dipped in thick yeast. Look at it the next day, and if fermentation should not have commenced, take out a little of the wine, boil it, and pour it back. Should this still not be found to have had the desired effect, add another piece of toast and yeast, and let it stand a week. Fill up the cask when the working has stopped, and closely bung it down. In about three months it will be ready to drink, but it may be kept for years.

Currant and Gooseberry-Compote.—Put one quart of red currant-juice to five pounds of loaf-sugar; set it on the fire, and when the sugar is dissolved, put in eight pounds of red, rough, ripe gooseberries; let them boil half an hour, then put them into an earthen pan, and leave them to stand for two days; then boil them again until they look clear; put them into pots, and let them stand a week to dry a little at the tops, then cover them with brandy papers.

Currant-Jam—Red, White, or Black.—Strip your currants, and put them into your pan, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; add your sugar after your fruit has boiled a few minutes; boil all together, mashing your fruit with a wooden spoon; boil all gently for half an hour, then fill your jars.

Currant-Wine.—Dissolve eight pounds of sugar, or honey, in fifteen gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, add the juice of eight pounds of red or white currants; then ferment for twenty-four hours; to every two gallons add two pounds of sugar, and clarify with the whites of eggs.

PRESERVES.

Brandy-Peaches.—Select the white cling-stones, known by the name of the "Heath Peach." Make a hot ley of ashes and water, put in a few peaches at a time, and let them remain about a minute and a half, or until the skin will rub off with your finger. Take them out, and throw them in a vessel of cold water. When all are done in this manner, rub off the skins with a cloth, and throw them into another vessel of cold water. Make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—prepare it in the same manner as for preserves. Put in your peaches, and when they boil until they are sufficiently tender to be easily pierced with a straw. Take them out, and add to each pint of syrup a quart of the very best white brandy. When the fruit is cool, put it into your jars, and leave plenty of room to fill them with the syrup—as, if packed too closely, they lose their shape.

Preserved Green-Gages.—Prepare the fruit by pricking each one with a needle, to prevent them from bursting. Leave a portion of the stem on each, as it gives small fruits a handsome appearance on the table. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and a gill of water to a pound of sugar. Add a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in warm water, to every six pounds of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, put it with the dissolved isinglass over the fire, boil, and skim it—then pour it out of the kettle. Wash the kettle, put the syrup back again, put in the fruit, and boil it till, by holding one toward the light, it looks clear. Take the gages out one at a time, strain the syrup, put the fruit in jars, and pour the syrup over warm. Paste them up the next day.

Preserved Pears.—Peel the pears, and if they are large, cut each one in four pieces, and take out the core. To a pound of fruit, weigh a pound of sugar; dissolve the sugar with just enough water to wet it; add a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in warm water, to five pounds of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, make the syrup, and cook the fruit until it is clear.

Peach-Marmalade.—Pare and cut up the peaches in small pieces, and to a pound of fruit add a pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, set it over the fire, and let it boil till it is smooth paste. Stir it all the time it is boiling. Put it in the jars while warm, and paste them over the next day.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt of mauve silk, is made with one deep pleated flounce; the upper-skirt is of Chambray gauze, loosely looped up in the back; broad mauve silk sash; white hat, with mauve plume.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of pink silk, with three pleated flounces; over-dress of white grenadine, looped at the sides, and trimmed with pink ribbon and white fringe: the body is made with deep points back and front, and is trimmed with pink fringe and pink bows down the front; wide sleeves, ornamented to correspond. Straw hat, with white plume.

FIG. III.—SHORT HOUSE-DRESS.—Under-dress of green silk, with a deep flounce laid in wide pleats; upper-dress of white muslin, puffed lengthwise, and profusely trimmed with lace and green ribbon. Above this skirt are two other shorter ones, the upper one only reaching across the front; these are trimmed with lace and quillings of ribbon; the back of the dress is ornamented with a series of green bows, put on between two rows of lace, and terminated with a long, green fringe. Plain, low waist, with a cape to correspond with the skirt, and long, close sleeves.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE ORGANDY SPOTTED WITH LILAC.—The skirt, which is rather long, is trimmed with a flounce of the same, not very wide, nor very full, and put on with box-pleats quite far apart. The waist is cut open in front, and trimmed with a bias band of silk and a narrow pleated ruffle of plain white organdy. Long, close sleeves to correspond with the body; broad lilac sash tied at the back.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE GRENADINE, SPOTTED WITH PINK.—The skirt is long and plain, and is worn over a thin muslin petticoat; the basque is made of white silk, with a pink satin stripe in it; it is square at the neck in front, and is long and full at the back, and trimmed with narrow fringe. Garden hat of Leghorn, trimmed with roses and wheat; long, gray gauze veil.

FIG. VI.—WEDDING-DRESS OF WHITE SILK.—The petticoat is plain; over this is a train-skirt, trimmed with a ruching of white satin ribbon and white fringe; the apron front is ornamented in the same style. Plain waist, with a basque and wide flowing sleeves, trimmed in the same manner. Long, full tulle veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms on the head.

FIG. VII.—MOUNTAIN OR TRAVELING-DRESS.—The under-

skirt, which is rather short and plain, is of dark-green, blue-and-black plaid flannel; the upper-dress is of dark-gray *delaîne*, trimmed with black braid; the waist is close-fitting, with a pointed basque.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE PLAID.—The under-skirt has one deep bias ruffle, headed by a mauve quilling above a band of black velvet; the upper-skirt, which is half-long and looped up at the sides, and the short jacket, with wide sleeves, are all trimmed with fringe and black velvet.

FIG. IX.—MOURNING WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK ALPACA.—The under-skirt has one deep ruffle laid in box-pleats; the upper-skirt, which nearly reaches the knee, is trimmed with a narrow ruffle in the same style; over this is an apron with side basques, opening over a black ribbon bow ornamented to correspond. Tight body, and long, close sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, as usual, the newest style of bonnets, collars, fichus, muslin bodies, etc. Our engravings will show how these are to be made more fully than we can describe them. The threatened change of short to long skirts for street dresses, will be heard of with regret by all sensible people; that they are more elegant no one will deny, though, for young girls, the short skirts, puffed and bowed in a moderate degree, are very jaunty. As yet none of the out-of-door dresses received from Paris are made with train-skirts; but they are longer than they were last year, touching the ground at the back, and proportionally long all round. Some of these are made with a short court-train over the very much trimmed petticoat; and for the street this train is looped up in a graceful manner, and let down for the house. Under-skirts or petticoats are most elaborately trimmed with ruffles, puffs, fichus, etc., and black lace and fringe is also very much used, as well as bows and loops of ribbon. Some of the newest French dresses have points both back and front; some a point only at the back, with a waistband and bow in front; and others with a point in front, with a waistband (reaching from the side seams) and a bow at the back. Dresses of fine, unbleached linen are trimmed with flounces and ruffles of white embroidery, and edging and insertion of unbleached thread. Some of these linens can be bought as low as twenty-five cents a yard, but they are coarse, and they vary in price from that up to two dollars per yard. White muslin dresses are trimmed with ruffles and knots of ribbon, though some are more elaborate, and are ornamented with Valenciennes lace, and very expensive. Figured organdies are sometimes plain, but most frequently ruffled with either stripes of the same, or with white organdy.

STRAW BONNETS of an entirely different shape from those worn during the winter are worn; they fit on the back of the head over the braids, and come close to the hair in front. They are usually trimmed with a narrow pleating of ribbon or tulle on the inside, and are much ornamented with flowers and gauze, or *crepe de chene*.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

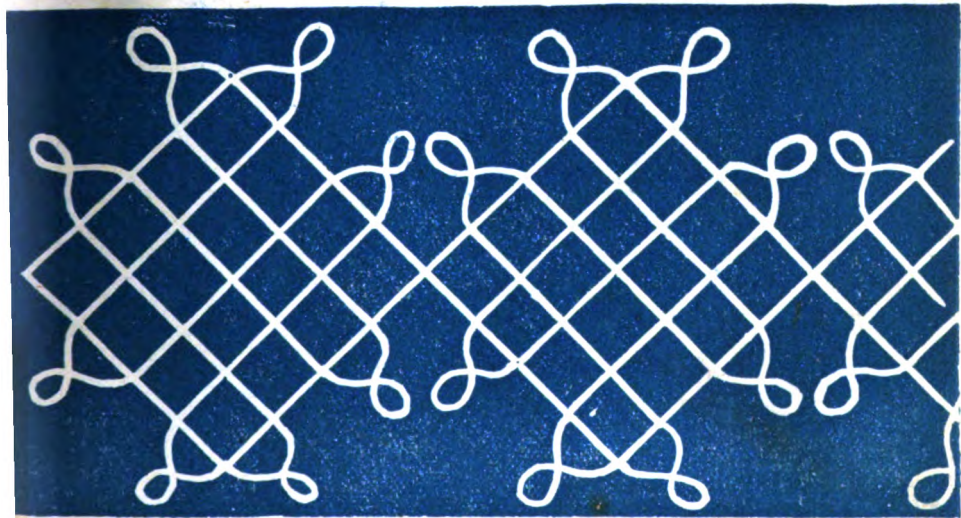
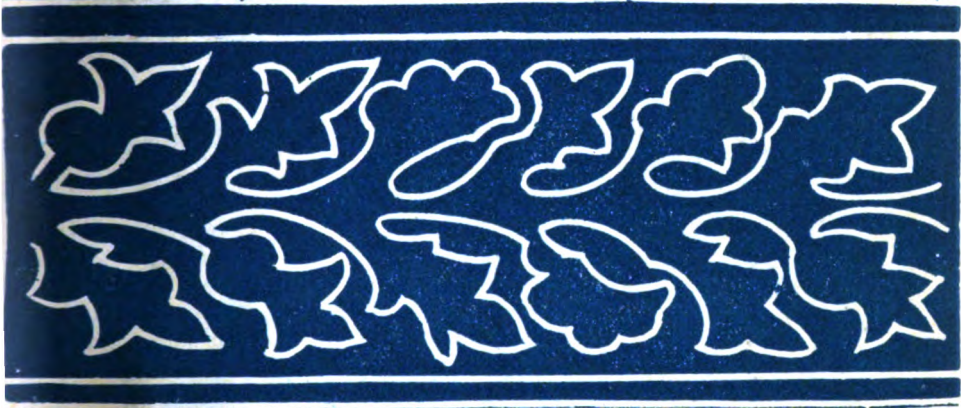
FIG. 1.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD.—The lower-skirt has one ruffle; the upper-skirt is looped up at the sides with bows of blue ribbon, and trimmed with a ruffle at the back only; high waist, with the trimming put on square; long, tight sleeves.

FIG. II.—CHILD'S DRESS OF GRAY SUMMER POPLIN.—Lower-skirt plain, except two rows of braid around the bottom; plain waist, with a cape cut out in turrets, scalloped and trimmed with braid and small rosettes; sash to correspond. Small, gray straw hat and plumes.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF NANKEN-COLORED PONGEE.—The skirt is trimmed with three bands of black velvet ribbon, the middle one being the widest; the waist is cut with basque, deeper at the back than in front, and has *revers* on the body, and is trimmed like the skirt. Long coat sleeve.



THE SATURDAY DINNER



**PATTERNS FOR BRAIDING ON PIQUÉ DRESSES, WITH BLACK, WHITE,
OR COLORED BRAIDS.**



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[See the Story.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



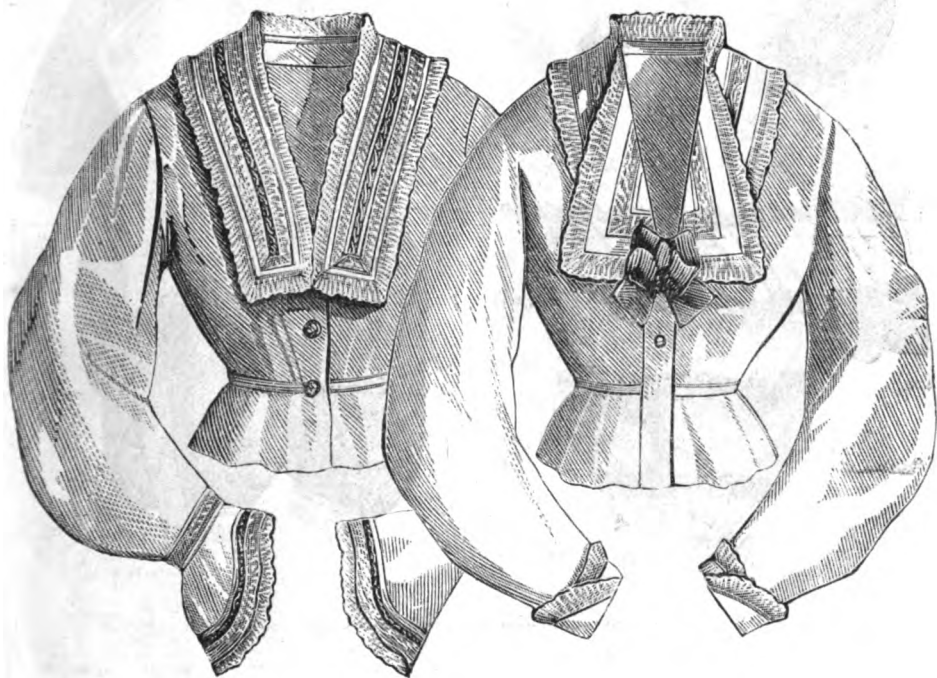
VISITING-DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



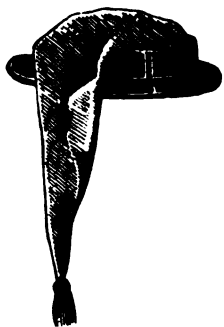
HOME-DRESS. UNDER-BODY. COLLAR.



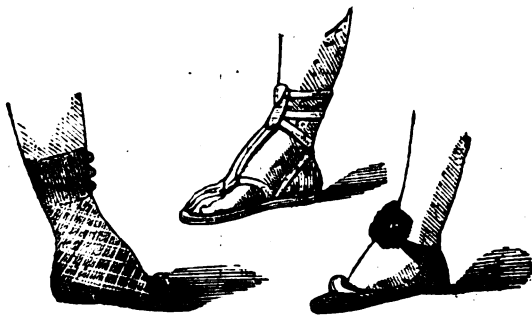
BONNET. HAT. CHILDREN'S FROCKS.



HATS. INSIDE BODIES FOR OPEN DRESSES.



BATHING-DRESSES. HAT AND CAP.



BATHING-DRESS. CAPS. SHOES, ETC.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. Hobson.

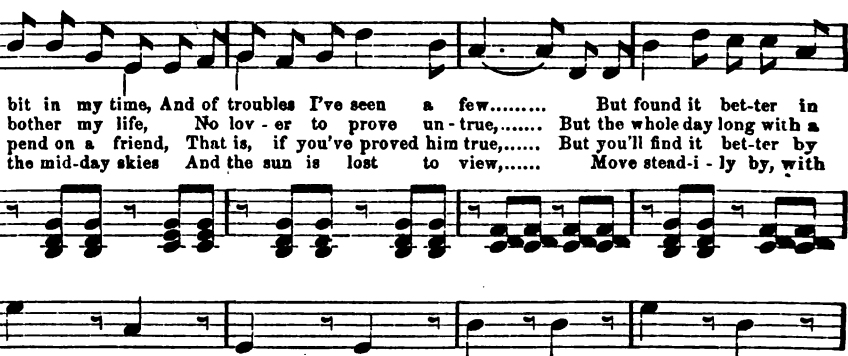
As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

VOICE.

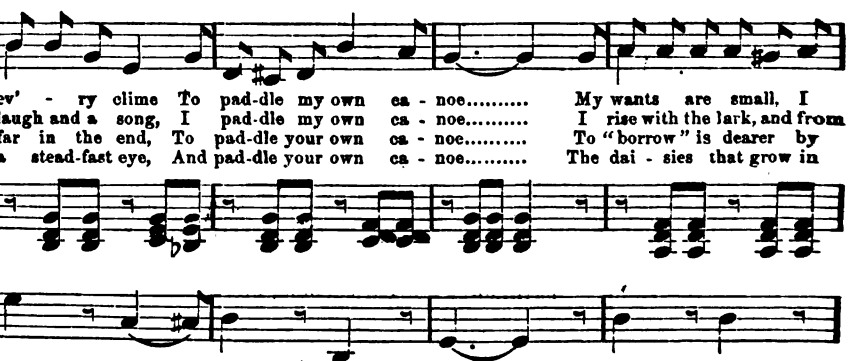


1. I've travell'd a-bout a
 2. I have no wife to
 3. It's all ve-ry well to de-
 4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in

PIANO.

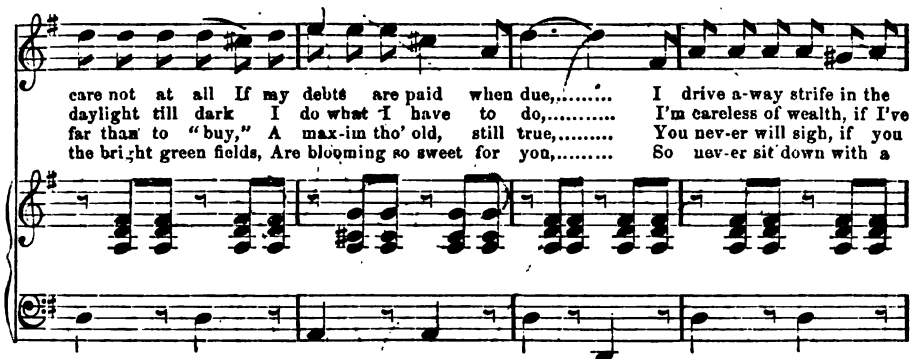


bit in my time, And of troubles I've seen a few..... But found it bet-ter in
 bother my life, No lov-er to prove un-true,..... But the whole day long with a
 pend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true,..... But you'll find it bet-ter by
 the mid-day skies And the sun is lost to view,..... Move stead-i-ly by, with

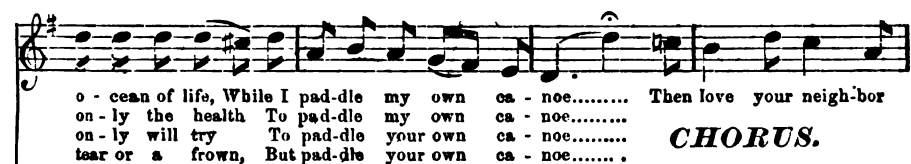


ev'-ry otime To pad-dle my own ca-noe..... My wants are small, I
 laugh and a song, I pad-dle my own ca-noe..... I rise with the lark, and from
 far in the end, To pad-dle your own ca-noe..... To "borrow" is dearer by
 a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe..... The dai-sies that grow in

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.



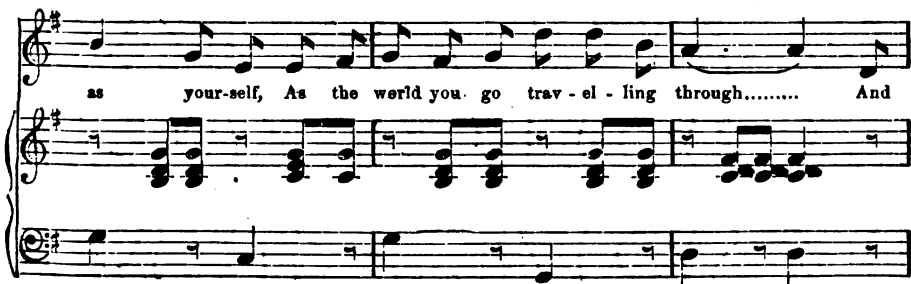
care not at all If my debts are paid when due,..... I drive a-way strife in the
daylight till dark I do what I have to do,..... I'm careless of wealth, if I've
far than to "buy," A max-im tho' old, still true,..... You nev-er will sigh, if you
the bright green fields, Are blooming so sweet for you,..... So nev-er sit down with a



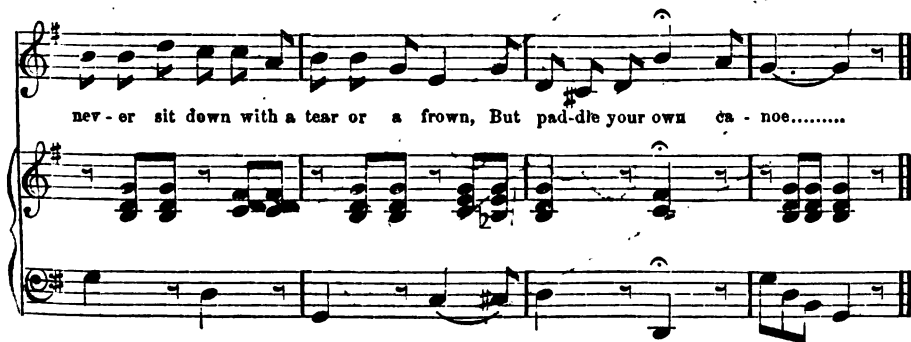
o - cean of life, While I pad-dle my own ca - noe..... Then love your neigh-bor
on - ly the health To pad-dle my own ca - noe.....
on - ly will try To pad-dle your own ca - noe..... **CHORUS.**
tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.....



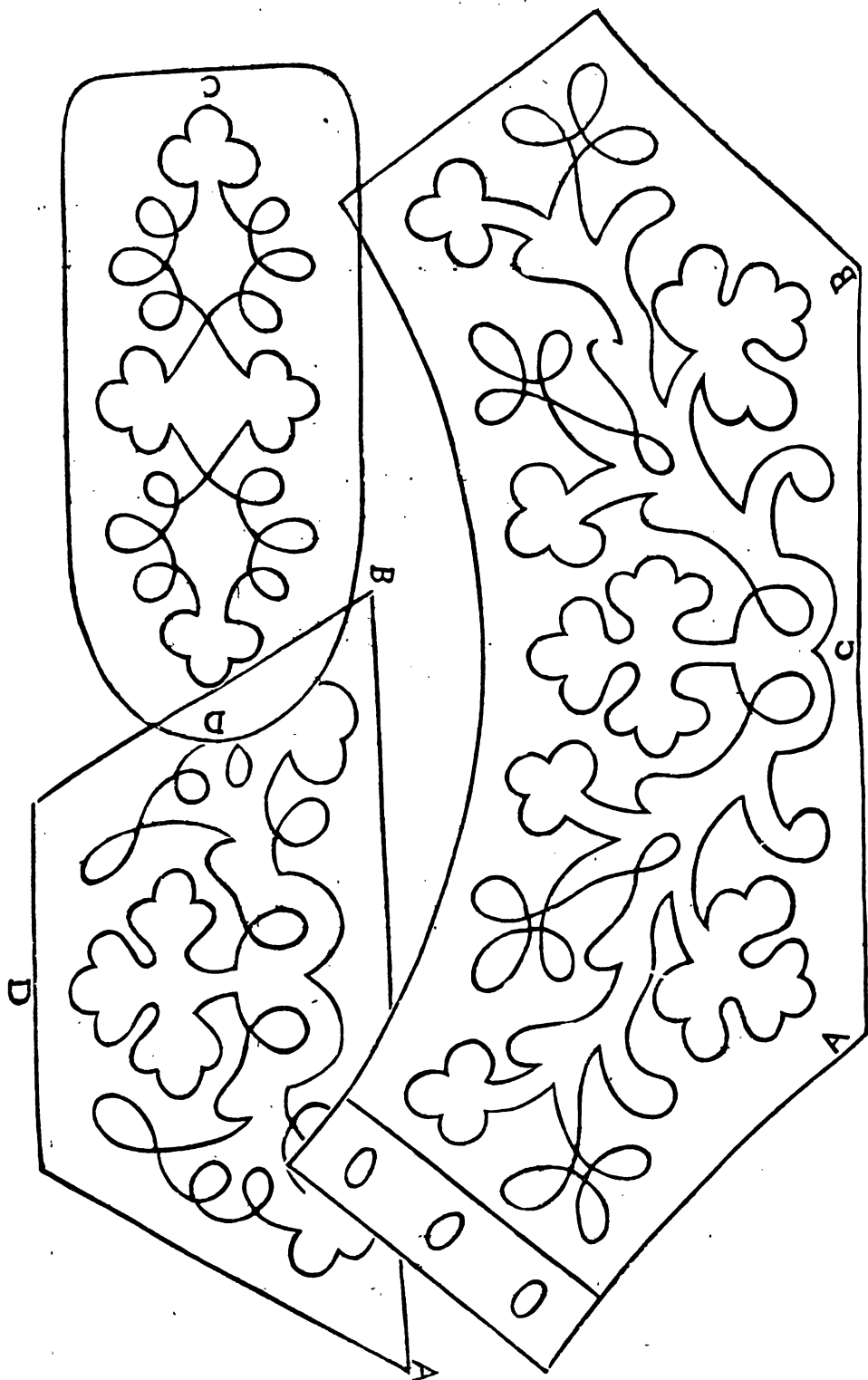
rit.



as your-self, As the world you go trav-el - ling through..... And



nev-er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca - noe.....



BABY'S BRAIDED SHOE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1870.

No. 2.

THE RED FLAG.

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Minnie Sherwood to her mother, taking off her bonnet as she spoke. "The Malcolms are to be sold out to-day. I have just been by the house, and saw the red flag of the auctioneer there."

"Dreadful, indeed!" replied her mother, after a pause, "but hardly more than might have been expected. The Malcolms, as every one knows, have been living beyond their means for years; and an end, my dear, must come to extravagance, sooner or later."

"But they were such nice people. Mrs. Malcolm always gave such handsome parties."

"Giving handsome parties, my child, don't, as I understand it, make people nice," said the mother, gravely. "Understand me. If the parties are given by those who can afford it, I find no fault: in fact, I like the people all the better. But it is the reverse when entertainments are given by families that can't afford them. In that case, the parties are really given on other people's money."

"But, after all," replied the daughter, hesitatingly, "people like the Malcolms are nicer than people like the Taylors, who never entertain, or but rarely."

"The Taylors are a case in point, and I thank you for quoting them," said the mother. "I can remember when the Malcolms were married, and also when the Taylors were; it was, I think, in the very same year; and it was not so long ago, though you were too young to recollect it. Both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Malcolm were clerks, at fixed salaries, and Mr. Taylor, if anything, was the richest. The bride, in each case, was pretty. The Malcolms made a great show when they went to housekeeping; their fine furniture was the talk of the whole town: you would have thought they were as rich as Squire Brownwell. The Taylors began more quietly. As it commenced, so it has continued: on one side, display and

extravagance; on the other, plain living and a judicious economy. Both families, in your time, have had much the same style; for as the Malcolms got poorer, the Taylors grew better off. They are now next door neighbors, and the houses are exactly alike: only the one spends, or has spent, much more on show than the other. To-day ruin, as you tell me, has come to the Malcolms, while the Taylors are, I've no question, better off than ever."

"But I pity Mrs. Malcolm so much," said the daughter. "She has always been so kind to me."

"Yes, if kindness means asking you to all her parties, and professing to be a great friend of yours. You know, my dear Minnie, that we have never agreed on this point. I have often told you to decline Mrs. Malcolm's invitations, because I did not like you to accept hospitalities, which I believed the hostess could not afford; and sometimes you have thought me hard on you, and unjust to Mrs. Malcolm. But you see, now, that I was right."

"Still I pity her."

"So do I, in one sense; but hardly in the one you mean. We should have compassion for everybody, and so I pity even the most willful wrong-doer. But if you imply, as I think you do, that Mrs. Malcolm ought to be pitied because she is not to blame, I do not agree with you. She was vain as a girl, fond of show, and reckless of cost, provided she gained her ends. Mr. Malcolm, if he had married a different wife, would never have come to ruin. Our sex, my child, are not always blameless when bankruptcy overtakes a family. Too many wives are like Mrs. Malcolm, and never care what a thing costs, if they wish it, and can get their husbands to give it to them. Remember, I am not advocating meanness, for that is as bad, in its way, as extravagance. The true rule is to live according to your

income. If you are rich, spend accordingly. If you are poor, deny yourselves. To be miserly, to love money for its own sake, is, in a different way, as much of a vice, as to spend what is not your own, or to incur debts that you know you can never pay. Now it is this latter of which the Malcolms have been guilty. Their popularity, for they were popular with the unthinking, was purchased at the expense of other people's pockets."

"It is because they thought they couldn't afford it, then, that the Taylors have not entertained as much as the Malcolms."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear. I know Mrs. Taylor well. She is as fond of society as her neighbor, and nothing gratifies her more than to see people about her enjoying themselves: if she had been born rich she would have given plenty of parties. But she don't think it right to give parties, if she has to cheat the confectioner out of his bill. Once a year, as you know, she has a very pretty evening-reception, but to entertain oftener, as she frequently tells me, is beyond her means. She was brought up by an excellent mother, who taught her what was her duty, and early in life, as they were not rich, she learned the hard lesson to deny herself. The result is that she has made Mr. Taylor a thrifty wife, and has materially assisted him on the road to fortune. She has

never been penurious, however. Her children have always had what pleasures she could afford to give them. As her husband's means have increased, she has spent money more freely, and now is able to live, and continue to live, in handsome style, while the Malcolms, by following a different course, have fallen into irretrievable ruin."

"You speak, ma, as if a wife had more to do with a husband's prosperity, or the reverse, than himself," said the daughter, thoughtfully.

"Not more, my child, but as much. The wife is really the one to regulate the expenses of the household. It is the husband's duty to provide the money: it is hers to make it go as far as she can. Every husband ought to tell his wife how much he can afford to spend, and she, on her part, ought to do the best that is possible with it. If she wastes, or does not distribute it judiciously, or lays out too much on mere display, she commits a grievous wrong. Women should not be mere ornaments, my dear. They should take their part in the affairs of life as fully as the other sex: they should do 'the work set before them' just as honestly as a man does his. It is when they fail to do this," emphatically said Mrs. Sherwood, "that they squander their husband's means, and then comes ruin and disgrace, and the auctioneer's RED FLAG."

SONG.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

The hills lie flushed and warm
 'Neath Summer's fond caress;
 And the flower-sprites, with subtle charm,
 Have decked the earth in a radiant dress.
 The zephyrs whisper low,
 The roses bend to hear;
 The streamlets softly flow,
 And skies above are clear.
 Was there ever bridal morning
 That had a fairer dawning?

The dew upon the leaves
 Still sparkles, fresh and bright;
 And with busy fingers Nature weaves
 A robe so fair as to dazzle the sight.
 The birds, with gleeful trills,
 Sour upward to the skies;
 Each pulse with rapture thrills—
 Earth seems like Paradise.
 Ah! never bridal morning
 Had sweeter, fairer dawning.

SONNET.

BY HORACE YERWORTH.

How many tender souls, of promise fair,
 Are trampled into darkness at the feet
 Of cold contempt, dying, or obsolete;
 Oppressive scorn and overwhelming care
 The cruel parents of their last despair;
 When but a touch of pity, a kind word,
 A smile, or kiss, by charity conferred,

Had been salvation's sign descending there.
 Harken, oh, world! unto the mourner's wail,
 (Ye need no troubled search for frequent things)
 Or heed—more piteous yet—the features pale
 Of heroism, where insult only wrings
 Mutely that tenderness which ye assail;
 And let thy mercy with thy tears prevail.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE house might have been an enchanted castle in a fairy-story for any sound of life there was; and its exterior and surrounding grounds were picturesque and old enough to carry out the comparison. It was a great, dark stone dwelling, flanked with wings, overgrown with English ivy and Virginian creepers, and stood on an eminence, from which the lawn sloped toward the road, graceful elms and sycamores making a dense shade even at noonday.

It had fallen from its once high estate, however. The grand saloon, in which Mrs. Madison had once danced at a ball, was now filled with school forms and desks, and at almost any other time of year was peopled with girlish figures. Now it was August, and a holiday, and hence the rooms were empty. While yet in the first bloom of youth, the Misses Hobart had found themselves orphans, and penniless, except that they still owned the old family mansion. They acted bravely. They opened a school, and after years of struggle were successful. They were now tall, dignified women, nearer fifty than forty. There had been another sister, much younger than themselves, petted and indulged, as was natural, who had proved rather a disappointment, as such pets often do. She was weak, selfish, vain, and ended by making a runaway match, and coming back to the shelter of her old home, after a few years, to die, and leave a little girl to her sisters' charge. This had been during their early struggles, and they had been willing to relinquish the girl to a relative of her father's, who was rich, though it was a heart-break to do it.

That was many years ago, and the child, Evelyn March, was now a girl of nineteen, and at this moment was a resident in the deserted house again. Old Mr. March was unreasonable and had a high temper; Miss March was in the same predicament; and at last they had a violent quarrel. Mr. March said, that, if the young lady would not obey him, he would find some more amenable person among his troop of relations to inherit his money. That speech made Miss Eve utterly unmanageable. She cared nothing about his fortune, she hated money—quite forgetful how useful it had been in making her life pleasant; so, in the end, she flew off to Hobart Hall, and descended like a beautiful fury upon her aunts.

The old maids could see plainly that both uncle and niece were wrong; but the only thing to be done was to write soothing letters to the old gentleman, be affectionate to the recalcitrant Evelyn, and let matters take their course.

The young woman had returned just as the summer session was drawing to a close. Miss Hobart had made arrangements for a little relaxation, the first time she had done so within the memory of man. She was going on a visit, and Miss Agatha was to matronize a trio of young ladies, whose rightful guardians desired them to have a foretaste of pleasure at a watering-place. Eve's arrival made a little confusion in her relative's plans; but as soon as she perceived that, she insisted on their going their ways, and leaving her to the solitude of the old house.

"I've got my living to earn, and I want a summer, alone, to brush up my studies. If you won't trust me to teach here, I shall advertise for a place. I think I understand music, and thanks to dawdling about Europe so many years, I really speak three or four languages with as much ease as I do my own. I am sure it will be a saving, for those old frowzy professors charge horrible prices."

Her aunts, finding her determined, yielded, and set off in their separate directions. For awhile she found her own society very dull. But she was determined not to give up. She tried hard to be interested in various sorts of learned books, puzzled her brain over dry treatises, till at times she thought it was becoming ossified, at others turning into a sponge, and consoled herself by thinking that was the state to which a woman ought to be reduced, who expected to become a fit instructress for youthful minds. Of course, there came days when the very quiet was intolerable, and with the usual impatience of her age; it seemed that any necessity for action would be easier to bear than that inaction. Altogether, it was not a pleasant experience, and Miss Eve was forced to confess to herself that she was much less self-reliant, and more easily depressed by exterior influences, than she could have believed possible.

One day she was absolutely driven out of the house by a cleansing devil, which had taken

possession of the old housekeeper; so she established her tent in a summer-house in a secluded portion of the grounds, and decided that she would reward her perseverance by an idle day over a new novel. She sat there and lost herself in the beautiful world created by the romancer's spells, and felt her eyelids grow moist over the sorrows of her heroine, and forgot the dull work-a-day life to which she had given herself up, and enjoyed the dream, the impossible made reality, the vague sorrow and all, as youth has a right to do.

Presently she was brought out of Elf-land by the sound of footsteps, and looking up, she saw an object that had no more business within those precincts sacred to Minerva, than a wandering infidel has in the gardens attached to some Pacha's harem.

The object was tall and real enough, but so handsome that he came not inappropriately into Evelyn's dream. Moreover, he was becomingly dressed in the most stylish of summer wearables—soft, misty gray, relieved by a spot of bright color at the shirt-collar, vivid blue, which made him look pale and interesting; and he had a profusion of curly brown hair, and great, astonished eyes to match, and a blonde mustache, as any well-regulated object would have in these days.

Brought back suddenly to real life, Miss March knew that it was not necessary to flee with frenzied haste, as a medieval princess might have done, nor worth while to shriek for the palace guards—comprising the cross housekeeper and her satellites armed with brooms; nor did any sentence of blank verse applicable to the occasion occur to her.

But after the first sensation of surprise, she was conscious of feeling vexed at the intrusion, so she closed her book and said, with acrimonious dignity,

"Boys are not received at this school; besides, it's vacation now, and no pupils are admitted."

The object laughed outright, displaying a row of teeth as white and even as a slice of cocoanut-meat.

"I came over the garden-wall," said he, "and I've torn the sleeve of my coat."

"Then if you go back the same way, perhaps you'll tear the other, and then they'll match."

"I really beg pardon," he continued, smiling at her sauciness. "I had no idea there was anybody here but the servants, and I had a fancy to sketch the old beech on the lawn."

"That beech has been sketched already by

three hundred and sixty-five youthful females," said Miss March, severely, "and is in very low spirits from being ill-treated."

He began to laugh again; but she looked as grave as a female physician. The truth was, she knew him the moment he appeared, for her maiden aunt had his photograph. His mother owned the adjoining place, and was a dear friend of Miss Hobart's.

"I beg your pardon again," continued the object. "I hope I have not disturbed you."

"Not as yet," she said, in a parenthesis.

"Miss Hobart always gives me the freedom of the place during the vacations; but, of course, I shall not intrude now I know that the house is not empty."

"Of course not," said she.

"My mother and I only got back last night. We were told Miss Hobart and her sister were away."

"As they are," replied Eve.

"How dreadfully lonely you must be," he said. "I suppose you made some mistake and arrived during vacation. I am sure my mother will be happy to come and see you, if you will permit her. She is a great friend of Miss Hobart's."

"So I have heard."

"Oh!" and he looked as if he thought her a very new and original specimen of the genus school-girl.

"That is," pursued she, "if your mother is Mrs. Dearborn."

"She is, and I am——"

"Tall Philip, Miss Hobart calls you. I shall go and see your mother this afternoon."

He looked a little vexed at her coolness.

"I dare say the housekeeper will not allow you to leave the grounds," said he. "Being a new pupil, you don't know how strict the dragons are."

"I ought to, for I am one of the dragons," replied she.

They both looked preternaturally grave for an instant, and then they both laughed outright.

"You have the advantage," said he. "You know what Miss Hobart calls me, but I don't know how she addresses you."

"She has the happiness of calling me niece. Less favored mortals address me as Miss March."

He looked as if about to whistle, but controlled himself, bowed politely, and said,

"I have heard of you very often. My mother is always laughing over some of your numerous childish vagaries."

"Your mother is very indiscreet," said Eve.

"Let's go and tell her so," said he.

"With pleasure," said she; and they walked down the garden-path, passed through a side gate, and entered the Dearborn grounds, and walked up to the house, talking pleasantly.

Mrs. Dearborn was the jolliest, little, round woman imaginable, and welcomed Miss March with much warmth. Evelyn spent nearly the whole day there, forgetting her novel entirely.

The next week was a very pleasant one. Mrs. Dearborn wrote to Miss Hobart, to say how delighted she was with her friend's niece; and Evelyn wrote to her aunt an eloquent account of all Mrs. Dearborn's kindness to her, adding, as if it had been an after-thought, that young Mr. Dearborn was at home, and seemed a very nice person.

Perhaps I have presented Miss March in an unfavorable light, by my statement, in the outset, that she had quarreled with her old uncle, and had left him with anger on both sides. I confess that such a performance usually prejudices me against any young person, for I am old-fashioned enough to like to see young women respect their elders, even if age be in the wrong; but, after all, I cannot blame Eve very much; and if her conduct was hasty, and her language passionate, she had the excuse of extreme provocation.

Old Mr. March had always been a testy, wrong-headed man, and anything in the shape of opposition, upon any subject whatever, drove him as mad as a red rag does an ill-tempered bull. He and Eve had often quarreled. He would have hated her as a hypocrite, if she had refused to fight. But the storms always blew over, and from childhood she had managed him better than anybody else ever did, possibly because she loved him more dearly than any one had ever done.

The quarrel, which finally separated them, began over a letter at the breakfast-table. They were in New York, and had just settled to go up to their country-place the next week, and Eve, afterward, in August, was to go to Newport. But Mr. March's lame leg was very troublesome that morning, and Eve herself was a little out of health. Half the quarrels in the world arise from disordered stomachs, or torpid livers, if people did but know it, and might speedily be settled if the combatants would only hold their tongues, and get their systems set straight.

But to go back to the letter, which was a European one. Old March read it, and looked up with an amiable scowl.

"You seem pleased," said Eve, in surprise, for letters generally made him cross. "Who is it from, uncle?"

"You'll know," said he. "He's coming home. He's a splendid fellow! I'll tell you what, when you marry him, you shall have a hundred thousand down—I've always set my heart on that."

"I am not very likely to marry any man for such an inducement," said she, irritably. "Do you suppose I would let myself be sold?"

Old March flew into a great passion, and she followed suit; and at last he thumped on the table till the dishes danced, swearing by the constitution and the flag of the free, that if she would not promise to marry as he saw fit, she might go to—England! And straightway Eve vowed that she would.

"You're an ungrateful donkey," shouted the old man.

"I may be a donkey, but I'm not ungrateful," cried she.

"You're both!" he retorted. "All my relations have proved so in turn, and now you're worse than any. I've parted with all of them, and you may go your way if you thwart me."

She sat silent, and he grew more angry, and said more irritating things, till at last she flamed out,

"I'll not be told who I shall marry. I will choose for myself," she said.

"You shan't choose under my roof," cried he. "I'll have no Young America impudence here, I tell you."

Of course, by this time neither was in a state to talk sense, so it is useless to repeat what was said; but it ended in Eve's flying off to her aunts. So now, when she met Philip Dearborn, instead of being a perspective young heiress, she was only a poor school-teacher, and at the end of the few summer weeks, which flew like a dream, she was reminded of that fact.

Before the vacation was over, Philip's manner and words roused her to the fact that he had fallen in love with her, and though she refused to question herself closely, she discovered that she did not dislike him. But the very day after this revelation had dawned upon her, it struck Eve that Mrs. Dearborn's manner changed toward her—and Eve knew the reason. The proud, rich woman was afraid her son was losing his heart to the schoolmistress: and Eve felt capable of doing anything to prove that, if she had twenty thousand chances, she would marry no man whose mother felt ashamed of her position, which

was very beautiful and grand, and just as silly as it could be.

Three days after that, Philip Dearborn made love to her in downright earnest, and very prettily he did it; and Eve thought that he looked as handsome as Apollo, and deserved to be named Chrysostrom for his eloquence; and then she remembered his mother, and what was due to herself, and she refused him, with quiet insolence, while something at her heart drew like a tight cord, and then seemed to snap suddenly.

It was right, according to all the rules laid down for lovers in novels, that Philip should wax furious, upbraid her as a flirt, and fly off instead of trying to find out what reason lay at the bottom of her conduct, and he did it.

When he was gone, Eve rushed up to her own room, and cried like a tempest, and tore her prettiest handkerchief to tatters before she knew it. That evening, a gabbling housemaid, when she brought up her tea, informed her that Mr. Dearborn had departed, bag and baggage. Miss Eve had a very tumultuous night of it. The next day she met Mrs. Dearborn's carriage as it was driving out of the gates to afford the old lady an airing; and the old lady put her chin in the air, and recognized Eve with a curt nod, that was more insulting than the cut direct would have been. So Eve knew that she was furious with her for having refused her son, and would have been outrageous if she had promised to marry him, and mentally compared the illogical woman to several unpleasant characters spoken of in the Old Testament.

Then Mrs. Dearborn went away, without even going through the ceremony of leaving a card for her late favorite, and Eve could not keep up her Spartan obstinacy by occasional glimpses of her enemy. Very soon the two spinsters and the troop of pupils came back, and Eve's new life began in all its dreary earnest. She taught music, she taught modern languages, she had a class in history, she had another in composition; she worked from morning to night with the energy of an ancient Trojan, and nothing her aunts could say would induce her to spare her herself in the least.

But how she hated it all! Either she was in a mood of wild impatience, when it seemed that she could not endure an instant longer, must fling the books in her pupils' faces, spring headlong out of the window, stab herself with the paper-cutter, or shriek like a whole mad-house, else she was sullen and upbraided Fate, or she sank into dark horrors, and was ready

to believe that a curse had been pronounced upon her before her birth, and that she was to work out its suffering here and hereafter.

It sounds poor and weak, but such states of mind belong to early youth. Suffering is so cruel to the young, God help them! Sometimes a feeble soul can fret the body out and go away. But more live, and usually get beyond it, and a new day comes, but the burden is horrible nevertheless.

Eve was strong, and she had brains and energy; so she worked and kept her troubles to herself, though before many months there was a new and strange language written on her face. The spinster sisters, who had gone through struggles in their time, knew what it all meant; but they were powerless to help her, and being sensible women, they let her alone, and tormented her with no medicines, either for body or mind.

"This life is killing her," said Miss Agatha.

"My dear," said her sister, "you and I learned long ago that it doesn't kill."

"Poor little bird, she was meant to live in the sunshine—to be made happy."

"Then, in His own time, God will give her back the sunshine and the happiness," replied Miss Hobart, rather sternly.

"You're hard, Emily," cried her sister.

"I think not," she answered. "Do you think a little before you make such reproaches?"

Then each remembered what the other's life had been, and softened by their sympathy for their niece, they wept awhile in each other's arms, over the poor faded romances of youth, of which they never talked. After that unwanted gush of foolish sentiment, they blew their noses, settled their prim curls, and went back to class, and looked as unromantic as two dictionaries.

"Whosoever loses his life for my sake shall find it." Thank God for those words, as those patient souls so often did. They had lost their youth, their dreams, their hopes; they had followed duty and conscience, and when eternity opened the lost life should be found, not a dream faded, not a hope wanting. He promised it, and He could not lie! Theologians may lie; mistaken men may cover His blessed words with the deforming shackles of human opinions, but He said it and it is true, and the life there is forever.

The spinsters could say it over and over, and rest on the thought; but Eve was a child, blind, undisciplined, rebellious—and it was so hard to suffer.

The weeks went on to winter, and that

softened into spring, and to her astonishment, Eve found herself alive, and, thanks to the spinsters' unspoken counsels, a little better able to bear with life, a little less despairing and rebellious. And one day Miss Hobart came to her with the news that uncle March was very ill.

"I should like to go and take care of him, but he would think I did it for his money," said Eve. "He told me it was all I cared about."

"You have proved that it is not," said her aunt. "Besides, my dear, it is possible you may have been wrong, too."

"Would you have had me promise to marry any man he chose to bring up——"

"I would have you marry no man, unless you loved him," interrupted aunt Emily, for she was an old maid, and had unworldly, antiquated ideas. "But it's not a question of marriage—your uncle needs your care."

So off Eve set for New York. Very ill she found the old gentleman. He was so touched by her kindness in returning that he almost cried. For several weeks she sat by his bed and watched over him, and with the usual perversity of human nature, he lived, just because the doctors had declared that he must die. He not only lived, but he got up stronger than he had been for years, and could growl ominously if things did not please him. But he could not growl at Eve. He remained as mild as milk where she was concerned, and could not bear her out of his sight. But Eve had written to her aunts that she should return—they were keeping her place vacant. At last she told her uncle so, and he was quite heart-broken.

But she wrote to her aunt that she felt it her duty to return; and her aunt wrote her that of all things to make people go wrong, was a false idea of duty—hers was to stay with her uncle, if he wanted her. No matter about the future—God would take care of that; no matter about pride either. What she had to do was to perform the task set ready for her hand, not rush out in search of one.

And just after she had read the letter, uncle March sent for her to his room.

"My dear," said he, "I know why you want to leave me. You think I will be at my old tricks again. But I won't. I never meant you to marry anybody, unless you liked him. Stay with me, that's all I ask."

So they made it up, after Eve had left it clear that there must be no talk of the fortune. The old gentleman grinned like a good-natured

hyena, and promised to leave his money to an orphan asylum. So Eve went singing out of the room, and that deceitful old man read over, for the second time, a letter he had received, and chuckled. His letter was from Miss Hobart, too, and written just after she had a long confidential talk with her friend Mrs. Dearborn.

The old gentleman was quite well again, and Evelyn's former acquaintances flocked about her, and she went to parties, and had pretty dresses, and was forced to own that she was better fitted to be a butterfly than a modern Hypatia; but humiliating as the knowledge was, she could not, somehow, be impatient with her own folly.

And one evening, at a wedding-reception, as she was sitting down beside her chaperon for a little rest, and one of her lady friends was whispering some nonsense to her, along came one of the tiresome men who was making himself odious by introducing people, and Evelyn sat up with sudden and rather ungraceful rigidity, for with the tiresome man was Philip Dearborn, opera-hat in hand, and his side-whiskers marvelously grown.

They were both very stately, that evening, and for some time after; but the ice got broken at last, and they became as amiable as two Java sparrows.

It appeared that uncle March knew Philip, and he invited the young man to the house frequently, and Philip never refused. So matters went on until early spring, and then, one lovely morning, Master Philip came to Eve in the sunshine, and once more told his story; and this time the willful girl could not keep her heart silent.

"But I'll not marry you," she said, trying hard to cry, "because your mother would hate me. She wants money, and I am not to have a penny. Uncle's fortune is to go to an asylum, and I am to be a school-teacher."

"You are to be my wife," returned he, and was very positive about it, like an impudent young rascal as he was. "My mother was displeased with you, because she had just heard of your trouble with your uncle, and she thinks young people ought to be submissive."

Then Evelyn related the history of the quarrel, and Philip laughed like an unsympathizing wretch.

"I'll go and see what the uncle says now," said he; and off he went like a whirlwind.

Presently he came back, with the ancient

gentleman, and the two young ones were called a pair of geese, and sniffed over a little, which the old man explained by saying he had a cold in his head.

"But," said he, "you can't marry Phil, Miss Eve."

She looked at him in wonder.

"You vowed you would not—told me so," he said.

"Why, uncle!"

"You did, at breakfast, nearly a year ago—I was reading this very letter!"

Out he pulled the old bone of contention, and

showed Eve that the epistle was signed Philip Dearborn.

"And you'll have no money, Miss," he added. "I've given up the asylum business and am going to leave all I own to this half-orphan here. Poor little fellow!"

Then he broke down, and sniffed again. "God bless you both!" whimpered he, and in the same breath growled, "I'm an old fool! Get out, the pair of you!"

That was the way it ended; and I think the business a very pleasant version of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

MY LITTLE IDEA.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

WHERE is it? I thought I had it,
Just now, at my finger tip;
But while I hunted to find a pen,
It coolly gave me the slip.

No matter; I see it hiding
Behind the point of a star!
Dear me! I thought you was larger—
What a tiny mite you are!

I have you now—but my paper;
The wind has blown it away!
To-night I shall bind you to it,
And use you some other day.

There, now, I am ready. If ever
You give me the slip again;
Not a bit of ink in the bottle—
So what is the use of a pen,

I saw you slide down on a star-beam—
You shall not escape me yet;

There's a pencil in my dress-pocket
That I will just go and get.

My little Idea, you are pretty,
And in that long poem of mine,
I hope you will do your whole duty,
And let people see how you shine.

You have coast—but, then, no matter,
Since I have you safely at last;
I have got my pencil sharpened,
And paper will hold you fast.

I'm ready to take my darling,
It is not at my finger tip;
I look for it 'mid the star-beams,
But the stars are in eclipse.

Chill airs come in through the window;
They betoken an early frost;
But they bring me not my idea—
Ah, me! it is surely lost!

MEMORY'S GARDEN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

BACK on its golden hinges
The gate of Memory swings;
And my heart goes into the garden,
And walks with the olden things.
The old-time joys and pleasures,
The loves that it used to know,
It meets there in the garden,
And they wander to and fro.

It heareth a peal of laughter;
It seeth a face most fair;
It thrills with a wild, strange rapture
At the glance of a dark eye there.
It strayeth under the sunset,
In the midst of a merry throng,
And beats in a tuneful measure
To the snatch of a floating song.

It heareth a strain of music
Swell on the dreamy air;
A strain that is never sounded,
Save in the garden there.
It wanders among the roses,
And thrills at a long lost kiss,
And glows at the touch of fingers,
In a tremor of foolish bliss.

But all is not fair in the garden;
There's a sorrowing sob of pain;
There are tear-drops, bitter, scalding,
And the roses are tempest-slain.
And I shut the gate of the garden,
And walk in the Present's ways,
For its quiet paths are better
Than the pain of those vanished days.

PUT OUT OF THE WAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 41.

CHAPTER XX.

Yes! those tears saved Dick's brain, if not his life. Exhausted by the emotions of the day, (for he was weak from want of fresh air, you know,) he fell into a deep sleep, from which he woke, toward morning, comparatively fresh and clear-headed.

He lay, a long while, silent, in his bed. In imagination, he saw the dawn breaking, as he knew it must be breaking about this time; the first warm tints flushing the east; the great masses of color that followed; and then the sun, shooting up, all at once, above the horizon, and flooding hill and valley, forest and stream, city and village, with effulgence. What a joy there would be on everything! How the birds would be singing!

But Dick suddenly remembered it was too late in the year for birds; that he could not see the sky, or the sun; that he had not seen the sun rise for months, not, indeed, since he had been in this foul hole. It was nearly a year! A year, and deliverance seemed further off than ever! A year!

But, as we have said, his sleep had refreshed him; nay! had cleared and strengthened his brain also; and these gloomy thoughts soon left him. As he lay there, he recurred, once more, to his schemes for escaping, and he remembered the old Quaker's sheet of paper, his pencil, and the envelope.

"I will try it," he said to himself. "It may succeed. Could I but get the letter written, and once outside, it might bring succor. How shall I manage it? Dr. Chase must not know of it any more than Dr. Harte. How shall I manage it?"

So, when he rose, he wrote the letter. He wrote it carefully, compressing into the small sheet of commercial note-paper, the facts of his arrest and imprisonment, and asking that a writ might, at once, be taken out for himself and Inman. The letter written, it was folded, placed in the envelope, and directed legibly to Judge Cathcart, No. — west Fifteenth street, New York.

"I'll kerriy it fur you," grinned Brady, holding out his hand, for the letter had been

written in his presence, there being no privacy for Dick.

But Wortley nodding, feigning the craftiness of the insane, hid it in his bosom; and the keeper yawned lazily, and lighted his pipe. He was tired of Dick's stupor and tricks, in which there was now no relish of malice.

The next day, Wortley's outer clothes were thrown to him, the usual sign for his walk. As he followed Brady out of the corridor, they passed Minoh.

"One day more to drag 'em round outside," said that worthy. "After to-morrow they'll hev to grow fat on the air in-doors till spring. Them's Harte's orders to-day."

One day more! Only one day more to search for the key! If he missed it now he must wait for months!

One day more! Before spring he would be insane in earnest, he felt: he could not for another six months stand this strain on his mind.

He sat down on the gray boulder as he thought of all this, his fingers sinking into the empty groove they had worn underneath, in a bewildered sort of way. One day more, and all chance was over!

Suddenly, his thumb struck against something cold, colder than the lumps of clay. A hot and cold shiver shot through him as though he had been a woman. He glanced around. Brady was looking at something down the walk. He grasped the object he had touched, drew it out, saw it was the key.

The next instant the key was safe in his pocket, and Brady was turning to speak to him. It was the narrowest of narrow escapes.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK in his cell, Wortley lay down on the pallet, pretending to sleep, while he tried to coolly survey his chances, and the difficulties in his way. He resolved to defer his attempted escape no later than that night. Hurriedly he went over all the chances. The wooden panel of the door must be cut before the key could enter the lock, and this would detain him till near morning. Once in the corridor, the doubt

remained whether the same key would open the iron door at the end. If it did, but two hall-doors yet remained to pass before he reached the grounds. Outside, there was the watchman, who made the entire circuit of the building in his patrol. If Wortley eluded him, there remained the stone wall, some twelve feet in height, which inclosed the whole of the grounds. The gates were locked, night and day; outside of that was the high road, leading into the city.

The day was stormy; snow two or three days old lay deep on the ground; heavy gray clouds were impending overhead, while the wind was filled with fierce gusts of cutting sleet.

Dick scarcely remembered his scanty clothing, or his bare feet. To-night he would touch the high road a free man!

He had no doubt, for awhile, of his success.

The hours crept slowly on. Evening approached. Dick could not eat the supper which Brady brought him: a stricture about his chest choked his breath, and gave him a strange, deathly nausea.

"I am, as weak as an hysteric girl!" he thought. Yet his brain, he felt, had never been so clear; his nerves were laid bare as never before to every fresh fear or hope. He thought of a crab that he had once seen crawl out, in the naked flesh, from its shell, shivering in the biting air. "They've scaled my manhood from me pretty thoroughly," he thought.

While Brady munched his supper, Wortley contrived to make a few preparations. He fastened the letter to Judge Cathcart inside of his shirt. He took the knife and file from the straw of his pallet, where he had hidden them. Through the window-grating, overhead, he could catch a glimpse of the dark clouds scudding over the sky. He heard the savage sough of the wind. He looked down at his bare feet. He thought of his thin clothes.

"I wish I had some good brandy," he said, involuntarily.

Brady looked up from his half doze in amaze. "'Pon me sowl! it's the first sane words I ever heerd from ye!" he said. "Brandy, begorra?"

He smoked reflectively in silence, for some time, and then laid down his pipe. Dick had touched the human chord in his bosom at last. "Likely yere cowl'd?" he said.

"Yes."

"Brandy's out o' the question. But if Monongahela ud serve yer turn—Minch hes a good tap." He rose and left the cell as he spoke.

Dick made use of Brady's absence to measure

the distance from the keyhole in the back cell to the floor. When the whisky came, he could not drink. A few drops threw him into a violent heat: more, in the highly strained condition of his nerves, would have maddened him. He put down the glass by his pallet, and stretched himself, as if to sleep.

Brady, seeing this, bade him, for the first time, a civil good-night. The whisky had touched a kindred chord between them.

The keeper, nevertheless, sat later than usual that night, sipping his own jorum, for company. The great clock of the asylum had struck eleven before he barricaded the arch with the heavy box, arranged his mattress on the other side, and stretched himself to sleep.

Half an hour passed. At last his snores warned Dick that the time had arrived.

Wortley rose softly. He was obliged, of course, to work, comparatively, in the dark. But there was a faint glimmer of light, which the moon threw on the upper wall of the cell. So accurate, however, had been his measurement of the door, that, after laying his soul to it, he began to cut, or scrape rather, with his little knife, confidently. Chance favored him. The wood was soft, and gave way readily.

Wortley had been no more devout, in habit, than other young fellows of his age. But, to-night, he prayed incessantly. The old faith of his childhood had come back: there seemed to him to be a real Presence helping him in this last fight against bitter wrong. One long-forgotten verse rung dully through his brain. "Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty."

Soft as the wood was, however, the hole widened but slowly. Meantime, remember, he was working while his keeper slept close by. Once or twice Brady stirred, and Wortley stood breathless, afraid to work again for half an hour. It was nearly one o'clock before a hole was made large enough for the key to enter.

Then softly wrapping the dark blanket from the bed about him, he strapped it about his waist, and put the key in the lock.

It did not fit. The shaft was too thick.

How much too thick he could not tell.

He sat down, and began to file at the key. He filed, and filed, careful to conceal the sound.

Yet time was everything. Oh! if it was not for waking Brady, how he could have worked. But the least noise in filing would have been fatal. Yet, if he did not bring it to the proper size within an hour, the last chance was over. Brady would detect the cut-door by dawn.

The dull rasp, rasp of the file seemed to pass

through his brain; cold drops of sweat came slowly out over his body, and stood there; he heard his own breath, as though it were that of another man in the cell.

At last the key seemed right. He put it again into the lock. It caught the ward—it turned slowly. The bolt shot noiselessly back.

The door stood open before him!

Far off, through the silent building, there came a reverberating noise like thunder; a sudden red glare of light flashed up the corridor. It was Minch, with his bull's-eye, making the last rounds, the heavy doors closing behind him.

Wortley drew sharply back, closing the cell-door. Everything was lost, he thought.

Yet, instinctively, in the moment of waiting, while the keeper's step rang down the corridor, he emptied the glass of liquor over his stiffened legs and arms. Then he felt the letter, to be sure that it was secure in his breast.

The ray of light, shot from the lantern under the door, inspired him with a sudden idea. Why not follow Minch in the shadows, and so pass through the next door, which he had no certainty his key would open? It was the keeper's habit to leave open that door, the great corridor-door it was, while he passed through a small side-ward.

The experiment was desperate, but it was the only hope. Waiting while Minch passed half-way down the hall, Dick scrawled with a bit of chalk, which he had secreted for months, a few words on the wall of his cell; and then opening the door, stole out into the hall, creeping, as noiseless and black as a shadow of death, after the keeper.

The bull's-eye threw a level ray of light directly in front of Minch; the long, arched vault, with its row of black doors at either side, were filled with gloomy, flickering shadows.

As Wortley crept, crouching, along the side, a shrill cry startled him. A man's ghastly face, peering through one of the square flaps of the cell-doors confronted him. "Ay, ay, Minch!" yelled the voice, "you're followed, you're followed!"

Minch wheeled about and came back quickly. Dick shrank into the shadow against the wall. For a moment he thought all was over. But, fortunately, Minch was so intent on the madman that he glanced neither to the right nor left, or if he did, did not detect the heap of darker shadow on the floor.

"And the name of him that sat thereon was death, and hell followed him!" shrieked

the man, ending in a sudden whine. "Oh! Mr. Minch, God bless you! is it you?"

"Stevens!" said Minch, angrily, tapping at the cell-door, and calling the keeper. The face of a sleepy watchman appeared. "Look to Wright, curse you," said Minch.

There was a gurgling cry as the madman was choked and dragged back. Then Minch turned back. But discomposed, or forgetting his true course, he retraced his steps and opened the door through which he first came: he held it irresolutely in his hand, for a moment, and then returned to Wright's cell, calling, "Stevens" loudly again.

As he did this, the black heap of shadow uncoiled itself, and darted through the open door, crouching on the wider hall without.

It was Wortley.

Minch soon reappeared, locked the door and passed rapidly through the wide hall, going out of a side door, which he locked behind him. All this was the work of a minute.

Wortley waited ten minutes, then he tried his key. It opened the door. He shut it violently after him, knowing that the creaking hinges would have been heard, and that the loud noise would be attributed at once to one of the keepers.

The way now grew easier comparatively. Wortley's organ of locality was good. Although he had only once passed through the labyrinth of passages leading to the front entrance, he threaded them now rapidly and without a mistake. But when he reached the great hall, the door was locked, and his key had no effect upon it.

Through the transom light he saw a gray gleam in the sky. Dawn was coming. He had no time to lose.

He went back, up the stairs, to a high, narrow window, about twenty feet from the ground, forced down the sash, climbed upon the iron-grating over the lower half, and let himself fall outside.

He dropped, as he hoped to do, upon a solid drift of snow. Yet, for a moment, the fall stunned him.

But the fresh air blew upon his face. The fresh air! He was a free man, he told himself, as he limped off across the white slopes of snow.

Suddenly the great wall rose before him. He had forgotten the wall.

It was a sheer height of twelve feet, and was now coated with rime and ice.

What was to be done? He stole alongside of it, until he had nearly made the circuit of

the ground, without finding foothold anywhere to climb. Good God! was he to be baffled in this last moment?

Once he thought he heard low voices, whispering on his track; again, a twig broke in the bushes, as though under a heavy foot. But when he paused to listen, all was still as death.

He reached the porter's lodge at last, that stood beside the great iron gates. It was a stone building, whose architecture was always pointed out to visitors as peculiarly happy, its massive air, as Dr. Chase said, suiting the ponderous character of the Asylum. It seemed, now, to bar all egress. Grim and dark it shut out hope.

But Birch, the porter, had erected a covered sty for his pigs. Dick saw this, and it thrilled him with a joy, which no thing of beauty had ever done before, artist though he was. From its roof he could easily scale the wall.

He crept to the back of the pig-sty, and began to climb slowly up. But what was that? Was it not a line of red light shooting athwart the cedars?

No, it could not be. His eye had deceived him. He had stopped, but now he began to climb again. He was already sure of success, when, half-way up, a mass of snow, dislodged by his knee, fell crunching to the ground.

Dick crouched, instantly, flat upon the roof. There was a noise in the house, the step of a bare foot on the floor, then Birch threw up the window and looked out, pistol in hand.

"Come in and shut the window, Joe," cried a shrill female voice. "It's the horse tramping in the stable."

"I'd better go out and look around a bit," he said. "Faix, but it's cold," he added, hesitatingly.

A moment he stood, uncertain, then shut down the window with a bang, and all was still.

Wortley drew a deep breath. Waiting for an instant, to be sure Birch had gone to bed again, he dragged himself from the shed to the top of the wall.

The moon shone out now and then upon the white beaten road. Far in the distance Dick could dimly see the houses of the city. Under the wall the snow lay in deep, hard drifts.

With one long breath, which was a half prayer, before this last effort, Dick lowered himself carefully on the outer side. He clung an instant, looking down, and then fell.

In a moment he stood upright, his feet, at last, on the high-road.

But what was this again? A blaze of light,

no longer concealed, burst across the path; the gate jarred back; and Minch, with two other keepers, were on Dick.

"You thought you'd cross the grounds unseen, curse you!" one of the men cried, twisting his snaky fingers about Wortley's throat. "But we saw you, bedad."

Dick met them like a tiger at bay. They had their clubs, and were three to one. They were brawny, full-blooded men. But he pressed them hard. He was fighting for his life! They fought only for pay. At last, Birch, roused again, and coming behind, gave Dick a foul trip, that brought him down.

In a minute they had him tied, feet and hands, and had carried him in helpless as a log.

Minch did not follow them, however, but went out into the road with his lantern.

Birch waited awhile, and then said angrily, chilled with cold,

"What the deuce are you doing? Are we to hev the gate open all night?"

"I thought I saw something white flutter out on the road," answered the keeper, hesitatingly, his teeth chattering.

"You saw the snow fly from your cursed scrimmage. In with you, or I'll lock you out," said Birch, savagely.

"I believe that devil, Wortley, threw out a package. Mind that you look for it in the morning, Birch."

Birch replied by an inaudible grunt, and the gates were swung heavily together.

Dick Wortley had received a blow on the head, which stunned him. When he recovered his senses, he was laying on his pallet. The cell was filled with keepers, a half-dozen lights blazing around him. Dr. Harte, with a lantern in his hand, was reading an inscription on the wall.

"PATIENT SKILL AGAINST MERCENARY STUPIDITY."

Poor Dick's boast was made an hour too soon. The sandy-haired little physician turned to him.

"We cannot part with you yet, Mr. Wortley." His voice was calm as usual, as he spoke, but he bit the ends of his mustache, and the muscles of his face twitched convulsively. It curiously reminded Dick of a rat gnawing the bars of his trap.

"You know how to control refractory patients, Brady," added the doctor, with a dissonant laugh, and then motioned the other keepers out, paused a moment, as if to speak,

but nodded abruptly to Brady, and went out also.

"I know how to manage refractory patients, shure," said Brady, under his breath.

Then he shut the door, and locked it, and came back to the bed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE morning sun glittered brightly on the snow-covered, farm-house roofs, and on the fields of dazzling white that lined the road leading past the Asylum. The stately cedars, in the park about that massive building, were covered with rime, and shone as though a mist from fairy-land had fallen over them.

The road was an unfrequented one. Only a few carters had trundled along it on their way to town before eight o'clock. Then some crisp, girlish voices rang out beyond the hill, and presently a group on foot came in sight, a middle-aged, stout built business man, and two school-girls in their trig plaid suits, one of whom walked slightly in advance, her gray plumed hat set jauntily above her rosy cheeks and bright eyes.

Suddenly they both stopped, stooped, whispered, fluttered, cried out after the manner of school-girls, as each thrilling secret, with which the day is studded, breaks upon them.

"Well, Hetty, what is it?" said their father, with an impatient halt.

"A letter, sir," said one of the girls, her weaker tones ringing curiously clear and hard, like his own. "Directed in pencil to 'Judge Cathcart, west Fifteenth street, New York.'"

"Stamped?"

"No. It is very wet, sir. It has lain here all night."

"Destroy it at once, Hester. It has been thrown over the wall by some wretched lunatic. I have found them often here."

The other young girl gave a startled "Oh!" and held out her hand for it.

"Let me have it, Hetty," she said. "Why not send it, father? Some poor prisoner has written it."

She was a delicate, pale girl, but she flushed red, and her gray eyes grew dim.

Her father walked forward impatiently.

"Tut, tut!" he said. "Throw the letter down, Hester. How do you know who has handled it? I wish you could cure Jessy of her absurd sentimentality."

Hester promptly twisted the letter up and flung it into the snow-drift. She was vigorous in even the movement of her fingers. But

Jessy dropped behind. She picked up the paper and slyly thrust it into her pocket. There was a certain softness and stealth in all that Jessy did. She would make no bruit in this world, with her long-lashed, gray eyes, ready tears, and low voice. But she would generally have her own way.

When they reached school that morning, Hetty made quite a little adventure to the other girls of the finding of the letter. Her piquant manner gave spice to a mere nothing.

"And what did you do with it, Hetty?" they all cried.

"Threw it in a snow-puddle, to be sure," said that eminently sensible young woman. "I would do nothing to give Dr. Chase annoyance. Papa says his Institution is one of the noblest charities of the age."

Meantime, Jessy, under cover of her desk-lid, smoothed the crumpled paper and sealed it in a clean envelope, directed in her own clear hand, and then strolling out at noon, she dropped it in the post-office box, at the lamp-post, at the corner of the street.

So Jessy Lawrence crossed our hero's path, for a moment, and disappeared from it forever; for, in this world, they never heard each other's name.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE days later, a close carriage drove hurriedly up to the door of the Asylum. It was late in the evening. Two gentlemen were ushered into the parlors, and sent in their names as Wetherall.

Dr. Harte entered, impregnable as ever. The marked haste and agitation of his visitors, if it had any palpable effect upon him, cooled and stiffened him still more.

Col. Leeds entered on his business at once.

"We called relative to the young man, Wortley," he said.

"A very refractory patient," answered Harte, at last, perceiving that some reply was wanted for.

"Doubtless. You will not then, probably, doctor, regret to be relieved of the charge of him?"

The doctor gave his little mechanical bow.

"We propose to remove him at once to another asylum, more private, and, therefore, more safe. The mere chance of his communicating with friends produces unpleasant entanglements in family relations. Most unpleasant."

"Undoubtedly. It is our policy to retain

the insane person in perfect seclusion until his cure."

"In Wortley's case you have not succeeded," dryly. "We have policemen outside. Will your keepers bring him down? We prefer that he should not see us. His animosities toward his relatives——"

Col. Leeds, as he spoke, glanced uneasily over his shoulder, forgetting, in his anxious haste, to complete his sentence.

"You wish to remove Mr. Wortley, to-night?"

"Immediately. Within the hour."

"I regret that it will be impossible, Mr. Wetherall. Dr. Chase was served, this morning, with a writ of habeas corpus, in reference to this very man."

"Good God! Then we are too late."

Dr. Harte balanced himself, heel and toe, on his neat little boots, and surveyed them calmly.

"The publicity of a trial is more distasteful to us than to you, gentlemen," he said. "Vulgar clamor is easily raised against us. This patient has already injured us greatly."

Leeds was too engrossed to note how bitter was the venom and rage under the moderate tone. He drew Fred aside, and they consulted together in low, hurried whispers. The doctor overheard the old man reiterate again and again his intention "to fight it out to the end," but there was a quaver through his fierceness. Fred came boldly to the front.

"Has any return been made to the writ?" he asked.

"No."

"When is the latest time allowed you?"

"To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock."

"You refuse to allow him to be removed?"

"It is impossible, as you see. If you had come for him yesterday, it would have relieved us of great embarrassment. Anything is preferable to a public trial."

"Yes; anything is better than that."

The men drew apart again, and consulted with increased heat and eagerness.

"It is the only course left to us," said the colonel, aloud, at last. "A word with you, Dr. Harte."

An hour later, Minch, sitting on the floor of Wortley's cell, saw the door move on its hinges, and Dr. Harte's yellow-tinted face appear through the fumes of tobacco-smoke. He staggered to his feet. His "prime tap of Monongahela" was apt to prove too much for him about this time.

"How is your patient, Mr. Minch?"

"Oi just releaved Brady, zur. The man's been woyolent, as usual. Brady's been obleeged to be stringent on him to-day and yesterday, zur."

He turned to Dick, lying in a stupor on the pallet, and slightly turned down the sheet to disclose certain marks upon him.

"The saddle, eh? And shower-bath? He does not look as if he were capable of much resistance," said the doctor, taking up the hand, which fell cold and flaccid again.

"Well, zur, he's not been woyolent in action; but in his mind—zo Brady judged. A patient as refractory as to cut his dure as that dure is cut ought to be treated stringent. That's my feelins, an' Brady's, too."

"Bring me some liquor," said the doctor, shortly.

A flask appeared with miraculous swiftness from the next cell. Dr. Harte filled a glass, and forced some of it down Wortley's mouth, his fingers on the patient's pulse meantime.

"He's refused to eat for two days. He's bent on makin' an end of himself," said Minch.

Dr. Harte absolutely changed color.

"There has been too much of that," he said.

"The newspapers have got hold of three of the cases in the last year. It will ruin the Asylum."

"Brady droives 'em hard, zur. I doant blame 'em," with a sort of whine.

"There must be no more suicides, remember, Mr. Wortley."

Dick, under the stimulant, began to revive. He looked about him dully.

Harte held the liquor again to his lips. It had effect in a few moments. The heat tingled to Dick's sunken cheeks, the intelligence came back to his eye.

"Bring his clothes," said the doctor.

Minch stood bewildered.

"For——" He broke off abruptly.

"Whatever he wore when exercising. Help him to put them on, and lose no time."

The doctor, his hands in his pockets, sauntered into the next cell, until Minch summoned him by an inquiring, "Now, yer honor?" his hand on the collar of the man, whose head leaned against the wall, the raw-boned figure and sunken, yellow face thrown into stronger relief by the dark bagging clothes and broad-rimmed black hat.

"Take him to the outer gate. You are discharged, Mr. Wortley."

Dick looked up at him, laughed incredulously, and dropped his head upon his breast. Minch pulled him up and led him out into the corridor. Then he hesitated, and came back.

"There's a heavy rain fallin'," he said. "He hasn't a penny to pay his way to town, an'—an' he's nigh done to death, doctor."

"The man is discharged. We have nothing further to do with him," answered Harte, sternly.

Minch led the patient to the gate, opened it, felt in one pocket and then another.

"It's a damned shame," he said. "I haven't your car-fare, zur, or——"

The cold dash of the rain on his face roused Wortley to himself.

"I don't understand——" he muttered.

"Yon's the town. It's a good five miles—but you're free to find it, if ye can."

Dick Wortley stared at him, stretched out his hands blindly before him, and then began slowly to realize it all. He felt nothing of the storm breaking on him. "Free! free!" he cried.

The next moment he vanished from Minch's sight, staggering away into the darkness.

A few paces further on, two men, in the shadow of a corner of the wall, drew back as Wortley passed, his clothes almost brushing against them.

The smaller of them leaned forward to watch him. "He staggers from sheer weakness," said this man to his companion. "If he lives to reach town, it is all up with us. Here!" pulling a knife from his breast. "There's not a human being in sight; one thrust ends all trouble for us."

The older man laid his hand on the other's arm.

"No, Fred!" he said. "I've lived longer than you; and I know that a man who breaks the law is worsted at last. So far we've had the law on our side. Put the knife up."

The next morning, Dr. Chase, by his attorney, returned that "he, the said Dr. Chase, could not produce the body of the said Richard Wortley before the Honorable Court, the said, Richard Wortley having been discharged from medical custody, cured," etc.

What a farce.

But, meantime, where was Wortley?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE shock of his long-deferred freedom had roused Dick to full consciousness. The very fierceness of the storm made it real to him. Before he had gone a mile, his step quickened and grew firm, his eye was assured and steady. He reasoned clearly. There was but one means by which his discharge could have been gained.

Cathcart had received his letter and threatened his jailers. He would not have done this without coming to the city. Wortley went, therefore, direct to the principal hotel on reaching town.

Judge Cathcart had just finished a game of billiards, and with one or two other friends sat by the stove, smoking a final segar, before going to bed. Suddenly, the door of the billiard-room opened, and a tall, gaunt man, his clothes drenched with the rain, and the shaggy, black hair dripping about his sallow face, stood on the threshold.

Cathcart gazed a moment irresolutely. Then he caught the stranger by the shoulders, and dragged him in with a terrific oath.

"Dick! Dick Wortley!" he cried. "Don't crowd, gentlemen! Don't you see the lad is not fit to stand. What is it, boy? What have they done to you?"

"Let me hear from home first, judge, for God's sake! My mother?"

"Is well. All the news is good news. Now, what shall I do for you?"

"Good news, eh? Give me dry clothes, then, and some oysters, and I'm a man again," and Dick laughed as the men crowded about him, shaking hands with them eagerly right and left.

But there was a queer quaver in the laugh. "I must go home—go home," he repeated. "When is the first train to New York?"

"Not before morning. Get to my room, boy, and I'll doctor you to-night. He's terribly shaken," said the judge, in an anxious whisper to the others, as he followed Dick out.

Comforted by the judge's supper, and wrapped in his blankets, Dick slept a sleep, that night, as heavy as death and almost as renewing.

It was late in the forenoon when he awoke. The old gentleman sat beside him, as he ate his breakfast, silent from some concealed chagrin.

"There's no hurry, Dick," he said. "The train does not start for two hours. I may as well tell you. These infernal scoundrels, the Leeds, have escaped us. Poole tells me a steamer sails for Liverpool to-day, and they have gone to take passage on her."

"Telegraph. Let them be arrested!" cried Dick, starting up. "I'll follow them to the ends of the world."

"All right, my dear boy, if you mean to take your revenge out in broken bones. But you have no legal hold on them. They had the law with them."

It was a full minute before Dick answered.

"My time will come at last," he said, paler than before. "There was a question I wished to ask you, judge," his voice failing. "Leeds—the son—he is not married?"

"No."

Dick remained silent, and the judge continued,

"He was one of the most zealous in the search for you: one of the last, apparently, to yield credence to the report that you had eloped to California to escape a criminal charge. I tell you, Dick, a deeper-dyed scoundrel don't draw breath!"

But Dick listened with singular placidity.

"Poor fool! He has not harmed me," he said, complacently. "You have not told me your good news."

"No." The judge recovered himself from the bewilderment into which Dick's inexplicable good-humor had thrown him. "Joe Warford's dead. Died just in the neck of time, too—heaven forgive me for saying it! just after you disappeared. He had the decency to remember that he owed his fortune to you, Dick, and left you an annuity. It was enough to make your mother comfortable."

"Thank God!"

"I applied it in that way. I knew such would be your wish."

"She is in the old house?"

"Yes."

Wortley was silent a few moments, his head leaning on his hand; then he rose and walked to the window, turning his back to the judge.

"There was a ward of Col. Leeds," he said, "a Miss Hubbard. Do you happen to know what has become of her?"

"Yes. I think I have seen her in society somewhere. When she was of age, she left Col. Leeds' house; her aunt, a canny old Scotch woman, going back to the country; and Miss Hubbard is residing with a family in New York, into which she is soon to marry."

Dick did not answer.

"It is a very suitable match, I believe," said the judge, lighting his cigar. "The fortune is large on both sides."

Wortley stood motionless by the window, for a long time, without looking around.

"How long must we wait?" he said, at last.

"I want to see my mother. I wonder if she believed me a felon! Or forgot me, as is the way of the world, soon as I was out of sight!"

He tried to laugh bitterly, but failed.

The judge was too indignant to reply. When they were in the train, however, he beguiled

the journey with detailing to Dick the search that had been made for him, and in which they were baffled by the feigned name which had been given him to the policeman who arrested him. The detectives were set upon his track, and a dead body was found floating near Hell's-Gate, which was sworn to as his. He told of the murdered man, found buried in a cellar in Houston street, who had on the clothes Dick wore when missing; the testimony of John Simons, a traveling salesman, who met him in half Indian rig, buying furs at Marquette. "And with it all, boy, hope one day, and despair the next," the old man added, solemnly, "your mother walked hand-in-hand with Death for many a day."

"I never doubted my mother's love," cried Dick Wortley, savagely, and wrapped himself in his cloak, and was silent for the rest of the way.

It was near the close of a cold winter's day, when they drove past the block of little houses, and stopped at the one where the puny vines were struggling to grow in the window.

The light curtains were drawn; the ruddy glow of the wood-fire flashed within.

They stood at the door. The judge was puffing and feverish with excitement. But Dick was pale and cold.

"I'll go in, boy, and prepare her," said the judge. "I telegraphed her this morning, 'he is alive.' That was all I said. Stand here in the hall. I'll go in and prepare her. God bless us!" rubbing his hot forehead, "I wish it was over."

But while his hand was on the lock, the door opened, and a bowed, white-haired figure stood before them, with outstretched hands.

"It was my boy's step! Richard! Richard!" cried the feeble voice.

A few minutes later, Dick Wortley had his old seat at his mother's feet. This great joy, coming to her so late in life, was like a draught of the wine of youth; a soft pink warmed her cheek, which had not been there for many years, her blue eyes trembled, luminous as a child's, and there was an arch gayety in the feeble voice more pathetic than tears.

Dick spoke but little. He was content to hold the withered hand in his and stroke it gently. He noted, with his quick eyes, that the room was changed. If possible, it was warmer, more softly tinted, than before. Many of his old fancies, which he had never been able to gratify, were made real at last. Pictures, that he had coveted, hung on the walls. His favorite flowers filled the recesses.

His mother grew silent, watching his wandering eyes. She touched his arm at last.

"You do not ask," she said, "who cared for me, with my boy's heart, and even my boy's silly fancies, when you were gone."

He turned, startled, to look at her.

"Some one, Richard," her voice trembling, "who had a right to act for you. Because she seems nearer to you than I. I'm weak and old," her voice was breaking into tears now. "There were days when I despaired. I thought you were dead. But she, she—never faltered."

"Mother!"

"Yes. It was my daughter—my other child."

The door opened. Dick Wortley rose, half blindly. A woman entered. "Lotty?" he said.

He rushed forward and took the cold hands she put out. He held her from him, while he looked from her to the judge, and back to her again. "Is this the house to which you have come?" he said, his voice shaking. "Is this the house you told me of, judge?"

"When you were gone, Richard, I came to take your place," she said, under her breath. "It was my right."

CHAPTER XXV.

THREE weeks afterward, Judge Cathcart wrote a letter to Mrs. Wortley.

"I have advised Richard," it said, "to give up all idea of a suit for false imprisonment. If the matter is pressed, Leeds' counsel is prepared, with a defence, which it would hardly be wise to attack. Westcott, who saw him the evening of his arrest, is ready to testify that his conduct was that of an insane man. The physicians and keepers of the Asylum are positive as to his madness. They give as proof the ease with which he was entrapped by the forged note from Sherman, his resistance at the Asylum, and his persistence in the idea that he was the victim of conspiracy. In four other cases, they have brought forward, similar proofs of insanity in court, and succeeded.

"In Inman's case, the public trial closed to-day. You must remember, that, in this case, as in Richard's, the imprisonment was strictly legal. All that is required is the unsworn certificate of a physician, known or unknown, to justify incarceration. If the patient can force the matter before a court, the *onus* of proof is thrown on himself. Inman must prove his sanity, not his keepers his madness. Yet their evidence is thrown into the weight against him. I'm as hardened an old limb of the law as lives, yet my heart ached at the scene in the court-

room to-day. On one side was the feeble, gray-haired old man, bewildered and terrified by the crowd. On the other was the massive respectability of the Asylum, with all its social power and prestige. Judge, lawyers, and jury, were ready to detect signs of insanity in every nervous glance or motion. The Superintendent was there, resolute, at all hazards, to defend his Institution from reproach. His counsel were mocking, jeering, and browbeating the old man, worrying him as a mastiff would a hare. Against Inman also is brought the former finding of the commission of lunacy, the verdict of men, who, remember, pronounce upon the sanity of the patient *without seeing him*. Add to this, the argument enforced upon the jury, that the mere fact that a man has been admitted to an insane asylum, is *prima facie* evidence of his insanity, and you see what the peril is. I did what I could. Dick has worked night and day—but to no purpose. The verdict went against us. Messrs. Minch and Brady were in waiting, and carried off the old man, who turned, at the door, and looked a good-by to Dick, with white lips and shaking head. Dick is maddened with chagrin and disappointment. But there is nothing to be done. The law faces us like a dead wall. We can go no further. Stacy Inman, his grandson, by-the-way, is expected on the next steamer in New York. Dick and I will be at him in a couple of days."

The two women read the letter with flushed cheeks and angry eyes.

"And this is man's justice!" said Lotty. "Ah! here is a postscript."

"To show you the confidence of these people, I must tell you of a boast of Chase's yesterday, in which he forgot his usual reserve. 'With this slip of paper,' he said, tapping a physician's certificate, 'I can arrest any man here before me—the judge upon his bench. I can call upon the police to aid me, use what secrecy I choose, and hold him imprisoned for what time I think proper.'"

"To-morrow is the day for the Cunard steamer!" cried Lotty.

"Well, my dear?"

"I will see this Stacy Inman."

A few days later, Judge Cathcart received the following letter:

"Dear Judge," it began. "The dead wall has a break in it. I went to call on Mr. Stacy Inman, who, with his wife and suite, have taken rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was effusively courteous, but secretly astonished at me and my little story. 'He had no idea,' he said,

'that the old gentleman was not as happy as Rasselas. 'But if he was sane, and they detained him against his will,' with an oath, 'that altered the case. This was not Russia, thank God! where a man can be swallowed up and never be heard from again. Out? Of course. He should not remain there a day longer, against his will. What should he do?'

"I suggested, 'Stop the supplies.' Indeed, I dictated a letter to Dr. Chase, which Mr. Inman wrote.

"The answer came by return mail. I inclose it."

Dr. Chase's letter was as follows:

"STACY INMAN, Esq.

"Dear Sir:—

"In consequence of the notification, received from you, I have warned George Inman of his discharge from this Asylum.

"JOHN CHASE, *Superintendent.*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK WORTLEY did not go abroad again, as he purposed. On one of the heights above the sleepy villages on the Hudson, there is an old farm-house, which seems to have nestled higher up the hill only for the sake of warmer sunshine to sleep in. A quiet, old-fashioned homestead, with a curious meaning of home and rest in its warm, wood-scented air. If there were ever any ghostly legends hanging about it, the voices of two or three chubby children have scared them away, in the last few years.

The owners of that house are kings and masters of all they survey. Not content with routing the century-old echoes out of the gloomy gorges, by their rollicking songs, or turning the camping-ground of Hendrick Hudson and his crew into coasting hills, they have taken up the human lives about them, and moulded them as they will. Silver-haired Mrs. Wortley no longer makes so exquisite a picture of a fair, aged saint, as she was wont to do in her white robes, with the halo of the fire-glow about her. She is apt to be seen,

with a pair of muddy feet cuddled up on her lap, and a frowsy, hot little head asleep on her breast. She has come out of saintship into the most everyday, loveable of grandmothers, with a healthy color in her cheek, a perpetual stocking beside her, waiting to be darned, and a package of comfits in her pocket.

They have taken old Inman, with his pallid, morbid life, and converted him into "uncle George," a jolly, simple hearted, hearty feeder, a hearty laughter, the most famous fisher of the valley, wakening his old boyhood in him with so keen a zest that he has long ago forgotten that they are not in blood as in name his own kindred. The farm, Richard, Lotty, and the boys, are a world large enough for him, after his long captivity. Politics, peace or war, all outside matters, are no more to him than the winds on the other side of the mountains. How the barley will grow in the south field, how long will Tom's cough last after his measles, how will the trout-fishing be in July? These are the great events of his life.

When Richard Wortley and his wife come to the outer porch, in the cool of the evening, looking down, not so much at the great landscape unrolled before them, as at the noisy group coming from their nutting up the hill, one can see how the moulding hands of these rough, unconscious magicians have been at work upon them also. How, in their great, still love for their children, and for each other, the crude sharpness of youth has worn out of voices, faces, and lives!

Not that trials and storms may not come, in all probability will come to them, as fierce as those of their earlier days. But over all the surface-changes, which time can bring, there is coming that mellowed splendor for them which belongs to the Indian Summer of our lives; to the season when the sap of the most shaded tree has had time to know its chance to leaf and blossom; when, however stormy the weather, there has been summer enough to teach us, that, behind the clouds, the sun is warm, and God is good.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

BY L. B. MARSHALL.

"The man I love," said Maud, soul-proud and stately,

"The man I love must be from blemish free."

"The man I love," said gentle Grace, sedately,

"Must honest be and true, and must love me."

"Now ye are both old maids at heart," quoth Alice;

"Ye know not what ye'd have. The man for me

Must mix his love-draught in a golden chalice,
And promise plenty in the years to be."

"And when I love," said little Nellie, slowly,

"If ever such a glorious time should be,
Be my love highly-born, or poor and lowly,
Faulty or perfect, he'll be dear to me."

WOMENS' SPEAR.

B- JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

YESTERDAY morning I had jest got the mornins work done up, and had set down to double some carpet yarn, and Josiah was settin' by the fire blackin' his boots when Betsy Bobbet come in for a mornins call. She hadnt sot but a fu minutes when sez she,

"I see u wuzznt down to the lecter last week, I wuz sorry I went but I wuz to uncles visitin' and as they wuz cuming down, so I came, but I didn't like it. I dont believe in wimmens rites, I believ wimmen has all the rites that are incumbient on her, I dont believe she haz any rite to vote, I dont believe it is her spear, as I remarkt that nite to the Editer ov the Gimlet, az we was cuming out after the lectur, the fringe of my shawl ketcht on to one ov the buttings of his vest, and he couldnt get it off—so we wuz obleeged to walk close together clear through the hall, and as I said to him after I had enquired all about the sweet motherless little twins—'It haint womens spear to vote' sez I, and sez I 'don't u think it is womens nater naturally to be clinging?' 'I do' sez he 'Heaven knows I do' and he leaned back with such a expression ov stern despair onto hiz classic features, that I knew he felt it strongly. And I sed the truth I dont believe wimmen haz any rite to vote."

"Nor I nuther" sez Josiah "she haint the rekisit strength to vote, she iz too fragile."

Jest at this minute the boy that draws the milk cum along and Josiah sez he—"I am in my stockin' feet Samantha, cant u jest step out and help Thomas Jefferson on with the can?"

"If I am to fragile to handle a paper vote, Josiah Allen," I sed, "I am to fragile to lift 150 pounds ov milk."

He didnt say nothin' but slipped on hiz rubbers and started out, and Betsy resumed "It iz so revoltin' to female delikacy to go to the pole and vote, most all the female wimmen that revolve round in the high circles ov Jonesville aristocracy agree with me in sayen—it iz so revoltin' to female delikacy to vote."

"Female delikacy!" sez I in a austeer tone. "Iz female delikacy a plant that withers in the shadder ov the pole but flourishes in every other kondishun only in the shadder of the pole?" sez I in a tone ov withern skorn. "Female delikacy flourishes in a ball room where

these sensitive creeters with dresses on indecently low in the neck, will waltz all nite with strange men's arms round their waists," sez I "u have az good az throwed it in my face Betsy Bobbet that I haint a modest women or I would be afraid to go and vote—but u ketch me with a low neck dress on Betsy Bobbet, and u will ketch me on my way to the Asylum—and there haint a old deacon or minister or presiden Elder in the Methodist church that could get me to waltz with em—let alone waltzen with promiscuous sinners—and" sez I in the deep calm tone of settled principal—"If u dont believe me bring on your old deacons and ministers and presiden elders, and try me."

"U are gotten excited Samantha" sez Josiah.

"U jest keep on blackin' ure boots Josiah I haint talkin' to u." Sez I "Betsy is it any worse for a female women to dress herself in a modest and chirsteen manner put a beraige viel over her face take her husbands arm if she haz got a husband and if not arm herself with a good stout umberell and walk decently to the pole and lay her vote on it, or be jest introduced to a man who for all u know may be a retired pirate—and have him walk up and hug u by the hour to the music ov a fiddle and a base violin."

"But if u vote u hev got to go before a board ov men and how tryen that would be."

"I went before a board ov men when I joined the meetin' house—and when I got a premium for my rag carpet—but" sez I in a rave of unconcealed sarcasm—"if these delicate ball characters are too modest to go in broad daylight, armed with a umberell before a venerable man setten on a board—let em have a good old female board to take their votes."

"Would it be lawful to have a female board?" sez Betsy.

"Women can be boards at charity schools—poor little paupers pretty hard boards they find em sometimes, and they can be boards at fairs, and hospitals and penitentarys and pie-nics and African missions and I dont know why it would be any worse to be a board before these delikit wimmen"—sez I carried away with enthusiasm, "I would be a board myself."

"Yes u would make a pretty board," sez

Josiah "u would make quite a pile ov lumber." I paid no attention to his carcastic remark and Betsy went on—

"It would be such public business—Josiah Allens wife for women to receive votes."

"I don't know as it would be any more public business—than to sell Epescopal pencushiens—Methodist I'scream or Baptist watermelons by the hour to a permiscuous crowd."

"But" sez Betsy "it would devour too much ov a womens time, she wouldnt have time to vote and preform the other duties that are incumbent on her."

Sez I, "women find time enough for there everlasten tattin and croschain, they find plenty ov time for their mats and their tidys and their flittations—their feather flowers—and bead flowers and hair flowers and burr flowers—and oriental paintins, and grecian paintins—and face paintins they can dress up and patrol the streets as regular as a watchmen, and lean over the counter in dry good stores, till they know every nail in em by heart, they find plenty ov time for all this, but when it comes to an act as simple and short as puttin' a letter into the post office they are dreadful short on it for time."

"But" sez Betsy—"the study that would be inevitable on a female in order to make her vote ontelligably—would'nt it be too wearin' on her?"

"I have seen men voters" sez I and I cast a stern glance onto Josiah as I spoke, "whose study into national affairs didnt wear on em enuff to kill em at all—I have seen voters" sez I with another cutting look at him "that didnt know so much as their wives did, but that haint answeren ure question, supposin' these soft fashionable women should read a little about the nation she lives in, and the laws that pertects her if she keeps em, and hangs, and imprisons her if she breaks em! I dont know but it would be as good for her as to pore over novels all day long," sez I, "these very women that think the Presidents Buro is a chest ov draws where he keeps hiz fine shirts, and the tariff is a wild horse the senators keep to ride out on—these very wimmen that cant find time to read the Constitution—let em get on the track ov a love sick hero and a swoonin' heroine—and they will wade through half a dozen volumes but what they will foller em clear to Finis to see em married there"—sez I warmin' with my subject "Let there be a young women tied in a certain hole guarded by 100 and 10 pirates, and a young man tryin' to get to her, though at present layin' heavily chained with his rival

setten on his back—what does a women care for time or treasure till she sees the pirates all killed with one double revolver and the young women lifted out swoonin' but happy by the brave hero." Sez I in a deep tone, "If there had been a women tied on the Island of Patmos, and Pauls letters to the churches had been love letters to her—there would'nt be such a thick coat ov dust on Bibles as there is now."

Betsy quailed before my lofty glance, but continued cleavin' to the subject—"How awful and revoltin' it would sound to hear the fair and softer sex talking about tariffs and canr-kusses."

"I dont know," sez I "but I had lives hear em talk about caurkus'es az to hear em backbitin their nabers, and tear the characters ov other wimmen into little fine shivers, or talk about such little small things as wimmen will, why in a small place, a women cant buy a calico apron without the negherhood holdin' a inquest over it—some think she ort to hev it—some think it iz extravagant in her, and some think the set-flower on it is too young for her. And then they will quarell agin whether she ort to make it with a bib or not." Sez I "the very reason why mens talk az a general thing is nobler than wimmens is because they hev nobler things to think about. Fill a womens mind with big thoughts and she wont talk such little backbiten gossip as she dos now."

"I cant help thinken your views are urenious" sez Betsy, "the idee of females holdin public offices iz too ludikeros, the idee ov a female president—its aginst nater, and aginst reason."

"It haint no ways likely there is any female that would want to be President, but sposin' there wuz I dont know as it would be any more ludikeros than the idee ov a female queen. About its bein' aginst nater—nater makes queen B's, old nater herself claps the crowns on to em, u never heard ov a king B did u—industrious equinomical critters the B's are too—the public dutys ov that female dont spile her—for where will u find house work done up slicker than theirn. Where will u find more stiddy equinomical doins through a whole nation than she has in hern. All her constituents up to work early in the morning—home at night too jest as stiddy as the nights come. No farren spys can come prowlin' round her premises—speculators on other folkes'es honey, haint encouraged—tobaco is obnoxious to em—only one thing I dont approve of—if food is skarce—if the females don't get honey

enuff to last the whole hive all winter they slauter the men B's in the fall, to save bohey. I dont approve of it, but great naters have their peculiar excentricities. She wants to dispose ov the drones as they call the lazy husbands ov the workin' wimmen—and she thinks killin' iz the easiest way to dispose ov em. I say plainly I dont approve ov it, it would seem better to me to get divorcees from em and set em up in business in a small way—but as I sed where is there a nature that haint got a weakness this is hern. But aside from this, where will u find a better calculator than she is—no dashin' female lobbyists pullin' the wool over the eyes ov her senators. No old men B's gad-din' round evenins when their confidin' wives think they are a bed, dreamin' about their lawful pardners—no wilcatfishness and smokin', and drunkenness and quarellin' in her congress, u cant impeach her administration no how—for no clock work ever run smother and hoaster, and as for the idee bein' aginst reason—I dont know but queen Victoria sets about as easy and solid on to her throne as some of our presidents have in their high chairs, and her folks are as contented and suited with her."

"Oh" sez Betsy "a crown that descends on to a hereditary head is a very different thing."

"So tis" sez I "But the difference is on the rong side, for sposin' it descends on to the head ov a hereditary fool—or a hereditary nave—or a hereditary sneak, what then? If they are voted for it would be for goodness or smartness or some good quality."

"Josiah Allens wife" sez Betsy "I shall always say it haint wimmens Spear to vote."

"No" sez Josiah "it haint—wimmen would vote for the handsomest men, and the men that praised their babys—they wouldnt stand on to principal as men do, and then how they would clog up the road lection day, tryin' to get all the news they could—wimmen have such itchin' ears."

"Itchin' ears!" sez I, "principal!" sez I, in low but deep tones of voices. "Josiah Allen it seems to me that I wouldnt try to stand up on principal agin till the pantaloons are wore out, u hired a man with to vote are ticket," he began to look sheepish at once and I kontinued in awful acent. "Talk about itchin' ears Josiah Allen! here u have sot all the mornin' blackin' ure boots—u have rubbed them boots till u have most rubbed holes through em, jest for an excuse to set here and hear me and Betsy Bobbet talk—and it haint the first time nuther, I have known u Josiah

Allen when I have had female visitors to leave ure work and come in and lay on that lounge behind the stove till u wuz most sweltered you'd pretend to be a readin'."

"I wuz a readin'," sez Josiah drawin' on his boots.

"I have ketcht u laughin' over a funeral sermen and a presidents message! what is there highlarious in a funeral sermen? Josiah Allen—what is there exhiliraten in a presidents message?"

"Well" sez he "I guess I'll go and water the horses."

"I should think u had better" sez I coolly—and after he went out Betsy resumed—"Josiah Allens wife I still say it aint womens spear to vote" and she kontinude "I have got a few verses which I komposed the next day after the lecter which embody into em the feelins ov my sole koncernin' Womens Spear—and seein' its u Ill read em to u."

My principals forbid my wishin' in a reekless way that I wuznt myself—and I was my own heare and horspitality forbid my orderin' her in stern accents not to read a word ov em, so I submitted and she read as follers

WOMENS SPEAR
OR
WHISPERINS OF NATER
TO
BETSY BOBBET.

Last night as I meandered out,
To meditate apart,
Secluded in my parasel,
Deep subjects shook my heart;
The earth—the skies—the prattling brooks,
All thundered in my ear,
"Tis matrimony! tis matrimony,
That is a womens spear."

Day with a red shirred bunnnet on
Had down for China started
Its yellow ribbings fluttered oer,
Her head as she departed;
She seemed to wink her eye to me,
As she did disappear,
And say "Tis matrimony Betsy
That is a womens spear."

A rustick had broke down his team,
I mused almost with tears—
How can a yoke be borne along
By half a pair of steers;
Even thus in wrath did nater speak
"Hear! Betsy Bobbet, hear!
Tis matrimony—tis matrimony,
That is a womens spear."

I saw a pair of roses,
Like wedded partners grow,
Sharp thorns did pave their mortal path,
Yet sweetly did they blow;
They seemed to blow these glorious words,
Into my willing ear,
"Tis matrimony—tis matrimony
That is a womens spear."

Two gentle sheep upon the hills,
How sweet the twain did run;
As I meandered gently on,
And sot down on a stun;
They seemed to murmur sheepably,
"Oh Betsy Bobbet dear,
Tis matrimony—tis matrimony
That is a womens spear."

Sweet was the honeysuckles breath,
Upon the ambient air;
Sweet was the tender coos of doves,
Yet sweeter husbands are,
All naters voices poured these words,
Into my willing ear.
"B Bobbet it is matrimony
That is a womens spear."

"Them's my sentiments!" sez she as she folded up the paper and put it into her pocket.

"I am a married women," sez I, "and I haint got any thing to say aginst marryin', especially when Josiahs back is turned I dont believe in bein' underhanded. But" sez I "there are a great many widows and unmarried wimmen in the world, what are they to do?"

"Let em take heed to these glorious, and consolin' words" sez she

'Tis matrimony—tis matrimony
That is a womens spear."

"Shut up about your spears!" sez I gotten wore out, sez I "u may sing it, Betsy Bobbet, and ministers may preach it and oraters may orate about it, that it is women's only spear to marry, but what are u goin to do! Are you goin' to compel men to marry all the wimmen off," sez I with a penetraten look onto Betsy, "I have seen wimmen that wuz willen to marry but the man wasn't forthcoming, what are they to do?" sez I "what are the wimmen to do whose faces are as humbly as a plate of cold greens?" sez I in stern tones "Are men to be pursued like stricken dears by a mad mob of humbly wimmen? Is a women to go out into the street and collar a man and order him to marry her? I am sick of this talk about its bein' a womens only spear to marry! If it is a womens spear to marry, the Lord will provide her with a man, it stands to reason He will, one that will suit her too, one that it will come jest as natural for her to leave all the rest of the world and foller, as for a sun flower to foller on after the sun, one that she seems to belong to, jest like North and South America, jined by nater, unbeknown to them, ever sense creation. She'll know him if she ever sees him—for their two hearts will suit each other jest like the two halves of a pair of shears. These are the marriages that Heaven signs the certificates of, and this marryin' for a home, or for fear of bein' called an old maid, is no more marriage in the sight of God—no more true marriage than the blush of a fashionable women, that is bought for ten cents an ounce and carried home in her pocket, is true modesty."

"I cannot comprehend" sez Betsy, "how wimmens votin' will change the reprehensible idee ov marryin' for a hum, or for fear ov bein' ridiculed about, if it will, I cannot saw it."

"Cant you see daylite Betsy Bobbet, when

the sun is mounting up into the clear horizon?" sez I in eloquent voices. "It stands to reason a women wont marry for a hum if she is capabel of maken one for herself. Where's the disgrace of bein' a old maid only wimmen are kinder dependent on men—kinder waitin', to have him ask her to marry him, so as to be supported by him. Give a women as many fields to work in as men have, and as good wages, and that is enuff. It riles me to hear em talkin' about wimmens wantin' to wear the breeches. They dont want? They like calico better than broad cloth for stiddy wear. they like muslin better than kersey mear for handsum, and they have a natural hankerin' after the good opinion and admiration ov the other sect, but they can do better without that admiration than they can vittles."

"Yes," sez Betsy, "men do admire to have wimmen clingin' to em, like a vine to a stately tree, and it is indeed a sweet vine."

"So tis, so tis," sez I in reasonable tones, "I never was much ov a clinger myself, still if females want to cling, I haint no objection. But" sez I in a austeer ackoent, "Ax I have said what if a vine haint no tree convenient to cling to? Or if she has, what if the tree she elings to, happens to fall, through inherient rottenness at the core, thunder and lightning—or eteeters. If the string breaks, what is to become of the creeper, if it cant do nothin' but creep?" Sez I, "it is all well enuff for a rich women, to set in a velvet gown, with her feet on the warm hearth, and wonder what makes the poor drunkards wife down in the street, shiver. Let her be out there once with her feet in the snow, and she'd find out. It haint the rich happy comfortable clingers, I am talking in behalf of, but the poor shivers outside who haint nothin' to cling to."

"Womens spear"—begun Betsy

"Womens spear" sez I interruptin' her in a lofty tone before which Betsy quailed imperceptibly, "wimmens spear is where she can do the most good. If God had meant that wimmen should be nothin' but mens shadders He would have made goets and fantoms ov em at once—but havin' made em, flesh and blood, with brains and souls, I believe He meant em to be used to the best advantage. And the talk about wimmens havin to fite, and men wash dishes, if wimmen vote, is all sheer nonsense," sez I "in the Baptist church where wimmen vote, I dont see as they act different from other wimmen, and I dont see as the Baptist men act any more sheepish than common men." Sez I "it is jest as ridiculous to say it would make a women act

coarse and rampage round, to vote, as to say that kissin' a pretty baby, or lovin' books and pictures and music, makes a man a hen-huzzy." Sez I carred away with powerful emotions, "u may shet a lion up for years, in a room full of cambric needles, and tatten shettles, and u cant get him to do any thing but roar at em, it haint the lions nater to do fine sewin," sez I. "And u may tie up a old hen as long as you please and u cant break her of wanten to make a nest and scratch for her chickens." Sez I wavin' my right hand slow and magestically—"u may want a green shade onto the front side of your house, and to that end and effect u may plant a acorn and set out a rose-bush, but all the legislators in creation cant make that acorn tree blow out with red posys, no more can they make the rose-bush stand up strong as a giant, and these bein' planted by the side of each other—on the same ground—and watered out of the same watering jug—dont alter their naturel turn, they will both help shade the winder, but do it in their own way, which is different. And men and wimmens votin' side by side, would no more alter their naturel dispositiones, than singing one of Watts'es hymns together would, one would sing base, and the other air, as long as the world stands."

"Josiah Allens wife," sez Betsy, "I think your views are uronious—we cant think alike about clingin', we differ in our views about courkuses, when I consider that Lections and courkuses come every year, then comes the solemn feelin' how wearin' it would be for a female to drop all her domestic avocations and be present at em, I think ure views are uronious."

Sez I with so impachent a gesture, that it broke off a thread, and I had to tie it on agin, "U are goin ore the same old ground agin of a females time," sez I "females can drop all their domestic avocations and go to fairs—town fairs—and county fairs—and state

fairs if she can get to em," sez I "she will be on the ground in time to see the first punkin' and bedquilt carried on to it, and she will stay to see the last horse trot his last trot—she can find time for picnics, and celebrations, and 4th of July, that last all day, and it would take her about a minute to vote. But," sez I in the most magestick tone I had yet used—"Men haint took by the coat collar and dragged off to courkuses and Lections, they dont go unless they are a mind to, and I dont suppose wimmen would be drove there like a flock of sheep. They wouldnt want to go, only when some great law was up concernin' right or rong, or her own intrinsick interists, such as given a mother a equal right to her children, a right she earnt honestly, a deed God himself stamped with the great seals of fear and agony, or bein' taxed without representation which breaks the old constitution right into on the middle every time it is done, or concernin' equil pay for equil labor. I spose every female clerk and teacher and operater who have half starved on about one 3d men got for doin' the same work, would be on hand Like wise concernin' Temperance I suppose every drunkards wife and girl would go to the pole that could get there—poor things under the legislater they have enjoyed the right of sufferin'—sposin' it lets em enjoy the right of suffrazin a spell, mebbey they would find it as easy if not easier."

Jest at this minute we see down the road the Editor or the Gimlet comin' in a open buggy, and Betsy said to once "that she must be goin', her folks would be worryin' after her." Sez I as she hurried to the door, "Mebbey u will get a ride."

"Oh no," sez she "I had a great ruther walk, I think there haint nothin' like walkin' for helth, it is so strenghenen to the mussles."

I am glad she felt so, for I see he diddnt ask her to ride, but as she said, helth is indeed a blessin'.

"UNKNOWN."

BY C. FAUSTES.

There is a spell within the word unknown;
A silent something, in a silent tone,
That speaks to every heart whate'er its goal,
And stirs the deepest thoughts of every soul.
Its vague uncertainty gives room for thought,
And thought, by fierce imagination wrought,
Takes wings and flies with fleetness o'er the past;
When weary of its flight comes back at last,
And settles down, to gaze upon a stone,
With this sad word engraven there, "unknown."

Thought paints him thus: He was a soldier brave,
Who sacrificed his life, his land to save;
Who left his home, and friends, and dear ones all,
To stand for liberty, to fight, to fall,
And find in a strange land, far, far from home,
Where friends, and dear ones may not, cannot come;
Where friends, and dear ones may not, cannot come;
A soldier's grave, ere long to be forgot,
With nothing left but this to mark the spot
Where he returned to earth—a small, white stone,
On which this word is rudely carved—"UNKNOWN."

GRANDMA LIPPENCOTT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

THE house had a noble front, running back into a little village of outhouses; and all, outhouses and noble dwelling, were, you may be sure, full of the things fit and convenient for such premises.

Tall, wide-spreading elms and limes were seen; and far below their tops were nestled green pines, darker green firs, silver-leaf poplars, and I know not what other trees of medium height, and of various richly-tinted foliage. They were each and all beautifully placed—singly, in trios, in clusters, and even in a grove, set at the further side of the wide lawn north of the buildings.

The ample yard, laid out in wide paths, curving from the gates to the front, lay in good part open to the sunshine, as all yards ought; and this gave additional grace to whatever shade was cast on the sward by the shrubs and small trees—many of them rare, all of them of beautiful growth—and to the trees and shrubs themselves.

Within the house—let us see how it was in there that October afternoon, when too young gentlemen of genteel appearance were walking leisurely along the wide, old road toward this mansion, and when the birds were doing their best all through the region to make the region charming; were doing it especially—so it seemed to the approaching gentlemen—there in Mr. Hickendoff's elms and limes, and hidden in, among the firs, and up on the chimney-tops and sharp gables, and the uprising ornaments of the front portico.

Mr. Hickendoff himself was moving about from big round-table to little round-table, in no hurry, but looking for something; now lifting a paper, anon, lifting a portion of his wife's work, looking, looking; his brow knit a little, only a little, for he was at the furthest possible remove from a savage; his mouth shut, and with the full pressure of thought on it, to keep it shut.

He was dressed as that man is, who, out of the tendencies of an æsthetic nature, must always be well-dressed; and yet, as that man is, who must be able to go and see how it is with his stables, with trees, and shrubs, and lawns, under the instruments of the gardener,

with garden and field under the hoe and plough; and who, for his own corporeal and mental well-being, and out of his own delights, must sometimes take hoe, or spade, or clipping instruments, into his own hands, working to quell a hundred irregularities in tree, or hedge, a hundred, ay, many hundreds, and even thousands of weeds, in the borders. He was refined-looking—was, indeed, handsome; but I do not think he knew it. Learned, wise as he was, I think it would have given him pleasure not a little if he had; and especially if his wife had been the one to tell him of it, if she had told him of it as if his fine, noble looks were a bank, where she had endless quantities of pride, pleasure, laid up.

Mrs. Hickendoff, a fair woman of fifty, was that afternoon very tastefully dressed in some light, medium-tinted, summer stuff, with rose-colored ribbons and sparkling brooch at her throat. Her sewing was on the table at her side; but she was just then trying to read her "Peterson," but could not consecutively, her husband's stepping about and lifting things fretted her so.

She knew his way well enough. To her it seemed no downright, imperative search he was making, but a following up of his habit, vaguely overlying, so it seemed to her, the expectation of something turning up, which should suit his humor and put him to rest. It seemed so to her, because she had in her own nature, habits, not one clue to the needs, loves of the student, through which she, to her insignificant, pamphlet, and even the least newspaper item, becomes to him of more worth than gold and precious stones.

When she thought she could not bear it any longer, dropping her magazine into her lap, and looking up over her glasses, she said, "What, for pity's sake, are you looking after now? Tell me, and let me see if I can find it for you; and then I hope you will be ready to settle down somewhere. What is it?"

"A number of the 'American'—the last. I had it here this——"

"I know you had once. There is none here now, you see. It has been used probably."

Mrs. Hickendoff was in a mood somewhat savage, certainly, or she would not have said

that of his favorite sheet, as she did, purposely to annoy him.

"Now is there anything you want?" she added.

"No, I guess not," said the man of pacific temper.

And hearing that the words were borne on one of his light sighs, did not soften her atom. She must have been in a savage mood.

Mr. Hickendoff took up the "Cultivator," not because he cared for it just then, but because he was glad to do something sure to turn his wife's battery away; and sat down to pull out his glasses, and read or not, as his interests led him.

Then there, in the coziest chair in that large room full of cozy chairs, her crocheting in her hand, sat the fair, younger daughter of the house, her eyes filled with chagrin, going back and forth between her parents; her work raised in her fingers, ready for prosecution, when that troublesome man, her father, should be able to sit down and be quiet himself, and let ma be quiet.

Her name was Laura—Laura D., as her friends often called her.

She was esteemed fine-looking, as she was when very neatly and tastefully dressed; and in addition to this, well tempered. This latter she was not now; and no one, although she was faultlessly dressed that afternoon, would have called her handsome.

This was the trouble, after pa sat down and ma got to reading again. She had no doubt Jimmy Conner was on his way round, it was so beautiful; and when she met him yesterday, he said he would be round soon. And she was anxious somehow. Somehow things didn't look right—ma didn't look pleasant. She hadn't got rid of the knots pa tied in her forehead, looking round so. It sometimes took her a good while to be rid of them; and she didn't wonder. It did her.

Pa looked heavy. She would warrant he was. He was sometimes; and then he wasn't the least help to her in getting along with Tucker, who always came with Jimmy, and was scientific, like pa; and she didn't know what to say to him, after the first few words about what kind of weather it was, were over. And then it wouldn't be at all strange if grandma took it into her head to come down. She generally did when other things were going wrong. Asking Jimmy if he belonged to the Conners of—Astracan, for all she knew! And asking Tucker if he wasn't of the Stockbridge family of Tuckers. He was. But what if he was?

Dear me! She didn't see what anybody wanted to live for, after they were seventy-seven. She knew she wouldn't, especially if she had to live with somebody that didn't want her.

Just at that moment there appeared in the door-way a beautiful old lady, so noble, so serene, of so sweet a presence as to make the made-up attractions of the other two ladies grow dim before her. She was tall—not so tall by an inch or two as she was in her prime, dear old lady; but you could not guess how she had lost it, for she was as erect as ever. She wore a fine black dress, and underneath the open front a neckerchief, white and clear as the best of laundresses, herself, could make it, and a simple but very becoming cap. The charm was all about her. No babe's face is whiter than hers was; no babe's face can have the light that in hers shone out upon the place, making it seem holy to those who had hearts to appreciate it. Of course, it was a wrinkled face, but the brightness shone out upon the seams, so that one never saw them unless one looked for them. Her meek lips wore the ripe red of a beautiful maturity; and sometimes, when some old friend of herself and her late husband came, and she grew bright under the cherished reminiscences, the same ripe red delicately suffused her cheeks; and you might look far among the old and the young, and not find another so very, very beautiful and great in appearance as she.

Strange that they were not prouder of her, a thousand times, than of any other possession. By they, I mean Mrs. Hickendoff and Laura—for Mr. Hickendoff *was* proud of her. And it was not he who was her son; it was Mrs. Hickendoff who was her daughter. He kept his pride, as he did much beside, under his quiet, gently-moving exterior, his closed, still lips; but that was one thing, that, imparting some indescribable quality of grace, respect toward grandma, made her feel very much at peace under his roof, notwithstanding the repeated slights and even rebuffs she met in her daughter and Laura.

When she appeared in the door-way on the afternoon of which we have been writing, she glanced, as she did in every one of her entrances, at the faces of the inmates, seeing so little to encourage her there, as to make her hesitate, laying one weak, old hand on the door-frame, as if to support her somewhat in her uncertainty, looking from daughter to granddaughter, then back to daughter, but getting no glance, no word from either; hesitating,

but at last, with looks of pain coming in, seating herself at some distance from them, near a window, and commencing to prepare her white knitting-work.

Now Laura glanced at her with impatience; with impatience in her soul, said to herself, "Old thing! Now if they come while she is here, she will begin to ask Tucker if he has heard from his grandfather lately, and how he is. Oh, dear me! Always sits by a window! I wish she knew it's vulgar—wish ma would tell her 'tis. I would if pa wasn't here. He won't have a word said to her if he can help it; and she isn't his mother, either; she's ma's. Grandma, won't you sit somewhere else? the air will come in on you there."

Now Mrs. Hickendoff began again to disregard her magazine, and to cast her querulous attentions abroad, this time into grandma's neighborhood.

Mr. Hickendoff, seeing the glances, or, at least, knowing that they were there, and dreading to hear some ill-natured thing from his wife toward the mother, rose and went slowly out; but having halted beside a dish of golden sweets on the table in the dining-room, he heard his wife say, "What is it now, Laura? What is the trouble?"

Laura, tipping her head with vexed looks toward poor grandma, said, "I want grandma to sit somewhere else. She might sit somewhere else beside close to a front window, I should think."

Mr. Hickendoff, where he was standing, could not see the looks of pain gathering about grandma's mouth, and on the whole so placid face; but he had seen them times enough to know that they were there. He pitied her. He felt his heart aching for her, he pitied her so.

"I can see better here," the weak voice said. "Old people need more light than the young do."

There were only front windows in the room; but she did not remind her granddaughter of that.

"I hope I never shall be old!" the unreasonable young lady said in fractious tones. "I am sure I do. It's so disagreeable!"

She did not know that Jimmy, kind-hearted Jimmy, approaching the gate with Tucker, made haste when he saw that grandma was in the parlors, saying he believed he was as much in love with grandma as he was with—with Mrs. Hickendoff; that he was going to make love to her that afternoon, and whenever he saw her, so that when he got to housekeeping, he could get her to come and live with him, for

she brought back to him—or seemed to—the days when his own grandmother, almost as handsome an old lady as grandma Lippencott, used to fix him in the midst of all sorts of comforts—never was a boy so surrounded by them! He wished he could see grandma Lippencott oftener.

There had been no declaration yet on Conner's part. He had no doubt it was to come to that some day—he knew it was. But somehow he waited. He did not know why. He had not looked for a reason; probably would not have found one, if he had looked. The waiting, was instinctive, rather than with reason.

"Company, grandma," said Laura, tipping her head toward the gate. "Company coming."

This could only mean that grandma was to take her old limbs, her face—better than a hundred of Laura's—away into some other room. Grandma understood it so; and rising, was making what trembling haste she could to leave the room, when Conner, seeing the movement through the open window, called out pleasantly, pleasantly lifting his hat to her and smiling brightly, "Please don't go, Mrs. Lippencott. I am coming almost on purpose to see you, if you will allow me to say it."

She tarried, however, only long enough to shake hands with him warmly, to hear him say that he felt as if he had his own good, old grandmother back, when he saw her; and to feel her neglected old heart warmed up and immeasurably gratified by the polite, kind attentions of this elegant young man, this scholar, second only to Tucker, and in many respects even his peer. For instance, in society, his sincere, lively manners, and his position with regard to wealth, family, were such as to make him the sought-for among all the unengaged young ladies of that set at Andover; and, indeed, among not a few of the engaged ones, who, if they could have found themselves where they were sure of him, would not have made use of very protracted ceremonies in being "off with the old love" and "on with the new."

"Going, Mrs. Lippencott? You know I told you I came to see you."

He laughed. He was a cheery soul. He carried life—this is the word—with him into his classes, into society, and out into the streets among the children and dogs.

"Going?" seeing that she still moved a little toward the door.

He looked to Mrs. Hickendoff, getting no help from her.

She was—rather ill-humoredly, it seemed to him—putting her husband's newspapers and

pamphlets in order on the table, lending some little attention to the dried-up thing Tucker had in his hand, showing it to Laura, telling her it was "The Last of the Osmunds;" paying the attention as Laura was paying hers, with shoulders and eyebrows lifted.

And the probability is that Conner was right about the ill-humor, for there was not only grandma to vex her, and Laura to vex her, but she was, beyond this, thinking that she wasn't going to be pestered with such things—as the dried-up Osmunds, she meant—in Tucker. She had enough of it in Mr. Hickendoff. She wasn't going to listen to it long in anybody else.

She did not, by-the-by, listen to it in her husband. Her grievance was not that she really did listen to him; but it lay altogether in the temper and resolution that would not listen, having years ago made up her mind that she did not care for such things, and was not going to try to care; for had she not seen how Mrs. Linton, of Cambridge, had to keep her ears and eyes screwed up all of the time, ready to look, and listen, and talk. She would take care of herself.

A poor sort of care, we fear; but how this was will appear, perhaps, as we go on with grandma Lippencott's story.

CHAPTER II.

GRANDMA, after having said a few pleasant, appropriate things to her young friend, gave him her good-by, and left the room.

"I tried to keep her," said Conner, speaking brightly to the rest. "I shall try harder next time—a great deal harder," picking up a new volume from the table.

Seeing what it was, he called out, "See this, Tucker! Mr. Hickendoff does things! We hear of a new thing that we must see, if in London, or Paris, or Berlin. We come here talking about it, saying we must see it, and here we find it on his table, the leaves all cut, the contents mastered as only he can master a thing; and he can tell us all there is there. That is what your husband is, Mrs. Hickendoff."

"Do you think so?" she said, half raising her eyes, and with the least perceptible curl in her upper lip.

She had moments, moments of some sort of triumph on her own part, when she would have smiled suavely, and replied, "I am glad you think so." This was not one of them; and so, with incredulous tones, she said, "Do you think so? I am glad you do."

But she was not glad. That was not one of

her moments of being glad in any of his triumphs.

Conner seemed not to have heard her reply. He had been eagerly turning the pages over as he talked. Now he raised to hers such a pair of eyes as it always does us good to see—not inquiringly. He was young, filled with earnestness, vigor. His feelings, ideas, were positive, because they had the clearness that belongs to vigor, when intuitiveness, reason, education, lend their aid bountifully.

"Hear this," said he, bent over his book. "He—Ruskin, you know"—raising his eyes to Mrs. Hickendoff and Laura's, "he is speaking of the lichens and mosses, and he says, 'Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough.' And then at last he says, 'And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.'"

Mr. Hickendoff, coming in just then, with the slow approach habitual to him, had the concluding sentences for the rich, solemn music of his steps. How eager were the greetings on the part of the young man! and what balm these were to the man along in years, weary, and with little to rest him.

Delight and exceeding great interest he had in his studies, so he had oftentimes sadness and exceeding great lassitude. Sympathy, love, are the appointed rest for such conditions; and of these he found far too little.

Mr. Hickendoff had also a new thing upon "The Glaciers of the Alps," by Professor Tyndall, I think. It was by one, at any rate, who had been bending his best thoughts, his researches, to his subject; and so there were many, many facts, new even to the close student, who had not, like the author, made the subject a speciality.

Our three gentlemen, examining the work, talking about it, were aglow with interest—pleasure; and so, for a time they none of them thought of the two women, sitting there in

blank indifference to everything but the neglect of the learned gentlemen—a neglect (to make use of the word in the mind of those ladies, although it was not the fit one) which, with gentlemen of their stamp, could only have arisen after many a fruitless attempt to engage the interests that, if they could have been engaged, would have been so agreeable and animating to them.

"Learned gentlemen!" I think, if Mrs. Hickendoff and Laura had spoken the words just then, it would have been with signs of—of I know not what adverse feeling; whether of contempt for learned gentlemen, or of mortification at seeing themselves so far outstripped in the road to knowledge, and of envy toward those who outstripped them.

I think it was the latter.

If a large-brained man marries a small-brained woman, and she falls behind him in those matters which pertain to the intellect, all the while excelling in good sense, reasonableness, affection, brightness, and all the beautiful qualities of housewife, mother; if she is sweet, content, proud of his learning, as he is proud of her fine womanly nature, then that home is a peaceful little heaven; and daily in the husband's heart is Longfellow's song,

"What I prize most in woman,
Is her affection, not her intellect."

If a large-brained man marries a large-brained woman, and if, while his profession, or his business afford him means of culture, continued growth, her hands, heart, brain, must be filled with the cares and labors of house-keeping, of giving birth to her children, and bringing them up; if she has, besides this, a multitude of stitches to set each day, or each night; and if so, in spite of her endeavors to keep up with her husband; in spite of her prayers, and tears shed in prayer, and sweet patience, she falls behind him in intellect, and grows (as she thinks) humdrum, unworthy of him—God knows that she does not so grow unworthy of him, but exceedingly worthy. He, her husband, knows it, too, and pities and loves her immeasurably. And he, too, could mingle his tears with his prayers. He does, perhaps. And if she goes before him to the grave, he feels as if all the world were shut in darkness about him.

And, oh! is it not a great work on earth, this life of duty, love, patience, sweetness; this life into which much prayer, even many tears, much praise, also, enter?

Is it not great to die so? To be so mourned with a life-long mourning, and life-long love?

But, when it comes to Mrs. Hickendoff and Laura, the scene changes.

We see brains, health, abundant leisure, freedom from care, books, the best society, not only of Amherst, but of all the regions round about; and, under the same roof, one whole life should have been a daily, hourly incentive to the most elegant, animating pursuits and acquirements; those pursuits and acquirements which are able to lift a woman fairly above all those poor, gossiping interests, by which the lives of so large numbers of our sex are marred.

Your husband, Mrs. Z——, is a judge; yours, Mrs. W——, is a doctor; yours, Mrs. Y——, is a studious, learned mechanic; while yours, Mrs. X——, is a farmer—a wealthy, enlightened, scientific farmer; a man of whom doctor, judge, and all others, think with feelings of honor.

These men are busy. Their feet must go where the affairs pertaining to their life call them. They are strong; not strong in body, perhaps; but in their sense of the uses to which the life on earth had best be applied.

They are men to whom their God has given much to do on this wonder-teeming earth; this earth, moreover, where wrong is all the while battling with right, sickness with life; where are needed the Promethean touches of just such judges, just such doctors, just such men of science, research, as your husband, Mrs. Z——, yours, Mrs. W——, and yours, Mrs. X——, and Mrs. G——.

And if they are hindered, if they see obstacles of your placing, in the way of their feet, their souls cry out against it, and say, "The work has been laid upon me, and woe is me, wife of my bosom, if I do it not."

Sitting, or going about in society, your fingers, your feet, your lips, busy enough, perhaps, but producing no good to your own soul, or to the souls of others; your life without aim, without culture, without growth toward a beautiful humanity; that is, you see the green glory and strength of his life. His head is, as it were, crowned. His presence is might everywhere. And, looking out after him, following him with your sighings and complaints, as he goes from the home whose sole light he is, since you, sitting in your dullness, can be no light to its walls, or to any of its inmates. You envy him. You wish he did not know quite so much. You wish people did not think quite so much of him, keep him quite so much in demand. You fret inwardly; you say he does not respect you enough, pet you as he ought.

But, Mrs. Z——, Mrs. W——, Mrs. X——,

Mrs. G——, did you never think with, whole-some fear, that this inward fretting and envying with which you begin, may be but the disastrous seed-sowing of a great crop of envy, fretfulness, of you know not how much unhappiness, sin, ruin?

It is so, many times, believe me.

If, becoming conscious of what you are doing, you go sedulously to work and root it all up, sowing roses in the soil and cultivating them; then you are a darling, as your husband will tell you, if you make his bosom your confessional.

But think how much better it would have been for yourself, for him, for the sacred spot, your home, if you had had none of this bad sowing, this difficult uprooting to do, but had your roses growing all the while. Think of it, my poor dear!

But, suppose that instead of this uprooting, replanting, you go on envying, fretting. Suppose that at last, delicate-like, you "press him daily with your words, so that his soul is vexed unto death," and he succumbs to you, lays his head in your lap, and gives up the locks of his strength to your ruthless shears.

It may be that you are not fully awake to the wickedness of the work you are doing. As it was with Delilah of old, so it is with you; you have no foresight of the beams in whose deadly fall you also are a victim; but you see enough, know enough, to be without excuse. You are doing your work with the perseverance of a selfish, weak, idle woman, who will take no pains to grow into a worthier stature; who will not only fail to be the inspirer, helper, the glory of husband, but will, with all her zeal, drag him away from all his lofty pursuits, ambitions; pursuits, ambitions, which, if you were faithful, would be as much an honor to yourself as to him; and which, it may be, are putting the daily bread not only into his mouth, but into your own and the children's.

And when the crown is gone from his head, the energy, grace, from his feet, the light from his being, you are the first to reproach him, and say how he has altered since you married him; the first, that is, for the old Delilah-taunt, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson."

Or, if he does not lay his head in your lap, but holds it aloft toward the sky, as it belongs, he feels your envy, fretfulness, hang heavily about him all the while. He climbs, poor man! but, through your discontent, the climbing is made laborious, exhausting. And so he wears out the sooner. You and the children are without him before the true time has come for him to be gone.

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And think how "it might have been." You might have been a queen. If you did not care for his philosophy, his science, or his politics, you might have satisfied yourself with ennobling-home pursuits, accomplishments, with benevolence among the poor, the lost, and those in danger of being lost, with your sweet additions of taste, activity, brightness in society, with love; in short, with the love that is the growth of heaven in the life.

CHAPTER III.

THE subjects of those two new books, Ruskin's "Modern Painters," and Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps," would have been easily intelligible to our ladies, who sat there out of humor about them; would have interested them; would have enlarged their thought, and rendered them fitter to be here where the beautiful hills, cliffs, mosses, lichens, the heavenly mountains and trees all are, if they had tried the studies, and other studies kindred to them. But they did not.

Of course, Laura had been at school all her days, and was what is called finely educated. But her education, as every one saw, was a very different thing from her sister Mollie's. Mollie, people said, had all of papa's energies in pursuit of good, and all of grandma's excellent sense and understanding; had such ways and such feelings, they said, as suited not only parlor and hall, but closet and kitchen, the homes and sick-rooms of the poor, and the waysides, where the poor are seen carrying their burdens, wearing their faces of care, dolor.

Mollie was in Florence with friends when our story opens. This is the reason we do not see her round, kindling over Ruskin's new thing. She had been in Europe a year; was there before the acquaintance with the young gentlemen, who were present that day, commenced.

Of course, grandma was proud of such a girl as Mollie. Of course, she could not help speaking about her, not only to those friends who knew her, were fond of her, and were always inquiring about her; but to others—as Conner and Tucker—she could not forbear speaking incidentally, once in awhile, of the granddaughter in Florence.

This vexed Laura. "Old thing!" she said, "I wonder she doesn't hang a flag out of one of the windows, with Mollie on one side and Florence on the other, and keep it out all the fair days, and all the stormy ones, too. I should think she would. Perhaps she will."

She was speaking to her mother. Mrs. Hickendoff did not reply. She would not really encourage Laura in speaking so disrespectfully of her grandmother, she was thinking; but neither would she reprove her for it. Grandma fretted her so often, she couldn't very well find fault with Laura for being vexed.

The reader must not think that our gentlemen were together over Ruskin and Tyndall all this time. No, indeed, for they were true, considerate gentlemen; and, besides, Conner was really well-pleased to get Laura into the next room, with a wide archway, and no door between, to hear her sing and play—"The Long, Long, Weary Day."

"The long, long, weary day
Is passed in tears away;
And still at evening I am weeping,
When from my window height,
I look out on the night,
I still am weeping,
My lone watch keeping."

He turned the pages for her with the airs of a "smart" little boy; did it to chase the clouds away and bring out the sunshine on her face; sang a little now and then when it came to strains that he particularly liked, although he knew his tones were but raw ones, and that he was apt to linger on the notes he liked best of all, rather putting Laura out in the matter of time. He knew it, laughed at it; and when the strain came round again, put her out still further, laughed with the more merriment, himself praising his performance. He got her into fine spirits so; and she was very handsome. Seeing this, hearing the music, the merry laughter, put Mrs. Hickendoff also into fine spirits, so that she grew very lively toward her husband's young friend, Tucker, and with a little conversation toward her husband, who lent himself with much interest to what the two were saying.

The gentlemen's adieus were lively; were received in a lively manner by the others, Mr. Hickendoff being out on the broad steps, where the golden and crimson, and brown leaves were falling, to receive his, and see them go.

CHAPTER IV.

MOLLIE and the friends with whom she went out, were to be expected before Christmas. Letters, just received, told their friends so.

Laura was not glad Mollie was coming. She was, on the contrary, sorry as she could be. She said so to herself many a time every day and evening. She was afraid she would get Jim, she said to herself—and if she did! If she did, she, Laura, would "be mad enough to

tear brass." This was her own phrase, and there were many others as unruly, showing to what depths evil passions can draw even such as have education and unnumbered helpful influences surrounding them.

Or, if Mollie didn't get him, if she got scientific Tucker instead, there was Mollie Fowler, coming with Mollie. Being in Europe a year, of course she would be splendid now. She was called very handsome, anyway. She was most afraid of Mollie Fowler, after all. If Mollie Fowler did get him, it wouldn't be quite so bad as it would to have her own sister get him.

But this was what she would do, she would get him engaged to her before any of them came. Then she would be sure. Jimmy was a fellow to keep his word, if he gave it, let ever so much beauty and sprightliness, and old-world learning come. Nobody would get him if he had given his word.

So she dressed herself very handsomely at all hours; went out at all hours of the morning and the early evening, when Jimmy, whose quick brain mastered his studies with little indoors delving, was to be encountered frequently on some of the streets, or paths—all so glorious then, not only with the glory that always belonged to them, through the greatness of the mountain and valley prospects, but with this added to them now, the colors of autumn on the foliage and flowers, the purple mists on the air.

She was very happy in being out, as, indeed, everybody else seemed to be. She was so happy she didn't know what to do; she would have said, did, in fact, within herself say, when it happened that she saw Jimmy anywhere, and saw that he was as glad to meet her as she was to meet him. Gladder even, inasmuch as his nature was more friendly, joyous.

She got him to the house often in those bright days, by telling him about a new piece of music, or even some new book that pa seemed to think a great deal of, shrugging at this, alas! for her, because, alas! for her, Jimmy saw it; and although it impressed him then only in the lightest, most evanescent degree, it went into his memory, where already, without his present consciousness, scores of other shrugs and other demonstrations akin to them, such as knitted brows, impatient movements of the head, impatient tones, were laid up.

Another thing she did to lure him, was to tell him that he hadn't been round for an age, a whole age, she did believe, looking in his face, laughing; but, after all, with the eyes of a child that has been hurt a little, and doesn't fancy it

"Not for an age?" said Jimmy. "It was only day before yesterday."

"Why!" with a great intonation, a great spread of the hands and arms. "It seems ever so much longer."

"So it does. Well, I am coming round this evening; so is Tucker. He wants to show something new in the rock line to Mr. Hickendoff."

"Oh! that is what he and you are coming for?" now said our silly girl.

"That is what he is coming for. I am coming to see you," bowing low, lifting his hat to go.

The best that decoration, not only in her own person, but in that of her father and mother, in lights, autumn leaves, flowers, and the tables and seats moved to new, striking places, and the bright looks of expectation, could do to charm Jimmy and complete his conquest, was done by Laura—by Laura and Mrs. Hickendoff. Chiefly by Laura; for Mrs. Hickendoff now, as at other times, managed to preserve her appearance of well-bred indifference about things. Things must, at least, wear the appearance of taking care of themselves, if they did not. She wanted Laura to get Jimmy Conner, but she could not be seen taking any measures to this end.

She did this thing, however, in the most natural manner conceivable. She seemed all at once to know all about the books—the large, illustrated books, that is; and so she did, for she had looked them up that day. This was one of her preparations for evening—so she could say to Tucker, "Have you seen this? Have you seen that? No! Haven't? You must, then," and away she went to bring this, to bring that. Had Mr. Hickendoff told him yet about the cases of insects that came that day? Oh! well he must come out into the hall, where the cases still were, and see them. Come, Mr. Hickendoff. Had he seen the specimen of grophitis (or something of that sort, she said) that came yesterday from Virginia? a beautiful thing.

He had not; and she went with them to the library, which, being large, was at once library and cabinet.

Laura and Jimmy, meanwhile, had their chairs together close to the beautiful group of green-house flowers sent out that day by a friend in the city. After talking about them awhile, and after a pause, Laura said, "Oh, dear, it's autumn!"

I do not suppose she had thought of it before, with regrets, melancholy; but she was rather sad that evening, autumn or no autumn; and

it was in part, perhaps wholly, on account of what her thoughts that day, and for several days, had been about losing Jimmy to one or the other of the Mollies, who were coming. So real tears were in her eyes; the flush on her cheek deepened, she was moved.

Jimmy Conner, seeing it, wondered at the mood new to him; moved a little down, seeing it, laid his hand on the back of her chair, saying, "Yes, it is autumn again. Don't you like it?"

"Not now. I don't know as I have thought about it before; but I am as sad as I can be tonight. I don't know what makes me."

"Ho! this I shall not allow," taking her hand in his. It was close by, where she had some time ago placed it. "I—I," he was going to say, "shall put a stop to this," and get her to laughing, because he really did like the girl, and it went to his heart seeing her distressed.

She had not the least doubt he was going to say, "I—I love you, and you know I do, and I must wipe all your tears, so"—with his kisses, that is. And so, when she at that moment saw grandma's pure, saint's face in the door opening from the library, saw her coming slowly in, her anger was so suddenly aroused as to accomplish an utter rout of self-command; and before Jimmy had time to drop her hand and speak to grandma, (he was slow doing it, because the sight of Laura's face at once changing from the gentleness of the dove to the cruelty of the hawk, half absorbed his thoughts,) when grandma was just beginning to say, "It is warmer here; the fire is down in—" Laura sprang with quick impatience to her feet, saying, "I'll see to it. Come; I'll find Bridget. Where is Bridget?" hustling grandma out before her with her hands, touching her shoulder, touching her arm, her hand.

So grandma was not to come into the warm room, where the bright lights and the autumn leaves were—the beautiful old lady, who, if she could have been tenderly seated in one of the handsome chairs, and made to feel at home there, would have turned the place into a sanctuary; a thing the velvet, and gilding, and marble, and even the autumn leaves, and the group of flowers could not do; but only loving, united, noble human beings.

She took grandma out. Jimmy had not even the chance to speak one word to her, and he was stunned somewhat. He, as the reader knows, always had his own dear, risen grandmother in grandma Lippencott's place, and this made it a thousand times harder for him, seeing the rude, unfeeling ejection.

Laura came back in a very few minutes. She tried to look and speak as if the dove were still sitting in her breast—but it was not. It is a bird easily scared away, notwithstanding it has such tame ways; and, once scared, it is very likely to alight, pick its seed and do its cooing on other ground. The hawk is not easily scared. With dozens shaking hats and aprons at him, he holds his steady place over his prey. This hawk-anger held its place over Laura.

The others returned presently, to the relief of both Jimmy and Laura, for there was no word that they could find to say to each other until the rest came; and then they could not say much. Jimmy could not get over the shock, or over the pity he felt for grandma.

As for the undisciplined girl, Laura, she could have bitten her tongue through with vexation, exercised chiefly toward grandma for the unseasonable intrusion; but in part also toward herself, that she did not, to make use of her own reflection, "keep her temper as long as he stayed, and have it out with grandma afterward." But when they were going, she would get to Jimmy's elbow, would bend to his ear, and say, "Do come again, for I am dreadfully out of sorts to-night. I don't feel like myself one bit; but I will if you will come to-morrow some time. You will?"

"Yes," he replied, looking into the tear-filled eyes, and nearly forgiving her at the sight of the tears, the looks of deprecation.

"Yes," he repeated, speaking very kindly.

And now her courage rose—for were not pa and ma going to spend the day at Northampton. Did she not hear Tucker tell pa that he was going to Boston to hear Sumner, or somebody speak at Faneuil Hall? Would she not be sure this time that in all the rooms in the house, except the parlors, fires should be kept up, so that grandma would have no sort of excuse for poking her nose in there? Here, at her wretched thoughts of grandma, the rest departed. She could not help feeling condemned for such thoughts of her, as well as for the unkind, or, at least, neglectful treatment she each day of her life meted out to her. The reflection troubled her, as it always did when it got hold of her; but it led to no better course, it only inflamed her anger against the old lady, and kept her saying, "Oh, dear! if we could only get rid of *her*! If pa would only pension her off somewhere, into some boarding-place or other! She wears me all out. Dear me!"

Thoughts like these kept up their disturbance in her brain, long after she went to bed. Of course, the dove did not come back to such a

breast. Of course, she neglected to ask for it. Of course, no thought of God or heaven came to touch her heart. So, of course, having done her wrong, she went to sleep in her unhappiness, and waked in it in the morning—waked with a new fear staring her in the face; and this was that if grandma did ever get a chance to have Jimmy to herself a few minutes, she would begin—not to complain of her unkindness, she was too well-assured of grandma's delicacy to fear that—but that she would begin to praise Mollie's kindness, and to tell him that she was coming.

"Oh, dear me!" she said again, for the fiftieth time.

But, then, why? Jimmy was coming that afternoon. She was going to have him all to herself, and she must begin to grow good-natured. She would anyway, grandma or no grandma. She would forget there was any grandma; and get her best looks back, every one of them.

So she played, sang, ran with Brigand through the rooms; but if grandma came once in sight, was stiff and silent toward her. If grandma tried, as she did at dinner, to talk a little, Laura answered in the fewest syllables, without looking up, without smiling, even if grandma's smile beamed out ever so kindly.

And when grandma said how glad they would all be to see Mollie back safe amongst them once more, Laura, in vexed tones, replied, "I wish you wouldn't talk quite so much about Mollie—Mollie—Mollie, as if there wasn't another thing in the world to talk about. I get tired hearing it. All our friends will get tired hearing it. Especially Conner and Tucker."

Jimmy Conner, at the same time eating his dinner, with the talk of his fellows going on all the while, was industriously thinking; was thinking of the frowns he saw the day before, and of the change they wrought in the girl's face; was wondering whether they came often; whether they came whenever grandma appeared at the wrong moment, or anything happened at the wrong moment, or in the wrong manner.

Thinking of the meek, old lady under the frowns, he felt savage. But then he reflected on what Laura said apologetically about being out of tune. That was it! She was out of tune! Why did he not do her the justice to think of that before?

Soon, however, his thoughts fell once more. If grandma had come in, he reflected, and Laura had welcomed her sweetly, had seated her and cuddled to one side of her chair, very likely he would have cuddled to the other side.

He knew he would. He would have talked with her, called her grandma, very likely, before he was through; and then he and Laura would have had a laugh over it; and it would have been strange if he had not somewhere along, at the parting, or somewhere, got a chance to call her dear Laura, to tell her that he loved her, and to ask her if she knew of it, if it pleased her knowing it; if she loved him a little, enough to begin with.

Meanwhile, Tadmor was speaking to him, had been speaking to him all along, his fellows told him, adding that they guessed he was in for it down at Hickendoff's.

So, thinking that he was glad he was not in for it down at Hickendoff's, feeling quite sure it would have been a tremendous mistake and misfortune, if grandma's coming in, and a little kindness on Laura's part, had got him into it past remedy, he lifted a bright face to their bantering, and answered just as many questions as they wanted to ask about the true way of construing that difficult, disputed passage in Plato.

So, going out with his fellows, his brain eager, fruitful with its thoughts of the disputed phrase, and of all there is in this world for a fellow to be finding out, doing, he went lightly brushing his hands; and this was his way of disposing of the last lingering thoughts of Laura as his companion in life.

He would go round that day, as he had promised, and let her see that he had got rid of the last lingering thoughts.

Only, he would be her friend, for the sake of still going to that house, where her father and so many helps, so many objects of interest were, and where grandma was. Ah! if Laura had only been like her grandmother, and not like her mother! he said—for he could not bear to give her up. So he said, "Ah, me!" at last, as Laura was doing.

CHAPTER V.

ON his way round in the afternoon, as he came in sight of the noble trees, and the noble home nestled behind them, he said perhaps it was not all over. She was out of sorts; perhaps that was all. He would wait and find out just what she was habitually toward grandma before he decided. If she was kind to her, sweet toward her, he would believe that she would be sweet toward him, when the marriage was old and ripe, and he and she had climbed the hill of life to its summit; and that she would be sweet and gentle toward his good mother when she was old. But if he saw the frowns once more, he would let her slide.

Laura came out to the steps while he was yet in the path, and there she stood, bending, both hands extended, to meet him. She was already talking while he was in the path, and talking fast; she led him in, tripping at his side, she was so glad to see him. She told him it was because she was so glad to see him. She was all alone, she told him. Pa and ma had gone to spend the day with the Bulkeleys, and she was all alone.

It was on his tongue to say, "And grandma?" But he felt sure that if he did so, he would see a portion of the sweetness go, see some little knots tied in her forehead; and he had not just then the courage to try the ordeal upon her. He would let it pass.

The pair were just getting into one of their great flows of talk, such as always followed if Laura led, when the door-bell rang, and some intimate friends of the family, Mrs. and Miss Cambreling, together with a visitor, were ushered into the parlor. The first named were Conner's friends also; and the conversation was animated all round, until Miss Cambreling inquired for grandma.

"Oh, yes!" Laura answered, rising hastily, "you shall go right up to her room. I will go with you."

"No," begged Mrs. Cambreling. "Have her come down, my dear, if she is willing, I want to see her, too."

And Miss Cambreling, telling Laura to remain where she was, said she would go and bring grandma. Back she came in a little while, and grandma with her, entering like any queen, any gracious one, with the years and the wisdom of them, better than any other crown, any other sovereignty, claiming to exist *per gratia Dei*.

For it is true, however we may pass it by, and regard it not, there can nowhere else on this earth, be found dignity so immaculate, wisdom so pure, so calm, as that we find in the aged man or woman, who has tasted well life's joy and life's sorrow; whose thoughts are already in heaven, and whose hopes, comforts, are built on the Rock, not on the sliding sands of earth.

Such love earth. We who are younger, and have seen and suffered, and been helped so much less, know little of the breadth and depth of their love of the fair earth beneath them. Beneath them—this is the secret of the charm. Earth is beneath them; heaven is around and above them, so close to them, that their heads wear its near glories as a crown. Some of us, looking reverently, see it, as Conner and many

another saw it in grandma Lippencott. He saw it when she came in; and he could hardly restrain his feet from going with swift haste to her side. As it was, he soon got there.

And did she not understand the warm hand-clasp, the reverent face and tones, such as the man who would die for his sovereign pays to her? It made her very happy, very beautiful, that and the honor Mrs. Cambreling and her daughter paid her.

Laura tried not to notice it; tried to keep her amiable temper; or, if she lost that, her amiable looks. But my readers know the infinite difference of expression that lies between real goodness of heart and goodness assumed for selfish purposes.

So Laura's glory waned as grandma's waxed brighter; and Conner could not help seeing it. He tried not to see it; tried to believe that it was not there; tried not to see that the shrugs grew more frequent and irritable, when the conversation turned to Mollie and Mollie's return—and he had a chance to hear how grandma and those excellent ladies praised her.

Miss Cambreling thought there ought to be an ovation when she came, she had been gone so long—they all loved her so; she was coming, too, with so many laurels on; she had formed such great acquaintances, and even friendships, since she had been gone, and had, besides, sent home such beautiful letters. What! never had heard of them, Mr. Conner? That was strange! looking to Laura for an explanation.

But Laura, although she heard every word, and felt it aggravate her beyond measure, kept on talking with the Cambrelings' visitor.

By-and-by, the ladies went. Then grandma went, Conner shaking hands with her, bowing very low to her, and holding the door for her to pass out.

Thoughts of the true daughter of the house, who was coming, remained with Conner after they left; but he did not speak of her. The house seemed a better place; seemed, in a way, a holy place to him because she was coming, and because grandma was in it, and that learned, good man, Mr. Hickendoff. Even Laura seemed dearer to him as the sister of her who was coming. Even Mrs. Hickendoff rose in his esteem for being the mother of one worthy of such affectionate plaudits as he had just heard from those ladies.

He remained, therefore, yet a little longer, talking in a serious, but very friendly way with Laura; and then he went, parting with her with unusual kindness, which she could not help feeling; nor could she help connecting

it with what had been said in his presence about Mollie.

She had a cry about it after he was gone. As she sat there thinking, she little by little felt thoughts of his kindness doing her good. She was a wicked girl, she thought, to be so stiff, and stubborn, and selfish toward everything—grandma, and Mollie, and pa, and ma, and everybody, if they didn't do and say just the things that pleased her. Stiff, selfish thing! But she could be better—could she not, indeed? Could she not be what she ought to be? Had she not the capacity? Could she not grow better tempered?

Not like Mollie. Mollie was sweet anyway, let what would come. But she would be better—there was room enough for that. Good! She would begin that hour—could she not? Was it not possible for her? Yes, indeed! Yes, indeed! She came to her feet. She instinctively lifted her hands in her—in her prayer; for it was a prayer, in whatever words it was framed. It went straight to the ever ready ear of the Father, and He helped her.

She broke a little cluster of choice flowers, grandma's favorites—a rose, a heliotrope, a beautiful carnation, and geranium-leaves—and placed them in a handsome vase before grandma's plate on the supper-table. She wheeled up an easier chair for grandma to sit in. She went to look at herself in a mirror, and then smoothing her hair, she put other flowers, also grandma's favorites, in among the curls and braids—and they beautified her amazingly, they and the prayer, the good deeds toward grandma.

When supper was ready, she waited by the open door to meet grandma, and show her the beautiful flowers. But, after all, grandma seemed most pleased by the flowers in the hair of her granddaughter; most pleased with them and the new face under them. She kissed the girl's forehead, she was so pleased; and the motherly kiss went straight to Laura's heart, incentive to a new prayer, this time blent with praise, having, it may be, no thought of God in it, but having thought of the good He requires of us, and blesses to our souls if we yield it.

"Write me down as one who loves his fellow-men." Let us be so written down, and we are as sure of God's smiles as if we spent our days in rightly-worded prayers to Him, because, as it is absolutely true that "love is born of God," there can be no true love, love of our fellows, that does not at His bidding flow into our souls from Him. Only so have we, or can we have,

this love for our lips, our deeds, our very presence, if we speak and act not.

Laura kept grandma; and they talked together of Mollie's return. And Laura laid her plans of welcome, of decorations with flowers; and the hall should be in laurel and crimson berries, as Christmas would be close by—there should be such decorations as no one had seen in that house before.

And grandma spoke of the dishes that Mollie loved best—the New England dishes—such as she had sometimes wanted there, where she could get nothing like them.

Yes, Laura said, they would have some of them the very first meal. Wouldn't it be nice, grandma?

Laura cried quietly a few times talking about it; talking about this, and burying her head. She had given Conner up. She had no doubt he was for Mollie. But if she could be good, there would be something, somebody for her.

She could, anyway, see some happiness before her; and she did not think there had been much in the past—she had been so wicked, so idle, so good-for-nothing.

She wished she could know as much as pa. He began life poor, she knew—too poor for college; had married the daughter of a poor clergyman; but he had grown rich, and had become so learned that he was honored far and near for his researches, his collections; and especially, among scholars, for his writings. But she never could—it wasn't in her. Good! But she would know more—a great deal more. And on his farm, in his garden, among his vines, she would be his right-hand daughter. And in loving them all—grandma and the rest, she meant—she and Mollie would each in her different way be his right-hand daughter. And some time she would find somebody—to be her husband, she meant.

CHAPTER VI.

If I were to say that Laura's good resolutions, and the good achievements that succeeded close upon them, came too late, inasmuch as they could not win Conner back to his old place with regard to her, I would be making as great a mistake as ever fell upon mortal's pen. For, although Conner did almost at once, love Mollie with his whole heart, admire her with his whole intellect, his sense of beauty, and approve her with his whole moral sense, did, after talking with pa, offer himself to her and meet sweet acceptance; yet was our Laura happy—as we say to the children—because

she was good. I do not think there was a happier girl anywhere around. She spent less time ruffling, beading, gimping, braiding her dresses, I am glad to say; for so she was saved the old headaches, spineaches, through which her temper had been beset with such innumerable plagues. So, also, she was enabled to be much in the air, at her father's side, at Mollie and Conner's, and on horseback off on the beautiful country by-ways, often alone, sometimes with Mollie, sometimes with both Mollie and Conner.

But, if I remember right, she found Thorndike, that capital fellow, one time when she was riding alone, and when she had descended from her saddle to look at a stone she saw gleaming splendidly up by the roadside wall. She was constantly bringing home things to pa in these days, and she wanted to see what that was.

She was obliged to keep the bridle on her arm, and did, pounding away at the stone with another; for, although pa, no doubt, had it in his collection, she herself wanted to know the name it was called by. But Dill troubled her, shaking his head over the undertaking, and so pulling the rein.

It was a lonely road; one of those narrow ones that branch off from our highways, bordered much of the way with hazles, alders, virgin-bowers, and with the weeping birches and hemlocks that brush the carriage as we pass, and here and there with a beautiful wood on each side, almost meeting at the end of the vista before us. So she talked to Dill, telling him he didn't do right, for she was getting that stone for pa; telling him she would box his ears when she got up where she could reach them; when suddenly he pricked up those same handsome, thorough-bred ears, turned his head, at some sound, then turning it so far and so quickly, as he wheeled his flank round, as to compel, on her part, a sudden clambering descent from the steep roadside.

This Thorndike saw—after having heard Laura's remonstrance—Thorndike and his host, Professor Headles' sensible dog, Phil, as they came in sight on the road. Thorndike hastened up at once, laying his hand on the bridle, which, *par parenthese*, was not necessary, although, seeing the mettle of the animal, and not seeing Laura's, he could not be sure of this.

Phil waited, with a foot lifted, until he had a chance to see Laura's face, then came up to claim acquaintance.

The reader, without being told, knows that through the two animals, the horse and the

dog, the hammered stone to be picked up, and through the remounting of Laura, the adjustment of her stirrup, the pair felt somewhat as if they knew each other pretty well, when they met again in a day or two at Mr. Hickendoff's, whither our gentleman came, accompanied by his friend, the professor; knows, moreover, that they were in the progress of time made one.

The best of it is, that they were really made one for all time and all eternity, before the priest and the law had anything to do with it.

They were married as soon as Conner finished his last year in college, and was ready to take his place on life's stage, in the management of the fine estate, the great productive farm that

is left to him by his late father. To take his place, also, among scholars, men of literature, science, and on the arena, on all arenas to which the needs of the beloved country, of beloved but assoiled humanity called such as he.

And grandma, dear grandma, who since has gone home, was queen of the festival. She was magnificently dressed; that is, she was dressed in magnificent stuffs, with magnificent appropriateness. And Laura saw and gratefully acknowledged that, now she so deeply loved grandma, every honor that was bestowed by the guests on grandma, redounded to her also, and made her feel like a queen.

Ah! she was a happy, happy girl!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY N. M. JOHNSON.

'Tis sunset; on the Autumn woods
The golden radiance lies;
And every leaf is brilliant now,
With Nature's brilliant dyes.
"October's long, bright days" are here—
Its golden sunsets, soft and clear;
Its glowing twilights, calm and bright—
A spell that weddeth day with night.

I've wandered in the Autumn woods,
This fair, bright, golden day;
And my heart hath journeyed back again,
To days long past away.
To scenes almost forgotten now,
When childhood's light was on my brow;
And in the Autumn woods so fair,
I gathered leaves—a chaplet rare!

And not alone my childhood's hours,
In memory rose for me;
But many a loved and cherished one—
Friends I may never see—
Till I, beneath the leaves so brown
Am laid, like them, in silence down;
And on the shadowy, mystic shore
We dwell, where Autumn reigns no more.

And then, when gorgeous Autumn waves
Her crimson, gold, and brown;
And the richly-tinted forest-leaves,
Are swept in silence down.
They'll lightly fly where I shall sleep,
In that long slumber, calm and deep,
With rustling, dirge-like tone of woe,
To mourn the friend who rests below.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

My boy, as watching by thy bed,
I look upon thy pillowed head,
How many hopes, how many fears,
Start up to paint thy future years!
Ah! now thy dreams are innocent,
As if by Heaven's own angels sent;
That placid brow, that sudden smile,
Have in them naught of sin or guile.
Surely that sleep serene, unmoved,
Is what He giveth His beloved,
When He his choicest balm would shed
Upon His youthful servant's head.

Dear boy! how long, alas! shalt thou
Preserve that pure, unwrinkled brow?
How long with joyous spirit keep
The tranquil heart that gives such sleep?

Not long, I know; for Passion's din
Too soon shall startle all within;
And soon Temptation's honeyed word,
And Pleasure's summons, shall be heard.

Ah! when the temper comes at length,
Be God's own warning word thy strength!
Ah! then recall thy mother's prayer,
And to the Source of love repair;
Let every earnest look she gave,
And every fear her heart did brave,
Be then a help to guide, to save
Thee from perdition's living grave!
Let every sigh and hope of love
Be ties to draw thy soul above;
For know, tie of her own heart's blood,
She loves you as she loves her God!

WHO SHALL WEAR THE CORONET?

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"But what shall we wear? That's the question now, girls."

And Delphine seated herself on the edge of the low bed, her cheeks flushed, and her splendid yellow tresses all in a tremble. She held a note in her fingers, a dainty, cream-colored affair, with an English crest on the seal. It contained an invitation to a ball to be given up at the Elms, in honor of the young Marquis of Hautville.

The Elms was a magnificent suburban residence, combining all the rural freedom and beauty of the country, with the refinement, gayety, and excitement of the city. Mrs. Chadwick, its elegant mistress, was an Englishwoman, wedded to an American millionaire, and her kinsman, the young Marquis of Hautville, had come over to make her a visit. Hence this wonderful ball.

"What shall we wear?" repeated Del. "There's that green moire quite as good as new, if one only had a few laces. You can make over that lavender silk."

"No, I won't touch it, the ugly, Quakerish thing. I'll stay at home first."

"Sister, could you make anything of that gold-colored pattern of mine? If you can, I'm sure you're welcome!"

The question came through the open window, in a voice as sweet as the note of a thrush; and little Rose, leaning a pair of brown, dimpled arms upon the sill, looked in upon her harassed sisters.

A sudden light flashed up in Grace's handsome eyes.

"Why, to be sure; I had quite forgotten that—'twill be just the thing. What a trump you are, Rose! Run and get it, won't you?"

Rose hurried away, returning almost instantly with a folded paper in her hand. Grace snatched it eagerly, and unrolled the glittering, golden silk. Almost a year before, when aunt Delmar came on a summer visit, she had brought it to Rose as a birthday gift. But Rose had never found an opportunity to make or to wear it. A busy little Martha was this Rose, careful and cumbered with many things; the ever active bee, who kept the home-hive filled with honey, while her gay, butterfly sisters sported in the sunshine.

"It will make up gloriously, Del," said Grace.

Del eyed the silk grudgingly.

"Go and bring that green moire, Rose," she said. "If it's faded any, I won't wear it."

Rose brought it obediently, its rustling, sea-green splendor seemed to content the beauty.

"Yes," she said, "'twill suit me best. I trust the marquis likes green. But where shall we get the laces? Rose, don't you think you could spare just a little money?"

Rose stood thoughtful, pushing back the brown curls from her brow.

"Girls," she said, "it takes so much for poor papa's medicine, you know; and there's the butcher's bill. But I'll see."

Money was scarce enough at Strathway, despite the grand old homestead. Mr. Strathway belonged to one of the old, patrician families of the State, but he had lost his fortune and his health, and was now a hopeless, helpless invalid. The mother of the three girls had long ago gone to her last resting-place.

Rose went to her room and took out the pocket-book. Thoughtfully and carefully she counted over her scanty hoard.

"I might spare them this much," she said, at last, reserving a portion; "and I'll let them take that, too. I did want a dress and hat—but it doesn't matter."

She had been saving every surplus penny to purchase a spring outfit for herself; but she gave up the hoard now without a murmur.

"Oh, Rose! you are a fairy!" cried Del and Grace, in a breath, as she put the money in their hands. Now we can make ourselves gorgeous."

The sweet spring sunlight warmed every nook and corner in the grand, old Strathway homestead, and the gentle winds wafted the odor of blossoms through the open windows, till all the dim rooms were fragrant. Little Rose was unusually busy that day. John, the gardener, had driven her sisters down to Shreveport, to make their purchases for the ball, and the cook had taken a fancy to fall ill; so, with the care of her father and all the household work, Rose had no time to be idle. She was now thoroughly weary. But she gave her father his tea, and then ran down to

the garden to gather flowers to adorn her vases. She heaped her arms and apron full of roses of all species, of spicy honeysuckle, of pansies, with golden hearts, of great fragrant lilies, of hyacinths, with the very essence of spring in their fragrant cups; and then sat down for a moment, beneath a clump of evergreens, to arrange them. A bluebird had a nest overhead, and piped melodiously, and the afternoon sunshine fell soft and warm on the tempting grassplot. The tired, little girl, her white apron running over with blossoms, dropped her head on the soft turf, and fell to dreaming, for she had her dreams, too, like any other maiden of eighteen. By-and-by the brown eyes drooped, the brown head sunk lower, and the pretty, childish hands dropped their fragrant clusters. Poor, tired little Rose had fallen fast asleep.

The sun slid down the west; the bluebird ceased his piping—still she slept.

Suddenly a handsome carriage, drawn by a span of high-stepping grays, drew up at the gateway. It was Mrs. Chadwick and the marquis. The young ladies were all out, the little servant-maid said. "I will go in and see my old friend, Mr. Strathway," said Mrs. Chadwick, to the marquis. "You can stroll about till I come out."

The young Englishman accordingly walked down to the garden. Through dim, spicy walks, under the arches of odorous vines, he sauntered along, striking at the blossoms with his cane, and humming softly to himself. Presently he came to a dead halt, with a sharp exclamation. A moment later his fine face flushed with admiration. He had looked upon the fairest of fair women, but never in all his life, he thought, had he seen aught so pure and artlessly lovely, as what he saw now, a tired little girl, lying asleep upon the green grass, amid heaps of fragrant blossoms.

Mrs. Chadwick made her call, and the marquis rejoined her, and the handsome carriage whirled away; and by-and-by Del and Grace came home, and hearing what they had missed, were cross for all the rest of the day.

When the day of the ball came, Rose hovered round her sisters the entire afternoon, acting as their lady's-maid. At last their toilets were complete, and they swept out into the center of the room, Del in her sea-green, and Grace in her rustling gold.

"Oh, girls!" cried Rose, with kindling eyes, "I never did see you look so splendid before. The marquis won't be able to choose between you."

"I shall not give him a chance," retorted Del, tossing her yellow tresses. "I mean to take him by storm."

Then they rustled down the broad stairway, and into the invalid's sitting-room.

"See, father!" cried Del, as they swept out before him, "aren't you proud of your girls?"

"Ay, ay! proud enough," responded the sick man; "fine feathers and fine birds, and about as much use to me as the gaudy peacock that struts upon the terrace. I wouldn't give my little brown thrush here," putting his thin hand on Rose's head, "for both of you, and all your trumpery."

The girls rustled out in high indignation, and down to Mrs. Chadwick's carriage, that had been sent to convey them to The Elms. Leaning from the low window, Rose watched them as they whirled away, and then fell to dreaming of the enchanted world into which they were going. Little Rose was only human, and as she looked over toward the Elms, and saw the flashing lights, and heard the roll of the carriages, and thought of all the gayety and glitter, and of her pretty golden silk that she had given up, her soft eyes filled with tears. But she brushed them hastily away, and arose at the sound of her father's voice.

"Little one," he called. "Come and sing for me. Sing me to sleep, darling!"

She sat down beside him, stroking back his gray hair, and singing soft and sweet, like a nightingale. After awhile he raised himself to a sitting posture, and putting both hands upon her head, said, "You have been my blessing and comfort. God bless and reward you! Kiss me, little Rose!"

She kissed him. Then he lay down again, and fell asleep. Rose stepped softly now to the window, and watched the glitter of lights over at the Elms, catching now and then a sudden waft of music. The moon hung in the far west like a silver crescent, and the midnight stars burned overhead. At last she grew weary of watching, and closing the window, crept to the bedside again.

"Dear papa, he sleeps well to-night," she murmured.

But, even while she spoke, something in the still, white face struck her. She bent over him with a sudden thrill of terror, and then her wail of agony broke piteously on the midnight silence.

"Oh, he's dead! He'll never speak again!" she cried, as the gardener came hurrying in. "Go to the Elms, John, and bring the girls. Oh! poor papa!"

Half an hour later, and Del and Grace entered the silent chamber, wearing deathlike, awe-stricken faces above their festive robes. The marquis, who accompanied them, made his way to the head of the couch, where a little, quiet figure knelt.

"What can I do?" he said, bending over her. "My cousin, Mrs. Chadwick, will come in an hour."

"God bless you!" murmured Rose, looking up through streaming tears.

Three months later, the marquis came to Strathway House, to make his farewell call. Del and Grace sat in the grand reception-room, pale and beautiful, in their crape and bombazine. But the marquis made his way out to the old sitting-room, where little Rose was busy sewing.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, sitting down beside her. "I go back to England next week."

The rosy-red cheek paled; but Rose only answered quietly,

"I am Sorry. You will find my sisters in the drawing-room."

"I have not come to see your sisters, Rose."

The brown eyes flashed up full of puzzled inquiry. The marquis laughed outright.

"They are magnificent young ladies," he continued, "and I admire them with all my heart; but I love you, little Rose. Shall I tell you a secret? I have loved you ever since that afternoon when I found you fast asleep amid the roses."

Rose looked at him for a moment in utter amazement; then her cheeks flamed with

blushes, and down went her face into her dimpled hands.

The marquis raised it very tenderly, smoothing back the tangled, brown tresses.

"I have never known anything," he said, "half so true, and tender, and guileless, as your own sweet self, little Rose; and that is why I want you to be my wife. I am going back to England next week; but when the bluebirds sing again, and the pansies bloom in your garden-borders, I shall return—that is, if you will be glad to see me."

"But—but," stammered Rose, "what will Del and Grace say?"

The marquis took this, as he ought, for an acceptance, and laughingly kissed Rose, promising to make it all right with the sisters. And he did; for when the long interview was over, and he had departed, they came rushing out like a whirlwind.

"You deserve it, little Rose," cried Del, half smothering her with kisses. "You're the best girl in the world, and I am glad for your sake."

"And for your own, too, Del," interposed Grace. "You'll give us a set of diamonds, and let us have the benefit of a London season, won't you, Rose?"

The marquis more than kept his promise, for he returned with the very first swelling of the April buds; and then there was a quiet wedding at Strathway House, and a grand reception, and another ball at the Elms.

Del and Grace are still magnificent, and unmarried. They dress now to their heart's content; but it is unselfish, simple-hearted little Rose who wears "the coronet."

MY LOVE AND I.

BY ANNIE MARVEL.

The day is fair, and brightly shines the sun;
Soft smile the skies, and clear the waters run
In brooks and loughs;

Young leaves are on the trees, wild flowers peep out
From sheltered nooks, and climb and cling about
The rugged rocks.

The mountain sides are clad in royal green:
The meadows are aglow in emerald sheen
And Spring-time bloom;
The flowers are honey-rifled by the bees;
The earth sends incense out, the Western breeze
Is all perfume.

The wild-bird's song is better than a psalm:
The fruit-tree blossoms drop their sweetest balm
In every nest.

The birdlings flutter 'neath the parent wing,
And richer hues come with the sunny Spring
Upon each breast.

And, hand-in-hand, my little love and I
Go forth the happiest things beneath the sky,
As one, our ways.

To other eyes she is not fair to see,
But she is more than beautiful to me
Through all our days.

We know our Spring-time, too, must pass away;
That unto us will come, some future day,
Time's ruthless sting.
The Winter of our years we yet may see,
But in our hearts there evermore shall be
Perpetual Spring.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XI.

SLOWLY and sadly Marie Antoinette walked up and down one of the most secluded avenues in the Park at St. Cloud. Not yet forty years of age, in fact, lacking four years of that, she was beginning to look worn and anxious. The brightness of her smile was gone, and in its place came a mournful tremor of the lips, which sometimes showed the stern resolution, not always just, and seldom wise, which sometimes locked her sweet mouth as with iron. With all the ability of Marie Therese, her august mother, she had neither the experience, the cool patience, or indomitable perseverance of that great and most womanly sovereign. Born to the imperial purple, the empress grew up with a nation which she understood, and anchored her power in the love of her people; but Marie Antoinette, from first to last, was a stranger in France, and for many years almost a stranger to her own husband. Scarcely had this woman begun to find happiness in her domestic life, when the shock of a great moral earthquake, which vibrated from its center in France over the whole world, begun to make the earth tremble under her feet. For this woman there never had been an hour of absolute peace. As a wife, she had for years been subjected to deep and bitter humiliation; and her first maternal joy was dashed with terrible disappointment. The heir which she gave to France was distorted and imperfect as her own happiness had been. Alas! in everything which fills the measure of a mother's pride, and a queen's ambition, she had met such sharp disappointment as wrings the heart of a true woman—and this Marie Antoinette undoubtedly was.

This woman walked alone, as I have said, in the most secluded part of the grounds, so weary and broken-hearted that, for the moment, she longed to lay down the burden and die. The crown, which her husband had inherited, was so full of thorns that her head ached with them. In the throes of a great national convulsion, the very friends for whom

she had sacrificed so much, had crept from her one after another, like frightened animals from a burning mansion; and in that regal old palace she found herself more lonely than the meanest woman who clamored for bread in the streets of Paris.

The queen thought of these things as she moved along. Being alone, and only human, her eyes filled with bitter tears. She came in sight of the temple, in which Count Mirabeau had sought an interview, which seemed of momentous importance to her; but it seemed as if even there she had sacrificed her pride for nothing. Either this man had no power to help his struggling king, or he was inert in his interests. It seemed to her that no one in France was active but the men and women who most hated their king.

"Lady!"

The voice that uttered this one word was sweet and timid, like that of a child pleading.

"Lady—your highness, I mean!"

Marie Antoinette wiped the tears from her eyes, and walked on a step or two, afraid to turn her head lest some inferior might see her weeping, and report her weakness to those who hated her. But the voice went to her heart, and after a struggle she turned.

A young girl stood before her, blushing, panting for breath, and with her head bowed down as a beautiful devotee might bend before a picture of the Virgin.

"Is there some mistake, or did you wish to speak with me?" said the queen, gently.

"I—I came on purpose. I promised to give that which I carry in my bosom only to the queen."

"That which you carry in your bosom! Are you a messenger, then? Are you from Paris?"

"Your highness, I came from Paris three days ago. One day I was on the rout to Versailles; another I took for rest; and this morning I came here with Dame Tillery."

A faint smile crept over the queen's face.

"Dame Tillery is your chapcon, then—a

kinder could not be found; but you have something more than she knows of to say, I trust?"

"Oh, yes! I have a letter!"

"A letter! From whom?"

"Your highness, it is from Count Mirabeau."

"From Mirabeau! Hush! Speak lower. Even here spies creep in. Surely, the stout old dame whom you speak of knows nothing of this?"

"Your highness, the letter was intrusted to me. I told no one."

"That was wise—that is truly loyal. Turn down this path and follow me."

Marie Antoinette turned into the path which led to the summer temple, where she had met Mirabeau, and hurrying up the eminence, entered the building. Adela followed her into the little retreat, and looking around to make sure that no one was watching them, the queen closed the door and locked it.

"Now," she said, in nervous haste, "give me Count Mirabeau's letter."

Adela took the letter from her bosom, and, dropping upon her knees, held it up.

It was a heavy package, containing two or three sheets of closely-written paper. The queen attempted to control herself, but constant anxiety had shaken her nerves, and she sat down on a low couch, which circled half the temple like a Turkish divan; sat down pale and trembling, for she had heard nothing of her new ally for weeks, and, giving way to her old prejudices, had begun to distrust him.

Adela leaned against the opposite wall, and watched that noble face as it bent over the closely-written sheets. Once or twice she saw that face in all the rare beauty, which humiliation and constant dread had failed to kill. Bright smiles kindled it into youth again, and, for a moment, it was exultant; but most of the time anxious frowns swept the white forehead, and the red lips worked in an agony of proud impatience. She read the letter twice. Once, hurriedly snatching the pith from each sentence, and again with grave thoughtfulness. At last she folded the paper, and grasped it between her fingers with nervous violence. It was hard to guess whether it had given her most pain or pleasure. She seemed to have forgotten that Adela was looking at her, but murmured whole sentences together, as if arranging them in her memory.

"A grand federation in Paris. So they wish us—us to join the people in a carousal over the downfall of the great stronghold of the monarchy. He advises it. This man, who claims to be ours at heart, urges me to urge this new

humiliation on the king. Is this friendship, or subtle treason?"

She unfolded the letter again, and read a portion of it with evident repulsion. "This assembly will draw many people from the provinces, whose loyalty will be enkindled to enthusiasm by a sight of the king and his family joining in a celebration, which may yet be made to win him a triumph over his enemies. Do not be surprised when you hear that Mirabeau has gone into this idea with all his heart. There may be danger in it; but leave it to him, and out of these threatening elements shall be moulded a new foundation to the throne of France. Take the advice of one who knows the people; show yourself and your children at the——"

Here the excited woman broke off, and crushed the paper in her hand with passionate vehemence.

"Never! Never!" she cried. "How dare this man advise me so? Are we to grovel on our knees in order to keep the shadow of power they have left to us. Great heavens! has it come to this?"

The haughty woman flung herself forward on the divan, and writhed in her tortured pride, feeling in her soul that she would be compelled to accept the advice her whole nature revolted at. Then she began to sob, and, covering her face with both hands, wept and moaned like a punished child.

Adela stood watching her, filled with gentle compassion. She saw that the poor queen wept like any other woman, and wondered at it. Then her timidity gave way to the flood of pity that swelled her heart, and, drawing close to the divan, she fell upon her knees, and touched her trembling lips to the white hands, which still grasped the paper, as if it were strangling a serpent.

"Oh, lady! sweet, sweet lady, do not cry so! It breaks my heart."

Marie Antoinette had been too cruelly wounded in her troubles not to feel the genuine sympathy conveyed in these words. She lifted her face, all flushed and bathed with tears, and let it fall upon the girl's shoulder. It was sweet to know that some one, pure and good as an angel, could feel for her. So, in her womanhood, she forgot all sovereignty, and clung to the girl, still weeping.

"Who are you?" she said, at length, looking wistfully at the fair, young face.

"Only a poor girl, who loves you, and would die for you, as her father did."

"As your father did?"

"He was an officer in the Bastile. They killed him."

"Poor child! Made an orphan for us."

"An orphan? Yes; but ready to help you, or die for you, as he did. Oh, madame! if a drop of my best blood could fall in place of these tears, you should never weep again."

Marie Antoinette smiled through her tears.

"They try to persuade us that we have no friends among the people," she said. "Yet aid and comfort comes to me through a young creature like this. But how came Count Mirabeau to trust you?"

"He knew that I was to be trusted."

"Do you know this man well?"

"No, madame. I scarcely know him at all; but he trusts me. It was Count Mirabeau who chose me from among so many to speak for the women before the king that day at Versailles."

"Ah! I remember. It is the same face, the same voice. You came with Dame Tillery, and so escaped suspicion. Is the dame your relative?"

"I have no relative. When my father died all went; but a sister of Dame Tillery took me in and dealt with me as if I had been her own child. To save me from the suspicion of her companions—for she is one of the *Dames de la Halle*—she bade me call her aunt; and then Dame Tillery, being kind, like her, let me claim her as my aunt also."

"Do these women know of your mission here?" asked the queen, with some anxiety; for her faith in Dame Tillery's discretion was small, indeed.

"No, lady; it was not my secret to tell."

"Brave girl!"

"The count wanted a messenger that would be safe and silent. He asked me to come and place that in the hands of our queen. I had nothing else to think of, and thanked our blessed Lady that even in that little I might do some service to my sovereign."

"A great service, child—a great service; more than you dream of."

Adela's face brightened.

"I wish it had been less easy," she said, with gentle humility.

"Nay, but I am glad that your coming was without suspicion or danger."

"But I should like the danger; then it would seem as if I had done something."

The queen sighed and answered with a faint wave of her head; then her thoughts seemed to turn to the paper in her hand.

The cloud of trouble swept over her face again, and she fell into thought, not wild and

passionate, as at first, but heavy and harassing doubts, that doubled the traces of age on her face. At last she arose with a weary air, and prepared to leave the temple. In her deep preoccupation she forgot that Adela was there, and going through the door, closed it on the girl.

Adela neither spoke nor moved, but stood patiently waiting. She heard the queen pass swiftly around the temple, and then all was still again. Was she really left there without directions? What was she to do, how act? Her heart slowly filled with misgiving, she was almost afraid.

"She will come back. In her trouble she forgot."

With these thoughts Adela seated herself on the divan, folded her hands, and waited, trembling a little as the utter loneliness crept over her. She had been seated thus, perhaps, ten minutes, when quick footsteps came around the temple again, and she had scarcely time to start to her feet, when the door was pushed open, and Marie Antoinette stood on the threshold.

"Ah! you have waited—that was right. Sit down and rest awhile until I come back again; it may be in an hour, perhaps two—but wait."

Adela answered that she would wait. Then the queen disappeared as swiftly as she had done before.

CHAPTER XII.

MARIE ANTOINETTE walked rapidly toward the chateau, revolving the subject of Mirabeau's letter in her mind. The advice he gave was bitter as wormwood to her; and had she stood first in power, it would have been trampled under her feet. But now she felt that all its gall would be forced upon her. In his fear of bloodshed, Louis was sometimes almost pusillanimous. In his great pity and love of the people, who were hunting him down like bloodhounds, he, with his own hands, tore away those barriers of dignity which should have been his defence, and trusted to the magnanimity of a people who could not comprehend the word. Would he submit to the humiliation prepared for him? In her heart of hearts she knew that he would; not that he was a coward—no braver man ever lived; but because he really wished to act rightly, and was willing to make great sacrifices in atonement of the wrongs his ancestors had heaped upon a people who had been driven frantic from oppression. She remembered, with a pang of shame, that in a contest with the people Louis had always been

forced to yield, and that yielding only increased the audacity of their demands. The thought wounded her like a poisoned sword. The blood of Marie Antoinette burned hotly in her cheeks. Oh! if she only had the power to act out the imperial thoughts within her! The monarchy of France might fall, but it would be at the head of a struggling army, and amid the clash of unsheathed swords, as her mother had fought when she took her shield on her arm and appealed to her Hungarian subjects on the heights of Presburg. But she was only a woman, and could only eat her heart out with vain wishes. Her mother wore an imperial diadem, while her head ached under a crown which only gave the power of suffering.

On entering the chateau, she went directly to the cabinet of the king—this was his workshop, where he filed iron and made locks with the assiduity of a blacksmith's apprentice. This was his refuge from the perils and tumults that tore his kingdom like the first heave of an earthquake. He was at the forge, with one hand on the bellows, with the other he held a spike of iron in a blast of burning coals, where it was fast reaching a white heat. The queen laid her hand on his arm. Her face was pale, and her lips trembled. Was this work for a monarch whose power was threatened? How calm and serene he seemed working there at his useless locks. If they were only swords, now?

"Louis, leave this heat and smoke awhile—a message has come from Paris."

The king heaved a deep sigh, dropped his hand from the bellows, and left the red-hot spike to cool with the embers with which it was buried. Then he shook the black dust from his hands, and drenched them in a silver bowl that stood ready, from which they came out delicately white, and heavy with jewels.

"Come, I will attend you now," he said, with the voice and look of a martyr. "Ah, me! if there were no Paris, and no statesmen to annoy me, I might, perhaps, finish one lock in peace."

"Sit down here," said the queen, finding a chair for herself, and motioning that he should take a seat beside her. This is the most private place we can find in a palace haunted with spies."

Louis declined the seat, and leaned against his work-bench in a weary attitude.

"Nay, read it to me; I can understand it best so."

The queen began to read in a low, trembling voice, for the subject was hateful to her. Once

she broke down altogether, and flung the letter down in bitter passion.

"I cannot read it," she said. "My lips refuse to frame the hideous thing these people demand of us."

Louis took up the paper, folded it neatly, and laid it on his work-bench.

"Tell me, for I see you have read the letter, what is its import? Evil tidings can be told in few words," he said, tenderly. "Is this same new outrage from the Assembly or the people direct?"

"From both. Louis, they band together in offering us nothing but insult. This letter is from Mirabeau."

"Then he, too, forsakes us."

"No. He professes to be firm in our cause, and I think he is; but his advice is terrible."

"In a word, tell me what it is?"

"It is settled that a grand festival is to be held in Paris, celebrating the taking of the Bastile."

"Ha!"

"Deputies are to come from every district in the kingdom. This hideous blow, which made the throne totter under us, is to be made the subject of a grand jubilation."

A red flush shot over the usually calm features of the king; a little of that indomitable pride which gave the title of Grand to his great-grandfather kindled in his bosom.

"These people dare to thus openly insult their king, after all that he has yielded to them!" he exclaimed.

The queen looked up; her eyes kindled. This sudden outburst of energy gave her hope.

"That is not all; they will demand more."

"More? Is there no end to their insolent exactions?"

"There never will be an end, so long as you yield, sire."

"You are right; I have already yielded too much."

Marie Antoinette shook her head, and sighed heavily.

"In yielding that which is just, sire, you have opened the way to fearful exactions."

The king looked down; his troubled eyes sought the floor.

"Tell me," he said at length, "what it is my people clamor for now—more than you have spoken? I see there is something beyond that."

The queen arose, pale and trembling with indignation.

"There is to be a carousal—a great national orgie—in Paris, at which all the traditions

that have made France the foremost government in Europe, are to be trampled under the heels of the *canaille*, and you, sire, you are selected as the high-priest of the occasion. You will be invited to preside at a celebration which is to bury all the traditions of a long line of kings under its ashes. This is the news which Count Mirabeau sends."

The hot blood of outraged royalty rose, and burned over the king's face.

"They will not dare ask this thing of me! It is impossible!"

"It is already decided. The clubs have united upon it. The demagogues of the Assembly snatch at the idea as a means of increasing their popularity with the people. Mirabeau assures us that he is compelled to go with the current, but hopes to guide and direct while he seems to yield. In less than two days a deputation will be here to demand your sanction to the hideous insult, and your presence while it is perpetrated."

"But I will not go."

The queen's eyes flashed like diamonds.

"Great heavens! if we only had a loyal army this moment on the frontier, these traitors might be taken at their sacrilegious work, and crushed like bees in a hive!"

Louis, who had for a moment stood upright and kingly, settled slowly down to his original attitude, the color left his face, and he answered despondingly.

"That would be to spill the blood of Frenchmen. Anything but that! Anything rather than that!"

"Where a people rise in revolt against a lawful government, there must be bloodshed, sire, or submission."

Louis took up Mirabeau's letter, and began to read it. Marie Antoinette watched him eagerly, the proud blood burning over her face, and a look of defiance in her eyes. She dreaded the persuasion, the eloquent reasoning which divested this gathering of the people of half its repulsive features.

The king read slowly, and with thoughtful deliberation. In her passion the queen had hurled all the odious features of this popular design before him at once; but Mirabeau softened them almost into an intended concession and compliment to the court. It might be made, he urged, a means of great popularity throughout the country, while opposition would be sure to deepen the general discontent. The extremists, he urged, were already terrified lest the appearance of the royal family at a festival, dedicated to liberty, should undo the

slanders so industriously circulated against it. They only hoped that, by a refusal to preside at the people's festival, Louis would embitter the populace more thoroughly against him.

Mirabeau wrote eloquently and in good faith. Every word made its impression on the king. Marie Antoinette saw it, and tears of bitter humiliation rushed to her eyes.

"You take his advice, sire?" she said, almost with a cry of despair.

Louis looked at her a moment, and laid down the paper. It was not in his character to decide so promptly as that.

"It requires thought."

"Requires thought for the King of France to resent an insult?"

Louis shook his head, and a low moan broke from his lips.

"Alas! this trouble is great, and I am but one man!" he said, with pathetic gentleness. "After all, the power of a king lies in the love and faith of his people."

Marie Antoinette knew then that the crowning humiliation, against which her soul had risen so hotly, would, in the end, be consummated. Without a word she turned away and left the room, pale as a ghost, and bowing her proud head downward. After a little she remembered that her manner had been abrupt and lacking in respect; touched to the heart, she turned back and softly opened the work-room door. The king had fallen forward upon his bench, and with his face buried in both hands, lay writhing in silent anguish.

"Ah!" she thought, mournfully, "he has the power to endure, but not the will to act." So, with sweet forbearance, she smothered the clamorous royalty in her own bosom, and stealing up to the work-bench, wound her arm around her husband's neck.

"Louis!"

The king looked up, and turned his heavy eyes upon the pale face bent so lovingly to his.

"Ah!" he said, gently. "An evil fate made me king when France was falling into convulsions. You should have been the leader, my beloved."

"Not so," was the kindly answer. "What have I done but make the people hate me? I, who would have given my life for their love."

"For that we must both be ready to make great sacrifices. Oh! if I could only lay my heart bare before this concourse of Frenchmen, and let them see how honestly it is their friend, the thing with which they threaten us would be a blessing."

The king spoke earnestly, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Shall I say this to Count Mirabeau?" said the queen, touched by this gentle despondency, and forgetting her first wrath in the intense sympathy which she felt for her husband.

"I think he is faithful!" said Louis, wistfully. "Let us at least consider his advice."

Then the queen knew that she must submit once more; and without another word of protest, she went forth to accept the thing she loathed.

An hour after this, Adela sat beside her adopted aunt in the little donkey-cart which had brought them from Versailles. She had a letter in her bosom directed to Count Mirabeau, and on her finger a ring, which the queen had taken from her own hand, when the gold she offered had been so modestly rejected. The girl was very silent and thoughtful, and Dame Tillery managed her donkey in sullen dignity, for long after she was ready to start home Adela had kept her waiting.

At last curiosity overcame the good woman, and she began to ask questions.

"Well, Adela, did you get a sight of her majesty, or was it a mistake when they told me that she was walking in the Park? It was a great favor if they let you in. Nothing less than a member of the household could have done that for you; but, passing as my niece, you had privileges. I hope you understand."

"Oh, yes!" answered Adela, dreamily. "I understand that you are very kind to me."

"But about her majesty; did you get a glimpse of her?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"But not too near. I hope you did not take a liberty like that?"

"No, aunt; I think there was nothing wrong in what I did. You are kind to bring me here; and the queen is very beautiful—a grand, noble lady."

"Beautiful! I should think so. No one but a born traitor would dispute that."

"But troubled. Oh, how troubled!" resumed the girl, as if speaking to herself.

"And reason enough," answered Dame Tillery. "Her enemies grow keener every day; as for her friends—I never boast, Adela, you well know that, being more modest than most women; but if half her friends had been like me, earnest and capable, this miserable tumult would be at an end. Instead of that, half the court has slunk away from her, and St. Cloud seems more like a prison than a palace."

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"It does, indeed," sighed Adela. "Poor lady! Poor, wronged queen!"

Here Dame Tillery heaved a potentous sigh, and taking the reins in her left hand, drew forth a huge pocket-handkerchief, and wiped her eyes.

"If you feel her wrongs so much, what must they be to me, a member of her own household, and like a mother to her ever since the great empress died."

Adela made no answer to this pathetic appeal. She had fallen into deep thought, and was wondering how she should get back to Paris, and safely deliver the letter hidden away in her bosom.

The good dame talked incessantly of her own greatness, and the influence which her devotion had secured in the royal household; but, as her companion had heard it all over and over again at least fifty times, it had no more effect on her thoughts than the rush and gurgle of a brook. All at once Adela started out of her reverie, and laid her hands upon the reins with which Dame Tillery was guiding her donkey.

"Aunt Tillery, you must not be angry, but I do so long to be in Paris, if it is only for a night. Every step we take the other way, seems to draw a drop of blood from my heart."

"What, home-sick—and with me!" exclaimed the dame, drawing up her reins in blank amazement.

"If you would only go with me, aunt Dondel will be so pleased."

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Now that you have had a look at her highness, you are dying to tell all about it. Well, well! since the court left Versailles, there has not been so much custom at The Swan that its mistress cannot go away for a night, and no great harm done. So, if you have set your heart upon it, my child, we will just take the road to Paris, and give my sister a surprise. Poor soul! she has not had our privileges, and will be delighted to hear that her protegee has been introduced into the heart of the palace."

Dame Tillery entered into a severe struggle with her donkey, who objected to being forced from the road which led to his own stable, and took the journey to Paris with sullen protest and most unequal speed, sometimes creeping like a snail, sometimes going sideways, and occasionally pushing backward, as if determined to reach home by that process. But the good dame held her own in the contest: and at last drew up at her sister's door in high spirits, having brought the vicious animal into complete subjection.

As Adela hurried toward the entrance, a little figure glided out from the shadows cast by a neighboring building, and seizing hold of her dress, checked her swift progress. It was the dwarf who had given her the letter which she had delivered to the queen.

"The letter," he said, in a whisper; "I have been waiting for it. Count Mirabeau is impatient. Give me the letter."

The dwarf spoke eagerly, and clung to her dress. She saw the steel-like flash of his eyes and drew back, warned by an intuition which checked her first impulse to give up the letter.

"Come, come, be quick. He waits."

"Where is the count?"

"In his own house. Come, now, the letter!"

Adela withdrew the folds of her dress from Zamara's grasp, and moved forward.

"But you will not go without giving up the letter?" pleaded the little wretch. "I shall be blamed. Oh, mademoiselle! give it me!"

"Tell Count Mirabeau that it shall reach him by a safe hand," said the girl, growing more and more resolute."

"But how are you to judge? Why choose another when I am here by his order?" pleaded the little wretch, stricken with terror.

"Because I was directed to deliver all that was given me into the count's own hands."

"And you will?"

"Yes, I will."

"But to-night? Will you give it to him this very night?"

"Yes; this very night."

Here Dame Tillery came on to the doorstep, almost sweeping the dwarf away with her skirts.

"Come, come—what are you waiting for? Surely, they have not locked the door so early."

Adela, finding herself thus set free, glided into the house, and Dame Tillery followed.

The dwarf drew back into the shadows again, grinding his teeth with impotent rage. He dared not return to the woman who had kept him day after day upon the watch for Adela's return. His errand had been a failure, and,

cowering with dread, he reflected that his very life was at stake, for Louison Brisot's threat had chilled his soul with dread of her vengeance. So he slunk away, and, leaning against the wall of a neighboring house, waited in terror for Adela to come forth. After awhile the door opened, and, for a moment, a street lamp cast a momentary light upon Adela, who, shrouded in a cloak, and with a hood drawn over her face, passed into the street.

The dwarf followed her in sheer desperation. He had no doubt that she was on her way to Mirabeau's residence, where the letter she carried would pass out of his reach forever—that the wretched creature knew would be death to him. So, without any definite object, and actuated only by a wild desire to save himself, he followed on, keeping at a safe distance. Adela walked rapidly, gliding like a shadow along the street, until she came in sight of Mirabeau's dwelling; then she paused a moment to gather courage, and pushing back her hood looked around, afraid of being seen.

That moment a young man passing along the street, stopped short in his rapid walk, and cast a sharp glance at the young face momentarily exposed to his view.

"Great heavens!"

This exclamation had hardly left his lips, when the girl entered the building, which he knew to be occupied by Count Mirabeau.

"The villain! Poor, foolish child!"

Muttering this through his clenched teeth, the young man drew back into the shelter of an arched passage, and watched the house with a wild hope that another minute would bring the girl into the street again. As he stood with his eager eyes fixed on the opposite door, something that seemed like a crouching dog stole up the steps, and pressed itself against the door, which swung partly open, letting a gleam of light into the street. Then he saw what had seemed a prowling animal lift itself to an upright position, till it took the statue of a child, and pass through into the hall beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE NEED NOT GRIEVE.

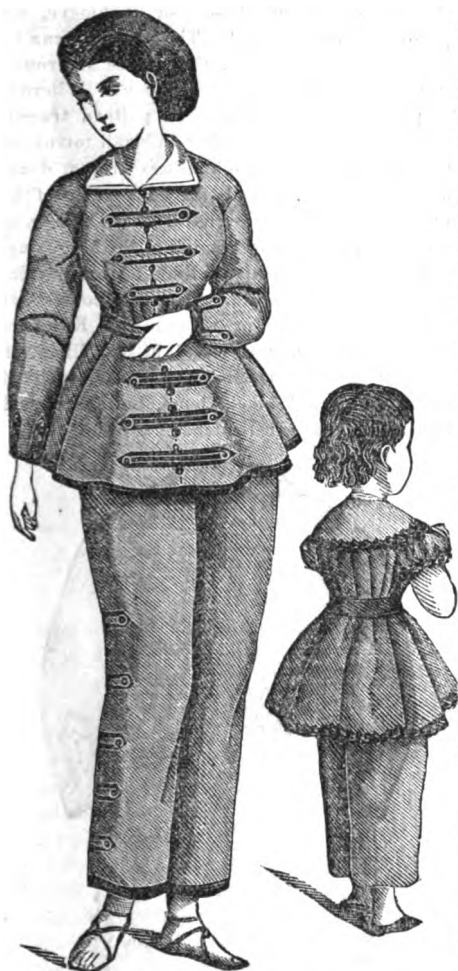
BY A. BOND.

We need not grieve, though the place we loved
Forget that we e'er have been:
Though the world goes on as it went before,
And the Summer is joyous as of yore,
And they think of us and our ways no more,
And our graves are never seen.

We need not grieve, if in Heaven's choir
For us a harp be found.
Since if for good our work outlast
Both memory and the life soon past,
It is a seed, for harvest cast
Awhile into the ground.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



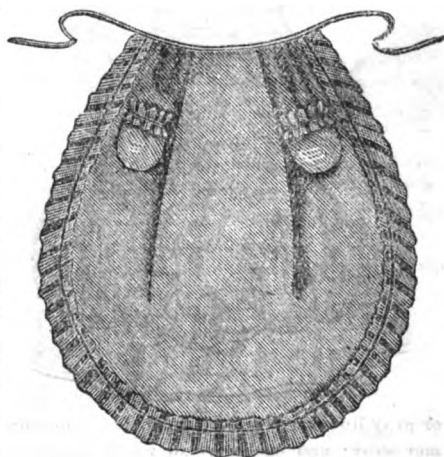
As this is the month when most persons that go to the sea-shore take their annual trip, we give, as appropriate for the occasion, several patterns for bathing-dresses, caps, shoes, etc., etc. Most of these are in the front of the number, and are described in the usual fashion department; but we add here engravings of two bathing-dresses, one for a lady and the other for a little girl, which will be found less expensive than the others.

The best materials used for bathing-dresses are gray or dark-blue flannel, being the lightest in texture, cheapest in price, but moreen or tweed; and some persons recommend common bed-ticking as being better than anything else.

Of flannel, from eight to ten yards will be required for a lady, four or five for a little girl. The bathing-dress for the lady consists of drawers made open at the ankle, and a loose sacque coming almost to the knee before it is belted, as that takes it up. It is a great mistake to make the upper-garment too long, as it holds too much water, and consequently is very heavy after being in the bath. Our model is trimmed with black worsted braid on gray flannel: white looks better on blue: and either blue or gray flannel bears the action of the salt water better than anything else. Blue and white, probably, look well longest.

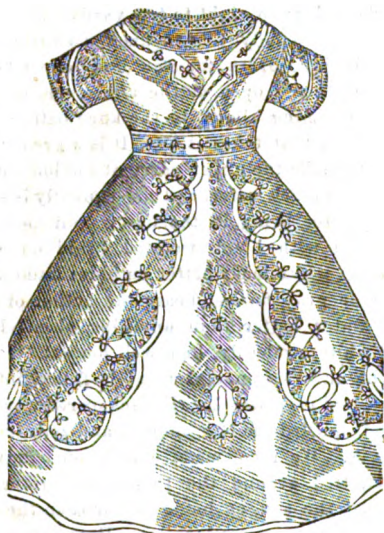
The child's upper-garment is pulled into a yoke, and is trimmed with black or red worsted braid, quilted in the middle, and only short sleeves. We recommend a common handkerchief, tied around the throat, to protect it against the sun, as being better than the collar, only not so neat-looking. However, a collar of white muslin can be made permanently upon the dress, and the handkerchief used in addition. The cap is of oiled silk, and should entirely cover the hair. With these hints any lady can make up a bathing-costume for herself, much better and cheaper than those made at the stores. Close, tight sewing is of the utmost importance.

Aprons, for home wear, are so much in use

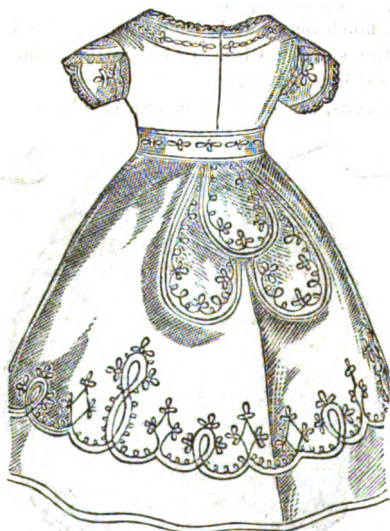


now, that we give this month a very pretty and simple design, which may be either carried out in black silk, alpaca, plaid Nainsook, or even Swiss. It scarcely needs a descrip-

tion, as our model is so complete, even to the manner of plaiting on to the waistband. For silk or alpaca, the ruffling should be cut on the bias, for muslin, straight.



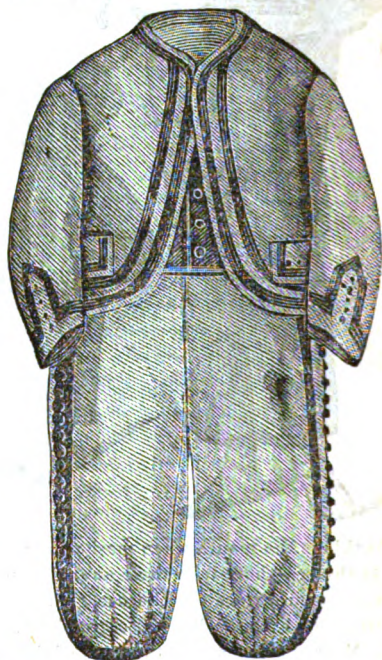
We give, next, a braided dress for a little girl from three to five years old, front and back. The materials best adapted for making up such a dress, are pique, white, or buff, buff



or gray linens. White victorine lawn, for summer wear: and cashmere or white alpaca for spring and fall. The braid may be either black, white, or scarlet. In white braids, (which are by far the prettiest for wash dresses,) there are besides the plain braids some beautiful fancy ones, namely, the "Star"

braid, waving braid, double-corded ones, etc. The perfectly plain, or "Star" braids, are the prettiest, if the pattern is at all elaborate. Four yards of yard wide goods are enough for the dress. If of alpaca, or cashmere, six yards will be required. The dress, as can be seen, is cut all in one: the braces are round in the back and cross over in front. Where it is possible to get a braiding pattern traced, much trouble is saved; but in small towns, or the country, where such things are not done, any pattern can be easily traced from out of the number of braiding designs furnished by us, and found in almost every number of the Magazine.

We give also a suit of linen for a boy from six to eight years old. This suit consists of jacket, waistcoat, (or skirt,) and Knickerbockers. The material is light-buff linen, or white pique. The trimmings are black worsted braid and small black, bone, buttons: pearl buttons may be substituted.



Of the same material, we give another suit for a boy of the same age. It is more fanciful, has no waistcoat, and the jacket is cut longer, like a sacque, and belted in at the waist, trimmed with pointed straps of black galoon or worsted braid. Either of the suits may be made of dark-blue flannel or tweed, and will be found exceedingly useful for country wear, or the sea-side, and have the double advantage of cheapness and taste combined.

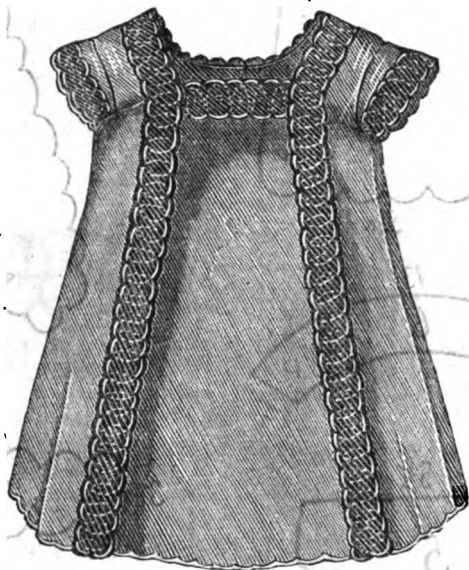


We close with a jacket for a girl from seven to nine years of age. This jacket is made of the same material as the frock, with which it is worn. It is double-breasted, and has revers. The frill is cut on the cross, and box-plaited.



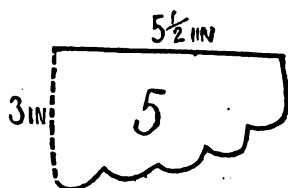
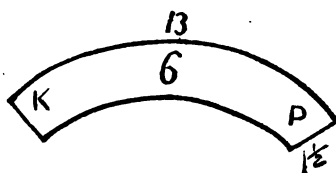
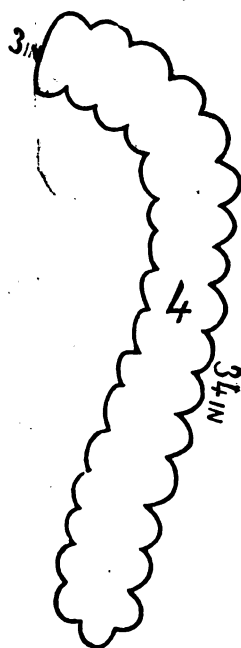
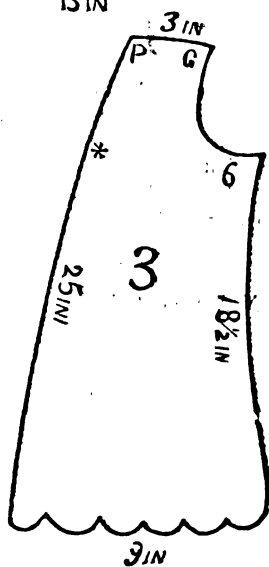
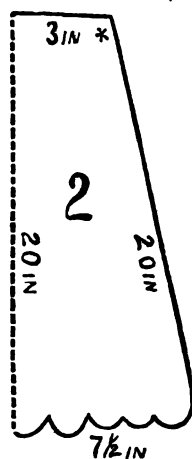
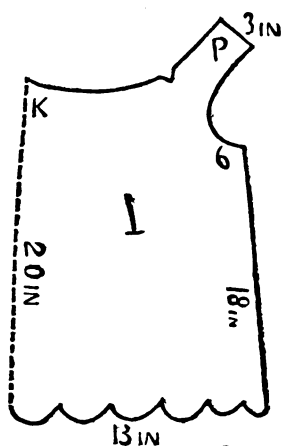
Trimmings and buttons are velvet. The jacket may be made of flannel, white cashmere, pique, if desired, and worn with any dress. When made of flannel, or cashmere, will be found useful on cool mornings in summer at the seaside. Sack jackets are almost indispensable.

CHILD'S PINAFORE.



THIS pretty little Pinafore may be made of mull muslin, diaper, or holland. The scalloped trimming may be button-holed at the edge, and braided in the middle with white or colored cotton and braid. We give diagrams of the several pieces of which this Pinafore is made. They are seven, including two for the trimmings. By enlarging these to the size marked on each, any lady can make one of these Pinafores herself.

1. HALF OF BACK.



2. HALF OF FRONT.

3. SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.

4. TRIMMING FOR NECK AND FRONT.

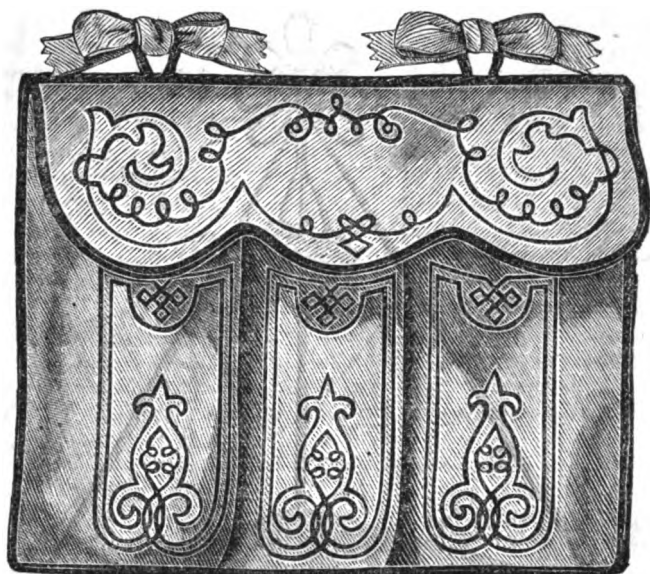
5. HALF OF SLEEVE.

6. SHOULDER-PIECE.

7. TRIMMING.

SHOE-BAG EMBROIDERED IN BRAID.

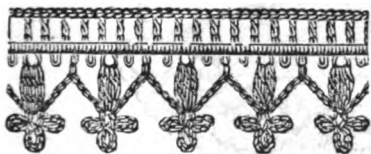
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a neat design for a Shoe-Bag, which gives the style of making as well as of embroidery to be embroidered in braid. The illustration is very dery, and needs no description.

CROCHET EDGING WITH MIGNARDISE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIAL.—Barber's crochet cotton, No. 14. The heading is one chain, one double into

every picot of the mignardise. For the pattern row, work * one double in one mignardise picot, then seven chain in the next picot but one, four double-treble, which are worked off together with one chain. Then crochet five picots of seven chain, then a double looping round the double-treble, and seven more chain, always passing over one mignardise picot. Continue to repeat from *.

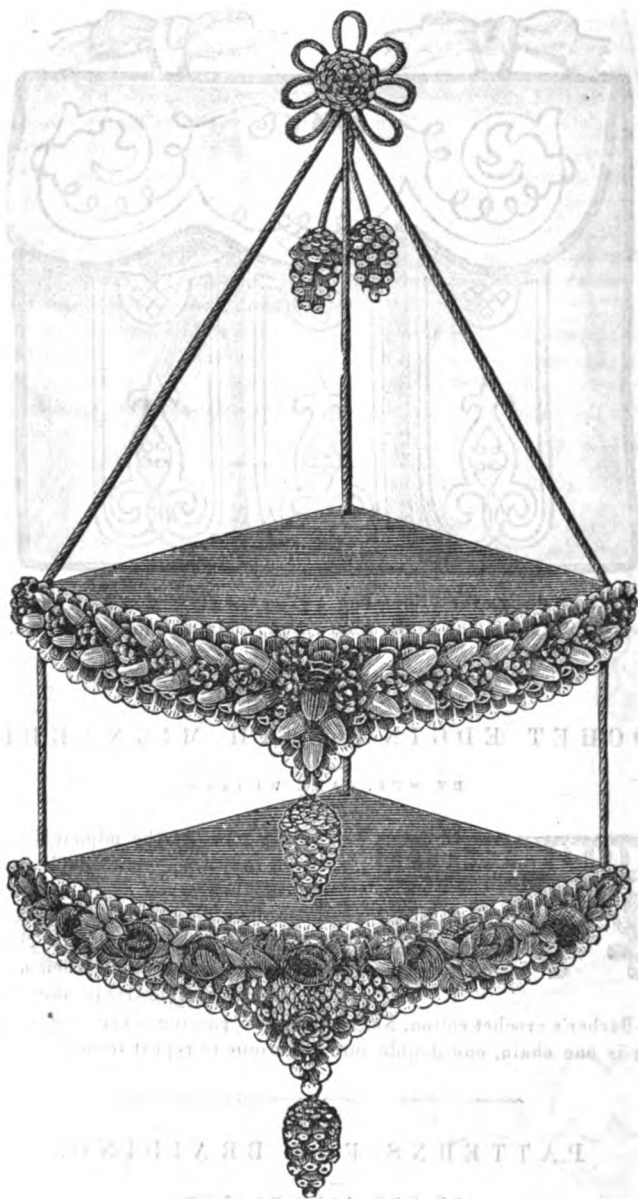
PATTERNS FOR BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, three different patterns for braiding on pique dresses, with black, white, or colored binding. All are new and tasteful patterns.

CORNER-SHELVES, WITH CONE BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Fir-cones, acorns, chestnuts, etc., two flat pieces of wood, pasteboard, marble paper, glue, and brown cord.

These hanging shelves consist of two flat pieces of wood cut in a rectangular form, having two equal straight sides, and rounded off in the front. The upper surface of each board is covered with brown marble paper,

which must also be gummed over the side edges. Thick pasteboard must be glued on to the front rounding, as a ground for the mosaic work, with a gradual point rising full high in the front middle, and entirely covered with marble paper, so glued on to the wooden shelf that the straight, upper edge of the pasteboard part stands out a little beyond the wood. When the glue is quite dry, and holes are bored in the hinder middle and at the sides for the cords, commence the mosaic work as follows:

Procure some very large, well-grown fir-cones, and take off the separate leaves with the brown scale, and cut them so that they all measure a third of an inch in length. With these leaves the foundation of the whole is laid, and they are placed close to each other, and fastened with glue.

The first line is placed round the outer edge of the pasteboard, the leaves extending a little beyond. The first and second lines are arranged as clearly shown in the engraving; then a few

separate leaves are placed at the under point, and after this fill up the middle space. The upper shelf, in our model, is ornamented with large acorns and small but perfect cones.

The under shelf has in the middle large cones, on both sides single chestnuts, with beach nut-shells between them, like pretty little flowers. Each separate part must be well glued. Very fine and even cones must be selected for the tassels hanging from the under point of each shelf, and a hole must be bored in the upper middle to pass a wire through, the two ends of which are joined to form an eye; and a corresponding wire-hook must be fastened to the point of the mosaic edge. In like manner the fir-cone tassels attached to the thick, brown cords are formed and furnished with wire eyes, and the upper part of a cone forms the middle rosette at the end of the cord. When the whole is finished and quite dry, take a large, fine brush and paint the mosaic work all over with furniture varnish.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

Adeline

Louis

Martha

EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SEA-BATHING.—As this is the month especially devoted to sea-bathing in the United States, we devote considerable space to the dresses, caps, and shoes, worn by ladies when in the surf. A few hints as to how people bathe here and in Europe, may not be out of place, especially as we have more than a hundred thousand subscribers living in the West, who have, probably, never seen the ocean at all.

At Cape May, Long Branch, Newport, and elsewhere, in this country, bathing-houses, which are generally rude sheds, are erected at some distance above the line of the surf, and here the bathers disrobe, afterward walking across the beach to the water. Different houses are appropriated to the different sexes. In all cases, in this country, the dress, of both male and female, leaves no part of the person exposed. After the bathing-dresses are put on, men and women mingle indiscriminately on the strand, however, and bathe together. In England, on the contrary, the sexes do not, generally, bathe in company. There, too, the bathing-houses are on wheels, and are pushed into the water, so that the bather steps at once from the bathing-machine into the sea. After the bath is over, the bather reascends into the bathing-house, which is then hauled up on the beach again. People, not bathing, do not, as a rule, come down to look at the bathers.

In France, on the contrary, at the bathing hour, ladies gather in crowds, with their books, and their fancy work, and sitting on camp-stools, or benches, chat, and laugh, and criticise. The men, while on the way to the bath, often stop, and talk, and even flirt with the ladies. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* draws a rather ludicrous picture of the beach at Dieppe. He says: "The distance that one has to walk, after putting on his bathing-dress, depends upon the state of the tide, so that at low water the stretch of beach which has to be traversed, and which is thickly dotted with ladies, presents a sufficiently formidable appearance for a man of ordinary modesty. I question if an Englishman ever feels quite comfortable under the circumstances. With the average Frenchman I am disposed to think it is otherwise, and that the homage of admiring eyes, as he struts leisurely before them, is as incense to his vanity. But it is, at any rate, certain that, whether from habit or from some other more deep-seated cause, the Frenchman generally bears the exposure better than we do, and appears to relish the beach part of the performance quite as much, to say the least, as the bath proper. He walks erect, he strokes his sleek skin, he adjusts his calegons, he 'puts on side,' he pleasantly recognizes his acquaintances among the crowd, he pauses composedly to talk to some one—nay, sometimes he is accompanied by a lady, who will even, if he be so minded, await his return at the edge of the water, with his peignoir on her arm, when she will envelope him in its white folds, pat him approvingly on the back, and walk happily back with him until he retires into his dressing-place."

The ladies, at Dieppe, and elsewhere on the French coast, wear very much the same kind of dresses that are worn at Cape May, or Long Branch, and illustrations of which we give this month. They are as modest and unobjectionable as it is possible for a bathing-dress to be, and are generally brightened up with little touches of color, on a belt or trimmings, of green, scarlet, crimson, etc. In England, the ladies wear dresses not quite so full, and certainly not so pretty, and, therefore, on both accounts, more objectionable. But, then, on the other hand, there are fewer spectators. In France, the ladies do not, as here, always go directly to the water. Like the gentlemen, they occasionally promenade

on the beach, especially if they think their costume is a pretty one. The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "I do not mean, that, when a lady at Dieppe wishes to go for a walk on the beach she dons her bathing costume; but I do mean that more time is consumed by many of the bathers between their little bathing cabins and the sea than they spend in the water itself. And I may say further that the instincts of most modest women would revolt from the idea of exhibiting themselves in open air in trousers, and with bare legs and arms, before a number of gentlemen—especially when the saturation of the costume gives a sharpness of definition of the form, which, not to put it more forcibly, emphasises the absence of underclothing. But the absence of bathing-machines necessitates, to some extent, this exposure on the part of ladies who would bathe at Dieppe. The exposure may be modified or prolonged, according to taste. A lady may, if she chooses, wear a peignoir until she gets into the water, and don it again the moment she comes out; in which case she will have the gratification of presenting the appearance of walking about in her night-gown; or she may bathe at high tide only, or at the 'petits bains' to the left of the Establishment, where there are not so many spectators, or, at least, she may pass as quickly as possible from her cabin to the sea and back. Most English ladies adopt one or more of these expedients. But with the generality of the bathers it is otherwise. The beach for many hours of the day, immediately under the terrace of the Establishment, is thick with forms clad as above, and apparently in no hurry to reach the water on the one hand, or the dressing-room on the other; while all along the terrace are rows of chairs, each with an occupant, who has not often forgotten to bring his opera-glasses. In front, small bathing-canoes, paddled each by a male bather, pass leisurely to and fro. Some few of the men wear complete costumes, that is, blouses, or jackets, as well as trousers, and then are permitted to make raids into the female territory, and to mix with the female bathers. The latter are, meanwhile, dancing in circles, some few are swimming, and others are clinging with an *abandon*, which I am told is due to terror, but which looks like something else, round the neck of one of those favored mortals, whose life is spent in bearing lovely burdens into the waves, in calming their fears, and in dipping and ducking themselves as they may desire. And in order that all may be in harmony in the bathing system at Dieppe the administration has considerably provided for this delicate and delightful duty men instead of women."

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER, which is the subject of our steel-plate, this month, represents a custom that is quite common in many parts of Germany, and that might be introduced to advantage in the United States. As each child's birthday comes around, be it she is made the hero or heroine of the day, is put at the head of the table at dinner, is served first, is decorated with a nosegay, etc., etc. Our engraving is after an original picture by an eminent German artist. The lad, whose birthday is being celebrated, sits at the head of the table, with quite an important air, and is already preparing to devour his slice, while his brothers and sisters impatiently await their turns. The mother, in this case evidently a notable housewife, is cutting and distributing, as impartially as she can. An elder sister, holding the youngest child, looks on.

OUR STORIES AND NOVELS.—The *Wooster* (O) Democrat says:—"Peterson's is one of the best magazines, as is shown by the frequency with which we republish stories from its pages."

At ITS PRICE, this is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest and best of the magazines. Single subscribers get "Peterson" for \$2.00 a year, while all the other magazines, which have any pretensions to be equal in merit, are \$3.00 or \$4.00. For our terms to clubs, which are lower still, see the Prospect: Clubs may begin with either the January or July numbers. Specimens sent gratis, when written for.

A LADY WRITES:—"With the commencement of this year, I was persuaded to try something else and give up 'Peterson.' I soon found out my mistake. It is the last time I shall allow myself to be so taken in. I now inclose two dollars for my old favorite, the best and cheapest of all the magazines. You may consider me a life subscriber."

OUR NEXT NOVELT, "Kathleen's Love-Story," will be begun in the September number. It is a love-story, pure and simple. We predict for it very great popularity.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Scottish Minstrel. The Songs of Scotland Subsequent to Burns. With Memoirs of the Poets, by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL. D. 1 vol., 8 vo. Brooklyn and New York: William W. Swaneyne.—This is a very elegant volume. The page is large, double-column octavo; the type is beautifully clear; and the paper is of that creamy white, in which book-fanciers take such pride. The selections have been made, with great judgment, and from more than two hundred different writers. In eminent instances a dozen or more poems are given from the author; and in every case a memoir is added. We know of no volume which contains so much good poetry, especially lyrical, in so compact a form. It is just the book for the center-table, where its presence would be a sure mark of refinement. An excellent review of the rise and progress of the muse in Scotland is prefixed to the volume. The book is adorned with a portrait of Lady Nairne, the author of that pathetic song, "The Land o' the Leal," and with a view of the quaint old mansion, half castle, half manor-house, in which she was born. A glossary of Scottish words is added at the end of the work.

Miss Van Kortland. By the author of "My Daughter Blinor." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—About a year ago, there appeared, anonymously, a novel called "My Daughter Blinor," which immediately attracted attention by its wit, its lively incidents, and its rapidly-sketched characters. This first success has been followed up by the novel before us, which, in many particulars, is even better than its predecessor. The sketches of society, if possible, are more graphic; the plot is superior; there is everywhere greater brilliancy. Several of the characters are quite original, notably so Aunt Hilda, Dan, and Lucy. Part of the incidents transpire in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, a new and wide field for the novelist, which we wonder no writer of fiction has ever worked before.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy. By B. F. Crocker, D. D. 1 vol., small 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. He is, therefore, well qualified for the task he has undertaken, which is to show that the best thought of Greece, at the time of the introduction of Christianity, was ripe for the great truths, which, in Judea, were revealed by the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. The book appears at a very opportune crisis in the religious world.

Bound Down. By Anna M. Fitch. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new American novel by a new writer. It is pleasantly written, and is printed in the neat style which distinguishes the publications of this house.

Consuelo. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here a new and very neat edition of the master-piece of that greatest of French novelists, George Sand. "Consuelo" is the story of a poor but beautiful girl, who has a voice of extraordinary power and sweetness; who becomes, in consequence, a great prima donna; who passes through, and conquers, many temptations; and who, finally, achieves wealth, and rank, and, best of all, happiness. It is a narrative, as it is told, full of deep, spiritual significance. Yet, merely as a novel, it is a rare work of art. We shall never forget how fascinated we were, when we read "Consuelo" for the first time, reading it then for the story only. Now, that we have re-perused it, we are not less charmed. What George Eliot is in English literature, George Sand is in French, though of the two, George Sand, perhaps, is both the greater artist and the greater genius.

Superstition and Force. By Henry C. Lea. Second Edition, Revised. 1 vol., small octavo. Philada.: H. C. Lea.—The author of this work is one of the very few Americans with a really European reputation. He is, perhaps, better known in England, and on the Continent of Europe, than in his own country. The first edition of this book was welcomed, by all the higher Reviewers, as one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the Middle Ages, which this generation has seen. Mr. Lea owed this success to his extensive erudition, to his broad and comprehensive handling, and to his excellent style. The nature of the subjects he discussed had also something to do with his wide-spread fame. In this volume, for instance, he treats of "The Wager of Law," "The Wager of Battle," "The Ordeal," and "Torture," themes which have never been so adequately reviewed before, because never before examined so exhaustively and so impartially. The volume is neatly printed.

The Vicar of Bullhampton. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the last novel of a fertile, but always readable, author. It is impossible for Trollope to write a really stupid book, but this one, though it has good scenes and bright passages in it, is, on the whole, one of the least satisfactory of his novels. It is handsomely printed, in double-column octavo, with illustrations.

The History of Hortense. By John S. C. Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A memoir of Queen Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, and mother of the present Emperor of France. It is illustrated with engravings, and is uniform in style with Mr. Abbott's other Illustrated Histories.

Antonia. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is even better than "Mauprat," which was published, lately, in similar style, by the same enterprising firm. It is quite a prose idyl, a love-story, told with great purity and truth. We have spoken elsewhere of the genius of George Sand.

Juno and Georgie. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.—An excellent story for young people, by the author of "The Rollo Books," etc., etc. It is handsomely printed and bound. One of the "Juno Series."

Mary Osborne. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.—Another of the "Juno Series" of stories for the young, by one of the most popular writers of the day. Very handsomely printed and bound.

Beneath the Wheels. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, reprinted from the London edition. It is by the author of "Olive Varcoe," etc., etc.

Wonders of Architecture. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.—Another of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," and quite equal to any of this excellent series.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

BOOKS FULL OF AMERICAN HUMOR.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are the publishers of the best series of Humorous Works issued in the world. Each Book is in an Illuminated Cover, and is full of beautiful Illustrations, from designs by Darley and others. Price of each, Seventy-five cents, and sent, post-paid, to any one. The following are their names:

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Yankee Among the Mermaids. By William E. Burton.
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CARD ETIQUETTE.

ANNIVERSARY WEDDINGS.—These have now become so fashionable that a few hints as to giving them may be of service to the fair readers of "Peterson."

The first is the *paper wedding*, which is given on the first anniversary of a marriage. Very few observe this anniversary, however: it is too soon to expect your friends to renew their presents. When observed, however, the invitations should be on gray paper, and should be worded as follows:

PAPER WEDDING.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH,

At Home,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

65 Brown Street.

B. S. V. P.

The *Wooden Wedding* is celebrated on the fifth anniversary of the marriage. On this occasion it is the custom for guests to send some gift in wood to the host and hostess. The invitations are worded precisely like those for a paper wedding, but should be headed "Wooden Wedding," and printed on cards of wood, about as thick as four sheet Bristol board. Very pretty cards of wood, slightly veined, are made in Switzerland, and can be imported cheaply.

The *Tin Wedding* is celebrated on the tenth anniversary. On this occasion the presents should be of tin. The most fashionable cards are printed in oxydized tin bronze, on a large unglazed card or note-sheet. If this cannot be had conveniently the printing may be in black. Same wording as before, only the card must be headed, "Tin Wedding."

The *Crystal Wedding* celebrates the fifteenth anniversary. Gifts of glassware are now the thing. The cards should be printed on chrysalized paper, the stereotyped form being used, and the invitation headed "Crystal Wedding."

The *Silver Wedding* comes on the twenty-fifth anniversary. The presents should be silver, or silver-plated articles,

though neither at this, nor at any other of these anniversaries, are gifts obligatory. The invitations should be in the usual form, but headed "Silver Wedding," and ought, if possible, to be printed in bright silver, on a large glazed card, or on the finest wove note-paper. This is the anniversary most usually observed. Very few married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding, and not every one cares to give a festival on any earlier anniversary than the twenty-fifth.

The *Golden Wedding* is fitly so called, because it celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of a marriage. The cards should be printed, if possible, in golden letters. The gifts should also be of gold. Of course, the invitations should be headed "Golden Wedding;" but otherwise they follow the usual form.

If any couple should live, for the thing is not impossible, to celebrate a seventy-fifth anniversary, the festival should be called a "Diamond Wedding." We hope all our fair readers, if they wish it, may live to keep such an observance.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

IN INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS there is acute pain in the abdomen, which is constant, and increased by the slightest pressure. The patient complains that he cannot bear the weight of the bed-clothes even, and he lies on the back with the knees drawn up. It is generally accompanied with obstinate constipation, and the vomiting of bilious matter, which may ultimately become very offensive, and even feculent, if obstruction of the bowel be the cause of the inflammation. The attendant fever also runs very high; the tongue is at first white, but soon becomes streaked with alternate marks of brown and white fur; the pulse is hard and contracted, feeling like a piece of whip-cord under the finger; and the expression of countenance is very anxious. Inflammation of the bowels may be distinguished from colic by the great prostration accompanying it, by the attendant fever, and by the pain and tenderness of the abdomen being general, unintermitting, and increased by pressure; colic is relieved by pressure, force.

Treatment.—Let it be remembered that, in the treatment of this formidable and fatal complaint, perfect rest of the inflamed bowel is the desired object, and that purgative medicines, therefore, must be strictly withheld. Send for a doctor at once. Meantime, apply a dozen leeches to the most painful part, followed by a hot linseed-poultice; ten drops of laudanum or chlorodyne in a tablespoonful of water may be given every two hours; and soda-water, or the effervescent mixture, will be best calculated to allay sickness. Effervescent mixture: Take of carbonate of soda two drachms, syrup of lemon one ounce, water to six ounces; dissolve, in a tumbler, in two tablespoonfuls of water, fifteen grains of tartaric acid, add to it a sixth part of the above mixture, and drink whilst effervescing. This may be repeated every three or four hours, or oftener, according to the urgency of the vomiting. To interfere beyond this without medical advice would be hazardous indeed.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

Lemon-Puffs.—Bruise one pound of double-refined sugar, and sift it through a fine sieve. Put it into a bowl, with the juice of two lemons, and mix them together. Beat the white of an egg to a very high froth, put it into your bowl, add three eggs, with two rinds of lemon, grated. Mix it well up, and drop on the puffs in small drops, and bake them in a moderately heated oven.

Rice Flummery.—Boil a pint of new milk, with a bit of lemon-peel and cinnamon; then mix just sufficient rice-flour with a little cold milk as will make the whole of a good consistence; sweeten according to taste, flavor with a little pounded bitter almond; boil it, taking care not to let it burn; pour it into a shape or pint basin, taking out the spice. When the flummery is cold, turn it into a dish, and serve with cream, milk, or custard, all round, or with sweet sauce in a boat.

Orange-Suffle.—Melt one ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, stir to it one ounce and a half of flour, then a teacupful of boiling milk. Stir the mixture for three minutes over the fire, turn it into a basin, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one ounce and a half of pounded-sugar, the juice of three oranges, the rind of one, either grated into the sugar or chopped quite fine, and finally the whites of the three eggs beaten quite firm. Bake in a quick oven, and serve immediately.

Pudding à l'Elegante.—Cut thin slices of light, white bread, and line a pudding-shape with them, putting in alternate layers of the bread and orange marmalade, or any other preserve, till the mould is nearly full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four well-beaten eggs have been mixed. Cover the mould with a cloth, and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with wine-sauce.

French Method of Making Curds.—The French make their curds simply by allowing the milk to stand for a couple or three days without any preparation whatever. The second day the milk goes sour, the third it becomes curds, with a rich cream on the top, and is then ready for eating with sugar. If allowed to stand longer than the time to solidify, the curds would go mouldy.

Vanillas.—Take two eggs, beat without separating as light as possible; add a teaspoonful of salt, and wet up as much flour as will roll. They should be pretty stiff. Take small bits of dough, not larger than a teaspoon-bowl, roll them in the hand until quite round, dredge the moulding-board with flour, and roll as thin as possible. Fry in lard.

Rice Milk for Children.—Allow one ounce of rice for each person, wash it thoroughly in warm water; set some milk on the fire, and when it boils, put in the rice; continue to boil it over a slow fire, stirring often two or three hours; add salt or sugar according to taste, and cinnamon.

Rice Custards Without Cream.—One teaspoonful of rice-flour, a pint of new milk, the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of ratafia, sugar to your taste; mix the rice very smooth, and stir it with the eggs into the boiling milk until thick. Arrowroot is as good as rice.

CAKES.

Almond-Icing.—The almond-icing for bride-cakes is made by taking the whites of three eggs, one pound of sweet almonds, one pound of loaf-sugar, and a little rose-water. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth, beat a pound of almonds, previously blanched in boiling water, very fine, with a little rose-water, mix the almonds with the eggs lightly together, and one pound of common white sugar, beaten very fine, and put in by degrees. When the cake is sufficiently done take it out, lay the icing on, and then put it back to harden.

Cocoa-nut Cheese-Cakes.—Grate the cocoa-nut according to the quantity you wish to make, (on a fine grater,) weigh it, and add the same quantity of butter, with two ounces of loaf-sugar, and the yolk of an egg to every ounce of the cocoa-nut; a large wineglassful of brandy, the same quantity of rose-water, and half a nutmeg. Line your pans with a rich puff-paste, fill them, grate a little sugar on the top of them, and bake in a quick oven.

A Very Good Cake.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, half a cup of butter-milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

Judge's Biscuits.—Having broken six eggs into a basin, whisk them well for five minutes; put in half a pound of powdered sugar, and whisk again for ten minutes; add some caraway-seeds, (if liked,) and half a pound dry, sifted flour, mixing all thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Drop the mixture on paper, each being about the size of a half-crown and high in the middle; sift sugar over them and bake them. Remove them from the paper while they are hot.

Very Nice Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, sifted, half a pound of currants, four eggs, one blade of mace. Mix the sugar and flour together; rub the butter well into the mixture; add the currants; pound the mace; beat the eggs for twenty minutes; form into small, flat cakes; place on a well buttered tin, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Tea-Cakes.—Two pounds of flour, quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, four eggs, half a pound of butter, one pint of new milk, and a spoonful of yeast; boil the butter and milk together, and when milk-warm, mix with the rest, beating the paste a long time; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven, in round cakes; split, butter, and serve hot.

Almond-Cakes.—Rub two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour and five ounces of powdered lump-sugar. Beat an egg with half the sugar; then put in the other ingredients. Add one ounce of blanched almonds and a little almond flavor. Roll them in your hand the size of a nutmeg, and sprinkle with fine lump-sugar. They should be lightly baked.

Very Nice Rusks.—Three teacups of flour, three teacupfuls of baking-powder, quarter of a pound of butter or lard, two eggs, and a little milk, if required to make a nice dough not too stiff. Cut out into biscuits, put into a quick oven, and when nearly baked, take them out and split in halves; put them in the oven again to brown.

Yorkshire Tea-Cakes.—A little thin cream warmed; add a lump of butter, an egg, and a few spoonfuls of yeast; mix all with sufficient flour to make a light dough; let it stand to rise; roll into round cakes; let them rise before the fire on tins, and bake a light brown; split, butter, and serve hot.

THE SICK-ROOM.

Dishes for Invalids.—We give here receipts for some tempting and strengthening niceties for invalids.

Barley-Cream.—Take two pounds of perfectly lean veal or three pounds of the scrag, free from fat, and chop it well. Add half a pound of well-washed pearl barley to the meat, and put it into a sauce-pan with two quarts of water, and let all simmer very slowly until reduced to one quart. This must be done very slowly, otherwise the barley and the meat will not amalgamate properly. Take out the bones and rub the remainder through a fine sieve. It should be of the consistency of good cream. Add salt and a little mace, if liked, or flavor it with celery-seed, (of which a very small quantity will be required,) or with fresh celery, if in season. This barley-cream must not be kept more than twenty-four hours after it is made. Beef may be used instead of veal.

Poulet à l'Orge.—Truss a chicken for boiling, and put it into a stew-pan with half a pound of well-washed pearl barley and sufficient good milk to cover the barley only; add a little salt and a bunch of parsley with sweet herbs, put it on the fire and let it stew slowly, continuing to add milk, so that the barley may always be covered, but not the chicken, which should be dressed by the steam from the milk. A small chicken ought to take three hours to stew. When done, dish it with the barley and milk round it. It is frequently used in summer, and considered excellent.

Lemonade for Invalids.—Pour boiling water over white sugar and let it cool; when the drink is required, cut a lemon and squeeze it into a tumbler, and add the quantity of the cold water and sugar according to the strength required.

Bread-Jelly.—Cut off the crust from a penny roll, slice the crumb and toast them on both sides of a light pale brown, put them into a quart of spring-water; let it simmer gently over the fire until the liquid becomes a jelly, strain through a thin cloth, and flavor with lemon-juice and sugar, added when hot; wine may be used, and is an improvement. This jelly is of so strengthening a nature that one teacupful of it affords more nourishment than a teacup of any other. If prepared without lemon and sugar, a teacupful may be put into liquid the patient takes, such as tea, coffee, broth, etc.

Strengthening-Jelly.—Use three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass to a tumbler of port-wine, soak and dissolve the isinglass in a small portion of the wine in a jam-pot, fill it up with cinnamon or other spice, put the jam-pot into a small panful of water, taking care that the water does not get into the pot; let it boil till the strength of the spice is quite taken out, strain and add the rest of the wine; sweeten to taste, and let it get cold; a large teacupful of this taken occasionally is very strengthening.

Leche-Creme.—Beat up the yolks of three eggs and the white of one, add a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, mix gradually in three ounces of flour or two of arrow-root and then a pint and a half of milk; boil it gently, stirring all the time, till thick; then take it off the fire and continue to stir it till a little cool; place Naples biscuits, with jam between, at the bottom of a buttered dish, and pour the cream over them; it may be flavored with lemon-peel, or anything else preferred.

Sago-Jelly.—Boil a teacupful of sago in three pints and a half of water till ready, and when cold, add half a pint of raspberry-syrup. Pour it into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, let it fix, and when turned out, pour a little cream round it. If made with the juice of fresh fruit, if in season, when it is added to the sago, it should be boiled again for five minutes, and sugar added to taste.

Iringlass-Milk.—With half an ounce of isinglass in a little cold milk, put some more milk in a pan on the fire, and add the isinglass, stirring all the time; it should not remain a minute on the fire after it boils; season with lemon and sugar, put it in a small cup, and turn it out when cold.

Dressed Macaroni.—Boil the macaroni in milk and water till quite tender, with one onion and a piece of lean ham or tongue. Strain off the liquor and mix with it sufficient cream and flour to thicken it, add pepper, salt, and Cayenne, if liked, and dish up the macaroni in this sauce.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHAMOIS-COLORED SATIN-FACED JEAN.—It is trimmed with three narrow box-pleated ruffles at the bottom, and has an upper-skirt, trimmed with a similar ruffle. The waist is high and round, and the sleeves are long and close; the round, full mantle of scarlet and white striped flannel has a hood, and is trimmed with a ruffle. Leghorn hat, trimmed with carnations and black lace.

FIG. II.—BATHING-DRESS OF BLACK FLANNEL, trimmed with scarlet braid. Scarlet flannel sash tied at the side. The full trousers button around the ankle.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN FOULARD SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, laid in full box-pleats; a narrow bias band is put on beneath the full heading, which stands up above the flounce; the upper-skirt is square and open in front, and is trimmed with a band and heading like that of the flounce, and finished with a fringe; the tight-fitting basque is made deep, and has large, square sleeves, and is ornamented to correspond with the upper-skirt. Black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and plume.

FIG. IV.—A WARM DRESS FOR THE SEA-SIDE OF WIND-COLORED CASHMERE.—The skirt is plain and moderately long; the body is cut with a basque back and front, and is

trimmed with black lace; it is open, in the heart-shaped style, at the neck, but the lace and trimming are disposed in a square manner upon the front. Sleeves half loose, with a ruffle trimmed with narrow black lace. White pleated chemisette.

FIG. V.—SHORT HOUSE-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED SILK.—The skirt has one deep ruffle, pointed top and bottom; the silk waist is low. Over this dress is worn, prettily looped up, a dress of white striped gauze, trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the same; the waist is high and plain, and the sleeves long and close.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET SILK.—The skirt has five plain ruffles; a short over-dress of dust-colored grenadine is worn above the silk skirt; it is trimmed with one plain ruffle, and gathered in a puff at the back by a band and ends of violet silk; the bretelles, trimming of the sleeves, waistband, and sash-ends, are of the violet silk. Small straw hat, with pink roses and long, dust-colored veil.

FIG. VII.—VISITING-DRESS OF BROWN FOULARD SILK.—The skirt has one deep flounce, finished at top and bottom with bands and narrow ruffles of foulard of a lighter shade of brown than the body of the dress; the tunic panner is made to correspond. Over the close-fitting wrist and sleeve is worn a Metternich mantle, with wide sleeves trimmed like the skirt.

FIG. VIII.—HOME-DRESS OF BLUE CAMBRIC.—The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of blue and white striped cambric, put on in very close-fitting box-plates; the flounces are graduated, the lowest one being the deepest; the tunic, basque, and sleeves, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IX.—SEA-BATHING COSTUME OF BLACK SERGE.—Trousers fastened at the knee, with leglets of striped wollen material. Tight-fitting tunic, buttoned at the side, and fitted to the waist by a leather belt.

FIG. X.—BATHING-COSTUME OF WHITE FLANNEL.—Trousers fastened at the knee by a cross strip braided with a Grecian pattern in black wool. Peplum blouse, with short sleeves, with a braided Grecian pattern, buttoned on each side and on the shoulders.

FIG. XI.—COSTUME OF BLACK MERINO.—Trousers fastened at the knee, and trimmed with a band and cross strip of blue cashmere. Small skirt, with facings of blue cashmere.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give this month our usual amount of collars, bonnets, hats, etc.; but at this season there is nothing decidedly new in the fashions, only varieties of the old ones, if those can be called old that are only of two or three months duration.

SOFT SHADES, such as chamois, fawn, vapor, putty, and buff-color, and all the series of gray tints, are very fashionable this spring, and often they are shot or striped with white. Besides foulards, organdies, and printed muslins, one sees but few figured materials; the pretty goat's-hair and fancy wool and silk materials of which demi-toilet walking costumes are made, are, for the most part, self-colored, shot, or striped; it is the same with silks, glacé silks, faille, or gros grains.

THE LOOSE PALETOTS, which have been much worn during the earlier summer, are now beginning to be exchanged for tight-fitting casques, forming bodice and double-skirt, and so useful in summer. One also sees mantelets, but they also are fastened to the waist by a large sash, which also makes them resemble casques.

MANTELS, like dresses, open in front, in the shape of a heart or point. Sleeves, for both the one and the other, are made at pleasure, tight or streaming.

WHITE BODICES are much gone out of fashion; they are now exchanged for pretty chemisettes to accompany low dresses, or those that are open in front. These chemisettes, embroidered and trimmed with lace, are a luxury in good taste. For some time past, ruches of tulle clear muslin or lace, have taken the place of plain collars. This is ex-

tremely becoming. Another pretty fashion is that of muslin fichus, trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace, worn with low dresses. These are the real coquettish *fichus menteurs* of the marchionesses of last century. It is a fashion very becoming to thin ladies. While recommending to them this fichu, we would warn them against the bodices cut low and square in front; this style of bodice has the effect of showing the chest narrower, and is suitable only to rather stout ladies. When one has a perfectly good figure, one may wear anything one chooses; but when, which much oftener happens, one carries rather too far either the excess of thinness or the excess of *embonpoint*, there are certain details which it is well to observe. To ladies gifted with *embonpoint*, we recommend dark materials, long waists, but few flounces, and those placed very low down, the train-shaped tunic rather than the double skirt, no puff, at the utmost a wide sash, the loops of which puff out the *tournure* a little behind.

THIN LADIES may allow themselves a great many more complications in trimming, draperies, and puffs; fichus, chemisettes with large bouillons, flowing lace, light or white materials, all this suits them beautifully. They may also wear with advantage, the small, loose, flowing jacket, slit open at the seam, and half open in front, to show the chemisette and its ruffles. It is not because Parisians wear toilettes more beautiful or rich than those of other ladies that they always look so nicely dressed; it is because they almost all possess the art of dressing according to their own peculiar figure, *tournure*, and countenance. This is an art which every lady should endeavor to acquire.

FLOUNCES, with fluted headings put on upward, are also frequently seen upon the new toilettes. Sometimes three or four of these flutings are put on above one flounce. At other times small, fluted flounces are put on under a deeper flounce; in fact, all possible combinations are adopted, and the great art of seamstresses seem to be to vary these combinations as much as possible.

AS FOR COIFFURES, the hair now descends on the neck in curls, or is merely waved and inclosed in an invisible net. For *neglige*, waved and falling chignons are the latest novelty; these will be still prettier with the summer hats, for which they appear to be an indispensable complement. The chignons standing off from the neck, which were still in favor last summer, have lost all their vogue.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CAMBRIC.—It is ruffled at the bottom with a blue and gray striped cambric; the over-skirt, bows, and trimmings of the body, are of plain blue cambric.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—This dress is of corn-colored pique, braided with currant-colored worsted braid; the low waist is ornamented to correspond with the skirt, and is worn over a high pleated under-body. Black or white braid may be used in preference to the red, if preferred.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED FOULARD, with a coat of the same material cut with a large cape.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF PONGEE OF THE NATURAL COLOR, (in deep cream or lightish yellow,) trimmed with broad bands of brown velvet; the coat, which is of the same color and material, is also trimmed with brown velvet.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF LILAC MOHAIR FOR A GIRL.—The skirt has one deep ruffle, laid in full box-pleats; the over-dress of the same is made short and plain in front, comes around to the side, where it laps over another piece, which again laps over the full tunic behind. The plain, high waist has epaulets on the shoulders, and very long, wide, hanging sleeves; the sleeves, tunics, etc., are all ruffled. A small pleated ruffle is around the waist, and a fan-shaped, pleated piece is at the back.

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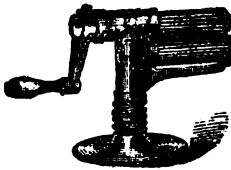
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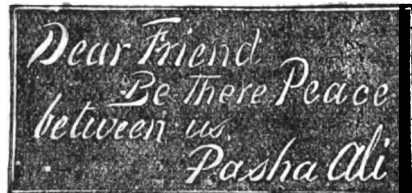
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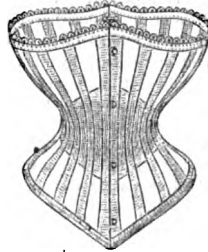
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S MAGAZINE.

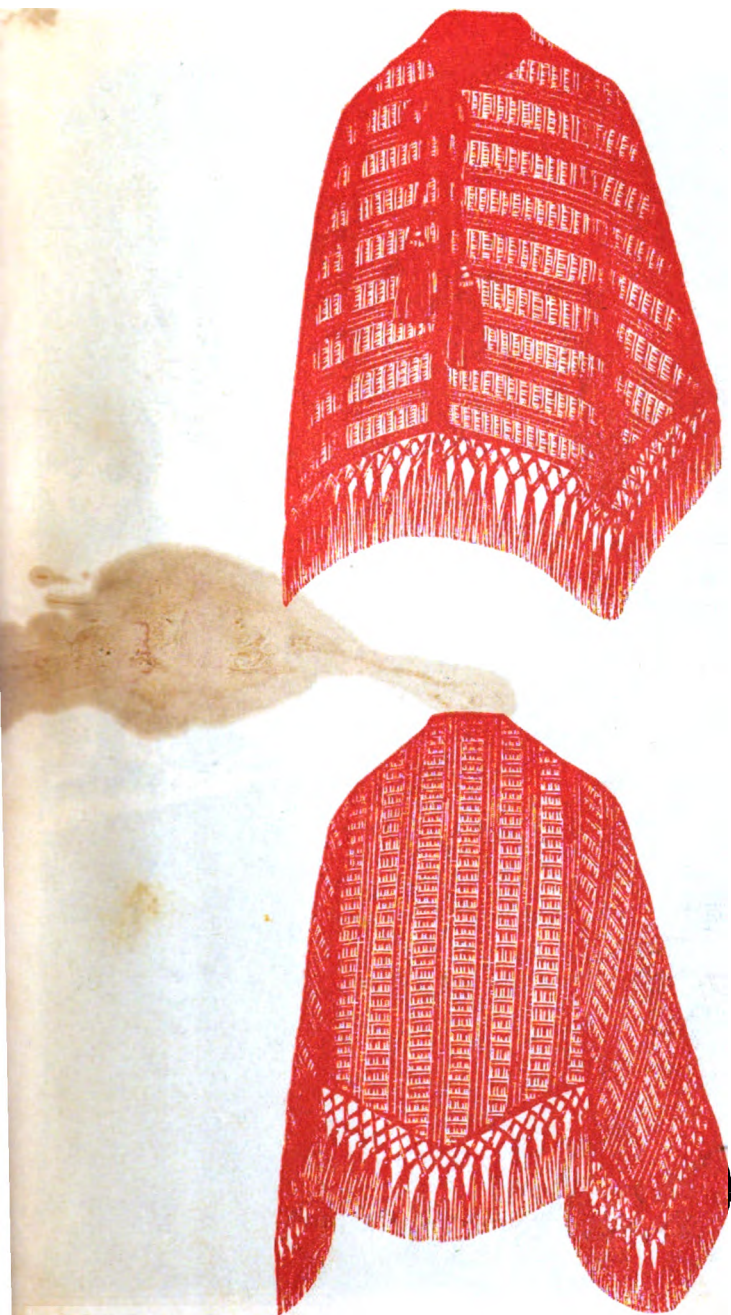
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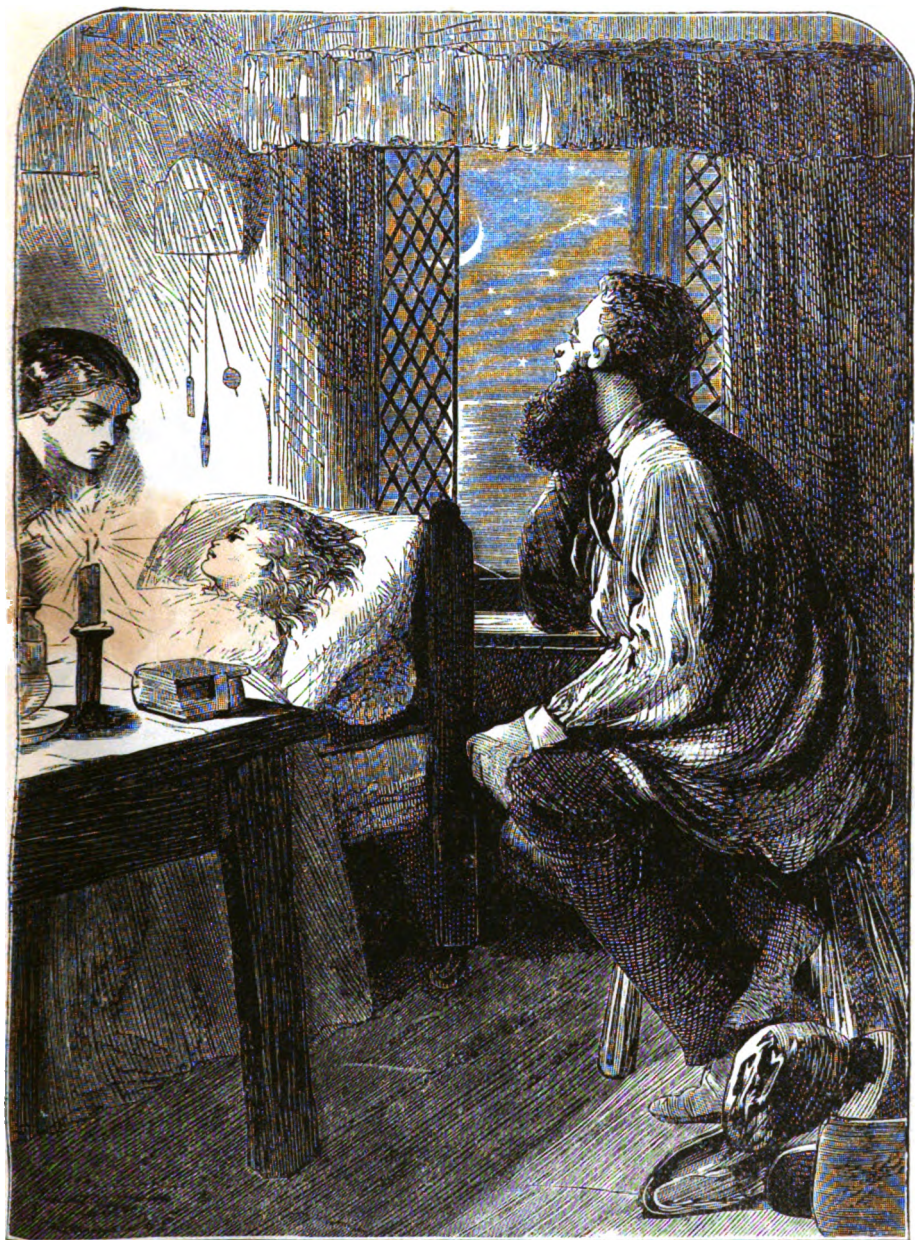
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S MAGAZINE.



CLOAK IN CROCHET. BACK AND FRONT VIEW.



THE EBB OF TIDE.

[See the Poem.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



SLEEVELESS JACKET AND TUNIC. SEE DIAGRAM ALSO.



OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS.



WALKING-DRESS. HATS.

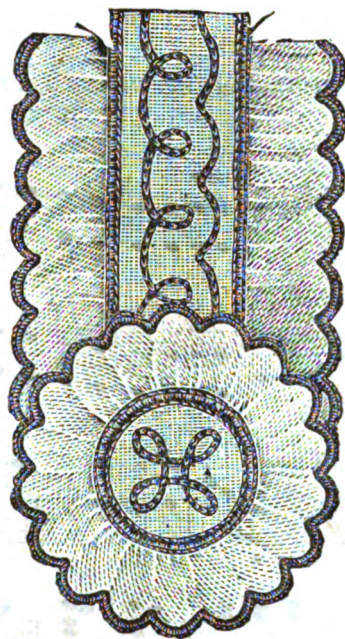


WALKING-DRESS. BONNET AND HAT.



NEW MODE OF LOOPING UP A SKIRT.

Antoinette



Louis

NAMES FOR MARKING. SASH FOR PINAPORES. EMBROIDERY FOR PINAPORES.

CECELIA MARCH.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By B. Bilco.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Marzaille. *March.*

PIANO. *f* *pp* *Ped.*

Ped. *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *f* *f*

1mo. 2do.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system is divided into two parts: 'Marzaille.' and 'March.'. The 'Marzaille.' part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The 'March.' part follows, also in treble and bass staves, with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. It includes a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The second system continues the 'March.' section, with a 'Ped.' instruction and an asterisk (*) marking. The third system also continues the 'March.' section, with multiple 'Ped.' instructions and asterisk (*) markings. The fourth system is divided into two parts: '1mo.' and '2do.'. The '1mo.' part begins with a 'Ped.' instruction and an asterisk (*) marking, followed by a 'f' (forte) marking. The '2do.' part continues the melody and bass line, also with a 'f' (forte) marking. The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

CECELIA MARCH.

First system of musical notation for Cecelia March. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The music is marked with a forte dynamic (*f*) and includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The system concludes with a double bar line.

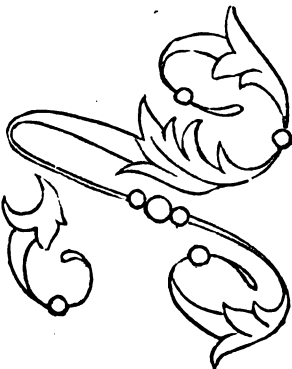
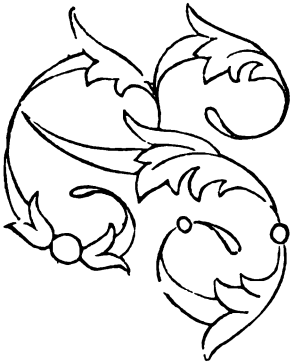
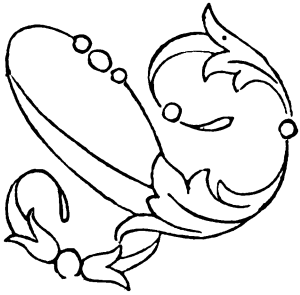
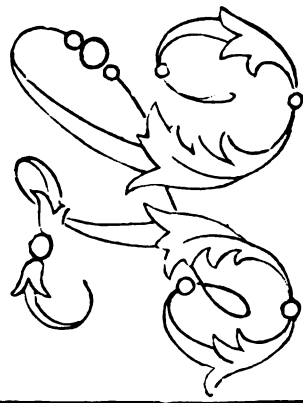
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The system includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and a dynamic marking of *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The system includes a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The system includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and a dynamic marking of *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The system includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and a dynamic marking of *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The system includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and a dynamic marking of *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

No. 3.

JESSIE.

BY MRS. P. T. HUNT.

THERE she stood, out of all harm's way, upon the table; her short skirts gathered close in one little hand, and the broom tightly clasped in the other.

Her lovely dark eyes were dilated in terror, as she gazed steadfastly toward the darkest corner of that sunny room, as if expecting to see some terrible apparition there. A comical, and yet altogether charming tableau, she thus presented to the two young men, now pausing before the open door of the dining-room.

"Why, what's the matter, sis?" cried one, at last. "Is it a ghost, or——"

"Oh, Fred, it's a mouse! Oh-h-h! there it is. Look!"

A mouse, as she spoke, darted across the room, and vanished into a tiny hole.

"Come down, Jessie," said her brother, laughing, reaching out his arms to lift her to the floor, "and let me introduce you to my friend, Leslie Harris."

Taking her slight form in his strong arms, he kissed her several times, and then placed her well on her feet.

Jessie blushed very much, and threw back her black curls from a low, broad forehead, as she glanced up at her brother's friend.

"I hope you have recovered from your fright; you had all my sympathy," said Leslie Harris, with a serious face, but a gleam of mischief in his dark-blue eyes.

A clear, ringing laugh came from Jessie's pretty lips, for she quite realized the absurdity of the whole thing.

"Quite recovered," she answered. "But, pray, spare me ridicule. I am so afraid of rats——"

"Mice!" maliciously interrupted her brother.

Jessie took no notice of the interruption, but went on, addressing his friend.

"Pray, sit down, Mr. Harris. 'I will go and call father and mother. Brother wrote he

didn't expect to be here till to-morrow, and I was just putting the house in order: we country girls, you know, are not ashamed of work."

She darted from the room, as she spoke, leaving Leslie thinking how very pretty a girl could look in a chintz dress, and with a broom in her hand.

Leslie turned to his friend. "Why, Fred!" he exclaimed, "you never told me you had a grown sister. I thought she was a little girl."

"Well," returned the other, laughingly, "that she is little you can't deny; and she's not much more than a child, for she's only sixteen."

Just then Jessie entered with her parents. Hearty greetings followed, in a way that country people have made peculiarly their own, so different, so much colder are our city friends.

All through it, though, Leslie could not help regretting that he had brought but two changes of clothes. "Yet how was I to suspect," he thought, "that such a beauty existed out here!"

"Very fine place—beautiful!" he replied, in answer to the farmer's question of how he liked the country. As he said beautiful, he looked, not at the lovely view to be seen from the open window, but at the animated face of Jessie, as she bent over her brother's chair, and asked him question after question, he answering in his free, joyous way.

Leslie could not help thinking what a happy household this seemed to be.

"Dinner will soon be ready," said Jessie, at last. "Would you like to go to your room before dining?" and she looked at Fred. "Pray, Mr. Harris," she added, "make yourself perfectly at home."

With these words she bustled off to the kitchen, while the two friends went above to Fred's room.

The white muslin curtains were drawn back from the open windows, which were partially

shaded by a giant oak that grew near by, and the cool, perfumed air greeted them as they entered.

"What luxury," cried Leslie, looking about the plainly-furnished room, which yet was so neat, and so entirely delightful, and noting everything, especially the plump, white bed, so daintily arranged.

"I'm glad you like it, old fellow!" said his young host. "I feared a little that our plain, country home would suffer by comparison with your luxurious one; but you see farmers are seldom able to spend money on more than the necessities of life—we are a contented set, though."

"It seems to me you ought to be," returned the other, now busy getting himself up in style; for, thought he, "Miss Jessie will, of course, be gotten up nicely: all girls are when there's company. I think Edith would like her."

Edith was a favorite sister, five years younger than himself, and he was twenty-five. They were the only children of wealthy parents, who lived in Buffalo. At college he had made the acquaintance of Fred Evans, and this acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. The vacation previous, the two had spent together at Leslie's home. There Fred had left his heart in keeping of his friend's sister. Now, both had graduated, and had come to enjoy country air, for a few weeks, at the house of farmer Evans.

Entering the gate, and following the broad, graveled drive, the young men had reached the front of the house, when Fred had said, "Suppose we go round by the back way and surprise them! You know they don't look for us until to-morrow."

So they went around, and walking on the brick floor, sheltered by a porch overhead, Leslie observed how convenient were the well and cistern, and the entrance to the wood-house.

A swing dangled in their way, and pushing it aside, they were going directly to the kitchen-door, when a noise directed their attention to the right. Looking through the open doorway, they beheld Miss Jessie as she stood at the opening of our story.

Having got back to the beginning, we take our story up again where we left off.

The young men had just completed their toilet, when the dinner-bell sounded. Miss Jessie, far from being "gotten up," was simply attired in a clean, dark, calico dress, ruffled about the breast and shoulders. The skirt was short, and left to view a neat little foot. Her

dark curls were newly brushed, and floated over her pretty shoulders. Her color was bright, yet softened by the white ribbons at her throat.

She evidently had not been idle during the last half-hour; and Leslie rightly concluded that her hands had decked the table, and added to its pleasing appearance by the pretty bouquet in its center.

Never had meal tasted so well to him. Already he was half in love. The more he talked with Jessie, the more he found her lively, unembarrassed, and witty.

That evening Jessie sang for him, and Leslie discovered that he was familiar with many of her songs, and so he blended his fine voice with hers, while Fred played a flute accompaniment.

It was late before the young people retired. When Jessie laid her head upon her snowy pillow, it was to fall into a delicious reverie, so that it was impossible to tell where thought ended and sleep began. When the sun rose, the next morning, he smiled on the fresh, young beauty who had risen earlier than her. Leslie was awakened from his slumbers by her voice, for she sang as she hastened the steps of the slower-footed domestics and lent a helping hand.

But I cannot describe each day, as it fitted away on the wings of the summer sunshine, nor how Leslie and Jessie soon learned to love one another more than all the world besides.

Two weeks passed. They were the happiest Leslie had ever known. Then his sister came to make a visit to Jessie, Leslie having written to urge the acceptance of the invitation. A warm friendship sprung up, at once, between the two girls.

The summer waned, and now Leslie resolved to know his fate from Jessie's lips, not that he was despondent exactly; but when she seemed to feel his influence most, she would suddenly change and appear to defy him.

One day he had been out for a walk, and on his return, he heard her sweet voice singing. His spirits rose. Another instant and he would behold her, and alone. Alas! precisely at that moment, and just as he turned the corner, where grew a thrifty young peach-tree, he found himself deluged by a bucket of very warm soap-suds, aimed by vigorous young hands at the tree.

Jessie, who was the offender, gazed for an instant, astonished, and then burst into laughter.

"I had hoped for a different kind of a reception, Miss Jessie," said Leslie, abashed.

"You mean that it was not warm enough,"

laughed she, the tears running down her cheeks. Then, recovering herself, she hastened to explain. "You must pardon me," she said. "It was quite unintentional, as you must know. Mother has a special fancy for that tree, and thinks soap-suds beneficial to it, so she made me empty those hot suds at its roots. I did not see you coming, and aimed rather high. You really must forgive me," she added, with a pleading, yet mirthful glance in her eyes.

"I can forgive you only under one condition," he said, in a low tone, as he audaciously seized her hands.

She tried to escape, but he held her fast. And there we drop the curtain, only saying that Jessie is to be married on her seventeenth birthday.

Fred and Edith will not wait so long. The preparations are now being made for their wedding, which will have taken place, probably, before our little story gets into print.

THE EBB OF TIDE.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE.

THE little maid lay moaning,
Late at the set of sun;
They told him, "She is dying
Now that the day is done!"
But, listening by the window,
He heard the full-toned roar
Of great waves plunging, plunging,
A' down the silent shore.
And to the watchers weeping
"She cannot go!" he cried;
The soul-call never cometh
At flowing of the tide."

The little maid ceased moaning,
And darker grew the night;
They cried, "She is not dying,
She'll see the morning light!"
But he heard there by the window
The plunging waves no more,
But the waters washing, washing,
Like a lake upon the shore.
But he heeded not the watchers,
As hopefully they cried;
But he said, with lips all trembling,
"It is the Flood of tide."

The little maid lay sleeping,
Or ere the night was done,
They said, "She will awaken
To new life with the sun;"
But he listened the deep murmur
The sighing night-wind bore
Of the waters sobbing, sobbing,
As they forsook the shore.
"Now pray the Lord Almighty
Upon you kneel," he cried,
"Oh! pray Him by His mercy!
For 'tis the Ebb of tide!"

Ah, me! the world is evil,
And sick with care and sin,
And, sure, the Lord had mercy,
Who left her not therein;
For with one cry, "Oh, Father!"
She woke ere it was day,
And sighed and smiled; and sighing
And smiling, passed away.
And, sure, in life more blessed
Her sweet soul doth abide,
Where, on the Sea of Jasper,
Is never Ebb of tide.

THREE BIRTHDAYS.

BY VIRGINIA D. BARKLEY.

I.

SIXTEEN TO-DAY! He says I'm wondrous fair;
That where I step becomes enchanted ground;
That when my voice breaks forth, the floating air
Is stirred by music of true Heavenly sound.

He loves me true—he claims me as his own;
His loving lips close to my own are pressed;
No longer shall I linger in suspense alone—
Oh! why am I so strangely, sweetly blest?

Oh! faithful heart! I trust thy tender love,
You'll call me by that dearest title—wife!
We are together, never more to part,
And love's sweet flowers will strew our path in life.

II.

THIRTY TO-DAY! This world is strangely cold;
There's none to bless me on my natal morn;
False was the love which once did me enfold,
And made even twilight bright as fairest dawn.

Is this the world which then to me seemed bright?
Am I the girl who sang of love and bliss?
My hopes were turned so soon to darkest night;
God grant he knows an hour of bitterness like this!

III.

FORTY TO-DAY! Thank God for life and health!
I've strength to do the work which He has given;
That in His love I find my truest wealth,
My truest joy, my hope of bliss in Heaven.

WHAT HAPPENED TO US.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THERE can be no doubt that a man has a right to tell a story that begins with a joke at his own expense; but whether he has the same privilege when the joke is partly at the expense of his wife, is a matter about which I am not so certain; so I shall not stop to ask mine, for fear she might have decided opinions on the subject.

We were invited to visit a gentleman whose first wife had been a relative of mine. He had lately married again, and his new wife was a lady famous in certain circles for small pamphlets on divers of the crying evils of the day. He was very anxious that we should see her. The female was anxious, too, and wrote a very cordial, though rather stilted, letter of invitation. As we were on the eve of a journey which must take us directly past the place where the newly-wedded pair lived, we agreed to accept the invitation for a two day's visit.

We left town on a Saturday's train by the Erie railway, and bumped and thumped over that atrocious old road until after midnight, when we reached a village, where we expected to shift off on another track, and reach our destination about ten o'clock in the morning. But, to use an entirely new and unheard of quotation, "Men proposes," and so on; and I found the result as different from what I had expected as people usually do in the affairs of this life.

There we were, landed on a damp platform, with a black mass of station-house behind us; a mist that was trying to be a rain settling heavily about; two o'clock striking from an impertinent time-piece, hidden somewhere in the dismal building; the train we had just descended from darting on with a fierce blink of its red eye and an exulting snort, as if delighted at the plight in which we were left, and a sleepy station-master holding his lantern up in our faces with a dreary yawn, while my mate and I stared disconsolately at each other by the light of the smoky lamp, and felt like the Babes in the Woods.

"When does the other train leave?" I asked of the yawning giant, who was still surveying us by his smoky lantern.

"Monday morning at eight o'clock," replied he, with a calmness for which, if I had been

an Eastern despot, I should have ordered him off to instant bow-stringing without hesitation.

I stood confounded. My wife had urged me to wait until Monday morning. Here I was convicted of a blunder—and any married man knows how difficult it is to get up on the pedestal of infallibility after having once tumbled off. We were not very ancient in matrimony, and I did not know exactly what might happen. I had heard of women who assisted their husbands at such crises in life by going into hysterics, of others who raved, a few who pinched; and I confess that the one coherent thought in my confused brain was a wonder as to which expedient the muffled form by my side would try. I thought I could bear anything better than the hysterics; for, in the course of a wandering bachelor life, I had seen a good many other men's wives indulge in those little musical exhibitions, from one cause or another, and I did not think they would suit my particular case.

The wonder was speedily set at rest. From the depths of veils and water-proof cloaks there came a low, irreverent giggle; and that impudent beast of a man, with a lantern, burst into a roar of amusement the moment he heard it, and held his lamp closer to my face. Then the irreverent female-giggle sounded again, and he snorted afresh; and it gradually dawned upon my weakened senses that I must be wearing an utterly imbecile and asinine expression of countenance.

The easiest and most natural thing to do was to go into a rage; so I prepared to do it at the station-master's expense.

"What the deuce do you pretend to have a train here to carry people on for without delay——"

But before I could get any further he shook the lantern, and said coolly,

"Don't pretend to, sir, a Sunday mornin'—regulations says distinctly—no trains a Sunday mornin'."

"I'm a Jew," cried I, recklessly, from sheer desperation.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the station-master, commiseratingly. "But if you was Pontius Pilock hisself, there ain't no train."

It was plain that he did not comprehend the

poetical and metaphorical exaggeration, by which I intended to express that, in my wrath, I abjured and trampled upon virtue, morality, and religion.

"Perhaps," observed a voice from under the veils and mufflers, particularly mild and unconcerned, "there may be a hotel near—we had better wait for the train there."

"Hotel? Of course—close by; right across the tracks; show ye myself," said the station-master, in a tone so brisk that it was another impertinence to my dignity, because it showed plainly that he considered he had heard a sensible proposal at last.

So off we set, and finally I began to laugh in spite of myself; then to whisper my regrets at the misadventure to the muffled figure clinging to my arm, and to be assured that it was not of the slightest consequence, and so forth. We reached the hotel—one of those great, overgrown, awkward caravanseras, that spring up in the neighborhood of railway-stations, with about a thousand windows, that look like lidless eyes filled with a blank astonishment at their own ugliness.

We succeeded at last in rousing the porter and night-clerk from their peaceful slumbers under counters; the Paddy went back with the lantern-man for such articles of luggage as were indispensable, and we departed to the quarters shown us; and I wondered after at a remark made by the clerk while I was writing my name among the list of arrivals.

"So you missed the other train," said he; "they said some of 'em did."

I made no inquiries as to the frowey-haired man's meaning, not considering it of any importance, and answered, "Yes," at random, more because that was easier to say than anything else, than because there was either rhyme or reason in so doing.

We were very late down to breakfast that morning, which I trust the most constitutionally active person would have considered excusable, remembering our journey, so the great, dreary barrack of a dining-room was nearly deserted. But it did occur to me that we attracted more attention than I could exactly account for, not only among the people in the room, but from stray outsiders, who made errands into the apartment, and after a prolonged stare, so utterly vacant and imbecile, that it proved they had no good and sufficient reason for coming, would whisper to each other, and depart.

At last I remarked upon it to my wife, and modestly observed that I believed it to be

entirely owing to a marvelous little scarlet jacket she wore, miraculously braided with black, and hung with tags, that were of no use, so far as I ever discovered, except to catch on door-knobs and buttons. The young lady looked utter contempt of the want of discernment displayed in my diffidently offered solution of the mystery, and asked with true feminine faith in herself if the jacket (though she gave it some impossible name which I forget) was not pretty. I was bound to say that it was, very pretty.

"Then," pursued my wife, with placid scorn, "it can't be that the people are staring at—I know what it is much more likely to be."

I am sorry to say that here she fixed her eyes so steadily upon a very bountiful hirsute decoration of peculiar color, which I wore upon my upper-lip, that it was not necessary to ask her what it was she supposed attracted so much attention—so I didn't ask.

"Perhaps," said I, attempting to be jocose, "they think we are good-looking."

"I doubt," replied my wife, steadily, "if they do think we are."

She laid a severe—yes, almost a venomous emphasis on the pronoun; and I was sorry then that I had made any remark concerning the little red article of wearing apparel. I tried to act as if I thought she meant to be jocose, too, and got up a feeble grin, which was a failure, and met with no response.

"That little jacket," said I, hoping to mend matters, "is very tidy, indeed."

"It is not a jacket," said my wife, in a voice that showed she considered herself displaying great forbearance in speaking so mildly. "I have told you so twice before."

"Waistcoat," I hazarded, in a cheerful way.

My wife broke the top of her egg, and I saw her lips frame the word waistcoat—though they emitted no sound—with a deal of fine scorn.

"Well," said I, "no matter what it is called, it is a very tidy little business, indeed."

"I think," said my wife, with awful politeness, "that you have made that remark already."

Then I broke the top of my egg and devoted myself to my breakfast, while my wife ate hers with what I may call quite a Queen of Sheba air, considering the gorgeous jacket, and her dignity at my irreverent remarks in regard to it.

We finished the meal and returned to our room, naturally forgetting all about the people and their staring in a new book, which I read

aloud. The rain poured in torrents, so that there was no possibility of church going—and so the morning wore on.

At last there was an awful racket in the halls—it was not the house falling, or the world coming to an end, though one might have thought so; it was only the gong announcing that the early dinner was ready. I looked at the red jacket—my wife looked beautifully unconscious.

"Did you think of making any change in your dress?" I asked.

She began to laugh.

"Did you expect me to make a dinner toilet?" she inquired. "Amber silk—short sleeves—necklace, eh?"

"No. I only thought you were somewhat annoyed at breakfast, because the people stared at you—at that little red thing you have on," said I, as steadily as I could, avoiding a name for the article.

"I told you that was not what they were staring at," replied she, glancing at my upper-lip again.

Not having anything more to say, I did not say it, and we went down stairs.

We entered the dining-room, where there were three tables spread crossways of the room; and I noticed at the further end of the long apartment still another table set quite by itself, with only a man and woman at it. I thought that an eligible place to be seated, and was further strengthened in my idea by a patronizing wave of the hand from a waiter stationed near it.

The first tables were well filled with people, and the people all stared. I am bound to say that I still believed it was my wife's red jacket, but there was no opportunity to say so, even if I had felt disposed; and any married man will understand that by this time I had no such inclination.

We sat down and began eating our dinners, with that calmness which naturally belongs to easy consciences and good digestions; and presently quite a flock of men and women fluttered up the long room and took the vacant seats. The female portion were attired somewhat after the fashion in which my wife had sarcastically asked me if I desired her to dress. There were blue silks and green silks, bare shoulders, curls, and necklaces, and a little more paint than was needed to make the color visible by daylight.

I looked at the new comers—I looked at my wife. She did not raise her eyes, that I can swear to: but she saw them, I knew that! How

she did it I don't know; but any married man knows that a woman can see with her chin, or the tips of her fingers, where other women, at whom she does not choose to glance, are concerned. But there was no sign of consciousness, except to one who had made as close a study of her face as a husband may be supposed to have done. She ate her dinner and talked to me, and I felt myself getting redder and redder, for I really am not a "cheeky" person, unless a little out of temper.

We left the dining-room, and as we ascended the stairs, my wife said only,

"I think you told me this was a hotel?"

"There's a big sign over the outside doors," said I; but I felt that it was hard to have to bear any blame in regard to the house, considering how little I had had to do with our getting into it.

My wife walked on in silence. I can't tell how or why, but I felt that I had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." We reached our room. The man had let the fire go out, and was kindling it. If we had been hams ready for smoking, we might have endured the atmosphere; not being, we retreated, and choked sweetly in the hall for some moments.

"This is too bad," said I, as soon as I could get breath.

"The house or the smoke?" asked my spouse, very amiably; but I immediately wished myself a caterpillar under a green gooseberry-bush.

I suppose I looked like an ass again, for that incomprehensible female began to laugh like a lunatic, and taking me by the arm, said,

"Let us go into the parlors; and, oh! you stupid old boy, don't look so much as if you had fallen out of a balloon and struck on your head."

"I thought you were annoyed," I hazarded.

"I might be, only it's all so absurd," said she, and laughed again till some severely virtuous-looking females passing through the hall glared at us, and one groaned and said, "What else can you expect?" I grieve to say that we both laughed harder than ever; and in my heart I thought the woman meant it was from the stunning red jacket, nothing else was to be expected; and my wife thought it was my disreputable mustache; and we laughed till we cried; and some other people passing just as we wiped our eyes, thought we were making up a quarrel, and said so to each other; and then we laughed again, till I expected to fall in a fit.

When we had recovered a decent appearance of gravity we walked on to the saloon—an

awful, dreary, immense room, that would have struck horror to any nerves not made of brass. There were a few people trying to hold fast to the slippery chairs and sofas, some of them making a vain effort to appear at their ease, the others mute with resigned despair.

I bolstered my wife into a corner of a sofa, and sat down by her; but I got up very quickly with an exclamation that made all the people stare; but I think they would have risen with more speed than decorum, if they had sat down on three tacks and a pin, as I did.

As I was on my feet again, I thought I would improve the opportunity to go and smoke—an exercise that consoles me for most of the ills of life; so I walked out of the room with as much dignity as I could get up on short notice, after my recent unexpected bound and *pirouette*.

I kindled a censer, and walked up and down one of the lower halls, and gave way to the meditative fancies that naturally rose on the fragrant smoke-clouds.

Presently a pleasant-faced old man came up and interrupted the course of my meditations with a hearty "good-morning," to which I responded with that urbanity for which I am less noted among my friends than I feel that I deserve; but then my friends are not possessed of great natural discrimination—are yours?

The venerable party in the slouched hat nodded many times, and smiled all over his face, and while he scanned me from head to foot in an easy way, kept repeating,

"Good-mornin'; yes, yes—good-mornin'."

Not being strung on wires, I satisfied myself with one inclination of the head, and stood wondering when this little performance would conclude.

"Putty good at a smoke, ain't you?" was the next remark.

I smiled feebly—too much effort in that line always gives me a sensation of imbecility.

"Wal, some says it's pison; but, law! what's meat to one is pison to another—hey?"

I said that might be so; and the old gentleman bored me through with an eye as sharp as an augur.

"You ain't a wantin' a pony to do tricks, be you?" he asked, affecting a certain degree of carelessness, in keeping with the negative form in which the question was put, but singularly contradicted by the keen glitter of those gray eyes.

I said I was not exactly unhappy from lack of possessing a pony endowed with the faculty he mentioned.

"He's a pealer at 'em," pursued the old gentleman; "he kin kneel and stick out his right forrard huf, and squeal and bite like the nation."

I said that must be very interesting.

"Ya'as; the boys larnt him, and, I tell you, he's a rig'lar circus, all to hisself."

"I should think it might interfere with his ever becoming what the advertisements call 'a good family horse,'" said I.

"Wal, he never was lost, so I hain't advertised him," replied the old man: and whether it was humor or a blunder, I don't know to this hour. "But he's awful for tricks, and I thought mebbey you was on the look out for sich a fellar."

I remarked that as I was traveling, I did not see my way clear to carrying luggage of the sort along, however much I might be tempted by the description.

The old man said vaguely, "one more or less couldn't make nor break;" but I did not know what he meant; and as I seldom ask questions, I did not request him to throw light on the subject. I turned to walk away.

"So you don't want a pony?" he asked, in a rather disappointed tone. "I tell you, Dan Rice never had his beat."

I said mildly, but firmly, that I did not want him; perhaps Dan Rice would, if he happened along. I was surprised to see the silver-haired old man change from extreme affability to downright anger.

"'Tain't no use to be huffed or stuck up," said he. "This here's a free country, an' a man may offer his tricky pony fur sale, ef he consates to."

"And he may sell him, my good friend, if he can find a purchaser," said I, laughing.

"Wal, bein' huffed or stuck up ain't no good," he persisted; "ef a chap's Humpty-Dumpty, or Emprer of Austr'y. Now, 'spose I was to fetch the pony in to-morrow and let you take a squint at him?"

I told him I had no doubt that it would be bliss to watch the pony go through his evolutions and hear him snort; but as I expected to leave at eight in the morning, I feared I should not have time.

"Oh!" said the old man. "Then you don't kerry on yourself; you go a-head and fix things, I 'spose."

I became convinced that the silver-haired was a lunatic; and the "tricky" pony a figment of his diseased brain; so I walked away, and he departed, looking back over his shoulder to add,

"I tell you he's a snorter; and 'taint no use to be huffy, and stuck-up."

I put my pipe in my pocket, and went up stairs. As I entered the parlor, I saw a tall, gaunt woman standing in front of my wife, and talking with a good deal of animation—a very formidable-looking woman, with virtue and philanthropy in every fold of her dress. She was so busy talking that she did not notice my approach, and my wife was leaning back on her sofa, and regarding her with an expression of placid surprise.

"I felt that I should like to talk with you a little," said the stern woman. "I made up my mind to before I went out to chapel this morning."

"So you have told me," replied my wife, blandly.

"I never shrink from my duty," pursued Virtue. "I trust that I never shall."

"If it would be the means of disturbing your conscience, I hope you never may," said my wife.

"And I am thankful that I see my duty clearer than many people," continued Virtue; "and I never hesitate to speak a warning word, and never shall."

My wife here became conscious of my propinquity, and motioned me to be silent when I was about to ask her why she did not go away. There was an expression of suppressed but intense enjoyment of the scene in her face, which I was at a loss to understand.

"I never wish to be harsh in my judgments," continued Virtue. "An irresistible fate may have thrown one, as a child, into a sinful profession, but it is never too late to leave it, if only some disciple will speak a warning word. But nothing I could say would be comparable to the eloquence of these little productions that I hold in my hand—their very titles are enough to thrill a sinner's heart."

Here she glared at some pamphlets she held, and read in an impressive voice,

"Vices with a gilded front." (Theatrical amusements, explained Virtue.) "Lies and Liars." (Novels and novel-writers, interpolated Virtue.) "But the one to which I wish particularly to call your attention, is this, headed—To Perdition on Horseback!"

Virtue waved the pamphlet like a fiery sword in the air.

"The perils of the Circus—the fate of its performers are here depicted in language that would move a heart of stone," pursued Virtue. "Oh, take it—read it! Forsake this life! If that person I saw with you this morning is your

husband, leave him if he persists in clinging to his present occupation."

"I think," said my wife, sweetly, "that I will bid you good-day. I am very tired. My dear," to me, "are we going out to walk?"

Virtue turned and saw me. I suppose I did not look amiable, for she shook the pamphlets anew, and said, in a loud voice,

"I have done my duty—I have uttered the warning! Man, man, look to yourself! Unless you are the Father of Evil, permitted for a season to walk abroad in human shape, and lead captive the souls of idle women, reflect and tremble!"

"My dear, amiable madwoman," said I, "I am not the father of anything as yet. Would you mind going away and attend to your own business?"

"It is my business to warn, to exhort, to implore," said she. "When I see sinners dancing on the brink of perdition, I must speak."

"Very well; you have spoken," said I. "This is a large room—suppose you warn the people at the other end of it."

"The rest of your misguided company are in a room by themselves," cried Virtue, growing very angry. "That room was set aside for you. When I came here yesterday, and found who were expected, I spoke to the landlord; he assured me that it should be done. You have no business here. I desire you to leave this apartment—there are youths and maidens here."

"Are you the housekeeper?" I asked.

I thought she would explode in her wrath.

"Man," cried she, "I am Mrs. Walter Endicott, of Salem, in the next county. My husband is judge of the court—how dare you!"

When she spoke the name, I understood my wife's intense enjoyment of the proceeding; but by this time I was too much vexed to carry on the farce.

"My dear Mrs. Walter Endicott," said I, "unless you vacate this end of the room speedily, I shall do myself the pleasure of having you removed from the house as a nuisance. That you are ill-tempered and illogical is your own affair; that you are a bore is mine—I decline enduring you longer."

She stood for an instant an open-mouthed wrath, but no words came—and she marched out of the room.

As soon as she was gone, my wife went into one of her spasms of laughter; and I joined.

"Did you ever hear of so ridiculous an adventure?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"Never! Just before she came up to me,

she was talking with an acquaintance, who called her by name. She was telling how anxious she was to get home to meet the friends she expected to-morrow; she had missed a train, and was obliged to stay here."

Virtue was the lady we had been invited to visit—the elderly female whom my unfortunate connection had lately married.

Of course, my readers see that we had been taken for the manager and manageress of a circus company, which I found afterward was at this very hotel.

We departed for our room, but, as if there was to be no end of blunders, we got into the private sitting-room, where several of the circus troupe were seated—one of the women, let me remark in passing, was actually reading a little French prayer-book. There was an invalid—wife of the manager—lying on a sofa, with as sweet, refined-looking face as I ever saw. She received our excuses; told an odd story of a similar blunder, which made us laugh; and the end of the matter was, that we absolutely spent the evening with the pantomimists, and found them very agreeable people; and I think I never heard so many amusing stories in my life.

The next morning we went our way—waiting for a later train than that which Virtue took. We stopped at the town where she lived, but, instead of going to her house, invaded the dwelling of an old fellow-student of mine, whom we had promised a visit after we had done our

duty by Mrs. Endicott, his wife having been a girlish companion of my wife's.

They were hugely delighted at our story, and not being fond of Virtue, at least in the person of Mrs. Walter Endicott, were glad to have her mortified.

She heard of our arrival, and came over that very evening to find out why we had not descended at her hospitable mansion. Our dear little hostess maliciously gave her no explanation whatever, but brought her straight into the room where we were seated with several of her neighbors and acquaintances, and before she could get her breath, made the introduction.

"My dear Mrs. Endicott," said my wife, "have you brought the tracts?"

Mrs. Endicott gasped, and threw up her hands.

"I thought Mrs. Endicott considered pantomime wicked," said I.

Virtue absolutely retreated—got out of the house, and we never saw her again; for she professed the next morning to receive an urgent message to visit a sick relative, and so hurried away.

I print this little sketch without scruple, not only because I think the effect may be beneficial on Mrs. Walter Endicott, but for the benefit of others—impersonations of virtue, who have not yet learned "that minding one's own business" is the golden rule of life, and that to go headlong even into good works, is sometimes a very unsafe proceeding.

"OH! WHY SHOULD I RETURN?"

BY HELEN A. BAINS.

Oh! why should I, my native land,

Return again to thee,

And view the treasures you contain,

That once were dear to me?

Contented now, this heart must find

A home in distant lands,

For that which once was mine to love

Has passed to other hands.

And strangers' voices fill the rooms

That once re-echoed ours,

And strangers' feet have pressed the paths

We once adorned with flowers.

Another hand has trained the vine

And bid its tendrils twine;

The rose is now another's care,

That knew its touch but mine.

I could not bear, within those rooms,

To hear a stranger's tone,

Or see the print of strangers' feet

Within the haunts I've known.

A thousand tender memories,

In close connection twine,

And link to room, and walk, and flower,

This wayward heart of mine.

I should not see my mother stand

Within the door-way now,

To greet me with the pleasant smile

That I was wont to know.

I should not hear the welcome tread

Of one that now is gone,

Or seek with listening ear to catch

His well-remembered tone.

Another's form would fill the place

Within the corner there,

Where we, with tearful eyes, beheld

Our father's "vacant chair."

And I should turn away with grief

From that familiar room,

To seek a spot more sacred still,

That's hallowed by his tomb.

Then why should I, my native land,

Return to thee again?

The sight of home, so altered now,

Would only give me pain.

Gone, gone are all the cherished forms.

For which my spirit yearns;

Then why should I, my native land,

Oh! why should I return?

KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN SIR LAUNCELOT."

CHAPTER I.

"THERE she goes!" said Fayne, "on that light-built black. Jove! how she rides!"

All the men rushed to the window, as men will rush, to look at a feminine celebrity. Three of them there were—Brandon, Coyne, and Meynell. Fayne had a place in the window before. One man had not moved—that man was Carl Seymour; and belles were not his hobby, so he kept his seat and went on sketching.

"She," who was properly represented by Kate Davenant, passed by the Ocean House on a dashing trot, her groom following her; and when she was out of sight, the men came back to their seats again.

"I wonder if it's true?" said Brandon, half hesitatingly.

"If what is true?" asked Fayne.

"About—— Well, they say she is such a dreadful flirt, you know. She don't look like it."

Carl Seymour shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't be so guileless, my dear fellow," he said. "Women never do 'look like it.' Innocence is their chief characteristic. Do you suppose Eve 'looked like it' when she gave Adam the apple? No! If she had done, the masculine part of humanity, at least, would have been rusticoating in the Garden of Eden to the present day."

"Have you ever met her?" asked Coyne, suddenly.

"Eve? No, not to my recollection."

"Miss Davenant, I mean?"

"No."

"Well," said Coyne, with an odd tone in his voice, "don't form any opinion until you have. You might be sorry afterward. Older men than you have risked their whole happiness upon that woman; wiser and as cool-headed men (I don't think there are many cooler-headed) would have given their lives for a smile from her lips." And he walked to the window with his hands in his pockets, and began to whistle softly. A little silence followed, one of those unaccountable silences which, sometimes, fall upon talkers with an odd sense of present discomfort or warning for the future.

Coyne was the oldest of the party, who were spending the summer at Newport. Kate Dave-

nant had been the last arrival, and as she was a woman, and beautiful, she had been pretty liberally discussed. Perhaps the discussion had been all the more liberal, because Miss Davenant's fame had reached Newport before her. People, the stronger sex more especially, had a great deal to say about Miss Davenant. About her perfection of beauty, in the first place; about her wonderful magnetic fascination; about the tastefulness of her toilets; and last, but not least, about her aunt and chaperon, Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery. The latter lady was certainly all that society could desire as an indorsement. Rich, well-born, a leader of the ton in New York, her right to rule supreme was not to be disputed. But that did not account for Miss Davenant. Some bold inquirer had once ventured to ask about Kate, but had been decidedly snubbed, for Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery had merely placed her eyeglass in her aristocratic eye and stared her down, saying, "Kate is my adopted daughter," and from that day the irrepressible member had been "cut." So the matter rested, when Miss Davenant made her first appearance at Newport. Her costumes were superb pieces of art, her air was perfect, the witchery of her manner carried all before it. She might be the heiress of millions, even of billions, or she might be merely a dependant upon Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery—a poor relation—but to some people the uncertainty made the situation all the more piquant.

"George!" ejaculated young Spooney, who was an unsung hero on the look out for a fortune, "it's like a lottery, jolly, but dangerous. Fellow puts down his money, and draws either a prize or a blank."

Now I will go back to the men who helped me to open my story.

Brandon, Fayne, and Meynell, have gone to play billiards. Coyne and Seymour have stayed behind. The man with the clear eyes, straight features, and down-drooping blonde mustache, is Carl Seymour: the dark-faced man who leans upon the window is Angus Coyne.

"I remember just such an evening as this spent by the sea-side nine—no, ten years ago," said Seymour, and he broke off with a short, half-forced laugh.

Coyne looked up at him.

"What," he said, "have you a romance, too?" Seymour laughed again.

"Yes. The oldest of all romances. A romance with a nine-year-old heroine."

"A romance, indeed," said Coyne. "But how did it become one?"

Seymour threw himself into an arm-chair, and looked out at the sea again with something of thought in his face.

"There are strange things in a man's life," he said, musingly. "I often look back on mine, and wonder at the changing path that leads us all to the one ending—a mound of earth covering all our old faults and stumblings. There has been plenty of change in mine, but only one romance, and Miss Davenant and the sea brought it back to me to-night."

"Miss Davenant?"

"Yes. Kate Davenant you said: and a Kate, or Kathleen, was my little heroine. Wait a moment. You shall see her."

He went to his desk and brought out a package of drawings, laying them before his friend.

"Look at her," he said, with a glow in his eyes. "The little darling! Kathleen Mavourneen, I used to call her."

There were about a dozen rough pictures, some larger, some smaller, some half-finished, some perfect, and colored: but all taken from one model. A slender, wild-looking child, with great stars of eyes, and wonderful tangled hair. The prettiest, and most perfect of all, was colored, and showed her standing, barefooted and bareheaded, ankle-deep in the tide, picking up shells; her cheeks all abloom, her magnificent, unkempt hair blown out like a flame-colored banner, and tossing over her shoulders.

"That was the first time I saw her," commented Carl. "It was at a little village on the coast of Maine, where she lived with her old grandmother. Nine years ago," with a half sigh. "How time flies."

"She is a weird-looking little beauty," said Coyne. "But how did your story end?"

"Practically. Perhaps a little sadly, too. It ended with my good-bys, and with Kathleen's arms round my neck, and her tawny mane blowing in my eyes as she kissed me. No woman has kissed me since—sometimes I think no woman ever will. 'Kathleen Mavourneen' spoiled me for the rest of womankind."

"Don't let her prove fatal to your happiness," jested Coyne. "Kates are dangerous; and, do you know, this child-love of yours is not unlike that most dangerous of all Kates—Kate Davenant?"

"I hope not," said Seymour, quickly. "I would rather think not."

"Why not?" asked Coyne, as quickly. "You say you have never seen her?"

"No; and I don't know why, unless that I want to keep my little Kathie to myself. I don't want to hear men speak of her as they speak of Miss Davenant. It may seem absurd and romantic to you, but I think if ever I saw Kate Ogilvie again, I should make her my wife; and I don't wish to think men have made bets on my wife's flirtations, and called her the Circe."

Coyne did not answer. He was thinking of Kathleen Mavourneen—not Seymour's, but Kathleen Mavourneen, as Kate Davenant had sung it to him, a few months ago, in the old-fashioned hotel-garden on the banks of the Rhine; for Kate and her aunt had just come back from a tour of two years in Europe. Kate Davenant had been his romance. Had been, I say, because the romance was over now, and he had only been one of the many whom men had made bets about; only one of the many who had succumbed to the charming of the woman they called the Circe.

CHAPTER II.

On an elegant little stand, in a charming dressing-room, stood a bouquet of scarlet and white blossoms, fringed with feathery grasses: and opposite the stand, sitting in a luxurious arm-chair, lounged Kate Davenant.

Kate Davenant! It could be no other. Look at her! Slender, rounded limbs; face like snow, with a soft rose-red palpitating on either cheek; eyes dark and brilliant; great masses of brown, satiny hair, that, in some lights, looked almost black. She wore a white morning-dress, with open sleeves, that showed the beautifully rounded arm; and in the bosom of the dress were some fresh flowers. Her attitude was pensive: and yet one hardly realized that so gay and bright a countenance could be pensive, even for a moment. The artistic light, falling upon her artistic face; her small, arched feet, in their pretty slippers; the easy, graceful lines of the half-lounging figure—what a picture it was! Suddenly she jumped from the chair, and went to the cheval glass. She glanced at herself, from arching foot to shining, delicate head, just as a critical observer might look at a beautiful picture. There was something in her eyes that seemed a little like fascination, as she drew nearer and nearer, until the bright, morning sunshine, falling full

upon her, brought out all the brilliancy of rose-red and dazzling white on her skin. She gazed at it all for a few moments, and then her lips parted in an oddly scornful, ungirlish laugh.

"What is it all worth?" she said. "The outline is graceful, the tinting rich and delicate. What will it bring, I wonder? But the picture goes to the highest bidder, of course."

It was so bitterly said, that the very energy seemed to rouse her from her late languid mood. She rang for her maid.

"Lotte," she said, when the girl came in, "where did those flowers come from?" and she pointed to the bouquet upon the stand.

"Mr. Griffith sent them. They arrived this morning early."

Miss Davenant shrugged her shoulders.

"Where is Mrs. Montgomery?"

"In her room. There was a note, ma'am-selle, with the flowers."

"That will do."

When the girl was gone, she took the note in her hand and read it with the little, oddly sarcastic, smile curving her lips.

"Very pretty, Mr. Griffith!" shrugging her shoulders again. "Very pretty, indeed—but is it wise? Do you know how many people send bouquets and make these charming speeches? Nevertheless, since you desire it——" She stopped, and taking a waxen camelia from the cluster, put it in a small glass by itself. "There, it will keep fresher now, and I will wear it this evening," she said.

Three years ago there would have been a little pang of remorse in her heart; for this poor Tom Griffith, who sent the flowers, was an honest young fellow, and loved her as only an honest-hearted simpleton can love a woman who was such a woman as Kate Davenant was. "The Circe," the men called her. Well, well, when a woman loses her faith in the world, God help her, and mankind pity her, I say! Kate Davenant had lost her faith long ago. Perhaps, as I tell my story, you will understand how she had lost it; but now I can only show her to you as a woman, whose wonderful grace and beauty turned the great game of hearts into her hands, and brought new excitement into her half frothed-out life.

"What has the world done for me?" she had asked herself, bitterly, a thousand times. "There may be love and truth in it, but I have not seen it yet, heaven help me!"

So it was that she wore Tom Griffith's flower that night, with a little sarcastic remembrance of how many flowers she had worn before, and

how many flowers she had flung aside as soon as she tired of them.

She went down to Mrs. Montgomery after she was dressed, and found that aristocratic matron in a humor which was none of the best.

"It's perfectly absurd!" said her aunt. "I came here to escape Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and no sooner do I find a comfortable parlor in a hotel, than Brown, Jones, and Robinson, make an invasion. I thought Newport was select, but in the present state of society no place is select. One runs against Brown in Paris, meets Jones in full costume on Mount Blanc, and has Robinson staring one in the face at the Tuileries. I will tell you what I have been thinking of, Kate. I saw, yesterday, in our drive, that a handsome house was to be let down the Avenue. Why shouldn't we take it for the season?"

"We might," said Miss Davenant. "I, for one, am tired of hotel life."

Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery looked meditatively for a moment.

"We will," she said, at last. "One feels so much more at ease in a private establishment."

Mrs. Montgomery was a decisive, business-like woman, and her "We will," was conclusive; so, that point disposed of, she turned her attention to another.

"Where did you get your flowers from?" she asked.

Kate glanced indolently at the reflected blossoms in the pier-glass, and smiled a little.

"From Mr. Griffith."

Her aunt put her eyeglass in her eye, and coughed somewhat reprovingly.

"Very good, my dear. And Mr. — Mr. —, this young man, whatever his name is, got them at the florists, and paid a ruinous price for the pleasure of seeing you wear them. You are a very handsome woman, Kate—but don't you think that sort of thing may be carried too far?"

Kate shrugged her shoulders with a little haughty, indifferent gesture. She did not like interference, even from her aunt.

"My dear aunt," she said, "I wear the green ticket yet, you know, and, as a wearer of the green ticket, am entitled to a little amusement. I am very wicked, of course, and 'this sort of thing' is very shocking; but then, you see, wouldn't life be a trifle wearing without it? Our life, I mean. We don't look forward to domestic felicity, and the days of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses lie a few centuries behind us."

Her aunt's reply was very laconic. She never entered into discussion.

"You please yourself, of course," she said. "My remark was a mere suggestion. I don't think there is any fear of your getting romantic notions, at least."

The following day, Mrs. Montgomery proceeded to make arrangements connected with her new establishment, and within a week she took possession, with the full intent of enjoying herself.

"If I like the place as much as ever at the end of the season, I will buy it," she said to Kate.

A few days later, as Miss Davenant sat at the piano, her aunt came in from making some calls.

"You remember the Scotchman we met in Germany, Kate?" she asked. "Coyne his name was."

Kate's hands dropped away from the keys, and her face caught an expression of faint interest.

"Yes. What reminded you of him?"

"I met him to-day at the Farnhams. He came with a friend to call on Alice. The friend was quite a striking-looking man. His name was Carl Seymour, and he is an artist."

"Carl Seymour, did you say?"

"Yes. What a pity such men should be thrown into such places. I told them they might call on us. Where is Lottie? I want her."

When her relative had gone in search of Lottie, Kate Davenant got up from the piano and walked to the hearth, resting both elbows on the mantle, and looking at herself. There was a brief space, in which the beautiful face the pier-glass reflected, was quite clear to her sight; but, then, something strangely like tears blurred the reflection with their mist, and at last she dropped her face with a little rising tremor in her throat. Tears did not come easily into Kate Davenant's eyes; but now the fresh breath of sea air blowing through the open window, mingled itself with an old memory of childish days, so much purer and better than her womanhood, that her eyes filled in spite of all.

"I wonder if he has forgotten? Men forget these things more easily than women. But ah, me! nine years—nine years, and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is a woman of the world."

When Coyne and Seymour returned from their call upon Alice Farnham, they talked about Mrs. Montgomery and her niece.

"I may be a fool!" said Coyne, with his gray

eyes flashing. "I may be a fool, but I do not forget her—I never can!"

In their room they found Tom Griffith waiting for them, evidently in a very ecstatic frame of mind.

"I've been to Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery's," he said. "Kate—Miss Davenant—has promised to drive out with me this evening;" and he glanced down rather sheepishly at a rose in his button-hole.

Carl seated himself before his easel and began to work, whistling the while softly. Was there never a man yet who had resisted Kate Davenant's witchery? He had never heard of one: and in a half-angered wonder at her fascination, he felt a certain haughty power to resist it himself.

It was weeks before he saw her. Newport grew gayer and gayer, and Mrs. Montgomery's entertainments were the principal features in its gayety. Kate rode by the hotel every day, sometimes with one adorer, sometimes with another, and sometimes only with a groom: but Seymour never cared to look up. The men brought stories of her, and grew loud in their admiration of her grace; and every man who spoke of her was one added to the list of victims.

But, at last, a sensation arose in the shape of croquet-parties, and at the first of these assemblies Carl met the syren. The party was given at the Farnhams; and when he made his appearance, pretty, good-natured Alice took possession of him, and proceeded to enlighten him as to various members of the company.

"The gentleman with the dark face is the new nabob, Mr. Collier; and that tall gentleman is our literary lion, Gerald Colycinth; and the one standing near him is a senator. It takes all sorts of people to make up a croquet-party: but one must have a sprinkling of celebrities, you know. Now, I want to show you somebody very important. Let me see—where is she? But, of course, you have seen Miss Davenant—the Circe, as they call her?"

"Not, 'of course,'" said Carl, "because I have not yet had that pleasure."

Alice's blue eyes flew open.

"Is it possible? Why, every one is going crazy about her."

"Pray, except me," replied Carl, with mock gravity. "I am anxious to preserve my senses."

"Wait until you know her," laughed Alice. "Ah! there she is. The center of attraction of that knot of gentlemen. They always *do* crowd around her in that manner, celebrities and all. It is my impression the senator would give his

seat for a smile. How does she manage to dress so perfectly?"

As Alice said, Kate was, as usual, the center of attraction of a knot of the enslaved. Carl looked at her, and fairly caught his breath. He was an artist, and the wonderful perfection of tinting in wearer and costume struck him with an intense pleasure. Some world-reading Frenchwoman has said, "Give me a handsome pair of eyes, and I will do the rest." Kate Davenant had not only the eyes, but every other beauty; and then she thoroughly understood what the Frenchwoman spoke of as "the rest." Dress is a rather powerful attraction, and in this age of improvements beauty unadorned would be quite likely to be pronounced a dowdy. Keeping this in mind, Miss Davenant ruled supreme. Of her dress, I will only say that it was a wonderful piece of art, and from satiny puffs to slender foot a charming blending of delicate pearl-gray lace, and flowers.

"Charmed already?" jested Alice, looking at Carl's watching face.

He shook his head.

"No. I am thinking of something. Do you remember the poem?"

"As you sit where lustrous strike you,
Sure to please,
Do we love you most, or like you,
Belle Marquise."

Alice tapped the tip of her slim slipper meditatively with her mallet. She was a nice girl, but her good-nature did not make her very fond of Kate Davenant. A woman who is a belle is very rarely a favorite with her own sex—and Miss Davenant's success was too universal to make the feminine darlings absolutely adore her; and apart from that, Alice Farnham had a small thorn on her own account in the shape of Tom Griffith. Tom Griffith was her cousin, and until lately something a little more; but circumstances alter cases, and this case, the Circe had altered herself, and doing so had not gained pretty Alice's fervent esteem. Accordingly, the young lady did not defend her against Seymour's quotation.

CHAPTER III.

MISS DAVENANT went through her croquet, as she went through everything else, with gracefulness and success. The people who looked upon the game scientifically, were charmed with her interest and knowledge of its points; and those who regarded it merely as a game, found time to be charmed with her beautiful face and spirited comments. Once

or twice, during the evening, she glanced toward Carl Seymour with a quick searching in her eyes.

"Who is he?" she asked of Tom Griffith, as she sent the senator's ball spinning across the lawn. "The slender man, with the blonde mustache, I mean."

"Don't you know him?" asked Tom, a little surprised. "That's Carl Seymour."

"An artist, is he not?" said Kate, coolly. "Mind where you send that ball."

"Yes. Painted 'Ulysses and the Syrens'—that picture there was such a furor about."

"I remember. Quite a celebrity, I should imagine," and she went on with her croquet.

Half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, Carl Seymour passed her, and always with such a cool, careless face, that she could not fail to notice it—another woman might have been annoyed. Not so Kate Davenant. She knew better than to feel displeasure at an indifference which she was certain to overcome. Perhaps it pleased her a little. At any rate, it piqued her curiously. But, at last, on his way to recover a truant ball, Carl passed her as she stood in a little knot of admirers, laughing. There was a wonderful silver tone in her laughter, and something in it struck Carl Seymour, when he heard it, with an odd sense of remembrance. Where had he heard the laugh before? Then he turned and looked at her face. His glance did not seem to trouble her; the fringed, purple eyes swept him from head to foot, and then Miss Davenant took up the thread of her conversation. He had never seen such eyes as those but once before; and his memory went back to the rock-bound shore, and the sweet child-face so like, yet so unlike this girl's—the face of the child-love he had called Kathleen Mavourneen.

He stood at some little distance listening to her and looking at her. The rose-red fluttered on her cheek, and the soft, large eyes opened and drooped. The usually grave senator gazed at the fair face entranced, and listened for every ring of her sweet laugh, as he would have listened for the notes of a prima donna. There was a curious contest going on in Carl Seymour's mind. He was wondering whether Miss Davenant attracted or repelled him. The sweet flower-face struck every artistic taste; the memory in the silver laugh touched him he knew not how; but then again came a remembrance of the stories he had heard, stories which to a proud, fastidious man seemed almost terrible. It might be a beautiful woman who wore Tom Griffith's flowers, and dazzled proud

men with her smiles: but was it a true one! Others might have been content with the rose-leaf tints and star eyes. Carl Seymour was not. He was a man apt to be a little sarcastic and severe upon women of the world; and as he watched Kate Davenant, he thought of the marquise again, and wondered if the application was not correct.

"You are just a porcelain trifle,
Belle Marquise;
Just a thing of puffs and patches,
Made for madrigals and catches,
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
Oh, Marquise!"

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
Belle Marquise;
Fate tendre, rose Du Barry,
Quick at verbal point and parry;
Clever, certes—but to marry—
No, Marquise!"

He was thinking over this as Miss Davenant chatted with the enamored senator, and laughed musically at poor Tom Griffith's somewhat far-fetched witticisms. He was thinking about it when, at last, she took the senator's arm, and came toward Carl's side of the lawn.

He was an elderly bachelor, this senator; and, like most elderly bachelors, quite susceptible, and felt more than senatorial dignity as he crossed the ground with the exquisitely gloved hand resting upon his portly arm, and Kate's voice softened deferentially. One of the fair hands was ungloved, and after the trailing dress had swept by him, glancing downward, Carl Seymour caught sight of a delicately-tinted trifle of pearl-gray glove lying at his feet. He took it up. Such a trifle as it was! Such a very *bijou* of kid and silver-thread embroidery! Just with the very moulding of the soft fingers, with the very faint fragrance of lilies floating over it. Carl smiled a little with a half sensation of pleasure, it was so pretty. A few steps took him to Miss Davenant's side, and a few words attracted her attention.

"Pardon me!" he said, bowing. "But you have dropped your glove."

Just a faint flutter of red on her cheek as she took it from his hand, just a soft uplifting of the dark-fringed eyes.

"I thank you!" she said, returning his bow, and then she passed him.

Only two words, and such simple ones; but it was the Circe who had uttered them, and in the sweet, sweet voice which had touched so many hearts before. It had hardly occupied a minute's time; and when she passed on, she seemed to have forgotten it, and the voice that addressed the senator was just as sweet. Nevertheless, Carl felt a little spell-bound, in spite of

his sarcasm. He forgot about the marquise, and stood still looking after her.

"I don't wonder at their calling her the Circe," he said. And then the old memory came back to him, and he added lowly, though smiling at his fancy, "Kathleen Mavourneen! Kathleen Mavourneen!"

As he stood there, he saw an elderly lady coming from the house, leaning on a gentleman's arm. A once handsome woman, perhaps a belle in her time, but just now suggestive of a dowager, in the sere and yellow leaf, and at the same time a woman with a great deal of haughtiness in her carriage, and cool speculation in her keen, handsome eyes. He knew who it was. He had seen Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery before, and guessed rightly that she intended to renew her acquaintance with him. Mrs. Montgomery understood precisely how much a celebrity was worth in the fashionable world, and "Ulysses and the Syrens" had done a great deal toward earning Carl Seymour a name.

She stopped on reaching him, and introduced her companion, the gentleman who was Alice Farnham had spoken of as our "literary lion."

"Lions, both of you!" she said, nodding her handsome old head. "How is it that you have not been roaring this evening, Mr. Seymour? When we are so fortunate as to secure a lion in our menagerie of society, we consider ourselves cheated if he don't exhibit his leonine characteristics."

"But I am such a very young lion," laughed Carl. "Quite a cub, one might say. And wouldn't my roar be a little too mild among the full-grown quadrupeds?"

Mrs. Montgomery laughed, too. She liked men who were apt and self-possessed—and this gentleman seemed to be both.

"You are too modest," she said. "But I must not forget what I came here for. Why don't you call on us? Kate saw your picture last season, and has been talking about it ever since. Art and artists are her hobby. She has been collecting gems for the last three years."

Carl smilingly accepted the invitation. Fate had certainly taken him in hand, and Fate rules us all. When Mrs. Montgomery carried her lion back to the house, she also carried Carl's promise that he would call upon her the next day.

"Kate will be delighted to see you," she said, with the smiling nod. "Good-evening!"

After that my hero went over to Alice Farnham, and chatted with her until the company

dispersed, and then he returned home and looked at the picture of little Kathie, wondering at the resemblance between the two pairs of tender eyes.

Eleven the next morning found him at Mrs. Montgomery's. He had sent up his card, and was waiting her appearance. He looked round the room carelessly. Traces of "Kate" here and there—in the pretty work-table, on which lay an open book with a filmy handkerchief flung upon its pages, and in the pearl card-case, with a tasseled glove lying by it—the very glove he had picked up the day before. He saw it, and smiled. There were many paintings hung against the walls, and suddenly one of them catching his eye, he rose, uttering an exclamation of surprise. It was a very small picture, but its frame was heavy and rich in the extreme, and the subject a little weird and wild—just a strip of rocky shore, with gray, tossing waves sweeping into a little cove, and heavy, purple clouds glowering above. Spirited, very, and perfect both in outline and coloring. Evidently the work of no unpracticed hand.

But it was not this which had given rise to Seymour's exclamation. The scene was the most familiar of the many connected with the by-gone romance. It was the little bay, on the coast of Maine, where Kathie's red cloak had always been his signal among the rocks. When Mrs. Montgomery entered, he was still standing before the painting; and after the first salutations were over, he began to question her.

"May I ask where it came from?" he said. "I thought no one knew that spot but myself."

"Kate painted it," replied her ladyship, a thought indifferently. "She is always dashing off some little wild scene or other. I don't know where she gets them from. Ah, Kate! here you are to answer for yourself."

Miss Davenant had just opened the door, and stood before them with a great bunch of red roses in her hand. She came forward and laid them on the table, and on her aunt's introduction, extended her hand with the old charming smile. She was glad to meet Mr. Seymour. She had made his acquaintance by reputation long ago. How could picture-lovers thank him for "Ulysses and the Sirens?" There was nothing of effect in her manner, nothing of ancestry to produce an impression. Simply the grace and elegance of a graceful and elegant woman of the world, who desired to please, and knew how to do it. Witching deference enslaved the senator, her face alone was enough

for Tom Griffith, but Carl Seymour stood apart from other men, and she only helped Fate a little with her tender eyes and exquisite voice.

"I have been asking your aunt about this painting," said Seymour, at last. "She tells me you are the artist. It cannot possibly be a fancy picture?"

She looked up at it smiling.

"No," she said. "It is a scene from memory. It was my home once."

Seymour was almost angry with himself for the wild supposition which flashed upon him. And yet the coincidence was so odd. He glanced at the slim hand upon which the sunlight struck whitely, upon the brown, burnished hair, and then at the clear-cut, flawless face. Only the large, heavily-fringed eyes held anything of remembrance for him. The rest was beautiful, but that was all. The subject dropped quietly.

He listened to the soft voice as she talked to him with perfect grace in every word and tone, and as he listened, wondered if the same spell lay upon other men as lay upon him. It was not such a spell as he had imagined it to be—not the witchery of a coquette; something finer, something more like the subtle instinct of a fair woman who has seen the world, and understanding it, still retains her tendersweetness. In this lay the secret of Kate Davenant's success. Every man forgot, in her presence, that other men had seen the same smiles, and heard the same musical inflections of her voice. Carl Seymour forgot this, too. It was hard to realize that such eyes as these could be false; that of this stately, fair-faced girl people had said, "There are men whom her beauty and vanity have driven to worse than death." I am telling a story frankly, and will not profess to hide that Carl Seymour was a better man than Kate Davenant was a woman. The influences upon their lives had been different. The one had seen purity and honor, the other worldliness and the world. So it was that it was easier for Carl Seymour to believe that he had deceived himself, than to believe that the woman who seemed true could be deceiving him. That he was bitter against worldliness, I have told you, but the memory of a stately, womanly mother, and a true, pure-hearted little sister, in his far-away home, made him readier to be merciful than he would otherwise have been. Kate Davenant, too, was, perhaps, a little truer to herself to-day than she generally was—for there were old memories thrilling her as she watched his handsome, cavalier face. She showed him the collection of art-pets, of which

Mrs. Montgomery had spoken. Forgetting the Circe in her natural pleasure at his familiarity with, and interest in them, she lost herself in her animation, and stood with uplifted eyes and soft, rose-red on her cheek, as he warmed into enthusiasm over the art he loved so well. She had seen the grand master-pieces of which he spoke, and knew them as well as he did; but there were subtle, tender touches in their grandeur and beauty which she had dreamed of vaguely, but which grew into great, glowing truths under his warmth and eloquence. Carl turned upon her suddenly once, and saw something of this earnestness in her face. Years ago he had seen the same rapt expression before, and its reproduction made him catch his breath with a swift heart-throb.

Mrs. Montgomery was delighted. This was a lion to boast of; and when he left them, her invitations were even more cordial than before.

"Kate," she said, when the door had closed behind him, "that man is a genius. What a pity he is so abominably poor. Mr. Coyne tells me he has absolutely nothing to depend upon but his art. If it was not for his circumstances, I should say he was exactly the man you ought to marry."

Miss Davenant was toying with a red rose, and she tore it into two pieces, slowly and deliberately, before she gave her answer.

"I don't think he is. Mr. Seymour is a truthful, honest man, and I am not a truthful, honest woman. Besides, as you intimate, intellect and honor are not marketable qualities." And she tossed the rose from her with a little impatient, disgusted gesture, and taking her coral-case from the table, left Mrs. Montgomery alone to her meditations.

Her aunt shrugged her shoulders.

Below, another incident occurred. As Seymour passed through the hall, he caught sight of a blood-red rose lying upon the floor. It had dropped from the hand of Kate Davenant had brought into the drawing-room, and because of this he stooped and picked it up. He hardly knew his reason at the time, but long after he remembered it, and remembered, too, the little thrill that passed through him as its rich fragrance floated upward.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this first visit, there came some change into Carl Seymour's manner of living. The world saw more of him, and heard more of him, too, for Mrs. Montgomery sounded the praises of her pet-lion far and wide. People liked

him, this poor, proud young artist, and courted him, in spite of his poverty.

Women liked his handsome face, and were glad to see it everywhere, even liked his high-bred geniality, and were glad to meet him. Select society came to see the pictures in his rooms, and one or two connoisseurs made flattering comments on them. He had not come to Newport, like the rest of mankind, for recreation; he had come to take advantage of the peculiar scenery, and he worked hard with a cool sort of immovable energy. In his working hours he contracted a habit of sketching Kate Davenant's face on scraps of paper, and then tearing them up with a half-sneering wonder if he were as weak as the rest. There was a small bust of Clytie on his mantle-piece—a delicate, pure-faced head, with shoulders rising from the cup of a lily; and this star-faced Clytie he had bought because he fancied it was like Kate Davenant. There was the same soft droop of the lips, the same delicately-moulded chin and throat, and the same rich, curving ripple on the hair—the curving ripple one always sees on the heads of Greek statuary. He used to stop and look at it sometimes when he was tired, gaining something of inspiration from the calm, snowy face. In society he met Miss Davenant often, and a little instinct of half-recognized familiarity grew up between them. It was a dangerous position he was in, and all the more so, because he was unconscious of its danger. He thought it was only her beauty that attracted him so. He thought his bitterness against the faults people assigned to her would save him and keep him strong; he thought anything and everything but the truth, and so blindly allowed the current of events to sweep him onward to the general vortex.

Mrs. Montgomery had taken a wonderful fancy to him, and exhibited her preference as she never exhibited preference for others. When she met him in society, she would offer him a seat at her side, and give him the full benefit of her experience, talking to him with an odd brilliance, and apt sarcasm, which was truthful and world-reading beyond measure.

"I like men who have their fortunes to carve out," she said, on one occasion, laying her handsome hand on his shoulder as she looked at a picture that rested upon his easel. "I am tired of people who are born with the silver spoon. Kate is just such a woman as you are a man."

Carl laughed a little, and asked how Miss Davenant was like him.

"In her manner of thinking," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And in her haughtiness and self-reliance. Not that she shows her characteristics. She is too fond of popularity for that, and society keeps her within bounds."

And so Kate was fond of popularity and admiration. Carl thought of "*la belle marguise*" again, and forgot to look at the Clytie once that day. But in the evening he called upon Miss Davenant. He had not intended to do it at first; but when his stroll brought him opposite Bay View, he changed his mind, and concluded to make the visit. There was a quaintly-carved balcony before the back drawing-room window, and Kate had stepped out upon it, and was watching the sun setting over the low hills toward the fort. She did not know that Seymour had entered. She wore a thin, vaprous white dress, and ruches of delicate white lace closed round throat and wrists. A great golden-hearted lily rested against the thick, dark puffs of her hair, and the last vivid shower of sunbeam floated round her in a light which was almost misty in its intensity. She was bending forward, leaning upon the balustrade, and looking out far away as if she had forgotten herself. Her lips were a little parted, her eyes softly dilated.

The same weariness rested upon her red lips, with a bitter curve, that said a great deal to the man who watched her. Little Kathleen's face had never been so sad as this; but, in some way, he felt as if he was near her now. What was she thinking of? This was not the woman men called the Circe. He stood in unobserved silence for awhile, and then some unintentional movement attracted her attention, and she started and turned toward him. Then it was that he saw what he had not observed before. There were unshed tears in her eyes: the fringing lashes were quite wet. One moment she was half embarrassed, but the next she recovered herself, and came forward with extended hand, comparatively self-possessed, but still not entirely herself.

"I beg pardon," she said, smiling. "I did not know you were here. I was watching the sunset, and sentimentalizing, thinking of a scrap of poetry I have somewhere seen.

"The golden sunset shed
Its glory o'er the sea;
The dreams of earlier youth come back,
Come back to me."

He glanced down at her, wondering a little.

"Such thoughts come to us all, sometimes," he said. "And, perhaps, these softened moments redeem some few of our past sins."

"Yes," she said, dreamily, looking toward

the sunset again. "I was thinking how fall our lives are of useless longing and vain regret. I was thinking that if I could only be a little child again—if I could only be a little child again——" her voice broke off in a sigh, which was half a sob. Then she began again suddenly: "I dare say you think I am weary; but after the first freshness is worn off, the world is—the world, you know; and profit and loss becomes the rule we worldlings calculate by. I was thinking about this when you came, and—forgot myself. I am glad it was you who surprised me, Mr. Seymour," with a soft, frank laugh, "and not my aunt. I am not often sentimental, but when I am, I don't wish my matter-of-fact relative to witness the demonstration."

Carl smiled a little. He could understand that feeling easily.

"You wish to be a child again," he said, after a silence. "May I ask you where your childhood was spent?"

Her color deepened.

"Yes," she said, at last, in a low voice. "The little picture, which interested you so, was one of the most familiar scenes of my childhood. I spent, at least, nine years of my life there."

"I am glad to hear it," said Carl. "It happens, strange to say, to be the scene of the one romance of my life."

"Mr. Coyne told me about it," said Miss Davenant, hurriedly. "Poor little Kathleen!"

"Why, 'poor little Kathleen?'" he asked, scanning her curiously. "She was a very happy child in those days."

"But she must be a woman now. Let me see—as old as I am. Imagine your little charmer a fisherman's, or sailor's wife, with a Stentorian voice! Did you love her, Mr. Seymour?"

The first part of her sentence had been light and jesting, the last seemed the result of sudden impulse, and her sweet voice sunk almost tremulously as she asked the question. All the blood in Carl Seymour's body seemed to rush to his heart. Doubt and certainty had been battling in his mind, and at the last speech, doubt seemed almost wholly overruled.

"Love her?" he said, with something like passion in his voice. "Love her? I love her still. My pure-hearted, innocent little Kathleen was the first love of my life: sometimes I think she will be the last."

Miss Davenant made no reply at first, but after a silence, she spoke again, as if meditatively.

"I am glad you have not forgotten her. I like to think some one has loved her truly. Poor, lonely little Kathleen! (I have always fancied she must have been lonely.) But if you were to meet her now, Mr. Seymour, with the changes of the past years upon her, do you think she would be 'Kathleen Mavourneen' to you still?"

"Yes," he said. "Kathleen Maveurneen forever."

"If—if— Suppose that circumstances had made her a woman of the world, a woman whose life had been full of worldly scheming, and who was called vain and heartless—what then?"

"She could never be that," he said—"never that wholly. I am willing to trust her."

Kate had taken the lily from her hair, and was pulling it to pieces, flinging the white petals over the balcony, and watching them as they fluttered softly to the ground.

"They say truth is stranger than fiction," she said; "and I believe it is. If I were to tell you that I know something of your little Kathleen, Mr. Seymour."

"Kate, my dear," broke in a voice from behind them, "is it fair that you should monopolize Mr. Seymour altogether? It is my impression that he called to see me; and, besides, Mr. Colycinth is waiting for you. Have you forgotten your promise to him?"

Kate turned round with a calm, unshaken composure.

"Certainly not," she said. "You will excuse me, Mr. Seymour. I promised to drive with Mr. Colycinth this evening."

Carl bowed, and turned to the aunt. He did not remain long, however. He was moved and excited as he had never been before in his life. What if, at last—at last he had found his child-love again. To some men, the boyish romance would have been merely an amusing incident, pleasant to look back upon; but to Carl Seymour it was an earnest truth, and might yet rule his whole life. As he strolled homeward, he thought of it all. He could remember now how the memory of the innocent eyes and pure lips had restrained and comforted him; how he had dreamed of the childish face that had once nestled against his breast. The soft, distant sound of the waves brought back to him the time when Kathleen had fallen asleep in his arms, and he had carried her two miles over the shore, looking down at her, and wondering if ever woman or child was so fair as this little maiden. Mark you, it was not of Kate Davenant he was dreaming—it was of Kathleen

Ogilvie. The time had not yet come when he could understand that he loved the woman for what the child had been. Now and again, something rose up before him vaguely, some thought which tried to connect this woman of the world, this Circe with his child-darling; but in some way he could not make it clear to himself, and so wandered back almost unconsciously to the old romance.

CHAPTER V.

THE last sunbeam had faded, and the twilight set in, as he reached the Ocean House. Gerald Colycinth's carriage, at that moment, dashed by, and Miss Davenant, in a pearly silk, and a fairy hat, waved her exquisitely gloved hand to him and smiled. He found Brandon waiting for him. Poor Fred Brandon, in the tightest of boots, and the most remarkable of "get ups," and looking most abominably delectful. He, too, had been added to the Circe's train. Like Tom Griffith, he had paid ruinous prices for bouquets for Miss Davenant to laugh at.

"I've been to Bay View," he said, dismally. "Got there just in time to see that beggar, Colycinth, drive off with Miss Davenant. Confound it all!"

A month ago, Seymour would have shrugged his shoulders, and drawn down the corners of his handsome mouth; but now he was silent, and—ah! far worse—felt a little curious pang, for which he could not account. Brandon grumbled eloquently. First, at the heat; next, at his boots; then at his tailor; but, most of all, at "that muff of a Colycinth." At last he started up to the window, with an exclamation of surprise,

"Here's Carver coming down the Avenue. Mrs. Montgomery's footman, you know. Wonder where he's going to! Jove! he's turning in here!"

The correct footman was, indeed, entering the hotel. Carl caught the last glimpse of his blue and drab livery as he passed up the steps.

"What can he be coming for?" said he, carelessly. Before he had finished speaking, a slim, cream-colored envelope was handed to him, stamped with a scarlet monogram, and directed in a delicate hand. Carl Seymour's face was generally a calm one, and noticeable for its fine, ivory pallor; but as he opened the note it changed and flushed, and his shapely hand shook a little. The note ran thus:

"DEAR MR. SEYMOUR—Of course, you have received an invitation for the Amateur Con-

cert? If I see you there to-night, I will show you the woman the world has made of 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'

KATE DAVENANT."

Brandon looked curiously at his companion, as he folded the note slowly and replaced it in its envelope. The flush had died out of his face and left it colorless, as usual, but his hand was not steady yet, and his lips were half trembling.

"Going to the concert to-night?" he asked, at last.

Brandon nodded, and replied, "That amateur affair, you mean? Yes. Alice Farnham introduced two or three tableaux into the programme, and Miss Davenant is great on tableaux."

Carl hardly heard him. He was thinking of the "woman the world had made of Kathleen Mavourneen."

His wild fancies were proving themselves true, or, at least, he could only place that construction upon the letter he held in his hand. The few intervening hours between its arrival and the concert seemed fairly to drag themselves away. When Brandon had gone, he went up to his sleeping-room, and watched the twilight deepen and deepen upon the distant sea, until the blue had darkened into purple, and until the purple was hung with dewy-eyed stars, and the great pearl moon swung high in the dome of heaven. Now and again he turned to glance at the lily-set Clytie, gleaming whitely where the moonlight struck snowy shoulder and exquisite face. He did not quite understand the thrill, that was almost like a pain as it touched him, and he felt half-impatient at it; but still the thrill was there, and in spite of its tenderness, pain lay beneath it.

But at length the hours of waiting were over, and he was seated in the little, crowded theatre. Amateur concerts and entertainments were pretty Alice Farnham's hobby; and she was at the head of the committee who gave this entertainment for the benefit of the family of a disabled soldier. She came to Carl, this pretty Alice, when she saw him, and, bending over his seat, touched him on the shoulder with her fan.

"I am so glad you are here," she said, in her pretty, enthusiastic way. "I want you to see our tableaux. Miss Davenant arranged them nearly all. Look at your programme, and you will see her name in half a dozen."

Carl looked at the scented trifle of rose-tinted paper and gold lettering, and ran over the list. He noticed one hand in all. The artistic taste and theatrical genius displayed

struck him in every fresh title; but when he reached the bottom of the page he started.

"'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Song in costume, by Miss Davenant."

Alice did not see the start, for at that moment a gentleman came to take her behind the scenes.

"The curtain will be raised directly," she said to Carl. "I want you to tell me afterward what you think of 'Louise de Valliere.'"

Five minutes after, the curtain was drawn up. The scene was the interior of a small Gothic chapel. Saints stood in the niches, and angels folded their wings above the stained glass windows. At one end, in the dim, mellow light, a white marble cross stood revealed, and before this cross knelt a woman. This was the chapel of the Carmelites, and the kneeling figure was Louise de Valliere. Her heavy, pale-like, velvet robe swept the tiled floor behind her; her exquisite eyes were uplifted, full of pleading passion and despair; her hands clung to a rosary, and a richly-bound missal lay beside her, bearing upon its cover the miniature of her lost lover and king. Carl remembered the star-white face and purple eyes long after that, and shuddered as he thought of their despair, and the hollow sound of the tolling convent-bell. When, at last, the curtain fell, the audience broke into a storm of well-bred applause. Every one knew the perfect face, and dark-brown, unbound hair, and Miss Davenant's list of victims swelled to countless numbers.

There seemed to be a great deal of curiosity about the final song. Carl could hear questioning comments on every side. What could be made of "Kathleen Mavourneen?" people asked. In fact, the audience were quite anxious about it. But could the most anxious be more anxious than this man to whom this song was to be the solution of a problem? He waited for it more than impatiently. Every now and then he caught sight of Miss Davenant passing to and fro, smiling and jesting, and listening to the repeated compliments, with the perfection of graceful good-breeding, which was habitual to her, and with her soft, low laugh ringing sometimes like music.

But at length the end of the programme was reached. Seymour was almost glad when the curtain fell upon "King Arthur and Guinevere."

"Last, but not least," said a voice behind him. "'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Song in costume, by Miss Davenant. Now we may expect a *bombon* of artistic taste."

There was a little pause, a sort of rest for five minutes, in which the audience waited breathlessly, as an eager audience will wait, and then the curtain rose again.

A little, broken hut, all tree-shadowed, a gray, old lichen-covered rock, by the side of a clear, deep-looking spring, and in the soft-ened, stage-moonlight a girl standing alone. No expense had been spared to make the scenery natural. Carl knew the picture, and knew the slight, girlish figure resting against the old gray stone. A very slight figure it looked now, in the short, blue skirt and laced bodice, and more girlish than Miss Davenant had ever seemed before. A little scarlet cloak hung round her, and her hair fell loosely from its hood. Her very face seemed changed, as the soft, subdued light fell upon it. For a moment, there was a dead, breathless silence, and then she took a hesitating step forward, and began her song. We all know it—the soft, soft music and tender words. The orchestra, like all the other arrangements, was a piece of perfection, and the low throb of the accompaniment rose like a deeper, fuller echo of every note she sung. Carl leaned forward—he could not help it—and after the first glance, shaded his face with his gloved hand, and only listened. Her little, fair hands hung clasped before her, and the voice that “fell like a falling star” upon the enraptured audience, fell full of unshed tears. Ah! who shall say but that the purest part of her life came back to her then; who shall say but that if she might only have awakened in the moonlight a child once more, the white angels might have saved her from the fever-dream of the life she had lived. Then it was, but never till then, that Carl Seymour knew all he had lost, and all he had won; then, and not till then, did it come home to him, as a truth, a passionate, living truth, that this Kate Davenant and Kathleen Ogilvie, who were one and the same, held one and the same place in his heart.

“It may be for years, and it may be forever:
Ah! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?”

Then he looked up at her and met her eyes, the eyes of child Kathleen, the eyes he had loved all these long years.

The song was ended, and as the last note died away, the spell upon her listeners was broken, and the applause burst forth.

The little theatre had never heard such a tumult before. It swelled, and rang, and echoed again with bravos, and encores, and clappings. The select audience forgot that it was select, and became enthusiastic, and when

the fair singer reappeared, bouquets were showered upon her. Carl had only a waxen-cupped camelia, but as it fell at her feet, Miss Davenant stooped and picked it up, and held it in her hand as she repeated her song. And then it was all over, and the crush and tumult of departure began. Carl made his way behind the scenes, and met Alice Farnham.

“Ah, here you are!” said the young lady. “Miss Davenant is in the manager’s room. I think she is expecting you.”

“Miss Davenant!” he heard. “Miss Davenant!” on every side among the amateurs; and then he found himself in the little apartment dignified by the title of the manager’s room, standing before her—“Kathleen Mavourneen,” or Kate Davenant—which? Kate Davenant now, for she had changed her stage-dress, and waited in her graceful trailing robes.

Kate Davenant for a moment, and then she forgot herself, and looked up and down, and almost trembled; and the great tears stood in her eyes, and she was silent as though she could not speak. Seymour forgot himself, too. His calm, haughty, emotionless self was lost, and he came to her and took hold of her hands, and held them, and looked down into her eyes, down, down, as no man had ever looked before.

“The woman the world has made of little Kathleen,” he said. “I thought I had lost you, mavourneen; and you have come back to me. To me!” he said. “To me!”

“What am I to say?” she said, with a little trembling sweetness in her voice. “I am not Kathleen Ogilvie—I am Kate Davenant, what the world and its worldliness has left of your child, Kathleen.”

“I am willing to trust you,” was his answer. “Tell me, who wove this web for me?”

“My aunt, as I call her,” she said, with the smile again. “But I am really her cousin, by a fiftieth remove. For the sake of the old blood, and my Davenant face, she took me, and amused herself with educating me. Davenant was my father’s name, and—and—” the patrician face flushed a little as she hesitated over her speech, “the world never knew that my mother had a right to it; she was but a poor girl of Irish parentage, whom he fell in love with when he was yachting on the coast of Maine, and secretly married.”

Carl had not loosened his grasp upon her hands, but just then she remembered herself and dropped them from his clasp.

“I knew you from the first,” she said, smiling. “When you gave me my glove at Mrs. Farnham’s crouquet-party, I recollected your

face, and connected it with your name, while you, faithless cavalier, had forgotten all."

"No," he answered, "I had not forgotten, but I could not believe."

Having had time to recover her composure, she was quite Miss Davenant, new. Miss Davenant softened, perhaps, but still the Circe.

"I must find my aunt," she said, her eyes a little downcast, under his steady gaze. "Will you please take me to her?"

He laid her hand upon his arm, and held it in his own until he helped her into her carriage; then, with his farewell, he looked down at her again, as if waiting for something.

The time had come when Miss Davenant had found a controlling power, and her eyelids drooped.

"Come to-morrow," she said, timidly. "I want—I should like to talk to you about old times."

Carl smiled, as she had not seen him smile before; a smile that brought the blood into her cheeks.

"I have found you," he said. "I will not lose you again."

Then the carriage drove off.

"Kate," said Mrs. Montgomery, "that man is not going to make a second Tom Griffith of himself; and you ought to know better than to meddle with edge-tools, unless you wish to cut your fingers."

Carl went home to his hotel, and found a moon-beam resting upon the Clytie's face.

"The woman the world has made of Kate Ogilvie," he whispered. "I loved you then, I love you now. I will trust you, if I risk my life upon it—darling!"

He bent over and kissed the cold, white shoulder with his passionate lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY GARDEN BY THE SEA.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

There is a garden by the sea,
Tranquil as eternity;
Where oft I breathe in happy dreams,
'Mid bowers so thickly roofed with rose,
The spirit, happed in leaves at noon,
Forgetting earth and all its pain,
Is lulled asleep by falling rain,
Or liquid lapse of streams;
Now where one fronts the sunset's glow,
And one, the rising moon.
And there's a chamber latticed round
With foliage, where the shady sound
Is heard of bubbling, mossy springs,
In which I rest long Summer nights,
Girt by the ambrosial solitude;

While the doves nestle in sweet air,
Flamed by one earnest star, and where
I wake with stir of golden wings
That round the open casement brood,
And waves, and wavering lights.
Among its flowers and fadeless trees,
Its spacious, mystic silence,
Its seasonless monotonies
Of sun and moon, and ocean-shore,
And watery woodland's undertone;
The soul inspiring mellow breath,
Secluded past domains of death,
Through Beauty's calm immensities,
Delighted, silent, and alone,
Would range for evermore.

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIME.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

"SISTER, are the evening shadows
Creeping o'er the hill?
Is it now the hush of twilight—
Is the night so still?
"Ah, my dear one! I must leave thee;
Ere shall rise the morn,
My sad soul shall break its bondage,
And be newly born.
"Sweet, thy dying mother, weeping,
Gave thee unto me.
My own mother had been sleeping,
Years, beneath the sea.

"Now, when death's calm, holy stillness
Cometh unto me,
My own precious child—my darling
Give I unto thee.
"Love her, when life's lights and shadows
Shifting, thou shalt see;
Take the shade, and give the sunshine,
As I've given to thee.
"Sister, angels come to bear me
To a Heavenly clime;
Dark was life, but, oh! there cometh
Light at evening-time!"

PLAYING AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"DEAR CLARA—I shall run down on Monday and see you, if Colyer can spare me. He sprained his foot last week, but it is better now. Sybil is studying hard. She plays the organ now—without salary, of course, for improvement; but I think she is worth a thousand a year; so does Colyer. Professor Atkinson was over here last night, and the rector called this morning. I suppose I can guess what they want. The fact is, Mr. Arnold likes Sybil, and, perhaps, the professor admires me; he acts like it. Now, if they would only change round, both Syb and I might be better pleased. However, I won't trouble you with these matters till I come. Some things are so provoking!"

I, Nettie Wilson, finished and sealed my letter, then touched up my hair with a crimson ribbon, (I am brown, and, some say, "bonny-looking,") adjusted my work-basket with that precision which, long ago, earned me the title of "old-maid," and sat down at my window, commanding a beautiful view of the river.

Molly came up, a little dumpling of a girl, who goes of errands for me, and makes herself generally useful.

"Take that letter to the post-office, Molly," I said, stitching away. "I thought I heard the bell ring. Did anybody come in?"

"Professor Atkinson, Miss," said Molly, with a quick smile.

"And Sybil is there?"

"Yes, Miss."

"On thorns, and don't know how to send for me," I said, *sotto voce*. "Well, I suppose I must go down; she begged me to when I could. If the man would only say something it would soon be over."

I gathered my ruffling up and thrust it into the basket; took my worsted-work from the drawer, and put on a manner of ease that I fear my face belied.

Sybil was just crossing the room to where the grand piano stood, with a roll of music in her hand. She was dark, like myself, but *petite* and childlike. "A graceful little thing!" her friends called her; so she was, and a genius in the bargain.

I said "Good-morning" to the professor,

whose really handsome face flushed to the forehead, all on account of my presence, of course; and I could not but feel flattered, for the professor is a power, even in this notable city.

"I was just going to sing 'Mavourneen' for Mr. Atkinson," said Sybil, from the piano; "but it is peculiarly your song, Nettie, and now you are here, I am sure you will favor him. I am so glad you come; for I haven't fed Dickie this morning, and I hear him calling me."

"I shall be very much pleased," the professor said, with a queer look, which I translated into an intense gratification at the exchange, as Sybil went out—poor child! to envy me a little, perhaps.

So I sang and played without much heart, I fear; and Mr. Atkinson came up to the piano, and looked on absently, and applauded. I ran my fingers over the keys in a listless manner after the song.

"Is there anything else you would like?" I asked.

"Thank you, you are very kind," he said. "I prefer you to play your own favorites;" and he moved back a little. I chose a sonata of, I dare not say how many pages: but it was good practice.

Perhaps I was half through, when I heard a great sigh, somewhere, and, of course, there was an end of my enthusiasm. Was that sigh for me? I finished at the fourteenth page, and turned leisurely about. The professor stood with his hands folded behind him, (what a splendid profile he had!) looking at two large, beautifully-colored photographs—one Sybil's, and one mine. Of course, the perusal of my lineaments provoked the sigh.

"Don't you think them good pictures?" I asked.

He evidently had forgotten that I had stopped, for he started and flushed again.

"They are good pictures," he said.

"Sybil's is the best," I continued, going toward him; "but we have a better picture than that of her. It was taken by —," and I mentioned a celebrated name, "when he was here last summer. He quite fell in love with Sybil," I added, laughing.

"Ah! no wonder, no wonder!" he said, with some emphasis. "Your sister is a very lovely girl, Miss Nettie;" and he fixed his gray eyes upon me.

"Yes, she is," I replied; "and as good and gifted as she is lovely. I am nowhere beside her, with her gifts and graces." His eyes fell, nor did he look up till I had found the picture, a small water-color sketch, but instinct with life and power.

"How like her! How very like her!" he said, taking it in his hand—poor man, how it trembled! I almost resolved to be gracious to him. But he would give me no opportunity. How long he gazed at that picture, "trying to make up his mind what to say," thought I.

At that moment little Molly opened the door.

"Mr. Arnold," she said, "in the sitting-room."

"Ask him to come in here," I responded, my heart fluttering now.

Molly went out; the professor put back the picture reluctantly, looking at me, as I thought, very tenderly. Then he excused himself, waiting only long enough to bow (I noticed he never gave his hand) to the rector, as he came in.

"Now it's Sybil's turn," thought I, with a failing heart, as Mr. Arnold came forward, as much composed as the professor had been.

"Pray, be seated, Mr. Arnold," I said, not quite sure of my own self-possession, for I always trembled at sight of his melting brown eyes; and Mr. Arnold obediently took the large reception-chair, and pulled at his beard a little nervously.

"You have seen this picture of my sister, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! It does her justice, does it not?" And then, with a queer smile, "what does Professor Atkinson think of it?"

"He was delighted; says it is the only picture he ever saw that seemed absolutely perfect."

"Miss Sybil is quite well?" he inquired, and I thought dwelt with peculiar tenderness upon the name—Sybil is such a pretty name!

"She is here to answer for herself," I replied; for Sybil, to whom Molly had telegraphed, supposing that I was as uneasy as I had previously imagined her to be, had promptly responded to the impression, and there she was cool and quiet.

"Now I hope you are satisfied," I said, to myself, half angrily, apostrophizing the doctor, who was, in his way, as handsome a man, nay, I thought handsomer, than Professor Atkin-

son. So I stole out from the room like a guilty thing, and ran up stairs, all my composure gone.

"It's only because he looks so well in his surplice, and reads so charmingly," I muttered, to myself, walking the floor. "I don't believe I care a pin's point for him;" but I did, and the worst of it was, I was thoroughly persuaded in my own mind that I did. I loved him, not for his surplice, or his sweet voice, or his admirable gifts, but for his goodness, his childlike simplicity, his gentleness, and his genius.

Mentally, Professor Atkinson and the rector were men of extraordinary talent. I was sure, likewise, that Sybil cared nothing for the rector, and in the depths of her soul cherished a pure and sacred passion for the good professor, who, when she was under his charge at school, had guided her mind to the treasures of knowledge, and taught her all unwittingly to love her teacher.

There was nothing for it, however, but to wait with patience till my brother Colyer's lame foot could go without me, and run off to aunt Clara's. She was a buxom little auntie, only a year older than myself; had married well, and lived in very good style ten miles from B—. Perhaps, if Colyer and Sybil could spare me, I might stay there for a term of months; and absence would, perhaps, cure me of my foolish passion, so I termed it, of the man who loved my sister Sybil. What she would do in the meantime I did not stop to ask. I felt positive that she was as fond of Professor Atkinson as I of the dear, good rector of "All Souls."

Well, Colyer was nicely by the following Monday; and in the meantime Sybil had given me an item of news for my delectation—the rector was coming to "Grace Church" in B— on the following month. That would cut my visit short.

"When you went out that day," her letter continued, "I *did* hope he would say something, so that I could send him away; but he did nothing but talk of you—couldn't get up the courage, poor fellow; and the professor hasn't been here since you went away. Did you ever see two such queer ones before?"

Meantime, I was trying to forget. Clara received a great deal of company, and as soon as it was known that I could sing, there was but little rest for me at my aunt's parties.

"Now, Nettie," she said to me, one day, "you are greatly admired, and I have two or three chances for you in my mind's eye. Did

you notice the young man whom Charley called Leonard, last evening?"

"Yes," I replied, "one could hardly help it."

Clara smiled.

"Perhaps he is a trifle vain," she said; "but look how rich he is! Why, he owns a whole township, and his uncle has just left him a hundred thousand dollars. Charley says he is good, too; and I think he must be, for he has made his mother and his sister independent, and don't have the fast look that distinguishes the young men generally."

"Well, and what of him?"

"He admires you, that's all. You'd be a lucky girl to get him, Nettie. He might have anybody, he is so popular."

I shook my head.

"But here you are going on twenty-three, dear," she continued, earnestly; "and though you have such a pretty way of laughing with your eyes, it does make crows-feet. I don't see how you've lived to this age without liking anybody."

"I do like plenty," I replied.

"Yes, but you know what I mean well enough," she answered, with a little laugh; "without thinking more than all the world of somebody." Her blue eyes were upon me; I colored violently. She was quick-witted, and suddenly asked,

"Who is it?"

I was never so confused—I was never so thoroughly ashamed of myself. My face had brought me into scrapes many a time—it was such a tell-tale.

"Then there is no hope for Leonard Ryder?" she said, laughing heartily.

"There's no hope for anybody just now," I retorted, and hurried from her presence as soon as I could.

A letter came from Colyer. How long was I going to stay? Syb had grown a regular mope—never was any one more changed. She wouldn't play for him, and she would be off at that horrid "All Souls," (excuse the expression, reader, but that's what he did say, though in his better moods he loved the little church dearly,) to practice forever on the organ; he believed she was organ-mad. Besides that, he had taken cold in his foot, and had to lie on the sofa all day long. He wanted somebody to talk to; aunt Clara had her husband and her baby; he thought she might spare me, and so on to the end of the chapter. I had decided not to return for a month, and there were two weeks yet. I could not, and I

would not see the rector again, if it was possible to avoid it. This I did not tell Colyer, however, but wrote a long letter to Sybil, taking her to task for neglecting her thirty-year-old brother, and stating in positive terms when I should be home.

The following week brought me a note from Sybil. She had been so much engaged—so constantly busy! Colyer was out, had walked half a mile that day—and such a lively day as it was. I should never guess who she had been out riding with; and Gypsy behaved, she said, "like an angel;" but that is extravagant, for Gyp is a horse. Then she told me about her household affairs, of her music; the progress she made on the organ; and, altogether, the letter was so full of heart-sunshine, that I inferred that the professor, despairing of me, had transferred his colors over to my beautiful sister.

"The best thing he could do," I said.

Leonard Ryder did, as aunt Clara said, appear to be smitten. He called nearly every day; he sent me bouquets of the most magnificent flowers that ever bloomed. He had an honest face, by no means handsome or spirited, and his tastes were purely domestic. I began to take myself to task for not liking him. His sister was a beautiful girl; his mother one of those rare dames who seem to have stepped out of some time-worn picture-frame—stately, genial, and quaintly stylish. I was very much prepossessed in favor of them, and wished that I could love the son and brother. I thought of his elegant house, his splendid span, and that I might have ease and comfort all my life—but these things tempted me not.

Still, I had almost yielded to the suggestions and entreaties of Clara, who was happily married herself, and wanted all her friends to be, when Mr. Ryder came there one day, and, as the novel-writers say, laid his heart and fortune at my feet.

I told him candidly, that I esteemed but could not love him.

"Would I not learn to love him?" Indeed, I saw he was a suitor who would not be lightly shaken off.

"Come to-morrow," I said, "and I will give you my final answer." Poor fellow! he looked so radiant at that, I have always been sorry that I did not follow the natural instincts of my heart, and award him his fate then and there. But I did not; perhaps, unconsciously, I had the fear of Clara before my eyes.

It was ten o'clock the next morning, and I had just completed a letter for home, and

directed it, when the servant came in with a telegraph dispatch. Something told me there was news of evil import within, and my fingers trembled as I opened it.

"SISTER NETTIE—Sybil has been thrown from her horse; not expected to live. Come on by first train. "COLYER."

That was all—three lines only; but how fraught with anguish! I went to Clara, tearless. The tidings shocked her.

"Beautiful little Sybil!" she murmured, with pale lips—"and the train don't go till this afternoon."

"I must go now," I said; and even as I spoke a card was put in my hand.

PHILIP ARNOLD,

RECTOR "ALL SOULS."

How I felt at that moment I cannot tell. Perhaps, in my heart was a dim consciousness that he had come, in some mysterious manner, straight from B——, and knew all about it. I met him struggling with my grief.

"My dear Miss Nettie!" he cried, starting forward, "pray, pray what has happened?"

I told him in broken words.

"I am going back to B—— immediately," he said. "My carriage is at the door. I called to—to inquire after your health; Sybil wished it, and, indeed, my own preferences—my own—I beg your pardon, I am keeping you waiting"—and he moved back, confusedly.

In an hour we were miles from Clara's. I was quiet, communing with my own sorrowful thoughts.

At last the rector said, in a low voice, and sadly,

"Poor Atkinson!"

I looked up at him. An impulse came over me, and I yielded to it.

"And poor Mr. Arnold!"

"Why do you say that?" he asked, looking straight ahead. "Sybil was a sweet little friend—but nothing more; never anything more;" and then he turned and looked at me.

That blessed moment! When I learned what that look meant! When it thrilled me to the soul, and I had no answer for it, save fervid blushes.

And all this time he had loved me, while the professor had worshiped Sybil.

When we got home, Colyer came to meet us. Sybil was out of danger, he said—her injuries were not as severe as they had been thought to be; and as he lifted me out, I went into the house on air. Up I rushed into Sybil's room. She was very pale, poor thing! but her face was sweeter and more beautiful than ever it had seemed before. And there sat the professor, handsomer than ever.

Sybil whispered, as I bent down to kiss her,

"Is it all right now, Nettie?"

And I replied, holding back my tears, "All right, thank God!"

They only came to an understanding yesterday. You see they were both bashful, and, I'm afraid, the least bit jealous.

I answered poor Leonard by letter. Clara told me, afterward, that he came there that afternoon, quite expectant and happy. A week after he went to Europe, and returned in six months, married, of course, to a beautiful woman.

Philip has decided to stay at "All Souls;" and I am his happy wife and helper.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The south wind sweeps, in gusty swell,
Around its walls with sullen gloom,
And swings its tongueless, tilting bell,
And moaning sighs from room to room.

The snow whirls through the shattered panes,
Sifting against the oaken wall,
Stained with the dull and drenching rains
That through the open rafters fall.

A tripple purpose, so 'tis said,
It served, a score of years or more,
When houses, here, were scarce as bread—
It then was tavern, church, and store.

And village prate, of this old house,
Bears many a vein of interest deep;
Of nights of grief, or wild carouse,
The babbling records duly keep.

Of weddings, with their gleeful train,
And dark processions, moving slow;
Thus winding from the mystic skein
That threads the life we lead below.

Yet these the gossip could repeat
Of all old homes, where there have slept
Fair children, filled with visions fleet,
Where mothers long have watched and wept.

MAUD AYLMER'S BEAUTY.

BY VERA ARGELYN.

In the narrow strip of grave-yard, which modern improvement has left to an old church, what was once the neighborhood of London, but is now part of the huge metropolis itself, may be found, by careful search, a square stone, cracked across and half-covered with earth and dark-yellow grass. Its barely legible inscription reads:

THE AYLMER FAMILY.

It covers the mouth of a vault, unopened for a century. One hundred years ago, when the church was the center of a scattered country village, the last and loveliest of the Aylmers was laid under that stone.

Maud Aylmer was so beautiful, that it was an event in one's life to have seen her. Old men remembered, at three-score-and-ten, the "sudden awe and adoration" that fell upon them, when, as little boys, they first saw this woman; and ever afterward, when they heard of angels, they thought of her.

She was of medium height, with a figure inclined to fullness, but perfect in all its proportions. Nature had exaggerated nothing, left nothing unfinished in her; from her stately head, crowned with abundant chestnut hair, to the arched instep of her small, plump foot, there was no fault to be found. But it was the beauty of Venus rather than Diana.

This beautiful creature had but one passion—ordinate, insatiable, unscrupulous love of admiration.

She was the daughter of a country gentleman, who lived on his small estate near a village not far from London. Estate and village have long ago been swallowed up in the growth of the city. On the site of Aylmer Hall is built a row of splendid shops with plate-glass fronts on their ground floors; and a roaring thoroughfare takes the course of the main cross-walk in the beautiful, old-fashioned garden, and runs right over the spot where stood the lattice summer-house, buried in roses and honeysuckles, in which the beauty of Aylmer so often sat with her guests and admirers.

Her mother was a confirmed invalid, her father a jovial squire, given to good dinners and fox-hunting. Both thought this child of their old age a faultless angel, and all she did was right in their eyes.

A lady of some rank and fashion, a distant relative of the Aylmers, struck with Maud's great beauty, had carried her to London and presented her at court. Having no daughters herself, this lady was charmed to chaperon so brilliant a *debutante*, for Maud was instantly the most admired young lady in London. Lady Hyde made the visit as long a one as possible, nor was Maud unwilling to stay. The life of a reigning belle charmed and fascinated her, and developed to its full extent the ruling passion of her life. At balls, theatres, conversations, in the drives of the Park, in the social circle, everywhere, she was followed, flattered, and adored. Many offers of marriage were made her in her first season, but none that satisfied the ambition her zealous chaperon had inspired; and Maud herself had fixed upon a coronet as the price of her charms.

Lady Hyde admired the nonchalance and self-possession of her *protege*, and wondered that the adoration she received did not turn her head. The fact was that Maud's vanity, deep, broad, calmly flowing, like some majestic river, felt no increase from the drops of flattery with which she was sprinkled. Incense was her due, admiration the feeling she was born to inspire. She was good-humored, because entirely satisfied with herself and her position; she made no pretensions, they were unnecessary, since the first place was yielded her as her right. She had no affectations, they were uncalled-for, when she had only to come, be seen, and conquer.

And so the young Earl of Lilberne, unwilling to confess that he loved a woman for her beauty alone, extolled to himself the amiability, simplicity, and good sense of this "wild rose, unconscious of her own charms." But he would not offer himself to her at once; he wished to owe his success to his merit, not to his coronet; and, besides, as he really loved her, he actually doubted whether she would accept him, in spite of his earldom and his rent-roll!

When, at last, Maud's doting parents, unable to spare any longer their darling, their youngest, and last remaining child, recalled her to their lonely home, the earl begged leave to visit her there. Leave granted readily, but not too readily; with the fine instinct of a born coquette, she acted the modest reserve

he expected of her, and allowed him to think he was making only very gradual advances in her favor. She meant to marry him, unless a marquis or a duke should step in before him; she was sure her fish was caught—so she let him play. There was no hurry.

And in the meantime she amused herself. Many others besides the earl asked permission to visit her. She held court in old Aylmer Hall, unchaperoned, unquestioned, enjoying a degree of liberty unusual to English girls in that age, too common among American girls in this. Mrs. Aylmer never appeared. The squire, absorbed in his farming, his field-sports, and his boon companions, knew no more of his daughter's visitors than she chose to tell in answer to his boisterous questions. "How many offers had you to-day, Maudlin? Has a duke come to cut out your earl? Who was that fine young spark I met in the Lime Avenue?" To which Maud would give jesting answers that told nothing, for she knew her father was indiscreet over his bottle.

So she was left to herself—given over to her own devices. Trained in the usages of good society, she acknowledged the existence of others by the ordinary courtesies of life, but she had no friend, she loved no one. She regarded all young men as her possible victims, all young women as her probable rivals, and all other people as nonentities. She had no accomplishments, except coquetry, of which she was mistress—no intellectual or industrial pursuits. She seemed to have no religion, no serious thoughts. She only worshiped her own beauty, only craved an acknowledgment of the power it gave her over every man she met. She was a flirt from her cradle. Her only aim in life was to attract passionate admiration. This desire grew with what it fed upon, and absorbed the current of her being. It was not enough that the men she chose to fascinate should think her the loveliest of women, should worship her as a queen, and diffidently offer themselves to her in marriage. At first that triumph was enough, but she grew weary of its sameness. She began to torment her lovers, to keep them in suspense, and fill them alternately with hope and despair. She became a consummate actress, and could call at will a soft blush to her shell-tinted cheek, or suffuse her melting gray eyes with tears. She went further; in *tête-à-tête* with an adorer, in the large, lonely house and bowery garden; she was not chary of words of love, and even permitted caresses that thrilled the heart of their bestower, to whom, perhaps, the next day in

public, she would scarcely speak, for her caprice knew no bounds.

In London, at the house of a lady who decorated her parties with lions, and especially loved mysterious lions, Maud had met Robert Greville. The hostess, circling round her rooms, and causing her guests to open wide eyes of wonder, as she whispered little scraps of the history of one to another, saw Maud look toward the pale young man with keen, black eyes, and instantly proceeded to astonish her with an account of him.

"That is a very mysterious person, Miss Aylmer. A young Englishman, educated in Germany. He spends most of his time traveling, nobody knows where. He disappears for months, and then suddenly comes back to London; and he knows everything that has happened in his absence. They say he studies magic, and has sold his soul to Satan. He rarely goes into society. I got him to come to-night by promising that he should meet Dr. —." (She named the most distinguished physician and chemist of the day.) "He has not spoken to any lady but me to-night. They say he hates women, and has never been in love."

It was not an uncommon thing for some mischievous wag to hoax this good lady with wild stories about innocent, unpretending people, to make them "lions" in her eyes. She was once made to believe that an honest gentleman, a chance acquaintance of hers, had been suspected of murdering his wife. Of course, she had him at her next *soirée*, and circulated the delightful horror. In a day or two, by accident, it came to the ears of its hero, and his rage can be imagined.

Her embellished edition of Robert Greville's history was drawn from a parallel source. The facts were that his foreign education had rather spoiled him for English society; he had a taste for scientific experiment, and a distaste for the boisterous vices and amusements of the age; and a moderate fortune enabled him to spend his time as he pleased. He rather cultivated his reputation for eccentricity; it amused him and gave him more liberty.

One word in Mrs. L——'s sketch decided Maud. "He has never loved." She signified her royal pleasure that he should be presented to her. "He shall love me," she said to herself.

And so he loved her. He came to Aylmer oftener than the earl, than any other visitor. Maud took care, however, that the earl and he should never meet.

The Earl of Lilberne loved Maud Aylmer like

a knight of old. He endowed her with all manner of imaginary virtues and perfections, and treated her as he would have treated a queen. Robert Greville soon divined or discovered her character, but he could not resist the spell of her loveliness; he adored her and despised her. Maud speedily found that with him she had no part to act, he knew her thoroughly; and since he admired her none the less, she liked him the better for it; it put her at ease.

He worked on her foibles to win her favor. He praised her beautiful hand, and she let him take it in both his, and pose the taper fingers, resting on his palm, in the position in which they ought to be sculptured. She let him hold it, and comment, and comment on the delicate rosy nails, the blue veins lacing the pearly wrist; and she hardly withdrew it when he pressed the soft palm with passionate force to his lips.

He expressed a wish to see her rich chestnut hair unconfined; and by an unaccountable accident, on his next visit, the structure into which it was erected gave way, and the whole apparatus of pins and combs had to be taken out. The glorious masses of softness and lustre fell over her white shoulders and reached below her waist. Could Robert resist drawing a long tress through his hand, to admire its color and texture? And could Maud refuse when he begged her for a little lock that could not be missed? She gave it to him, and her soft gray eyes met his with a look so sweet, so like a soul looking out of them, (only I think there was none,) that he began to think he was mistaken, after all; she had a heart, and he was winning it.

In short, he lost his head, as she meant he should, and fell deeper and deeper in love with her.

He asked her to be his wife. She refused, but in a manner that encouraged him to yield to her winning prayer "not to cease to be her friend, to visit her as usual." Yet he had been so sure of success that he was enraged with her; and once, as he rode home, he raised his right hand to heaven to swear that he would never see her again; but at that instant there rose before his mind's eyes the look in Maud's when she gave him the tress of hair; the oath was unsworn; and on the day when she allowed him to visit her, he presented himself as usual. Maud had expected him, and he imagined her blush of triumphant vanity was one of pleasure.

During his absence, the Earl of Lilberne had offered himself to Miss Aylmer, and been

accepted. There being no reasons for delay, as early a day was fixed for their marriage as the necessary preparations would permit. And Maud wore on her finger the earl's circlet of blazing diamonds, everywhere but in Robert Greville's presence.

To keep up the pretence of friendship while he was winning his way further, Greville tried to interest Maud in topics foreign to her daily life; in her acquaintances in London, in his travels, and even in his scientific pursuits.

One day he brought her, in a 'sealed glass-case, a damask rose, with a bud or two, and a spray of green leaves.

"How long has it been gathered, do you think?" he asked.

"Since this morning," answered Maud.

"At Damascus, in a huge field, which was one sea of roses, I cut that blossom six years ago."

Maud looked up in silent wonder.

"I have discovered a method of embalming flowers. That rose will keep its freshness till it crumbles into dust."

She raised her eyes to the large mirror.

"If you could find a secret to keep me beautiful forever! I shall grow old——" She stopped and shuddered.

"I could make your beauty imperishable, but you must die first. Do not grieve, sweet Maud; you have many long years of youth and beauty before you. And to those who love you, you will never grow old."

Maud smiled with moist eyes. Not the involuntary thrill in your voice, Robert Greville, but the thought that her beauty must fade, brought those tears.

"Will you give it to me?" she said, holding the rose. "You never gave me anything."

Before her tears and her smiles, all his resolutions melted.

"I have given you my life, my soul!" he cried. "Maud, you must love me. It is impossible that love like mine should meet no return. Tell me that you only refuse me to try me. Maud, no woman was ever loved as I love you; no other man can ever worship your beauty as I do. I note its smallest detail; I watch with untiring delight each attitude, gesture, and glance, revealing some new grace and charm. Be mine; let me dedicate my life to your happiness. I shall only live to love you; your lightest whim shall be my law, to worship you shall be my religion. Speak to me, Maud!"

It pleased the lovely actress to hide her triumph in a veil of the deepest sadness.

"Do you really love me so much, Robert?" she asked, in a low, sweet, moved voice.

He threw himself at her feet, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Maud, I no longer know myself; you *possess* me like an evil spirit. I cannot forget you one moment. As I walk through the crowded, noisy streets, your image rises before me. I see you, I feel your presence as plainly as I do this instant; and I hear nothing, see nothing that passes around me. Then I suddenly wake as from a dream, and remember where I am. Do you doubt my devotion? What can I say or do to prove it?"

She moved away from him and averted her head. A glittering tear fell between him and the light. He followed her and clasped her in his arms.

"My darling, why do you weep? Have I offended you? I would die sooner than cause those lovely eyes to shed one tear. Tell me what grieves you?"

And while she pretended to weep, he petted, and caressed, and soothed her like a child.

Then he urged his suit again. But she pressed her hand on his lips.

"Do not ask me to marry you, Robert. Do not ask me why I am so sad. Only love me, and do not leave me."

His warmest pleading could not force an explanation, either in this interview or in others that followed. She treated him like an accepted lover; received him with delight, parted from him with every sign of sorrow, and seemed perfectly happy in his presence; but at any mention of the future, she relapsed into tears or agitated silence. The vain beauty's plan of campaign was to persuade him that she was being forced to give her hand to another, while she loved him. She was preparing for a grand *coup*. She wanted to see his rage and despair when she told him at last of her approaching marriage; and to make his fall greater, by contrast, she was now raising him to the seventh heaven by leading him to believe she loved him, and that only some slight or imaginary obstacle separated them. She had not intelligence enough to appreciate the danger of thus trifling with a man of Greville's violent passions and headstrong temper; and she was equally incapable of appreciating the moral turpitude, and the shameful indelicacy of her conduct.

As for Greville, though he had surrendered himself soul and body to his passion; though he believed in Maud's love, glimpses of the truth would sometimes flash across his usually

acute mind. An uneasy fear haunted him; he half felt himself deceived, and at times, knowing Maud's character, he cursed himself for being her slave; and when he dwelt on her possible deceit, a movement of rancorous hate stirred within him.

It is in such crises in a man's life that the value of principle makes itself felt. Robert Greville had no fixed principles, no religious faith. "The honor of a gentleman was his guarantee of well-doing to the world and himself; and that is but a feeble barrier against furious passions and fancied impunity.

In the meantime the marriage preparations advanced a pace. Maud secluded herself from ordinary visitors, and reveled in the joys of new millinery. The earl refurnished his London mansion with lavish magnificence, fondly planning a wonderful surprise for his simple country beauty.

Greville heard nothing of these things, from the fact that he had altogether abandoned the London society which he never willingly frequented. His friends believed him to have gone abroad.

The day came on which Maud must tell Greville the secret he had so often plead for in vain.

After much cogitation as to the manner in which she should break the news to him, she decided to rush in the room, and, in a voice strangled with sobs, to cast her announcement, like a bomb-shell, in his face.

But on the day before this momentous interview, Greville, in glancing over a London paper, caught at Maud's name under the heading, "Approaching Marriage in High Life." The account was too minute and circumstantial to admit a doubt of its truth. The day was named, the bishop who was to officiate, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and, according to the fashion of the times, the amount of settlement upon the bride. Greville drank to the dregs the full cup of bitterness, in the certain knowledge that he had been duped and played with by a woman whose intellect he despised, and whose character he did not respect. Rage, mortification, wounded pride, disappointed passion, tore his heart like vultures.

When Maud entered the room in which he awaited her, the ghastly pallor of his face, the wild brightness of his eyes, startled her out of all power to act the little scene she had proposed to herself. She saw he already knew what she was about to tell him.

She advanced with downcast eyes, and when near him, suddenly raised to his face her

sweetest, saddest look, and offered him her hands, pressed together as if supplicating pardon. He seized them in one of his, and laid the other on her shoulder.

"Are you going to marry the Earl of Lilberne on this day five weeks?" he asked, in a low, stern voice.

"They made me promise," was her faltering answer.

"Who?"

"My father and mother, and Lady Hyde."

"How long ago did you promise?"

She antedated her engagement two months, to cover the time of her refusal of himself. Greville was, by chance, aware that at the period she named, the Earl of Lilberne, on public business, was absent in a distant part of the kingdom. That her parents were forcing their petted darling to marry against her will, was a transparent absurdity. If any softer feeling had survived the shock in Greville's mind, this deliberate attempt to deceive him still, banished it forever. Maud would have risked less by making no excuse, dropping all further pretence. But she rushed on to her ruin.

A strange change came over Greville's face; he fixed a cold, hard, curious look on Maud's face. "Has she really a soul?" he asked himself. He relaxed his grasp of her hands. She drew them away, and laid her arms lightly round his neck.

"Robert, do not look at me so," she cried; "pity me, and forgive me!"

"Pity you, my lady countess!" he said, in a jesting tone. "Why, no, I shall congratulate you, and envy your husband. A coronet will become this white brow rarely." He clasped her waist, smoothed back her rich hair, and pressed his lips to her forehead. "What if I were to tell him how often I have kissed it?"

A blush of anger and alarm—not shame—rose to the roots of her hair. She made a vain effort to release herself.

"But you are a gentleman, Robert; you will not do that," she said, anxiously.

"No, you are right, I will not do that. Maud, tell me, do you love the earl?"

"You know I do not. Let me go."

The coquette felt greatly piqued. Her prey seemed to have escaped her. He was giving her up without a struggle, without one word of anger or regret.

"One moment. When shall I see you again, Maud?"

"I cannot see you again."

"But you must, darling." Never had his

voice been tenderer or more impassioned. "Can you ask me to take leave of you forever, at the very moment when I find I must lose you? Give me a little time to learn to bear our parting. See me again, sweet Maud. I wish to see you once more, looking your loveliest. Let me see you in your wedding-dress. Meet me in the garden summer-house the night before your marriage."

The poor, vain fool refused, hesitated, and at last consented.

The appointed night came. The household, wearied with a thousand bustling preparations, were locked in the slumbers of midnight. Only the bride-elect was waking. She moved with noiseless steps about her chamber, of which the windows were carefully darkened. She stood at last before her long mirror, the light from the two full branches of wax-candles falling splendidly on her perfect figure, arrayed in a glistening satin robe. A coronet of pearls confined her filmy veil of priceless lace; pearls decked her bosom, her wrists. Never had she looked so lovely. The shell-pink of her cheek deepened to damask, fire kindled in her eyes as she thought of the morrow, and the long array of triumphs before her.

She still hesitated whether to go and meet Robert. A long look into her mirror decided her. Some one must admire her to-night. She might not look as well in the morning.

She laid aside her pearls, the earl's costly bridal-gift; she covered the splendors of her dress with a long, dark cloak, softly opened and closed her door, stole on tiptoe past the chambers of the young girls who were to be her bridesmaids on the morrow, slowly and with great precaution slipped back the bolts of a side-door, and entered the garden.

It was a bright moonlight night in June. Dreading the light, equally fearful of the heavy shadows cast by tall box-hedges, shrubs, and vine-covered frames, Maud sped on to the lattice arbor. At the entrance she timidly called his name. A dark figure rose from a seat and advanced toward her. She entered, dropped her cloak, and stood before him in the blaze of moonlight.

"My God! How beautiful she is!" said Robert Greville's voice.

"I cannot stay a moment, Robert; I am afraid," said the gratified coquette.

"Sit down here. No, you will not stain your dress. I will spread your cloak on the seat. Take leave of me now. I have loved you better than my own soul, Maud. You will never see me more. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" she echoed.

He clasped her in his arms, and pressed a long, burning kiss on her lips, and then on her eyes. He closed each white lid with a kiss, and as he did so, he poured between her parted lips the contents of a small vial held in his right hand. So deadly was the poison that she had not time to shriek or struggle. One convulsive shudder shook her frame, and she sank, a corpse, at his feet.

The murderer wrapped her in her cloak, and keeping in the shadows, bore her to the door in the wall by which he had entered. A small, covered carriage, drawn by a single horse, waited him there. He laid the body in it, then locked the gate, as he had opened it, with an instrument, the key being inside, returned to his carriage, and drove away slowly, noiselessly over the green turf of the garden-lane at full speed, when he reached the turnpike.

On the morrow, when the bride's chamber was found vacant, and no trace of her could be discovered, the consternation and confusion of the household transcends description. Mrs. Aylmer's delicate health gave way at once; she was seized with a mortal illness, and died within the week. No conjecture furnished a clue to Maud's disappearance. Maud had no female friend, no confidant. The servants hardly knew Robert Greville's name. He had not been to the house for five weeks, and no one dreamed of suspecting him. His name even was not called; and the earl, who had a society acquaintance with him, did not know that he visited Maud at home, as she had contrived that they should come on different days. The inefficient detective-police of the time could give no aid. The earl was frantic with grief, and set on foot every possible means of search all over the kingdom, and even in those cities on the Continent, with which communication was more frequent. All in vain.

Weeks, months, years, rolled on. Poor old Squire Aylmer, the last of his line, followed his wife into the tomb, where five sons and daughters had gone before them, and Aylmer Hall passed into the possession of an heir-at-law.

The Earl of Lilberne, long constant to the memory of his lost love, and in his heart of hearts cherishing her image to his dying day, married at length a woman less beautiful than Maud, but more worthy of his noble heart. So free was she from petty jealousy, that she called her little daughter by Maud Aylmer's name.

Since the time he had first met Maud in London, Robert Greville's friends had never seen him. At rare intervals they heard from

him abroad. They believed him to lead a wandering life in foreign lands.

Twenty years had passed since Maud Aylmer disappeared, when, on a summer morning as bright as the last she looked upon, the Earl of Lilberne, followed by a servant, was riding in one of the oldest parts of London, through a street which, long ago deserted by business and fashion, presented now an appearance of utter loneliness and desolation. Grass grew in the gutters; the rare passers-by seemed alarmed at their own footsteps. The gloomy houses, brown with age and want of paint, with dusty, iron-barred windows in the basements, and battered blinds, generally kept closed, on the upper stories, were fit refuges for crime in concealment, or poverty that is yet too proud to make its wants known.

The unusual circumstance of a crowd before one of these houses, induced the earl to send his servant forward to ascertain its cause. The groom returned with the information that a man had been found dead in the house, whether by murder or suicide no one knew. The coroner had been sent for, and the crowd was awaiting his arrival. As the earl drew nearer, he perceived an old man standing in the door-way, and with great difficulty keeping the crowd from entering; with voice and gestures he urged them to keep back; that he had had the care of the premises, and was responsible for them until he could transfer them to the proper authorities. The earl, being a magistrate, dismounted and came to the old man's assistance, announcing his rank and authority. The crowd respectfully drew back. Standing beside the old custodian, the earl, by question, drew from him the following account of the late occupant of the house.

The dead man's name was Richard Graynor. From his pursuits and the drugs and instruments with which he filled his house, he was supposed to be a physician. Indeed, when called upon by his poorer neighbors, he would sometimes visit them and prescribe for them, and was always charitable to distress. He owned the house, had owned it, the old man had heard among the neighbors, for five-and-twenty years. He himself living nearby, had been employed to perform the necessary housework and attendance for twelve years. No woman ever entered the mansion. The master got his meals at a chop-house. He never spent a night there, though for twenty years he had lived in the house, with occasional absences of a week three or four times a year. But—here the old man lowered his voice and drew nearer

the earl—there was a chamber in the house which he had never entered. The master kept it locked, and the key in his own possession. Two days before he had seen Dr. Graynor for the last time alive. He seemed well, and in no respect changed from his ordinary manner and appearance. Yesterday, on reaching the house to perform his usual duties, the old man found the door locked, and the windows barred. As Graynor had not forewarned him of an absence, he grew uneasy. On the present morning, finding the house still closed, he had, assisted by some of the neighbors, forced the door and entered. They passed through the lower rooms, which were bare apartments, furnished only with presses, tables and shelves, filled with books, strange instruments, jars and vials of drugs and liquids. They ascended to the second floor. Graynor's chamber-door was locked; that being also forced, the old man observed with wonder that the door of the mysterious inner-chamber was open. They entered; the windows of this apartment were sealed up, and covered by hangings of black, that draped the four walls; the ceiling was painted black, and felting of the same hue served as a carpet. In the center of the room stood a long and narrow table, or high box, covered with a pall of black velvet. At one end of this seeming bier, on each side, was an iron frame, supporting a large lamp. There was but one other object in the room. In a carved chair of black wood, beside the bier, with his arms folded upon the velvet pall, and his head bowed down on them, rested the body of Richard Graynor, cold and dead.

The old man and his assistants had fled from the house and given the alarm but a short time before the earl rode up.

The coroner having arrived and selected such persons as he chose to accompany him, and placed a guard to exclude others, the earl ascended with the party to the chamber of death. Lights had been provided, and it occurred to some one to light the lamps in the frames, and replace their alabaster globes—a soft but splendid radiance, like brightest moon-

light, filled the room. The body was that of a man prematurely old, and wasted by disease or care. It was found impossible to ascertain whether death had been produced by poison or natural causes. The face was calm as a sleeping child's.

When the dead body had been removed to the next room, the earl, standing at the head of the bier, drew back the pall that covered it.

Motionless, for an instant, he gazed at the object revealed to him, and then, with a hollow groan, he sunk senseless upon the floor.

For before him, in that unearthly radiance, under a case of glass as clear as air, lay the form of his lost love, Maud Aylmer, as young, as fresh, as beautiful, as on that day, twenty years ago, when he bade her farewell for a night, believing he should claim her as his bride on the morrow. In her glittering bridal-robe she lay, with her long chestnut hair unbound, and flowing in graceful tresses around her. Her marble neck and shoulders were bare; one rounded arm lay by her side; the other little hand, resting on her breast, held the stem of a damask rose that seemed just culled.

But the miracle of the embalmer's art had been to preserve the shell-pink of her cheek, the scarlet of her full lips, and even the rose-tint of her pearly nails. It seemed impossible that she should be dead.

A series of intelligent investigations identified the so-called Graynor with Robert Greville. His periodical absences were visits to Paris, to receive his remittances. His relations seized his property, and forgot him as speedily as possible. His wonderful art died with him—no record was left of it.

By the reverent care of the Earl of Lilberne, the body of Maud Aylmer was laid in the tomb of her ancestors, with the pomp and ceremony due to a countess. The old country church has been absorbed into the city; its grave-yard has been built upon; but the Aylmer vault remains, and in its dark recesses, still untombed, perhaps, by time and decay, reposes that masterpiece of the Divine Artist—MAUD AYLMER'S BEAUTY.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

BY HELEN SPENCER.

Willows are bending their branches above me,
Watching me here, in my cold, dreamless bed;
Where are the friends, who vowed ever to love me?
None of them care for me, now I am dead.

Winds, through the boughs of the willows, are sighing,
Whirling and tossing the leaves in their fall;

Flowers of Summer are faded and dying,
And blossom no more round my turf-covered hall.
Come to me, sister, I'm lonely without thee,
Night-time and day-time are mournful to see;
Oh! may thy sweet thoughts still hover about me,
So lonely, so lonely, while waiting for thee!

MY EXILE TO AUNT SARAH'S.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I HAD always been ill-treated at my aunt's. I was an orphan, living on charity, and I was made to feel it daily. I was blamed for things I never did, and censured when I ought to have been praised. My cousin Jane was held up to me as my model, until I almost learned to hate her. I could not deny that she was beautiful, nor that she was good-natured; but she was inanimate, even insipid, I said, and her boasted amiability was only impassiveness.

believe I did, at last, hate her, when the pretty Geneva watch, which my unmarried uncle, who had been in Europe, brought home for me, was diverted from its original destination and given to her. "Julia doesn't deserve it," said my aunt. "She is disobedient, and to give it to her would be a premium on misbehavior. Let it go to Jane."

My uncle looked at me with surprise and reproach. "I am sorry to hear this, my child," he said, gravely; and then left the room. I rushed up stairs, hid myself in my chamber, and gave way to a passion of tears. From this time, for nearly a month, my uncle avoided me, and as I had yearned for some one to love, and had hoped for his affection, my heart was nearly broken.

The first gleam of real happiness I had known for years came to me, a few days after. I had been to see little Mary Aldrich, who was lying ill of a fever. She used to come and help in the sewing, and being an orphan, like myself, a strong attachment had grown up between us. I pitied her friendless condition, and felt for the slights she was subjected to; and now, when she was dangerously ill, went daily to see her, carrying a few heliotropes, and occasionally a little fruit I had saved from my share of the dessert. My aunt heard of my visits, and intercepted me, one day, in the hall, as I was returning.

"These are pretty goings on," she said. "Stealing my flowers from the green-house and my rare grapes; and, perhaps, bringing typhus fever back to kill all of us."

"Oh, aunt!" I cried. "It was only a few heliotropes of my own, and my share of the dessert; and the doctor says there is no danger of infection."

"Do you dare to contradict me?" was her

reply. "Go straight up stairs, and don't come down to-night, and don't dare to leave the house again without my permission."

The next morning I met my uncle on the stairs. He had a room on the flight under mine, and intercepted me as I came down.

"My dear child," he said, "come into my chamber for a moment. I am afraid I have been unjust to you," he continued, when the door was closed. "I happened to overhear what your aunt said to you yesterday. The watch I brought home for you was given to another, through her representations; and I now make what atonement I may, by asking you to accept this writing-desk."

It was a beautiful bit of workmanship, made of ebony, one of those rare things that are only to be bought abroad. My heart leaped into my throat with joy, but not so much for the gift as for the promise it held out of affection, the one thing for which my heart was pining.

When I had carried my precious load up stairs, and opened it, I found a little case containing a diamond brooch, my uncle's miniature set in a locket, and what I treasured most of all, a long, affectionate, and encouraging letter from him. "Remember, my child," it concluded, "I shall always be your friend. Do not hesitate, in any trouble, to come to me. Let me be, in that respect, a second father to you."

My aunt, when she found I had the diamond brooch, took it from me, saying I was too young to wear, or even to take charge of, so valuable an ornament. But the locket I was allowed to wear. Soon after, my uncle finished his visit, and returned to Europe, then I had the pain of seeing Jane wear my brooch on all festive occasions. "She is older than you," said my aunt. "When you are eighteen, you shall have it again."

A year passed. It was my seventeenth birthday. I had been, as a great favor, allowed a holiday. When Jane's birthday came, there was always a party given for her; but a simple holiday was thought good enough for me. I had been out walking, and when I returned, found our rector calling on my aunt. Jane was also there, for Charles Ottiwood had also called, and it was the ambition of my aunt, as

I well knew, to secure him for her daughter, and hence, at all his visits, he was summoned.

I shall never forget my dress that morning, for it was made out of an old one that Jane had worn the winter before, and I was sure that Mr. Ottiwood recognized it. My mortification was increased by the recollection of my then old gaiters, which had a very perceptible rent, and by seeing the clergyman's eyes fixed on them.

"Julia, my child," he said, "I am glad to hear your aunt thinks you are improving, as, indeed, she tells me there was need. But surely it is vanity, my dear, to wear such thin shoes, on a wet day like this, merely because they are prettier than a thick, good winter boot. It is ridiculous to follow the fashions, at the expense of health and comfort," he continued, oracularly, opening his hands and spreading them before the fire, "because some silly leader of the *ton* chooses to set the example."

I was in a rage of shame and indignation at these words. It was not my fault that I wore thin gaiters, I said to myself; but I was too proud to tell the truth. How dared my aunt abuse me to the rector, and in the presence of one who was even more of a stranger? For a minute my anger was so great I could not speak. Then I burst out,

"Yes, Mr. Muller, I agree with you," I said, turning to him, half ironically. "Now there's my aunt will wear that wig of hers, summer or winter, though I know it must keep her mighty hot in the dog-days."

Had a thunderbolt exploded in our midst, or had a boy run in suddenly and announced that uncle had run off with another man's wife, I don't think it could possibly have created a greater sensation than did my remark. Aunt gave me a look that it makes my head ache to remember; Jane opened her blue eyes at me to their widest capacity, and blushed over neck, cheek, and brow; while Mr. Muller stared at me as if he thought I was some wild animal escaped from its cage, and miraculously endowed with the power of speech.

The only one present who did not seem horrified was Mr. Ottiwood. His utmost efforts could not prevent an amused smile from playing around his lips a moment, and then settling in his eyes, where it remained until he took his leave, which he did as soon as politeness would allow. Mr. Muller bade us good-morning at the same time.

I looked straight into the fire for the space of twenty seconds, which seemed as many

minutes, trembling at what was to come. Then the silence was broken.

"Julia," said my aunt, with a suppressed rage that frightened me more than ever, "you go to your aunt Sarah's to spend Christmas."

Now, I had prepared myself for something awful; had even wrought myself up into the fear that she might, in the extremity of her wrath, refuse me the new party dress, the first I had ever had, for Christmas-eve; but this—this was a doom that far exceeded my worst fears. To be sent from home at all when my aunt was expecting to give one of her best parties, was bad enough, but to be sentenced, of all places, to aunt Sarah's was, I felt, more than I could bear.

I gave one rapid glance at my aunt to see if she was in earnest; and knowing too well the indications of an inflexible purpose in her tightly-compressed lips and glittering eye, I rushed frantically from the parlor, and dashed, two steps at a time, up to my own room, where I threw myself upon the bed, and burst into such a passion of tears as I had not shed since my pretty Geneva watch was taken from me.

At last I grew calmer, as I believe people generally do in such cases, and began to set my inventive ingenuity to work to devise some scheme by which I could render my threatened exile endurable.

I luckily remembered that aunt Sarah, if she was one of the most disagreeable women I ever knew, and stingy besides, was at least rich; so I determined to make the most of this circumstance, and began to think that my situation was not so intolerable as I at first imagined, after all.

When I arrived at this comforting conclusion, I rose, bathed my eyes in rose-water, and taking a book in my hand, descended to the parlor with the most unconcerned air I could assume for the occasion—for I was too proud, above all things, to let aunt and Jane see that I felt as if I were being punished for a misdemeanor. It was hard work, though, to keep from crying.

At last the morning came for my departure, and I took my seat in the train for W—. I cried awhile after the cars started; but presently I dried my eyes and began to look about me. What was my astonishment to see Mr. Charles Ottiwood himself. He seemed intently engaged with his book, but I felt a burning consciousness that he had been covertly watching me all the time I was crying—and I could not imagine anything more provoking. I hastily raised the car-window, and turned my gaze outward, so that the fresh air might blow

on my face and eyes, and tame down their ruddy hue.

After awhile, Mr. Ottiwood closed his book and came over, and, after shaking hands, asked if he might occupy the vacant seat at my side.

Of course, I gave the desired permission, and we immediately glided into a lively conversation, in which I forgot all about aunt Sarah until the cars stopped at W—, and I saw her carriage in waiting for me. I then learned, for the first time, that Mr. Ottiwood would get out at W—, too; and as he assisted me into the carriage, he informed me that his father and mother lived there, and that he had come to spend Christmas at home. "I hope we shall meet often," he said.

I could not help feeling a little glow of triumph as I heard this, for I knew that aunt Sarah had counted on him at her party. But, of course, I did not let any of this appear, I only bowed, and said I should be happy, etc., etc.; and bidding him *au revoir*, was rapidly rolled away to my aunt's. She met me with a great show of cordiality, and, much to my surprise as well as gratification, said, "Why, how pretty you have grown, Julia!" As I had never been called pretty before, I was prepossessed in favor of aunt Sarah at once.

"So you know Mr. Charles Ottiwood," she said to me. "His father is the great man of the place, very wealthy, and connected with all the best families of the State." I saw, from the tone in which this was said, that I had risen greatly in aunt Sarah's estimation in consequence of knowing the son.

Another surprise awaited me at dinner. Instead of the cold mutton and tough boiled puddings of old, there was a meal that was really elegant. When dinner was over, aunt Sarah led the way into the parlor, instead of into her dingy sitting-room, as formerly. A cheerful fire burned, and the furniture was tasteful: in every way it was different from what it had been.

"Young ladies," she said, as if by way of apology, "must be treated as young ladies, and not as children. Perhaps we may have some fine gentlemen calling here, and we should be in proper trim to receive them. Dear me, Julia," looking at me critically through her spectacles, "you are more than pretty, you are beautiful. Who would have thought it!"

I blushed at all this, not only at the praise, but at the allusion to Mr. Ottiwood, which I well understood.

Next day, sure enough, Mr. Charles Ottiwood called, and, what is more, his mother and

two sisters. The sisters were very agreeable and pretty. They were full of plans for "brother Charlie's amusement during his visit:" a dinner on Christmas-day, followed by tableaux in the evening among other things; and I must come to all, they said.

Aunt Sarah was both delighted and amazed. "Why, my child," she said, when they had gone, "you have achieved quite a triumph, if you only knew it. The Ottiwoods are terribly exclusive; I have lived here for thirty years, and they never called on me before; after this you will be invited everywhere."

I was invited everywhere. At first, with a rueful face, I talked of declining invitations; but aunt Sarah insisted on knowing my reasons; and when I told her that I really had no dresses to wear, she said that should make no difference, and wrote at once to the city. In a few days, several lovely evening-dresses arrived; and I think I never had been so happy.

We called on the Ottiwoods on the second day. Their place, the Evergreens, was the most beautiful I had ever seen. Magnificent trees, a broad, velvety lawn, a noble carriage-sweep, and dominating over all, at the top of a gentle swell, an almost palatial house. Old Mr. Ottiwood himself came forward to hand us from the carriage, and said so many kind and flattering things, that I saw aunt Sarah was more pleased than ever.

For the next three weeks I led aunt Sarah a complete dance. We were out every evening, and always at the very best houses. Twice we dined at the Ottiwoods, the second time quite sociably. Mr. Charles Ottiwood's sisters became my dearest friends. They called for me almost every morning. Sometimes both came in their carriage; sometimes one in a pony phaeton. Their brother, in this last case, always occupied the rumble, and would lean over and talk to us, as his sister drove. Aunt Sarah, no longer the tyrant I had feared in my childhood, made more of a pet of me daily. She actually put her old, gray-headed, colored coachman into a new livery, and bought a ten-dollar satin for herself, to be made up into a dinner-dress for Christmas-day.

The grand dinner came off at the Evergreens; and the tableaux, after it, were quite a success. I took more than one part, and I was told everybody was in raptures with my performances; but, perhaps, my informants, who were Mr. Charles Ottiwood and his sisters, were prejudiced in my favor.

I remained at aunt Sarah's until after New-

Year's day; and when I took my place in the cars, it was with Mr. Charles Ottiwood as my escort. His father and mother, as well as his sisters, came to see me off. The reader will not be surprised, after this, to hear that the son not only accompanied me to my uncle's, but afterward went into the library, and that, subsequently, my aunt and cousin congratulated me, though with ill-concealed chagrin, as I could see, on my engagement to "young Mr. Ottiwood," as they called him. "Such a catch," added my aunt. "Really, Julia, you are a sharp girl; I didn't think you were half so sharp." I was too angry to reply.

Aunt Sarah came to my wedding in great state, and frankly told everybody, that, upon her death, I should inherit her fortune. This added to the secret rage of Jane and her mother. But outwardly they were very polite. Not, for the world, indeed, would they break with such a person as Mrs. Charles Ottiwood.

"Do you know, dearest," said my husband to me, as we drove off after the ceremony, "that I was first attracted to you, on that day you came in, wet, from a walk, and turned with such spirit on your aunt——"

"Say temper, not spirit, Charles," I answered, as I leaned on his shoulder, and looked into his face. "I am ashamed of myself, in spite of the provocation."

"I had never really seen, before, how beautiful you were," he went on, taking no further notice of my interruption than by stopping me with a kiss, "much less what noble qualities of heart and mind you had. But when I met you afterward, in the cars, I wondered I had been so blind."

Thus the richest treasure of my life, the love of my dear husband, came from what I thought, at first, my greatest evil—MY EXILE TO MY AUNT SARAH'S.

A PICTURE.

BY MARY F. HUNT.

A SILENCE in the evening air;
Beyond the hills the river sweeps;
A breath of flowers everywhere,
And Summer sunlight falling there,
Within the room while "baby" sleeps.
The parted waves of snowy lace,
That lightly drape the little bed,
Float softly o'er the sweet, young face,
And rounded arms of dimpled grace,
Float softly o'er the golden head.
The hair rests like a shining crown,
Above a brow of spotless white;
The flushing cheek of smoothest down—
The lashes closed o'er eyes of brown,
A picture framed in rosy light.

Through casements wide the breezes roam;
Out o'er the fields the Summer grain
Is waving where the reapers come,
To take the yellow harvest home,
To gather in the sheaves again.

The child sleeps on in infant grace,
And I beside it breathe a prayer;
When other shadows than of lace
Shall fall across its dimpled face,
May holy smiles still linger there;
When through the years God's reapers sway
Their sickles as life's sun goes down;
When light has faded from the day,
And golden hair has turned to gray,
May "baby" wear a starry crown!

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

BY N. B. TURNER.

Once eve I prayed, as oft before,
"Oh! loving Father, open my door,
And let me hence pass free.
I loathe this idleness and pain,
Once more to labor I would fain—
There is a work for me."

Scarce ended the entreating words,
When softly all the air was stirred,
And something seemed to say,
"Ah, yes! frail one, there is for you
A work which thou alone must do—
E'en as thy strength thy day.

"When pleasing best thou canst not tell,
Did not Elijah serve as well
Beside the desert brook,
As when upon old Cammel's crown,
He called from Heaven the fire down,
And mighty vengeance took.

"Subdue this spirit of unrest,
And be thy cares to Heaven confest,
And it to thee will lend
Strength to sustain thy weary part,
And Hope to nerve thy fainting heart,
And Patience to the end."

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146.

CHAPTER XIII.

"At last! at last!" exclaimed Louison Brisot, springing forward like a panther, and seizing the dwarf, Zamara, by the shoulder as he came through the door of her apartment. "I began to think you had been playing me false."

"Because I was late? That is hard. I can watch, not hasten the movements of others," answered the dwarf, snappishly.

"What, restive, savage? That looks well. You have got the letter—I understand that. Success always makes cowards audacious."

"Yes, I have got the letter; but only by creeping, like a thief, into Mirabeau's house. Now, what am I to get for it?"

"Get for it? Why, your life, craven—your own precious life!"

"But I want more. The life of a dog—a slave, is not worth having, unless there is enjoyment in it."

"Enjoyment!" cried the girl, laughing boisterously. "Why, what can a little withered thing like you want of enjoyment?"

"What can you want of it?" questioned the dwarf, fiercely. "I am human."

"Scarcely!" answered the woman, with brutal sincerity; "but you shall have your enjoyment. I have been so much from home that my cat is getting ferocious. You shall tame him for me; he killed my dog in a hard fight. You may have better luck."

A fiendish scowl convulsed the dwarf's face.

"I do for madame what no one else can, and for that she taunts me. I will not bear it."

"Indeed!" drawled the girl, delighting in the creature's futile rage. "How will the marmosette help himself?"

"Easily!"

"But how? The creature makes me laugh."

"I will not give you the queen's letter to Mirabeau."

"You have got it, then?"

"Yes."

"How? From the girl?"

"No. She would not part with it; but delivered it to the count with her own hands."

"Delivered it to the count! But you have it!"

"Yes. I followed her into the house, hid in the room you know of, and stole it from under his very hands while he leaned back with shut eyes to ponder over it. You see there is an advantage in being small. I went in and out like a shadow."

"And the letter! Give it up. I am burning with impatience. The letter! Where is it?"

"Why should I give the letter to you for the privilege of taming your fiend of a cat?"

"The letter, insolent—the letter, or I will have you hung at the first lantern."

Zamara turned his back upon the excited woman, and was leaving the room.

"What is this? Where are you going?"

"To give Mirabeau his property, with a full account of all you have done to get him in your power. He has money to reward, and power to protect those who serve him."

"You would betray me, then, poor, miserable traitor?"

"If I were not a traitor how could I be of use here?" answered the dwarf. "Traitor, if you will; but no one has yet called Zamara a fool; and I do not intend to give reason for it. I know the value both of love and hate. You ask the greatest luxury on earth at an unfair price. I refuse to sell it while better customers can be found."

Louison Brisot was struck dumb by the creature's audacity. In her arrogant self-conceit she had fancied that terror made him her slave; but he turned upon her at the critical moment, when she had proofs of Mirabeau's complicity with the queen almost in her grasp. She had taunted him a minute too early.

"You shall not leave the room. I will have the letter," she cried, darting before him, and placing her back against the door. "Give me that letter, man, or I will find it for myself."

The dwarf almost smiled in the face of that beautiful fiend. He drew back and cast a side-long glance toward the window, which was not very far from the ground. Louison saw his

intent, and prepared to spring upon him. Still half-smiling, he thrust one hand into the bosom of his dress, and she cried out,

"That is right. What folly to think of playing the traitor with me!"

But, instead of the package she expected, Zamara drew a poniard from his bosom, and, with the sheath of embossed gold in one hand, and the sharp, slender blade quivering in the other, stood ready to receive her.

Louison burst into a mocking laugh. Even with that weapon the puny creature could be no more than a child in her grasp. She sprang forward, determined to wrest both the poniard and letter from him.

Zamara stepped sideways prepared for her, his black eyes gleamed living fire, his mouth was set like a vice; the poniard shook and gleamed in his hand.

"Have a care," he said, in a low, sharp voice. "The point is poisoned with carroual; if it touches you, that black heart will never beat again."

Louison had heard of that fearful poison, which only the savages of Rio Darien know how to prepare. One drop of which, penetrating the flesh, strikes death through the heart in a single moment—half an inch deep the point of that glittering blade was dulled by this resinous poison. The girl drew back horror-stricken, her lips bloodless, her cheeks white as snow.

"Fiend!" she muttered, trembling in all her limbs.

The dwarf laughed. "You see there are things more powerful than brute strength," he said; "this one drop of resin makes the dwarf a giant. Now we can talk on equal terms. You want the letter in my bosom, and I am not unwilling that you should have it."

"Then why not give it to me at once?"

"Because you are insolent—because you have treated me like a dog."

"It was but a jest," said Louison, almost humbly.

"Such jests do not suit me."

"Well, well, they shall not be repeated."

"Then I cannot work like a cur because I am told. My mistress was always munificent."

"Doubtless," answered Louison, impatiently. "But I have no King of France to scatter gold at my feet; besides, in these times, safety is better than gold."

"But how is one sure that you can give safety? Let it be known that she is working in opposition to the great Mirabeau, and Louison Briot will be more likely to want

protection than the dwarf she dares to insult."

Louison seemed struck by this speech; for a moment her eyes fell, but directly her courage came back.

"You cannot understand," she said. "There is no man in the Assembly has so many bitter enemies as Mirabeau. One grave charge fastened upon him is enough to hurl him from power and blast his popularity."

"But who will you find more powerful? The next leader may not care to bend his will to that of a woman more than Count Mirabeau."

"You are sharp, Zamara, and wiser than I thought. Listen now. I do not wish to injure this man, but to—no matter what I wish."

"It is power through him, or revenge that you cannot get it. I understand," said the dwarf, while a look of slow cunning stole over his swarthy face.

Louison regarded him with astonishment. She had fallen into the mistake of measuring the creature's intellect by his size, and thus thrown off her guard, had given him an insight into her character and motives, which might prove dangerous.

"Zamara," she said, with abrupt frankness, "I do not wish to use that letter against Mirabeau, but to secure him more firmly. Will you give it to me now, and for that purpose?"

"No," answered the dwarf, with a cunning smile. "I will keep it for the same person."

"Wretch!"

"Stand aside, I wish to go. You have sneered at and insulted me so often that this blade quivers in my hand—a touch of its point and you are dead."

Louison stepped aside, for the gleam of a serpent was in the little creature's eyes, and she knew that he had a serpent's longing to strike her down.

When Zamara was gone, Louison sat down utterly confounded. Her instrument, her slave, the creature whom she had depended on for help, had openly defied her. What would he do? Show the letter to Mirabeau's enemies, and thus make it useless to her? Or would he go to the count himself and tell him all that she had done?

These doubts stung her with a sharp apprehension. It was getting late, but Louison cared nothing for that, the exactions of society had long since been thrown away in her wild life. She hastily arranged her dress and went into the street. She had intended to seek Mirabeau that evening, ready for a contest, with two letters, which Mirabeau had written to the queen,

and the answer which she had failed to obtain. As it was, she went forth half armed, but feeling sufficiently secure. After all, it was of less importance what the queen had written to Mirabeau, than what this revolutionary leader had written to the queen. Like a good general mustering his forces after a partial defeat, this woman arranged her thoughts as she threaded the streets of Paris; and when she reached the Faubourg St. Antoine had regained her courage, and that supreme audacity which no misfortune or rebuff could conquer. A subject of bitter anger met Louison at the very door of Count Mirabeau's dwelling. The porter denied to her that free admission which she had always commanded. She was requested to wait in the hall till Count Mirabeau's pleasure could be learned. "He did not receive now as formerly, and no one was admitted, unannounced, to his presence."

Louison turned white with sudden wrath as she turned upon the man, specks of angry foam shot to her lips.

"Is this a rule for all?"

"Yes; all but very intimate friends, of whom I have a list."

"See if the name of Louison Brisot is on that list."

The haughty confidence in her tone rather startled the man, who drew a memorandum-book from his pocket, and turned over the leaves in nervous haste. Louison possessed neither fear nor delicacy. While the man was glancing over some ten or twelve names written in his book, she drew close and read them for herself. She saw two names that kindled her wrath to a white heat—Madame Du Barry, and lower down Adela Ratchet.

"No, madame—or, I beg pardon, mademoiselle, the name is not here," said the man, closing his book.

"That is because there should not be a servant in this house so ignorant as to ask the name. I will find Count Mirabeau myself."

Louison waited for no protest, but made her way at once into the library, where Mirabeau was writing. He lifted his eyes as the woman presented herself, and looked at her from head to foot with a stern, questioning glance, still holding the pen in his hand. She gave him back a look of reckless defiance. Then Mirabeau laid down his pen, and touched a silver bell that stood upon the table.

The porter had followed Louison, anxious to exculpate himself, and was instantly at the door.

"I gave orders that no one should be ad-

mitted. How is it that they have not been obeyed?" said the count, quietly.

"Pardon, monsieur. I am distressed to say it, but the lady was informed, and still she came in."

"Very well. You may go!"

Mirabeau took up his pen as he spoke, and went on writing as if Louison had not been in the room. The insulting coolness of the act drove Louison beside herself. She went close to the table, and bent her white face close to the calm, massive features of this strange man.

"Are you afraid of me that your man has such orders?" she whispered, for her voice was locked with intense anger.

Mirabeau looked up and smiled as he uttered the single word, "Afraid!"

"Yes, afraid!" she said, with biting scorn.

"No, only tired," answered the man, leaning back in his chair with a slight yawn, which drove the woman mad.

"Tired! Tired of what?"

"Of you, I think."

His insolent calmness struck the woman dumb. She could neither speak nor move. Her consternation amused Mirabeau, to whom a woman's anger was generally a subject of ridicule or philosophical speculation. Just now he rather enjoyed the rage of his visitor; it was picturesque, sweeping thus over the stormy beauty of her face.

"Count Mirabeau, this is an insult!"

Mirabeau smiled.

"An insult, for which you shall pay dearly."

This fierce threat brought a faint color over the man's face. She saw it and exulted. At least, she had the power to stir the blood in his veins a little more, and she would make a tiger of him. Oh! for words bitter enough! They would not come. If she could have coined bullets into words, they would have been too weak for the need of her seething anger.

Mirabeau took up his pen and began to write. A half-completed letter lay before him, and he went on with it calmly. All at once he felt her white face droop toward his shoulder, and felt her breath on his cheek. She was reading the letter over which his hand moved. With his hand dashed down on the paper, and his frowning face uplifted, he thundered out, "Begone! Begone, I say!"

In his anger, Count Mirabeau was terrible. Sometimes he concealed it beneath smiles, and sharp, witty jeers, holding himself under firm control, as he had done during this unwelcome interview; but Louison had, in fact, worn out

his patience—and he was not a man to bear threats tamely from man or woman. Now the coarse nature of the man broke out, and once more he bade his tormentor begone, as if she had been some repulsive animal in his path.

As often happens, one powerful passion silences another, Mirabeau's rude strength subdued the woman's wrath till it came within the level of words. In bitter, stinging 'aunts, that man, with all his eloquence, was no match for the girl, who, for the moment, hated him.

"Where shall I go, to that temple in the park at St. Cloud, where a vile traitor meets a——"

Mirabeau started up, his face crimson, his large hand clenched. It was Louison's turn to laugh—and her voice rang out in one long, mocking taunt.

"You look surprised. Those eyes start from your head. You order me to begone, but forget to tell me where. If that temple does not please you, perhaps Madame Du Barry——"

The girl broke off appalled. She had brought the tiger in Mirabeau's nature uppermost, and even her courage shrunk a little under it. The man turned upon her like a lion at bay. Her words surprised him. He could not fathom the extent of her knowledge, and was too proud for questions; but the doubt and keen anxiety broke through the storm on his face. How much did that evil creature know?

"So you dared to level me with the crowd of silly women whose hearts you have trampled on," said Louison, encouraged by his fierce agitation. "You thought a few curt words, and unmanly insults, would send me whining among their ranks. With your lips on the hand of a queen, you could afford to scoff at a woman of the people. But I will give you proofs of your mistake. The people shall know of this treason before the night is an hour older."

With a mighty power of self-control Mirabeau sat down at his table, took up the pen, and went on writing. He would not let the woman see that she had shaken his nerves by a single thrill of apprehension.

"You do not believe me. Well, what if I tell you exactly how much gold has been drawn from the royal treasury to gild the treason of Count Mirabeau?"

The pen in Mirabeau's hand gave a sudden leap upon the paper, and then glided on evenly as before.

"What if I tell you what fair girl it was who brought a letter from St. Cloud this very evening?"

"Even then," said Mirabeau, at last, pausing

a moment in his work, "what would the word of Louison Brisot be against that of Mirabeau? Foolish woman! you are wasting time! Go, carry your bundle of falsehoods where you will, they only weary me, and I am busy."

"I will take them," answered the woman. "Henceforth there is war between us two."

Again Mirabeau smiled; though startled, and full of keen apprehension, he would not let the woman see how terribly her words had disturbed him. Still they were but words, and an accusation, without evidence, could easily be borne down, especially as it would seem to spring from the jealousy of an angry woman, whose vindictive character was well known at the clubs.

Louison stood a minute pale and silent, waiting for him to speak; but the proud man would have perished rather than show, by word or look, the wound she had given him. His calmness hurt her worse than his anger had done. He did not believe her; before the hour was over she would convince him.

"The clubs are still in session, before they close your treason will be known there."

"And you will have done your worst. Come and tell me how the news is received. It will be interesting. I will wait for you," said Mirabeau, without lifting his head.

"Yes, I will come, if it is only to be the first who shall tell you that your power in France is at an end, Count Mirabeau, and that you stand from this night exposed to the world as a demagogue and a traitor!"

"Be sure and come. You shall have no trouble in reaching me this time."

Louison left the room and the house. When the door closed upon her, Mirabeau flung down his pen, and resting his head upon his two hands, gave way to the terrible shock her words had given him. She was right; let France once know that he had been in treaty with the court, and his great power would melt away like a snow-wreath. All that he possessed on earth was his influence with the people. In the clubs and the Assembly he had almost as many enemies as friends. The extremes both hated him and feared him. They would seize upon anything which promised to injure him. Would Louison go to them with her charge? It was more than likely her keen wit and vindictive thirst for vengeance would find the shortest way of reaching him. But she had no evidence; his letter reached the queen, and her answer was safe in his own possession. What, then, but suspicion and her own assertion, had the woman to offer his

enemies. Such evidence he could afford to scorn. After all, why should he care for the threats of a woman like Louison Brisot—a creature who would never have been heard of but for the notice he had given her.

After sitting a full hour thinking over all that threatened him, Mirabeau remembered the queen's letter, and, rendered cautious by his anxiety, resolved to burn it after another careful perusal. A deer of Lapis Lazuli, with hoofs and antlers of burnt gold, crouched upon a small block of agate at his elbow. Under this dainty toy he had placed the queen's letter after reading it. He reached forth his hand, lifted the deer, and found nothing underneath. Mirabeau gazed in consternation at the empty space. Then he searched among the papers on his table with a hand that began to shake violently. Had that evil creature stolen the letter?

No, that was impossible; she had stood on the other side while looking over his shoulder, and in that position the deer was beyond the reach of her arm. But the letter was gone, and he had not, for a moment, left the room after it was placed in his hands by that fair young girl. Where could the letter be? Why had it left his hand for a single moment? Mirabeau ground his teeth, and cursed his own carelessness as he tossed the papers to and fro on his writing-table; but it was of no avail—the queen's letter was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LITTLE man sat alone in his lodgings in an obscure street, where he led an existence of austere economy, such as many of the most noisy patriots only affected. This man was sincere in his simple mode of life, and honestly rigid in the self-denial, which had become a habit with him. The only gleam of vanity that broke around him lay in the showy color and cut of his clothes, which were unlike those of any other man in his class of life. With the exception of that which appertained directly to his own person, Robespierre cared nothing for his surroundings. He was proud of a very insignificant person, and ambitious for power, but had not thought of gain as a means of working out his ambition. Indeed, Robespierre, like many of his compatriots, was proud of his poverty, and used it as a stepping-stone to the influence he craved.

"A lady wishes to see Monsieur Robespierre."

These words from a slaterny servant aroused

the man from a pamphlet which he was reading, and he started up, surprised, and a little nervous, for it was getting late in the evening, and in order to read in comfort, he had thrown off the only coat he possessed, and unwound the voluminous cravat from his throat, both of which articles lay across the back of his chair.

"A woman—a lady? Who is it?"

"Don't know."

"Well, what is she—young or old, beautiful or ugly?"

"Beautiful, I dare say monsieur will think."

"Well, well, keep her waiting till I get my coat on."

Robespierre ran to a little mirror hanging on the wall, and wound the soft, white cravat around his neck, caressed the ruffles of plaited linen, that had begun to hang limp, and a little soiled upon his bosom, into something like their original crispness, and thrust his arms into a coat originally of bright olive-green, from which the nap had been considerably worn by constant brushing. Scarcely had he settled his slight figure in these garments when the door of his room opened, and Louison Brisot made her appearance. She had evidently been walking fast, for a warm, bright color glowed in her cheeks, and her bosom heaved and fell with her quick breathing.

Robespierre had seen this young person before, and received her with a feeling of disappointment. She was known as the devoted friend of Count Mirabeau, and as such he regarded her with something of the dislike which he felt toward that powerful man, whose greatness had overshadowed him both in the Assembly and with the people.

"I am fortunate in finding you alone, citizen," said the girl, who scarcely heeded the slight confusion into which she had thrown the little man, whose character and ability had not yet found full recognition in France. "We are not known to each other much, but shall be better acquainted, I hope, after my errand is made known. Have I your permission to sit?"

Robespierre started forward and placed one of the two chairs his room contained for the accommodation of his visitor. Then he stood up, leaning one hand on the table, and waited in grave silence for her to speak. She did this suddenly.

"You know Mirabeau well, but do not like him," she affirmed rather than questioned.

"Yes, the count has made himself well known in the Assembly."

"Where he overshadows more able members than he ever can be, and tyrannizes over the

true patriots of France by the force of his own brutal character."

"Mirabeau is a powerful man," answered Robespierre, thoughtfully. "This day he stands with his foot upon the neck of our country, and the people sustain him."

"Because they think him a pure patriot."

"Yes, he has attained a marvelous hold on the people."

"But if those who worship him now could be made to see him false, a traitor to their cause, a parasite of the court, a double-sided villain—what then? Would they cling to him still?"

"Cling to him? No! The people are great; the people are just!"

"One question more. Who is there among the patriots who could take his place?"

For the first time, a slow, dull crimson came into Robespierre's face, and his eyes shone with inward fire. The ambition that had been consuming him flashed out with an irrepressible illumination of a face that a moment before had seemed so parched and void of all expression. Louison answered the look as if he had spoken.

"You are right, citizen. The man is Maximilian Robespierre. I, of all the women of France, have known it. While others reviled him, I have seen the elements of greatness rising and growing in this man. While Mirabeau trifles with his power, plays with his popularity, and loses his triumphs, this man hoards his strength and bends his energies to one great purpose—the true liberty of the people."

Robespierre gazed on the woman in amazement. He believed himself to be all that she described, felt the indomitable spirit, which she understood so well, burning in his soul, and replied to her as if she had been talking of another person.

"You are right. The man who is to lift France out of her chains must have but one duty, one idea—to that humanity itself must bow; for her sake life should be as nothing. The purposes of men must bend like steel to his will. Count Mirabeau is not that man. His soul wanders away from its wavering object back to his grosser self. He wastes his life in projects that have no issue. He loves himself rather than France. The aristocratic blood in his veins is forever leading him back to our enemies. He coquettes with France as if she were a woman."

"Yet the people love him, and follow him blindly—most of all, the women; and of these,

with blind persistence, the women of the market, who wield a wonderful power over the starving multitude who come to them for food."

"I know. I have seen their devotion. This man does not arise in his place without a crowd to cheer him on. His speeches are broken up with acclamations, and carried to the world on a thousand lips, warm with his praises. Yet, I declare to you, this man stands between these very people and their liberty—he blocks the way more earnest men are eager to tread. But why have I spoken thus, and to a woman known as his warmest admirer?"

"Not so, citizen. While Mirabeau was honest, I adored him. Now——"

"Now? What have you discovered? Why are you here? Not because I am known as his friend? That is impossible. I look upon him as a stumbling block in the way of all true patriots."

"And I look upon him as a traitor!"

"Ah! I know men say that; but the proof? Where is the proof? No one has been able to find it; and every futile charge only makes him the stronger."

"What if he were known to visit the queen privately?"

"To visit the queen? No, no! He is not rash enough for that."

"But if he had?"

"That would be a strong lever in skillful hands; but the proof must be clear, and the witnesses trustworthy."

"What if he had taken money from the court?"

"What? Why, that would kill him with the people."

"Where did the money come from with which he keeps up princely state in the Faubourg St. Antoine? Has any one put that question home to him?"

"As for that, it is understood that Mirabeau is reconciled to his father, a wealthy man in the provinces."

Louison broke into a laugh.

"So that is the way he accounts for it; and the people are fools enough to believe him. Credulous idiots, have they no eyes?"

"But suspicions are not proofs."

"Is this a *proof*?" cried the girl, losing all patience in these lawyer-like questions. "Is that Mirabeau's handwriting? Will his besotted worshipers stand firm against a paper like that?"

Louison cast down Mirabeau's letter to the queen as she spoke. Robespierre took it up and read it carefully. He was a cool, wary

man, slow of conviction, impossible to move when his opinion was once formed; but the woman who watched him saw that hard, dull face light up with almost ferocious satisfaction, and his gray eyes were absolutely black with excitement as he turned them upon her.

"This letter; how came it in your possession?"

"I bribed Mirabeau's messenger to give it up."

"It is genuine! It is genuine! Louison Brisot, you have done wonderful service to those who love France. I will lay this letter before the Assembly."

Louison turned white. This prompt action, which would sweep all power of retreat from her, took away her breath. As yet she had made no terms for herself.

"When Mirabeau is dethroned, and another sits in his place, then what of Louison Brisot?" she said.

"She will have the gratitude of all France," answered Robespierre, looking up from the letter, which he was perusing a second time. "What more can a true patriot want?"

"That which Mirabeau has, and you seek for—power!"

"Power?"

"The man who controls all others must share his power openly, or in secret, with Louison Brisot."

A faint, hard smile crept over Robespierre's face; it disturbed the woman who gazed so fixedly upon him. Had she done well to exchange the insolent forbearance of Mirabeau for this iron man?

"At last we can lay his black heart bare before the people he has duped. Nothing can save him. The man who arraigns him is immortal." Robespierre was speaking to himself. Louison listened. She saw that he had no thought of her—that keen, selfish ambition possessed him entirely. She drew toward him softly as he pored over the paper, reached over his shoulder and took the letter from his hand. He started and uttered a faint sound, like some wild animal when its food is torn away.

"Why have you taken it?" he said, anxiously. "I was getting his treason by heart."

"But I have scarcely read it myself; besides, there are others who love France."

"No, no! Let this rest between you and me. Robespierre must strike the blow himself."

The sight of this man's eagerness to crush his rival made Louison doubly anxious to keep the power she possessed under her own control. What, if in ruining Mirabeau, she only acted

as the instrument of a harder man's ambition. After all, had she not been too hasty in allowing the jealous feelings of a woman to hurry her so completely into a combination with Mirabeau's enemies? Had she been wise to threaten this man, to whom defiance, in any form, was like flames of scarlet to an enraged animal?

She looked at Robespierre in that olive-green coat, with its high, rolling collar, under which his spare, angular figure seemed to shrink away into insignificance, and a smile of derision almost curled her saucy lips. She remarked, with an inward jeer, the striped vest, in which lines of warm buff predominated, whose broad lapels, opening wide upon the bosom, gave place to a profusion of knotted muslin and clustering ruffles, from which that contracted face, lean, dry, and hard, rose in almost grotesque contrast. Then she almost laughed at herself for the thought of lifting this man into the seat of Mirabeau, whose very brutal strength and dashing elegance came back upon her mind with the sudden force of contrast. She remembered how grandly the broad ruffles rolled back from his massive throat; how imperial was the poise of that haughty head, with its shock of tawny hair, and wan, direful mobility of countenance. The supreme insolence of his bearing had its charm for this woman, who was ready to adore the man whose ruin she was planning, while she solemnly believed that it was hate which led her on. She turned away from the contemplation of Robespierre's meagre figure, wondering at herself that she had even so far put a creature like Mirabeau into his power. After all, Louison Brisot was a woman, and capricious even in the wild patriotism and burning jealousy, which led so many of the women of France into acts that seemed to unsex them. She began to scorn herself for the idea of casting a grand, leonine creature like Mirabeau into the power of a man, whose appearance was so utterly insignificant. No, she would not do it. Mirabeau should have another chance. It was like chaining a lion that foxes might torture him. No, she would think about it. That letter once given up, and where was she, simply an informer for the benefit of that eager little man, who could not even smile frankly.

Louison put the letter in her bosom, while Robespierre was gazing on it with eager longing.

"But you are not going? You will not take it away?" he exclaimed, sharply.

"It belongs to me—I shall not harm it. When all is ready you know where to find it."

"But, *citoyenne*, that paper belongs to the people."

"And I am one of the people," answered Louison, laughing.

"Leave it—leave it with me."

"Yes, when I like you better than myself."

Robespierre measured the woman with a keen, hungry glance. He was not altogether a brave man, but crafty and cruel enough to have killed her with his own hands, if that would have given him possession of the paper; but Louison, a handsome, bright woman, had a powerful *physique*, and was, in fact, powerful enough to have defended herself against two such men as Robespierre. He glanced at her tall, subtle person, her strong, white arms, and burning eyes, that seemed to read the craven purpose that was creeping through his brain, and felt how useless any struggle would be against her. So he slunk back into the chair, from which he had half-started, with a feeling of abject defeat.

"But you will keep it safe? It will be forthcoming when the patriots of the Assembly call for it?"

"You have seen it—and who doubts the word of Robespierre?"

"But I must have the proof—too many unfounded or unproved charges have been made against this man. They only make him more defiant and more powerful."

"But the letter will be in my keeping—you can find it at any time."

"Then you will not leave it?"

"No!"

"But promise me that you will not part with it to another."

"Well, I promise. Good-night, *citoyen*."

Robespierre followed the woman with his

keen eyes, longing to spring upon her and wrest the document from her bosom. His thin hand clutched and opened itself on the table with an impatient desire to be at work.

At the door of Robespierre's lodgings Louison met two men, whom she knew and recognized. For one moment she paused. If her design was carried out, these were the very persons whose aid she wanted; but she only hesitated a moment, then passed on, saying,

"Good-evening, *citoyen* Marat. Good-evening, St. Just."

Marat answered her with a careless jest. St. Just simply bent his head, but neither smiled on her, or at the wit of his companion. Louison stood a moment in the passage, and watched these two men as they mounted a flight of stairs leading to Robespierre's room.

"Shall I go back," she thought, "and settle the whole thing with these men at once? No, not yet. By to-morrow I may have the other letter, or it may be—it may be—"

Louison hurried into the street with this half-uttered sentence on her lip, and walked rapidly toward the Chaussee d'Anton. When she came opposite Mirabeau's house her face lighted up. She had said to herself, "If I find it dark, then it shall be Robespierre; if not, Mirabeau shall have another chance. I will not give him up to these hounds without that." Womanhood was strong within her that evening. She panted to conquer this great man, but not destroy him. When she thought of that, a feeling of terrible desolation fell upon her. She shuddered to think how near the scaffold was to a political offence.

The porter made no objection to her entrance this time, but waved his hand toward the library, as if she had been expected.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE ORGAN.

BY E. RUNLEIGH.

At her warm touch the keys awake to life,
And warble as a bird,
At dawning, 'ere the turmoil and the strife
Of day are heard.

Then gushing fuller, the clear song takes flight
In grandeur, and around
The warm air trembles with the swelling might
Of wondrous sound.

I stand as in a dream, a pearly arm,
A hand, are all I see;
A vapor of rich music, like a charm,
Envelopes me.

And now a softer motion floats along
The keys. Oh, witchery!
A weird strain, luring as a siren's song
Upon the sea.

And as I listen, fairer seem to grow
Those hands, the fingers move
Swift, to and fro, and tempt me on with low,
Sweet sounds of love.

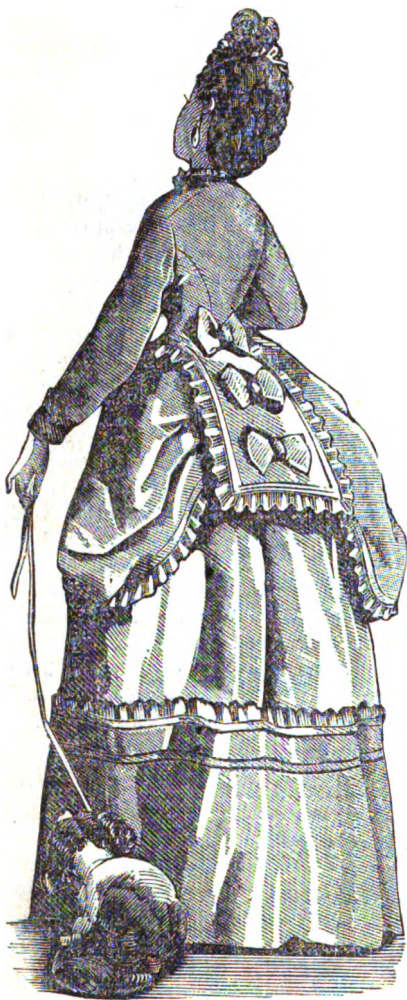
Till I must yield, and leaning down I kiss
That arm—the spell is broke;
But sweeter than my dreaming was the bliss
To which I woke.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We devote most of our space this month to descriptions of walking-dresses suitable for the coming season. The first is a very pretty costume of delaine, say of a Sardinian gray.

well as the bodice and the basque, are trimmed with flutings of the material and satin pipings. Three bows of the material are placed upon the basque. The delaine ought to cost from fifty to seventy-five cents a yard.



The deep flounce on the skirt is false, there being nothing real but the heading, which is composed of a wide cross-strip and a fluting of the material of the dress, with satin pipings of the same color. The second skirt is looped up under the coat basque of the plain, high bodice. Coat-sleeves with cuffs. The second skirt, as

The next may be made of mohair, or of any other of the materials, half silk and half wool, which are now so much worn. A light brown is a fashionable color. The skirt is trimmed with flounces of unequal size, each headed with a plaiting and a fluted heading: a band of brown silk is placed on either side of the

plaiting. The bodice is completed at the back by two deep, square basques, which are trimmed with similar flounces. Band of brown silk, with large bow at the back. Large, square collar of starched linen, worked in scallops round the edge.



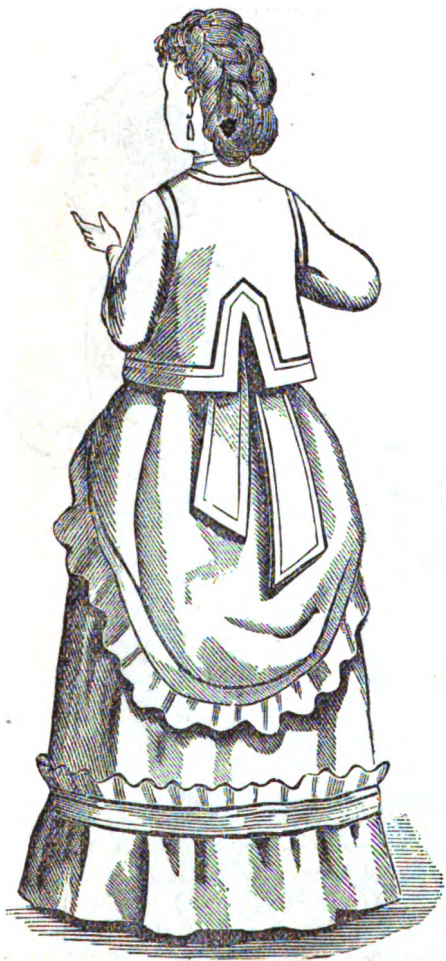
We give next a very pretty and inexpensive home-dress. It is to be made of striped mohair or poplin: mohair is the cheapest material; the best is double width, and cost from forty to seventy-five cents per yard. Poplins are more expensive, costing from a dollar to a dollar and fifty for one of a good quality. Fall "reps" sell for about sixty-two cents. Any of these materials are suitable for early fall wear, and about twelve yards are required. The waist is a plain, round one, and trimmed in front to simulate a surplice. The trimmings are all of black silk, consisting of a bias fold

upon the bottom of the skirt, which fold should be lined with black crinoline, as it makes the silk look thicker, and consequently makes a richer-looking trimming. The fold is from two to three inches in width: and the "bows" are to be made also of the bias silk, (lined,) around the bottom of the skirt they are placed at intervals of nine inches. The cuff and piece for the body may easily be cut from the engraving. A sash of blue ribbon (or one made of the silk is less expensive) completes the dress. There is little if anything new in the cut of skirts; the front breadth gored, and the side breadths; all the back ones plain, so as to make plenty of fullness at the back, which seems to be indispensable.



Our next is a walking-costume for early fall wear. This charming dress for a young lady, and which any one may make for herself, is of

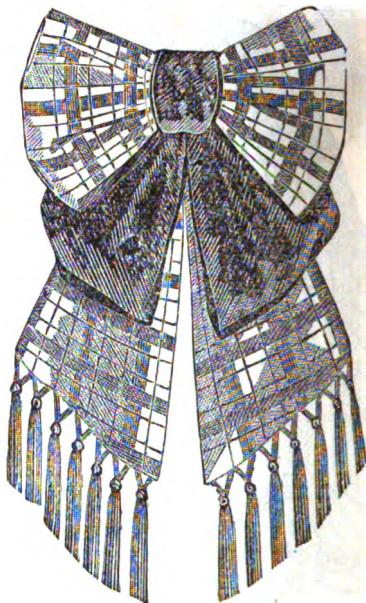
a light gray, small-figured mohair, and the trimmings are of "plaid poplin" of the blue and green combinations, or purple and green, or purple, black, and white. However, these plaids all come in so pretty and gay in the fall that one can hardly go amiss in selecting one for trimming. Twelve yards of the plain or gray material, and four yards of plaid, will be required. The lower-skirt measures three yards and a half round the bottom, and is ornamented with a bias flounce three-eighths of a yard in depth, box-plaited, and set on to form a heading, as seen in the design. Six widths will be required for the flounce,



The waist is a plain, round one, cut surplice in front, and worn over an inside spencer, trimmed with revers of the plaid. For the upper-skirt, cut first a gored front three-quarters of a yard deep, and two side-gores; then

three widths plain, and one yard long for the back; plait in the extra length of the back breadths into the side-gores. (This extra length is to allow for the puffing up at the back.) Now cut the front width exactly in half. A piece of the plaid put on as seen in the engraving, and turned back, and all around the upper-skirt trim with a box-plaited ruffle six inches deep, to correspond with the under-skirt. Coat-sleeves, with a turned-back cuff of the plaid, completes this costume. A group of bows of the plaid may be added at the back, if desired.

Our fifth is a brown rep walking-dress, for which sixteen yards of material, and three pieces of narrow black velvet ribbon, a quarter of an inch wide, will be required. No directions are needed for the cut of the under-skirt, always making it no more than three yards and a half in width; six widths, cut on the bias,



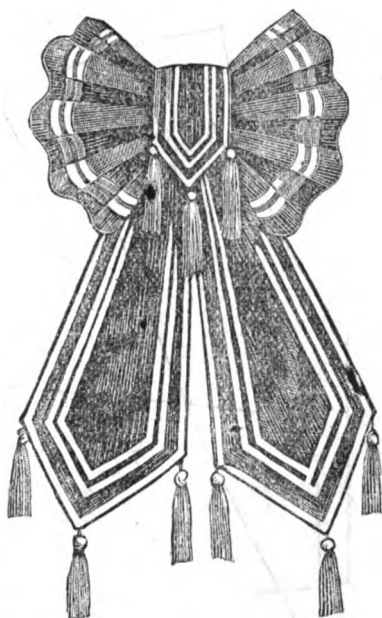
for the lower flounce, which is put on in box-plaits, separated by a narrow band, an inch and a half wide, of the material, fastened down with one row of the black velvet on each side. If economy is desired, this band may be stitched down by the sewing-machine. The upper-skirt has one width in front, and two side-gores sloped quite up to the hips, and two full widths with side-gores for the back, sloped to meet the front, trimmed to match the bottom-skirt. The jacket is of the sailor style, slit up the back, trimmed with the bias band of the material, and velvet ribbon. Ruffles look

very badly on these little jackets, and should never be used, although we see many of them worn. Coat-sleeves, sash-ends, or a group of large bows, completes the dress. Bows may be added at the sides when the upper-skirt is looped up.



As sashes are indispensable, we give three of the prettiest designs we have seen. The first is of wide, plaid ribbon, combined with black ribbon or velvet: the ends either fringed out, or else a wide, knotted fringe tied in. The second consists of two colors, or rather any one

color, and black combined: heavy silk fringe on the ends. Blue and black, or scarlet and black, worn over white pique dresses in the fall, always looks pretty. The third is made



of black silk or velvet, trimmed with narrow, white velvet ribbon; the bows are made fan-shaped and box-plaited. It can easily be trimmed and formed from the engraving. Tassels can be made at home out of skeins of black, and white sewing-silk. Two skeins of sewing-silk will make a very nice tassel.

NEW MODE OF LOOPING UP A SKIRT

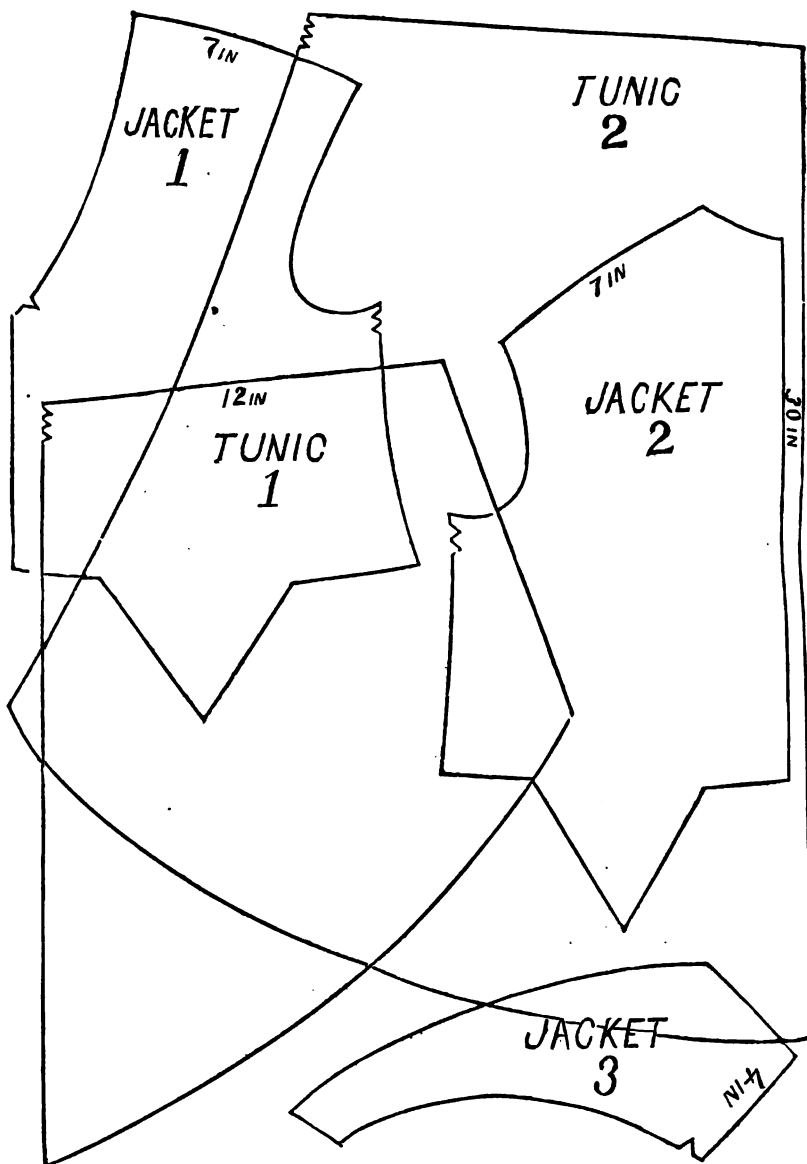
BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give two engravings, showing a new mode of looping up a skirt. To loop up a skirt in the manner seen in these illustrations, sew a number of small rings down each side on the wrong side, and draw through these rings a silk cord on either side, by means of which the skirt is taken up. The rings must be sewn on at intervals of about four inches. One end of the cord is fastened below the lowest circle; the other end is drawn through a slit made in the skirt in front at the waistband on the right-hand side of the skirt;

sew on tassels or buttons at the ends of the cord, so as to prevent its sliding back through the slit. This manner of taking up dresses is very suitable for such as have short trains only. If the train of the dress be very long, two other cords must be drawn through two other rows of brass rings in the middle of the back, taking the cords double. All these cords are drawn at the same time through the slit at the side of the skirt, fastening likewise tassels or buttons at the ends. This process is both simple and effective.

SLEEVELESS JACKET AND TUNIC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the front of the number we give an engraving of a full-length figure, showing two articles, a Sleeveless Jacket and a Tunic, both intended for morning wear, and for washing materials, although the jacket could also be made in scarlet flannel or bright velvet, and braided with either gold or *soulache*. There are three pieces for the jacket, as will be seen from the diagram annexed, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, representing the front, half of back, and revers.

and collar combined. These represent one-half of the jacket. There is one notch in the front, and a corresponding notch on the *revers*, showing how the latter is to be laid on the jacket, which, as seen in the engraving, is open at the throat. There are two notches under the arm, indicating how the back and front are joined; the back is straight, and there is no necessity for a join down the center. If made of *pique* or brown holland, the whole should be edged with Madeira work, the frill round the armhole being made to fall upward over the jacket, instead of downward over the sleeve. For mohair or alpaca, the jacket should be edged with fringe.

There are two pieces for the tunic, for which

also see the diagram tunic, Nos. 1 and 2. The front is the smaller piece; it has three notches on the side, indicating how it is to be joined to the corresponding notches on the back breadth. The tunic is open in front, and at the side-seam a casing is run on the wrong side; a tape is fastened at the lower edge of the tunic, and carried through the casing to the waist. This tape can be drawn up according to taste, and be let down when the dress is to be washed. The skirt is trimmed (see engraving) with Russian plaitings, headed with bands of the same, or with braid. The bodice is plain, and the coat-sleeve is trimmed at the wrist to correspond with the skirt.

CLOAK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give two engravings, (back and front views,) printed in the appropriate colors, of a Cloak in Crochet, to be worked in scarlet and white. To work this cloak you require a long bone crochet-hook, No. 4, and scarlet and white three-thread fleecy wool. The shape of this cloak is like the Burrous, but without the hood, and instead of being rounded, it forms a point at the back. You commence with a red stripe at the bottom of the front, and for this make a chain of 150 stitches. Work 3 rows plain in crochet tricottee. 4th row: Increase a loop by taking up a stitch between the first and second long loop in the row; the rest plain; work back. 5th row: Plain. 6th row: Take the white wool and work a plain row. 7th row: In this row, and also in the 4th row in the light stripe, a little pattern in red wool is worked. Have a separate ball for the purpose, and pass it on from one pattern to the other, (the cloak would look very well without it, if extra trouble is not desired,) * 8 loops plain with white wool, 2 red loops; repeat from *, and work back, taking care to work the red loops through with red wool. 8th row: Increase as in 4th row, rest plain. 9th row: 4 white loops, * 2 red loops, 8 white loops; repeat from *, and work back. 10th row: Plain. 11th row: Join the red wool, and work 5 rows, increasing in the 2nd row of the 5; work 15 stripes in this manner, each stripe consisting of 5 rows, and increasing one stitch at the commencement of every 4th row in the work, and working the little pattern in the white stripes, you will now

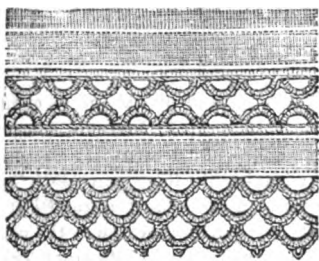
have 74 rows, and are about to commence a light or white stripe. You now commence the neck, and for this decrease at the end of the rows by leaving the loops unworked. 75th row: White wool. Leave 1 loop unraised at the end, and still continue to increase at the commencement of every 4th row. 76th row: Take up all the loops of last row, excepting the last. 77th row: Take up *all* the loops of last row. 78th row: Take up all the loops but the last of preceding row. 79th row: Leave one loop at the end. 80th row: Red wool. Work all the loops of last row. 81st row: Leave the last loop unworked. 82nd row: Work all the loops of last row. 83rd row: Leave one loop at the end. 84th row: Work all the loops of last row. 85th row: White wool; raise all the loops. 86th row: Leave one loop at the end. 87th row: Raise all the loops of last row. 88th row: Leave one loop unraised. 89th row: Raise all the loops of last row. 90th row: Red wool; raise all the loops of last row. 91st row: Leave one loop unraised. 92nd row: Raise all the loops of last row. 93rd row: Leave one loop unraised. 94th row: Raise all the loops of last row. 95th row: White; raise all the loops of last row. 96th row: Leave one loop unraised. 97th row: Raise all the loops of last row. 98th row: Leave one loop unraised. 99th row: Raise all the loops. 100th row: Red wool, raise all the loops of last row. 101st row: Leave 1 loop unraised. 102nd row: Raise all the loops of last row. 103rd row. Leave one loop unraised. 104th row: Raise all the loops of last row. 105th row: White wool. This

stripe is worked plain at both ends of the row. This stripe forms the middle of the back of the cloak; now work 21 stripes, working the directions backward from the 104th row, increasing one stitch in the neck in the rows where you left a stitch, and decreasing one stitch at the commencement of every fourth row throughout the whole pattern. When finished, work a row of double crochet with red wool all round the bottom of the cloak. Then work the following border, with white wool for the fringe.

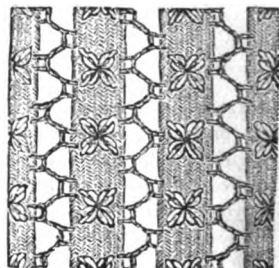
BORDER.—1st row: 1 double crochet on the first stitch, * 5 ch, miss 2 double crochet, 1 dc in the next: repeat from *. 2nd row: With red wool, * 1 double crochet in the third of the next 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat from *. Cut the two colors of wool into lengths of 8 inches, and knot three or four lengths into each loop of chain-stitches. Then make a long chain of the light wool, and two tassels at each end, to tie it with round the neck.

BORDER AND PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two illustrations, one of a pattern in stripes of braid and lace-stitch, the other of a striped border of tatting and muslin. The strips of braid are joined together by the lace-stitch, as shown in the design, and the braid ornamented with little embroidered



flowers. The tatting is worked with the helping thread, and each half scallop contains six double knots, joined in the middle by one picot. These half scallops are fastened on to the material with stitching and button-hole stitch, as shown in the design.

SASH EMBROIDERY FOR PINAFORES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two engravings, one of a sash for a Pinafore, the other of an embroidery pattern for a Pinafore. These muslin pinafores are very fashionable for little girls, and are very prettily trimmed with lace, embroidery, etc. The sash is of book-muslin, and the button-hole and chain-stitch embroi-

dery is of scarlet Andalusian wool. The design for the top and bottom of a pinafore is to be worked with wool. It will also serve for a border to silk aprons, or for trimming chemise Russe, and may be worked in silks of bright shades. For Misses and young girls these will be found showy and attractive.

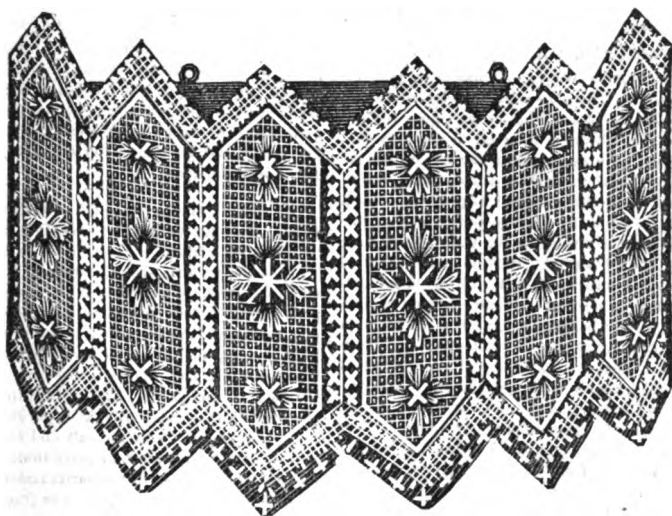
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Police

WALL-BASKET, IN SILVER PERFORATED PAPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



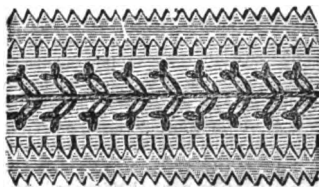
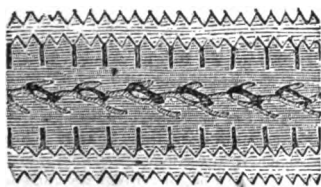
MATERIALS.—Silver perforated paper, six yards of blue ribbon velvet, (a quarter of an inch wide,) floss silk the same color, white cardboard, etc.

The basket covered on the outside with silver perforated paper is of cardboard; for the hind part a straight piece of the latter, thirteen inches and three-quarters long and four inches and a half wide, is cut out, and for the front six single pieces alike in shape and nearly three inches wide, which are so sloped at the ends that they are seven inches and a half long in the middle, and four inches and three-quarters long at the sides. The bottom requires an answering length four inches and a half wide, the straight side of which joins the back. After the cardboard and perforated parts in front, the latter being decorated with

a star pattern, and edge-stitched in blue floss silk, they are lined with blue silk, as also the rest of the separate parts of the frame of the basket, bound with white stay-tape at the sides, coming together and then seamed. The border, with blue ribbon velvet run in and pasted on with gum-arabic, which, as seen, edges each single part of the front in the length on both sides, is of three ribs of the paper, (stripes,) and this perforated stripe is cut out to design. For the upper and lower edge of the front, the border also pasted on with gum-arabic is five perforated ribs wide, which are made in a pointed shape, and, with ribbon velvet run through below, cut out at the top in small stars. Two large loops or eyes, put on at the back, serve to hang up this basket. A neat and pretty affair.

APPLIQUE BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two engravings of borders in colors pinked at the edges. The embroidery applique. They may be made in cloth of two is worked in purse-silk.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORD ABOUT PRETTY WOMEN.—It has often been remarked that men are wrong to admire pretty women so much. "Handsome is as handsome does," goes the old saying, meaning that goodness, after all, is the only real beauty. We do not take exception to the remark: so far as it goes it tells a truth; but there is something, meantime, to be urged for prettiness merely as prettiness. As a leading writer has said lately, a pretty woman is doing one part, at least, of woman's work in the world, by making life sunnier and more beautiful. It is no longer expected that men should be beauties. In fact, with the most intelligent women, a man of forceful look and character is more admired than a merely handsome one. The presumption against a "pretty man" is that he is weak, or vain, or frivolous, or all. But it is not so, and never will be so, in regard to women. "Life becomes more harmonious," says the writer to whom we have alluded, "it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments."

We give to the term "prettiness," however, no narrow meaning. It is something, in our view, quite distinct from what is popularly called "beauty." The latter involves the idea of regular features, a superb form, a luxuriant and grand style. Very few women, in this sense, are beautiful; and it is a good thing there are so few; for such women are usually remarkable for neither intellect, nor amiability: in truth, are generally thinking only of themselves, and not of the comfort of others. But a pretty woman is quite a different thing. She is not a mere statue, like the orthodox, classic beauty. She is no ill-tempered Juno, no frivolous Venus. She does not depend on color, or eyes, or hair, or a small hand, or a graceful figure, though she may have one, or more, of all these. A woman with an ugly nose, or a large mouth, or a big hand, or even indifferent eyes, may yet be pretty. It is hard to analyze what makes prettiness. But we all recognize it the moment we see it. Intangible, almost, like the air, it yet, like the air of a fine day, brightens life, making it a thing of joy and sunshine.

Prettiness can be cultivated. Every woman, indeed, can become more or less pretty. The mere doing of kind actions, it has often been said, gives to the plainest countenance, in time, an almost seraphic repose. A woman can cultivate the art of being agreeable, until her face actually grows brighter. Or, by giving up to spleen, or life's worries, a woman may grow ugly. Good health has much to do with prettiness, as happiness has not a little to do with good health. How often do we see a commonplace-looking girl, after being married to a man she loves, and who loves her, bloom into positive prettiness. On the other hand, a neglected wife, or one whom her husband compels to be a mere drudge, loses whatever prettiness she had. Dress goes a great way in assisting to make a woman pretty. A naturally pretty woman, attired in inharmonious colors, or with a costume years out of date, becomes positively ugly. Is it not mind, after all, combined with character, that has the most to do with making a woman pretty? Dress, with a woman who is pretty from the soul outward, if we may use such an expression, becomes a sign of her inward harmony: it ceases to be mere clothing, and rises into the higher regions of poetry and art. It does not demand costly expenditure, or insist on extravagant materials; but it throws a grace around whatever it wears, and even makes

a beautiful fashion more beautiful. So, in the home, a pretty woman surrounds herself, insensibly, with pretty things. Often they are but trifles; nevertheless, they are pretty; and they reflect their prettiness on her and all about her. In these senses, every woman can become more or less pretty, and be, as a poet so felicitously phrases it, "the sunshine of the house."

THE SHORT SKIRT. we are glad to chronicle, still holds its own, at least for walking-dresses. It is too comfortable to be given up without a struggle. The most simply constructed upper-skirts are most stylish. There should be no set pieces at the sides trimmed all around, and no panner puffs behind. They should be very long, fuller than the under-skirt, and are frequently only draped at the sides, the back hanging plainly, or being opened in the center and trimmed to the belt. Forty inches is the average length of the back of over-skirts. This is, in many cases, as long as the lower-skirt, consequently the upper-skirt must be draped by tapes attached under the belt and buttoned over loops half-way down the seams. Square tunic-skirts are made of four straight widths of three-quarter materials shaped longer toward the back, left plainly open in front, simply trimmed all around, and draped in the way just described. Apron fronts are now made of a straight width of three-quarter materials, and a single side-gore rounded up to the belt. The front width is not sloped in the least, is scantily gathered to the belt, extending far back on the sides, while the narrow side-gore is very full at the belt. The long back widths are then sewed to the sides, where the only drapery is made by gathering up the side-seam from three fingers below to a very small space just beneath the belt. This makes the apron fit smoothly and flat over the stomach, and gives the increased size necessary on the hips. If it produces a fold or two, or wrinkles across the lower part of the apron, these are not objectionable.

THERE IS ONE OPENING for women's work, which, strange to say, seems altogether neglected. There are plenty of so-called cheap "dress-makers," who go out to make dresses, but who really know nothing of their profession, and there are quite enough of fashionable "mantua-makers," or, as they prefer to call themselves, "modistes," who charge frightfully; but there is really no medium between the two. In every village in the land, almost, there is wanted a woman of taste, and some mechanical skill, who understands dress as an art, and can both fit her customers and make a comparatively cheap dress look stylish: and in our great cities there is need for hundreds, if not thousands, of such women. Yet the very women, who might make comfortable livelihoods in this way, turn away from it, because they choose to think it "unlady-like." Of course, such a business requires some culture, and cultivated women will not take it up; hence the dresses of ladies in moderate circumstances are made by ignorant seamstresses, who have no idea of dress "as an art:" and hence, when women want really elegant dresses, they have to pay, too often, the exorbitant claims of the "modistes." Now who is to blame?

LADIES WHO PREFER TRAINED SKIRTS for the house have their dresses made with a single skirt and *casaque*, and always change their costume upon coming in from the promenade; but those who, for convenience and economy, make the same suit serve for both house and street, prefer two skirts and a *paletot*, as the single skirt would look too plain for in-door wear when the *casaque* is removed.

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY to begin canvassing for clubs for 1871. Every year, ladies write, that, if they had started out sooner, they could have got more subscribers. "I have already promised my name for another magazine," is a frequent remark, they say, "but if I had seen 'Peterson' first, I would have taken it." It is only necessary to exhibit this lady's book, side by side with any of its rivals, to convince the most skeptical that it is the cheapest and best. We are always ready to send specimens gratis to those wishing to get up clubs.

BONNETS ARE AS VARIOUS AS EVER.—Bonnet-hats are still very fashionable, and are very pretty when properly made, but almost ludicrous when concocted by inexperienced fingers, as is often the case. The most popular shape resembles a mushroom, with strings over the top to keep it in its place. In the old shape of bonnets, it seems the fashion to make a great many white and ribbon streamers hanging over the chignon, which is decidedly becoming.

THE NEW INVENTIONS.—The latest decorations for supper-tables are blocks of ice, on which fern-leaves are laid in a kind of pattern; and the latest invention for ladies seems to be a parasol, which, when not in use, forms an excellent walking-stick, a useful article in this age of high heels and Grecian bends.

CHEAPER AND BETTER.—The Kingwood (W. Va.) Journal says:—"Peterson's last number is a gem. Cheaper than any other of its class, and at the same time better, it is pre-eminently the Magazine for American ladies and for American homes. It should be in every household in the land."

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS worn in the hair, you must either use a small button-hole pin, such as gentlemen employ, or wrap the stems in wet wadding inclosed in oil silk.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION attained by any of the magazines, in 1870, is, as usual, that of this Magazine. This popularity is a fair proof of its superiority.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Alaska and Its Resources. By William H. Dall. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this volume was Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition, and is, therefore, peculiarly fitted to write about the inhabitants, history, and resources of Alaska. A residence of two years among the Indians of that new territory, during one of which he was almost entirely isolated from men of his own race, has enabled him to arrive at conclusions which, however unwarranted they may appear to superficial observers, are unquestionably correct. But he has not confined himself to personal observation. He has, on the contrary, consulted every accessible work on Alaska, and consulted them in the original tongues. The result is a mass of information, in a condensed form, that must make his work a standard authority. The book is printed very handsomely, and is a credit to the Boston press. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. A map of Alaska is given at the end of the volume.

Put Yourself In His Place. By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very handsome double-column octavo edition, illustrated, of Charles Reade's last novel, which has been running through the "Cornhill Magazine," of London. We have also, from the same house, a still more desirable edition, also illustrated, in double-column duodecimo.

Lifting The Veil. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.—A little book that will bring consolation to many a sorrowing heart. It teaches, too, a lofty and noble moral. Very beautifully printed and bound.

Life of Charles Dickens. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—No person, here or abroad, is more competent to write a biography of Dickens than Dr. Mackenzie, for he knew the great humorist personally, and is more intimate with the literary world of the present and past generations than any man of his time. The memoir before us is full of recollections and anecdotes, as well as of letters, relating, not merely to Dickens himself, but to the men with whom he associated, or the characters he described in his fictions. Whoever has read the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," as annotated by Dr. Mackenzie, knows how invaluable he can make a life of Dickens by similar information. The novels of the author of "Pickwick," acquire a new meaning beneath his enlightening pen. An excellent portrait of Dickens, engraved from a photograph taken a few days before his death, is given in the volume. The book is handsomely printed. The tens of thousands of admirers of Dickens should each have a copy of this biography.

The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to "Consuelo," which we noticed in our last number. It is written with no less power, and carries on the fortunes of the heroine, after her marriage and up to middle life. In addition to its interest as a story, it abounds in vivid pictures of eighteenth-century life, especially life at the court of the Great Frederick of Prussia. Among the characters introduced is the famous Baron Trenck. The sincere purpose, the noble strain of thought, and the eloquent language, which, in turn, characterize these two novels, cannot be spoken of too highly. Madame Dulevant, or George Sand, as she calls herself in her novels, has written two or three books, which, doubtless, she now regrets; but if atonement can be made for errors, she more than atones, in "Consuelo" and its sequel, for these aberrations of her passionate and misguided youth. The volume is neatly printed and bound.

Sermons Preached at Brighton by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new and complete edition of the sermons of one of the most earnest and eloquent pulpit orators of this century. The Rev. Mr. Robertson was a living proof that, even in this day, a clergyman may emulate the apostolic virtues. It was this holy and elevated life of his which gave such additional power to his eloquence. We are glad to record the fact that these sermons have been as popular as the most eagerly-sought-for novel, for it shows, not only that religion is still a vital principle in society, but that its teachers, when they rise to the true height of their great argument, have as many auditors and readers as ever. The present edition of these sermons is altogether the most compact and desirable in the market.

My Daughter Elinor. By the author of "Miss Van Kortlandt." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new edition of one of the most successful American novels that has been published for many years. It is full of incident, character, and wit. The secret of its authorship, as well as of that of its successor, "Miss Van Kortlandt," has been well kept. In New York, it is thought to be from the pen of some member of the "upper ten," its descriptions and actors taking you into the very heart of that society.

A Week in a French Country-House, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Sturton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—Just the reading for this season of the year. The story of "Medusa" alone is worth the price of the book.

Guendoline's Harvest. By the author of "Carlyon's Year." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a late English novel, by the author of "Carlyon's Year," "Lost Sir Massingbred," etc., etc. Cheap edition.

Stern Necessity. By F. W. Robinson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The best novel this author has yet written. It is a cheap edition, in double-column octavo.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE NEWSPAPERS.—The newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, continue to call "Peterson's" the cheapest and best. Says the Tiffin (O.) Advertiser:—"It is the cheapest Ladies' Magazine published, and should be in the hands of everybody." The Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat says:—"For fashions it cannot be excelled." Says the Rolla (Mo.) Herald:—"How a lady can keep house without it, is a mystery to us." Says the Waverley (O.) Republican:—"The stories are the best published anywhere." Says the Goshen (Ind.) Democrat:—"The engraving in the July number, 'The Sun Shower,' is worth the subscription price alone." The Shelburne (Mo.) Democrat calls it, "the best of the fashion monthlies," and adds:—"there is an originality and gracefulness about it, that go far to place it above other publications of a similar character." The Arcola (Ill.) Dispatch says:—"The illustrations are models of beauty and elegance, and the reading matter is the best of the kind published." Says the Lyons (N. Y.) Press:—"It is the best fashion Magazine for the price in America." Says the Holmesburg (Pa.) Gazette:—"It is the Ladies' Magazine." Says the Mt. Clemens (Mich.) Press:—"No magazine can find its way into the home circle that will be so well liked by all as Peterson's."

A REVOLUTION IN COOKERY.—Since the introduction of the patent SEA-MOSS FARINE, a complete revolution has taken place in that department of cookery to which we owe the luxuries of the desert. The most delicious blanc mange, jelly, custard, Charlotte Russe, light puddings, etc., are produced from this palatable nutrient, at about one-third of the former cost. A great economy of time, as well as money, is effected by its use. The preparations made from it are pronounced by physicians to be the best possible diet for consumptives, dyspeptics, and persons suffering from biliousness and general debility. Convalescents fatten on them, and gain rapidly in muscular strength, as well as in flesh. The Sea-Moss Farine Co., 53 Park Place, New York, who are manufacturing this article from the best Irish Moss, in enormous quantities, produce an array of medical and general testimony in its favor, which is perfectly overwhelming, and must set all doubts of its superiority as an alimentary staple (if any exist) entirely at rest.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—George L. Clark, of Lyndenville, N. Y., says:—"I can inform any one interested of *hundreds* of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in *better working condition than one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing-Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing-Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity."

THREE QUALITIES PRE-EMINENT.—The Missouri Democrat says:—"Since 'Peterson's Magazine' started, twenty-four years ago, half a hundred ladies' magazines have been attempted in this country, all starting off with a great flourish of trumpets, yet they were short-lived—a mushroom brood. The secret of their failure is, they lacked the stamina for which Peterson has ever been famous. The ladies want the *best, the freshest, and the cheapest*, three qualities for which Peterson is pre-eminent."

SAPOLIO is really the best thing out for cleaning paint, oil-cloths, floors, tables, and all wood-work; also china, earthenware, glassware, etc., etc. It is also an admirable article for cleaning windows, provided no water is used, and for polishing knives, tinware, brass, steel, iron, and all metallic wares. It also removes stains from marble, paint, and wood. We have tried it and we know.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS.—The new novel, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "Married In Haste," which has just been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is already meeting with a very large sale. No writer of fiction, in America, has achieved and retained such a popularity as Mrs. Stephens. She is great both in romance, and in the novel proper. "Married In Haste," belongs to the latter class, and is a novel of American life. It is published in a handsome duodecimo volume, price \$1.75 in cloth, or \$1.50 in paper. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publish the following other novels from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, at the same price as "Married In Haste":

Wives and Widows.	The Rejected Wife.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Mary Derwent.
The Curse of Gold.	Fashion and Famine.
Mabel's Mistake.	The Old Homestead.
Doubly False.	The Heiress.
The Soldier's Orphan.	The Gold Brick.
Silent Struggles.	The Wife's Secret.

Above books are for sale by all Booksellers. Copies of either, or all of the above works by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, will be sent, post paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of the price of the ones wanted, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

BEST IN THE WORLD.—The Cuba (N. Y.) Patriot says:—"Peterson's Magazine, is universally conceded by the ladies to be the best fashion and literary publication in the world."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

DYSENTERY, or inflammation of the great intestine, prevails in the autumnal season more particularly, and in low-lying and marshy districts. It occasionally occurs also as an epidemic in over-crowded institutions and unhealthy localities. Treatment: Dysentery attacks those soonest whose blood is impoverished and whose vital powers are generally depressed from some cause—a fact which suggests a building-up plan of treatment. Although dysentery commences in the great intestine, the liver soon becomes secondarily affected, and it, therefore, behooves the patient to be very cautious as to the amount of stimulation he subjects himself to; malt liquors and spirits are not permissible. His food, too, must be of the lightest kind. The following medicines will be found most useful. Castor-Oil Mixture: Take of castor-oil six drachms, compound powder of tragacanth one ounce, cinnamon water to six ounces. Take a sixth part three times a day. The Nitric Acid Mixture: Take of dilute nitric acid two drachms, spirit of chloroform two drachms, tincture of opium half a drachm, peppermint-water to six ounces. Take two tablespoonfuls every four hours. With either of the above mixtures a powder containing three grains of ipecacuanha and six grains of sugar may be taken every night and morning. Ipecacuanha becomes an invaluable medicine in dysentery, by virtue of the specific power it exerts on all mucous membranes in causing increased action of their mucous follicles; and thus it is that it gives so much relief to the dysenteric patient, in whom the dry and, perhaps, ulcerated surface of the intestine is soothed and lubricated by an increased flow of mucus.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Death to House Flies.—The following mixture is recommended as a "sure death" to house flies: Half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of cream and a teaspoonful of sugar; mix them well together, and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. It won't cost much to try it.

Feathers for Beds.—Fathers should be put into thin bags, of old furniture lining or thin calico, as soon as they are plucked, and either kept in a brick oven between the days of baking, or hung in a very drying place. The feathers must be put lightly into the bags, that they may dry thoroughly; if not dried at first, nothing will remove the taint. When perfectly dry, a poor cottager who understands picking feathers, will prepare them for beds at a slight cost. They must be kept very dry until used for a bed.

Rice-Cement.—Which is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water and then gently boiling it—forms a beautifully white preparation and dries nearly transparent; it is capable of bearing a very high polish, and is very durable; it is in every respect far before the common paste made with wheat flour or starch; it may be formed also into a plastic clay.

To Preserve Pears.—Pare them very thin, and simmer in a thin syrup; let them lie a day or two. Make the syrup richer, and simmer again, and repeat this till they are clear; then drain and dry them in the sun or a cool oven, a very little time. They may be kept in syrup, and dried as wanted, which makes them moist and rich. Jargonelles are the best for this purpose.

To Clean Window and Looking-Glass.—After having washed and rinsed your glass as usual, dry it with a cloth, then take soft news or tissue-paper, and rub until perfectly clear.

To Restore Color taken out by Acids.—Sal volatile or hartshorn will suffice for this purpose. It may be dropped on silk without doing any injury.

To Preserve Flowers in Water.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve the flowers for a fortnight.

To Clean Marble.—Rub first with soda and soft-soap, then wash as usual with water.

PICKLES.

Pickles ought to be stored in a dry place, and the vessels most approved of for keeping them in are wide-mouthed glass bottles, or strong stoneware jars, having corks or bungs, which must be fitted in with lined, and covered with bladder or leather; and for taking the pickles out and returning them to the jar, a small wooden spoon is kept. The strongest vinegar is used for pickling; that of white wine is more particularly recommended, but sugar vinegar will generally be found sufficiently strong. It is essential to the excellence and beauty of pickles that they be always completely covered with vinegar.

Mushroom-Catchup.—Cut off the stalks from the broad, flat mushrooms; peel, and break them into small bits; strew salt equally over them, allowing a large tablespoonful to every quart of the pulp. Let them stand twenty-four hours; put all into a sauce-pan, and let it boil gently for three-quarters of an hour; strain, and let it stand to settle. The next day pour off the clear part, and to every pint of the liquor add half the quantity of port-wine or old strong beer, a few blades of mace, twelve black peppercorns, and the same of allspice, a piece of ginger, bruised, and eight cloves. Simmer it for nearly twenty minutes, pour it out, and when cold, bottle it with the spices equally divided.

To Pickle Onions.—Take off the outer skin of some small, white onions; let them lie in salt and water for a week, changing it daily; then put them into a jar, and pour over them boiling salt and water; cover them closely; drain off the pickle when cold. Put the onions into wide-mouthed bottles, and fill them up with strong vinegar, putting in a little sliced ginger; cork the bottles closely.

To Pickle Green or Red Capsicums.—Place the capsicums in a jar; boil a dessertspoonful of salt in a quart of vinegar, and pour it, while hot, upon the peppers; when cold, place a plate on the jar, and tie over it bladder or leather. They will be fit for use in a few weeks.

To Pickle Barberries.—Boil the bruised berries of a few bunches in salt and water; strain, and put a gill of the liquor to a quart of vinegar, with an ounce of salt, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, a quarter of an ounce of pounded ginger, and a little sliced horseradish; boil and strain it, then pour it hot over the barberries, the finest bunches having been previously selected and placed in jars; when cold, cover them closely with bladder. They may also be kept in a jar, with a strong brine of salt and water poured over them. When any scum is observed upon the surface, the brine must be poured off, and some fresh added. They are kept closely covered.

Tomato-Catchup.—When tomatoes are very ripe, slice them, and put a layer into a jar; sprinkle salt over it, and lay in another layer; do this till the jar is full; stir them now and then for three days, and let the jar stand in a warm place; they must then remain for twelve days without being stirred, and a thick scum having gathered over them, squeeze the juice from the tomatoes, and boil it with the same proportion of spice that is allowed for mushroom-catchup; when cold, bottle it, and seal the corks. In three months, strain and boil it again with fresh spice. It will then keep good a twelvemonth.

To Pickle Eggs.—Boil twelve eggs for twelve minutes; dip them into cold water, and take off the shells; boil a quart of vinegar for a quarter of an hour, with half an ounce each of black and Jamaica pepper, and ginger, also some slices of beet-root; put in the eggs to boil for eight or ten minutes, then put them into a jar with a slice of beet-root laid on each, and cover them with the vinegar and spices. They will be fit for use in four days, and are served in the following manner: Place two or three in a dish, and put round them one or two cut into slices, then garnish with curled parsley.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—Cut off the stalks, and wash clean, in cold water, some small button mushrooms; rub them with a bit of flannel, then throw them into fresh water, and when perfectly clean, put them into a sauce-pan with fresh, cold water, and let them boil eight or ten minutes; strain off the water, lay them into the folds of a cloth. Boil, in a quart of vinegar, a quarter of an ounce of white pepper, the same of allspice, and two or three blades of mace, and a teaspoonful of salt; put the mushrooms into a jar, and when the vinegar is cold, pour it with the spices over them.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Choose two middling-sized, well-colored, and firm, red cabbages; shred them very finely, first pulling off the outside leaves; mix with them nearly half a pound of salt; tie it up in a thin cloth, and let it hang for twelve hours; then put it into small jars, and pour over it cold vinegar that has been boiled with a few barberries in it; tie the jar over closely with bladder; or boil, in a quart of vinegar, three bits of ginger, half an ounce of black and Jamaica pepper, and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. When cold, pour it over the red cabbage.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BUFF FOULARD.—The skirt is long and plain; the body is high behind, and heart-shaped in front; at the back is a wide, short, pointed sach of dark crimson silk, with a fall of white lace of the same shape over it; it has two large bows of the crimson silk, with a knot of the buff foulard across them. The sleeves are trimmed with crimson silk and lace. Bows of crimson and buff in the hair.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK, WITH A WHITE MUSLIN OVER-DRESS.—The blue petticoat has a very deep plaited founce of white muslin, with a small heading of the same standing up, separated from the founce by a puffing of blue silk; this petticoat need really be only an apron-like piece, with the train coming down over it, and

fastened down in such a way that it will not show that the whole petticoat is not there. The blue train is trimmed with a narrow plaited flounce, widening gradually as it leaves the waist; over this the white muslin upper-dress is looped by rosettes of ribbon, and is also trimmed with a plaited flounce. Low-pointed waist of blue silk, with white muslin ruffle; black velvet butterfly bow and blue feather in the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF SILK, trimmed with six narrow-pointed flounces, and one deeper flounce set on between each three. Black silk casaque, half-tight fitting, open at the back, and trimmed with black guipure lace. Blue silk bonnet, trimmed with black lace.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED CASHMERE, with six narrow ruffles, and four plaited ruffles standing up, separated by a quilling of black silk; black silk shawl-shaped over-skirt without any trimming, but made to fall in full plaits; it is pointed in front, and made short at the sides. The poppy-colored cashmere tunic, which is worn above this, is made like the black skirt, only smaller; and over the poppy-colored body is a black cape, pointed before and behind. Black bonnet, with poppies.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF LILAC GRENADE OVER LILAC SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces, each flounce being finished with a narrow ruffle at the bottom, and a ruffled heading at the top. The tunic, or upper-skirt, is made quite open in front, rather long at the back, and is looped up at the sides with bows and ends of ribbon; it is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Body high at the back and open in front. Sleeves puffed lengthwise, with a double frill at the end falling over white lace. Lilac bow in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS (ACCOMPANIED BY A DIAGRAM) OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with five plaited flounces, headed with bands of black velvet; the tunic is open in front, larger at the back, looped up at the sides, and trimmed like the skirt; the close sleeves have two ruffles of the same kind of trimming. The small jacket, which is also made of gray cashmere, has no sleeves; it is cut open in front, with a deep collar, and is trimmed with black velvet, and a white guipure edge.

FIG. VII.—OCT-OF-DOOR OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLUE-BLACK SILK.—The skirt has a train, and is trimmed with a flounce, which is not put on very full, and which is scalloped at the bottom; a scalloped heading is put on plain above a bias band of the silk. The waist and tunic are cut in one, sloping away from the front, and gathered up in the back with a bow of ribbon; the trimming on the tunic corresponds with that on the skirt; large black ribbon bow at the back; pagoda sleeves, trimmed like the tunic.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF SULPHUR-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt is trimmed with five full plaited flounces, with two rows of brown velvet above each flounce; the short, square jacket is slit up the back, and that, with the large flowing sleeves, is trimmed with two rows of brown velvet.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt has three plain ruffles, the upper one of which is headed with a box-plaiting of poplin, edged on either side with a row of purple velvet ribbon, and headed with a narrow standing ruffle of the poplin; the basque is cut up at the back, and is trimmed like the upper-ruffle of the skirt; large bow, without ends, of purple velvet at the back, set on with a rosette of the poplin. Sleeves only moderately wide, and trimmed to correspond with the basque.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give this month our usual variety of bonnets, hats, etc., though it is rather early as yet to have the new styles quite defined.

OUR ENGRAVINGS will prove to our readers what a great variety fashion offers this year in its different models. In general, the mantle is rather small than large, very much cut out and slit open, so as thoroughly to show the dress, trimmed with puffs, flounces, and trimmings of all sorts.

Present fashions are diversified and original to such a degree that it is scarcely possible for any lady, dressed in the taste of the day, to pass along the street without attracting special notice.

AS A GENERAL RULE, dresses are not so short, and the boot is not seen as it used to be; skirts, neither short nor training, just reach the ground, and are trimmed at bottom with flounces, ruches, or plaitings; tunics of *crepeline* or *crepe de Chine* complete charming toilets; they are gracefully draped and confined round the waist by a scarf-sash with a large bow.

PETTICOATS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with many small ruffles, or with one or two deep ones, with an over-skirt, and jacket or paletot of black cashmere, are among the least expensive and most stylish street dresses. Brown cashmere and silk look equally well. We see an inclination to wear for out-of-doors but one skirt, but this is most elaborately trimmed with ruffles or puffs that reach nearly to the waist; then a jacket or paletot is added; no upper-skirt or tunic. We do not know that this style is an improvement, in the way of saving material or labor, and it is certainly not so graceful as the looped-up over-skirt. In fact, all dresses are so elaborately trimmed that the number of yards of silk required are enormous. A letter from Paris says:—"When you order a costume without paletot, simply a tunic bodice and all-round skirt, dress-makers decline to undertake it unless they have twenty-two or twenty-three yards of wide silk. This quantity really appears enormous; yet such are the requirements of fashion."

AMONG new trimmings are ruches, composed of strips of silk material, unraveled so as to form a fringe, up to two-thirds of their depth, which varies from three to four inches; placed double, these ruches resemble the trimmings of curled feathers worn this winter. They are put on as heading to flounces, or round the edge of tunics and double skirts.

MILLINERS have made many attempts to increase the size of bonnets, but the coiffures remain so very voluminous that bonnets or hats can find but very little place upon the head. But, by compensation, they get higher every day.

THE BONNETS made with border, crown and certain, are placed so very much in front, that they have no longer the appearance of former bonnets, though they have very nearly their shape. Some of them have a border lowered upon the forehead, then a high crown, the hollow part between the border and crown being filled up by a voluminous trimming of ribbons, ruches, feathers and flowers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF MULBERRY-COLORED CLOTH FOR A BOY.—The trousers and jacket are braided in a Greek pattern, in rich, wide braid. The jacket opens in front over a vest of the same material; wide, white collar, and dark-blue cravat.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN FOR A SMALL GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with two rows of velvet ribbon of a darker shade of blue; the tunic, which opens in front, is also trimmed with velvet, and is looped up at the sides and back with bows of blue velvet ribbon. The waist opens quite down to the belt, in front, over a plaited muslin chemisette, and is half high at the back.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GRAY FOULARD FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt has one deep flounce, cut in very small scallopes; the tunic opens at the back as well as in front, and is also caught up on the hips; it, with the wide sleeves, is trimmed with a narrow ruffle, like that on the skirt. Belt and braces of maroon-colored velvet. Gray felt hat, with maroon-colored feather.

FIG. IV.—SUIT OF BLUE CASHMERE FOR A SMALL BOY.—The trousers are confined at the knee; the blouse is trimmed with black braid and buttons, and is belted in at the waist; the blouse opens over a yellow cashmere vest. Black neck-tie.

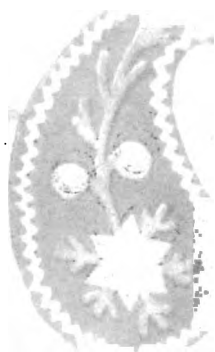


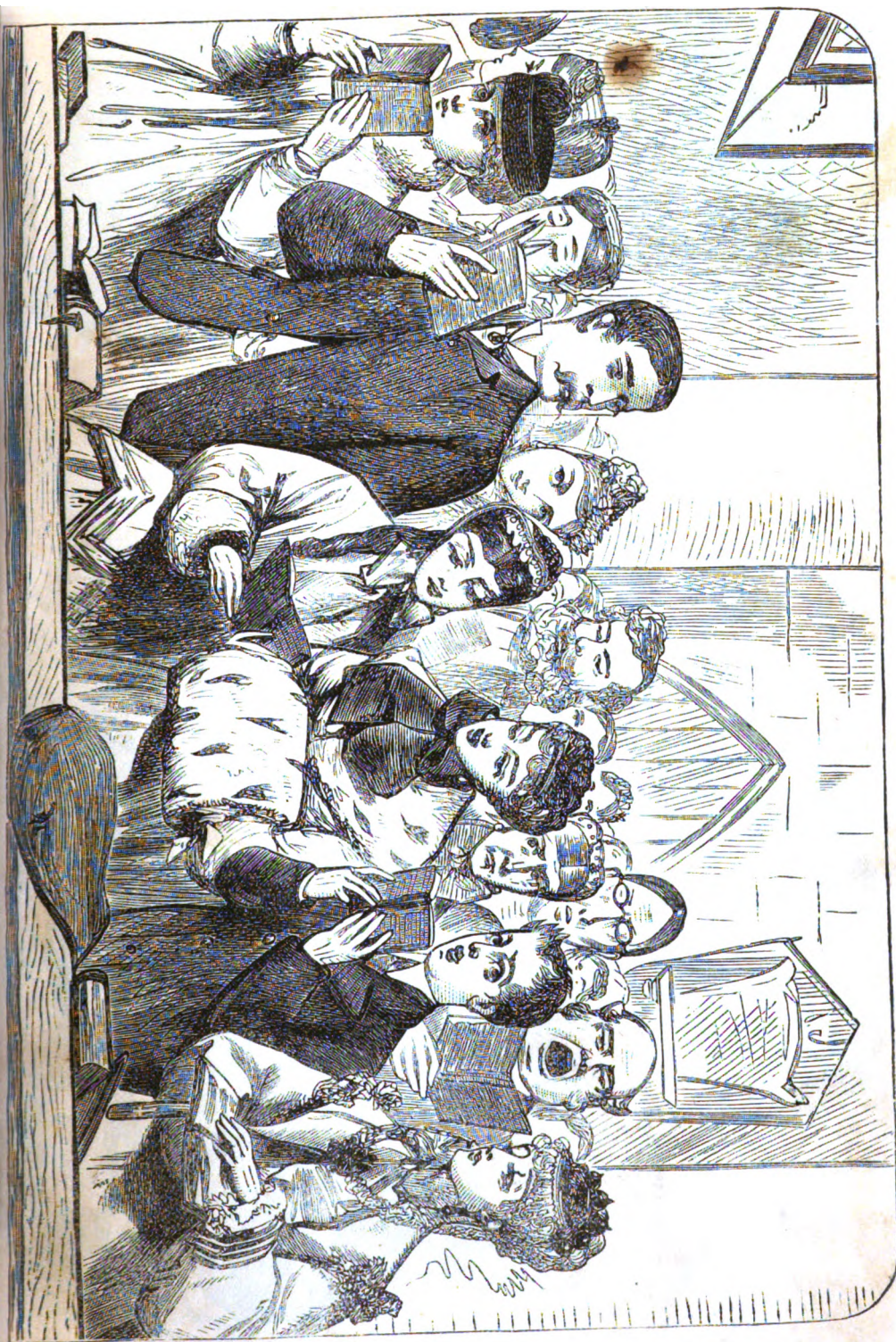
"HOW MANY HAVE YOU CAUGHT?"

Illustration by J. C. Horsfield











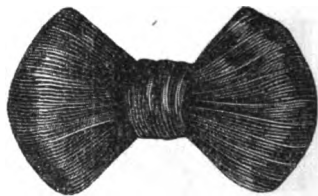
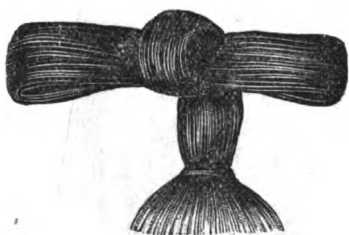
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. FALL PALETOTS.



WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLE COLLARS.



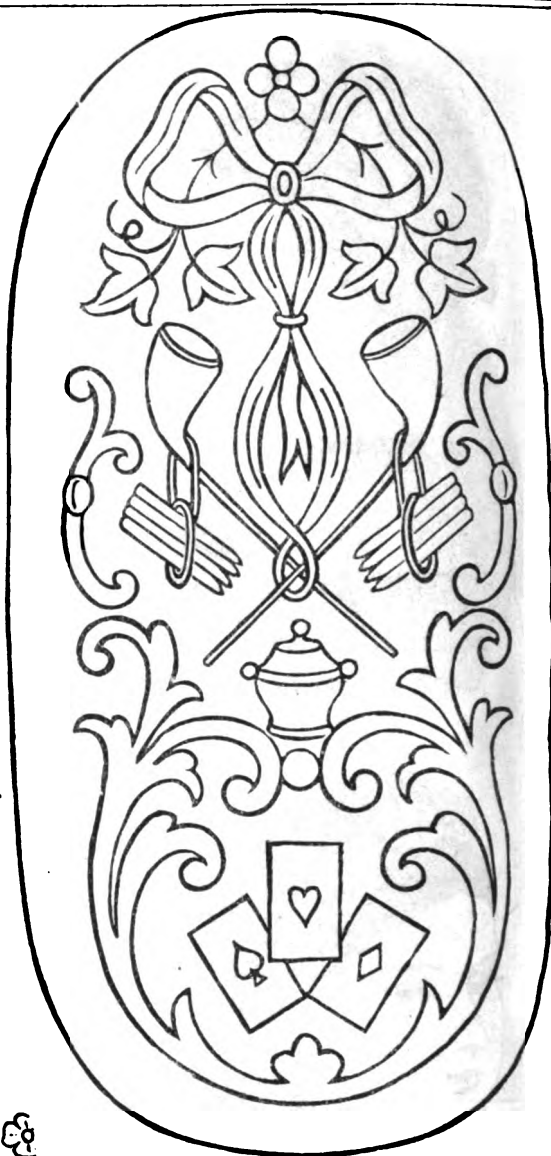
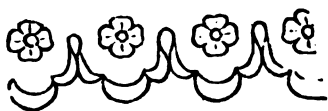
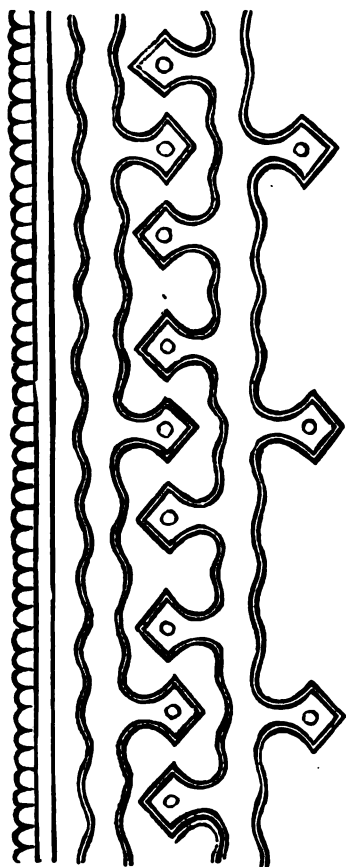
WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLE COLLARS.



NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR, WITH DETAILS.

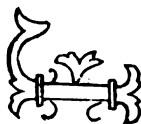
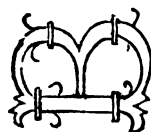
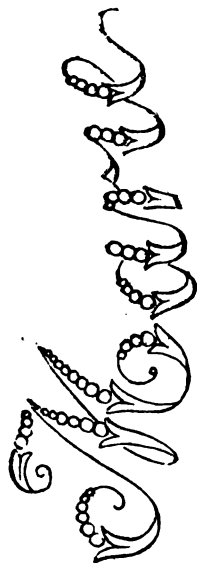
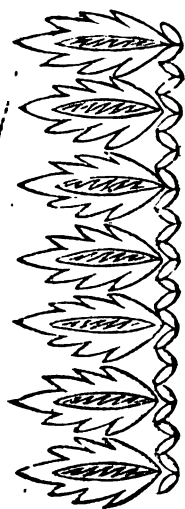
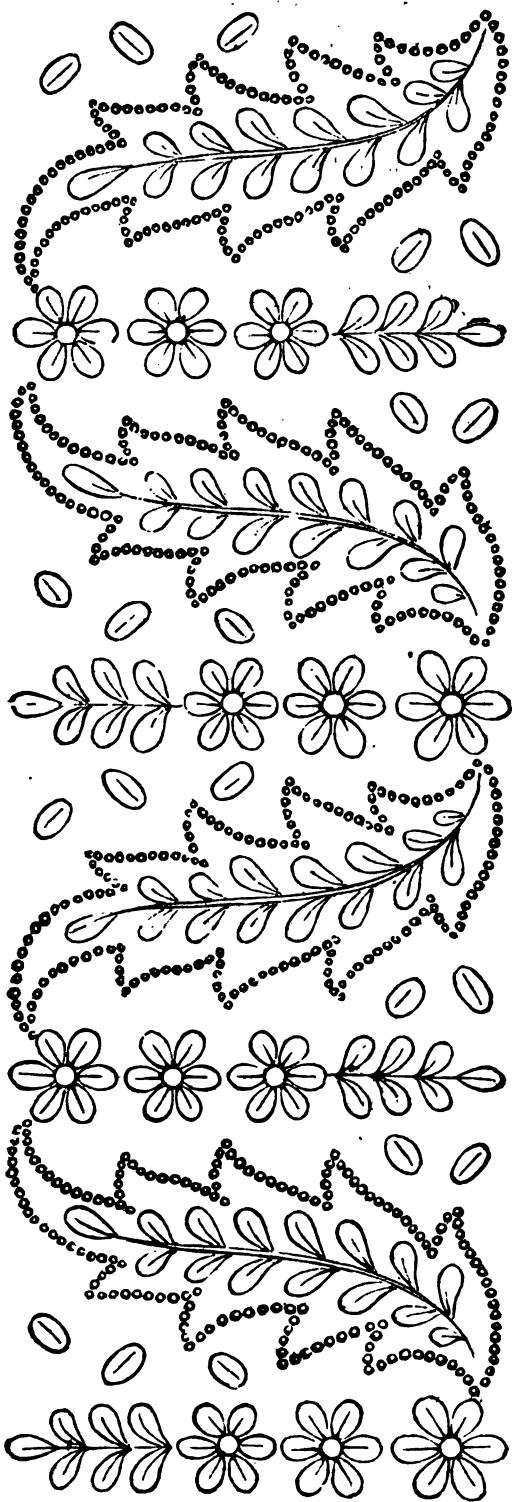


NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



Elementine

SEGAR-CASE IN CHAIN-STITCHING. PATTERN FOR CHAIN-STITCH. ~~SEGAR-CASE~~



EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S ROBE. EDGING. INITIALS. NAME FOR MARKING.

KATEY'S LETTER,

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By Lady Dufferin.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.




The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of sixteenth-note runs, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-



The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be



The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the same musical style as the first line.

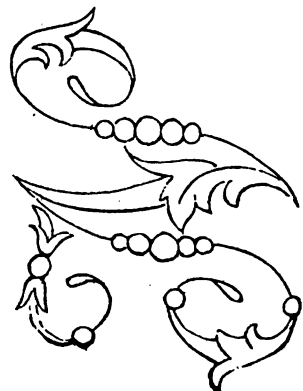
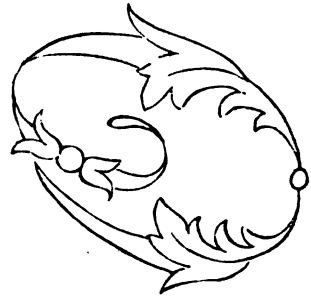
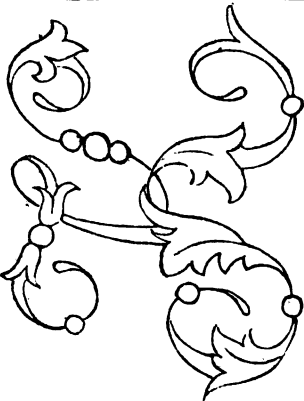
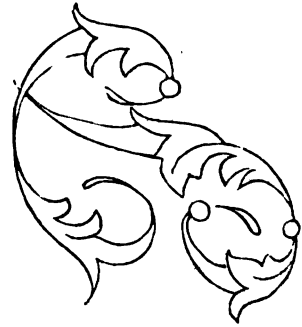
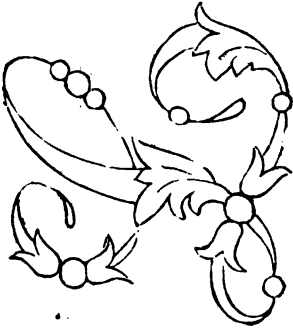
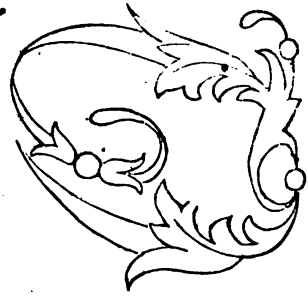
KATEY'S LETTER.

puz-zled with hard spelling in the matter, When the man-ing was so plain that

love him faith-ful - ly. I love him faith-ful - y And he

knows it, oh, he knows it, Without one word from me.

- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it ;
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet ;
 For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
 As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in.
 The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing ;
 So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughing
 So I wrote, " From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it ! without one word from me.
- 4 Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,
 No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited ;
 But maybe there mayn't be one for the raison that I stated,
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
 He loves me faithfully,
 And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING TABLE-LINEN, ETC. (CONTINUED.)

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 4.

SHINING IN SOCIETY.

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"Have you heard the news, aunt Jane?"

"What news, my dear?" said the somewhat elderly lady, smiling up at her pretty niece.

"That May Crawford has refused Horace Firth."

"A very sensible refusal!"

"How can you say so? Why, all the girls are wild about Horace Firth. He is so handsome, so agreeable, and moves in the very best society. I think, for my part, she's a fool!"

"A very sensible refusal," repeated aunt Jane, decidedly. "There's an old proverb, my child, 'handsome is as handsome does,' and measured by that test, Horace Firth is anything but a desirable match. He shines in society, no doubt; but that is his only merit. He has no profession, and very little money; no habits of industry, immense personal vanity, and great selfishness. I pity the girl that marries him."

"I suppose you think that stupid bore, Charley Nismes, whom you're always talking up, would make a better husband," answered the niece, pettishly.

"A thousand times better. Mr. Nismes is shy, which makes him often awkward in society, but among his intimates he is the best of company. You have never allowed yourself, my dear, to become acquainted with him. You took a dislike to him the very first evening you saw him, because, as you said, he 'looked as solemn as an owl.' You prefer a frivolous fool, like Horace Firth. Ah! my child, it is sterling merit in a husband, not showiness and selfishness, that makes a wife happy. When your paragon, Horace, marries, if ever he does marry, he'll keep his fine speeches and gay manners for the world, while his wife will have to put up with irritability, neglect, and whims of all sorts."

"But Charley, I suppose, will be a lover to the last," interrupted the girl, sarcastically.

"Marriage will transform the bear into a Prince Charming."

"You may sneer and laugh, my child, but many a true word is spoken in jest. That is just the transformation that will take place. Men, like Charles Nismes, love but few, but those they love intensely. You may envy the woman who wins him."

"I envy the wife of that awkward fellow, with his face like a meeting-house, and manners that are almost boorish?" And she laughed. "It's a capital joke."

Pretty Hetty Powers had some excellent traits, but she was willful, and she liked society too much. Home-duties, or even home-interests, had no charms for her. Her aunt, who acted as a mother to her, for her own mother was dead, had tried vainly to correct this fault. She sighed now, and dropped the conversation.

A few weeks passed. Horace Firth, rejected by Miss Crawford, began to pay court assiduously to Hetty Powers. The gossips said, that, having failed to win the richest girl in the village, he was now trying his luck with the next wealthiest one. But Hetty would not believe this. "The malicious old cats," she said, speaking to her confidants, "they want him for their own daughters. It is sheer envy. Besides, there's not a word of truth in the story about May Crawford. He never proposed for her, he never even was in love with her—I have it from his own mouth. She suits better such slow-coaches as Charley Nismes. Though what he, or any one else, can see to admire in her, I can't understand."

"They do say that May and Mr. Nismes are engaged, really engaged," said one of the listeners. "If so, her money will be a great help to the young lawyer, at least at the start."

"It's what he marries her for, I've no doubt," retorted Miss Hetty, sharply. "Still

water, they say, runs deep. I always told aunt Jane that Charley Nismes was sly, and she'll believe me now, I hope."

But aunt Jane did not believe it. "Go your own way, my child," she said, when she found that Hetty was bent on marrying Horace Firth. "I cannot prevent you from making what I believe to be a terrible mistake. But you shall not be unjust to Mr. Nismes. No mercenary motives influence him. He is too noble for that. You might, perhaps, have won him, if you had cared, for he knew you long before he knew May, and I am sure admired you at first. But you have chosen your path, my dear, and all I can do is to hope for the best. God bless you, at any rate, my darling!"

Hetty was married. Aunt Jane's prognostications were not long in being verified. At first, indeed, everything seemed sunshine to the young bride. Numerous parties were given in her honor, at all of which her husband shone pre-eminent, the handsomest, gayest, most admired man in the room. But when this season of festivity was over, Hetty found quite a different state of things. Horace was incapable of a quiet, domestic life. He could not live without excitement. He began to spend his evenings again with the gay young men of his bachelor days. He played cards, drank freely, lost money, and came home out of humor. In vain Hetty strove to win him to better courses. Too late she realized what her aunt had forewarned her about. As a last resort, she tried to persuade him to engage in some business, thinking that the employment would wean him from his idle associates. She even made over her little fortune to him, in

order to furnish the capital to begin with. But it was of no avail. In less than three years every penny of it was lost, or gambled away, and her husband was more worthless than ever.

Very different was the married experience of May Crawford. Mr. Nismes had won the heart of the heiress by his culture and intelligence, and he kept it by his nobleness of soul and his devotion. If ever a man loved, it was Charley Nismes. Not a wish of his wife's but he anticipated it. If he could have got millions, he would have poured them into her lap. As it was, he won fame, and with that he surrounded her, as with a halo—for he soon made his mark in his profession. He was chosen to the Legislature, and afterward to Congress, and will, it is thought, be the next senator from his State.

The other day, the Hon. Mr. Nismes was called on, at Washington, to see if he could identify the body of a poor, miserable wretch, who had died, in a fit, in a low eating-house. In his pocket was a letter, post-marked at the village where the Hon. Mr. Nismes lived: and this had led to the inquiry.

"Yes! I know him," said the member of Congress. "His name is Horace Firth. You say he had sunk to be a common vagabond. Poor fellow! I had heard that his wife had gone home, with her children, to her aunt, to be supported. But I did not think he had come to this. Let him have a decent burial. I will pay for it myself, and see him laid in his last home."

That was the end of the handsome, gay, young fellow, who thought nothing was like SHINING IN SOCIETY.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Ox, God! Thy help alone can save,
For earth is full of sin and strife,
And snares encompass every life,
E'en from the cradle to the grave.

This human flesh is weak and frail;
Strange errors do we daily make,
The evil for the good mistake,
And in our simplest duties fail.

Sin, clad in specious, fair disguise,
Our wandering steps would lead astray,
Our souls with subtle art betray,
To Heaven's anger blind our eyes.

At times we find it hard to tread
The path of duty and of right;
We vainly seek one gleam of light,
Nor heed the star of Faith o'erhead.

Then syren voices softly call,
And tumult rages in the breast,
By such a hopeless weight oppressed;
Without Thy help, oh, God! we fall.

Thou art the only faithful guide;
No earthly might the soul can keep
From danger, and from pitfalls deep
That lie in wait on every side.

Thou, Father, wilt our weakness aid,
In Thee we place unswerving trust.
Didst Thou not form us from the dust?
Why need we longer be afraid?

Thy strength is mighty to sustain,
Whatever honeyed voices allure;
We rest within Thy fold secure—
No sin can triumph 'neath Thy rug.

THE CHOIR OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

STRANGERS who came to St. Peter's always praised the music, as something much better than they had expected to find; and on such occasions, Miss Clewell simpered, and looked distressingly conscious; Mr. Bilkes expanded his chest, and seemed to feel called upon for an encore; Mr. Garis opened his mouth, until it seemed like the entrance to the Mammoth Cave; while the Misses Manton evidently appropriated nothing of it; and Harry Crayfoot, with his sweetest of boy-voices, looked no more conscious than the organ itself.

The lad who blew the organ always seemed as gratified at my admiring comments on the music, as though he had made it all himself; and he probably thought he had.

Miss Clewell was a young lady of forty summers, though she confessed to but half that much, sylph-like and fastidious, with a perpetually juvenile air, and a mezzo-soprano voice, the latter a little shrill in the higher notes, but toning in very respectably with the rest of the choir. She appeared to be all voice and rolls of music, for, meet her when you would, she always carried merchandise of this description, as though she were an advanced school-girl just going to take her music-lesson.

Mr. Bilkes was quite detestable, being a conceited clerk in the one drug store of Pleasance, and boarding at its one hotel, where he filled his room with all sorts of smoking and musical apparatus, and frequently disturbed the inhabitants with an attempt at serenading.

Mr. Garis "did the heavy respectable," as some one said, at St. Peter's; but in his own estimation, he filled a much higher and more attractive role. He called himself in his prime, which meant that he was no longer young; but his head was so bald that, as he stood in the choir singing, two tufts, sticking up like donkey's ears, on one side, was all the hair that could be seen. His features, generally, were out on the model of a Hindoo idol, and taken in the aggregate, he did not produce the effect of beauty. His coat, however, was of the finest broadcloth; and he was fully persuaded that there was a certain something about him that could not fail to attract. With ladies of a calculating turn of mind, his very comfortable home would have proved an irresistible load-

stone—for he was a lawyer in very good practice, and like the boy in the nursery rhyme, he lived by himself, with neither mother nor sister, aunt nor cousin, to mar this paradise; but he prattled continually of being "loved for himself alone," and called any woman over twenty-five "advanced in life."

This gentleman considered that nature had been particularly generous to him in the way of a voice; but she had not—she had only given him very strong lungs, with which he brayed and roared through the anthems and psalms to such a degree, that human endurance finally gave out, and (though not till after the period of my story) he was unanimously requested to withdraw from the choir, greatly to his indignation. But, with the air of a martyr, he took his seat among the congregation, and sang louder than any one else, staring hard at the choir during the whole service.

The Misses Manton were too bashful nightingales, who could scarcely be prevailed upon to let out their delicious voices; and seemed so distressed if any one spoke to them, that, by common consent, they were only looked at. They made two very pretty pictures; but as they were rarely known to speak, they should have been labeled, "Still Life."

Harry Crayfoot was a lovely boy, with such a face as one sometimes sees in marble, and such a voice as one rarely hears anywhere.

There were also two or three mothers and fathers in Israel, who remained in the choir because they had always been there, and no one had the heart to turn them out; but they were not progressive—they stuck to "Old Hundred," and "Coronation," and a few others of the same date; and when Mr. Bilkes seemed to be playing with a word or two at the end of a line, and Miss Clewell snatched it away from him, and ran off in a lengthened trill, and the Mantons came in and took possession of it, and then all got hold of it at once, and held on as though for dear life. Mrs. Glimmer observed that "it reminded her of nothing in the world but a passel of little chickens fighting over a worm." Dr. Waybrook, who was "old school" in everything, glared through his spectacles at what he called "these high-singing antics," and thought that "people had better know

what they meant to do before they went to work at it."

The more lively portion of the singers worked on undisturbed by these comments; and as choirs have always quarreled from time immemorial, and yet always seem to hang together, so it was at St. Peter's.

My connection with the choir came about quite unexpectedly.

Pleasant was a place of some importance, and not a little pretence; a portion of it understanding very well how things should be done in style, and said portion rather looked down on those who dispensed with style. The friendly relations between Mr. Boffin and his "Henryetta," with regard to this same question of style, did not prevail in Pleasant; and those who, like ourselves, lived on an off-street, in a small, frame house, with two steps to the front door, and neither elegance nor poetic wildness in its appearance, were not likely to be invited to cross the magical line.

"Ourselves" consisted of my two aunts and myself; aunt Martha, stout, and full of vigor to battle with the world; dear aunt Phemie, pale, snadowy, and suffering. Both were equally dear, but naturally one petted aunt Phemie, and expected petting from aunt Martha. My active aunt had been a wife, and had buried her dead; the other also mourned her dead, without the wife's sweet right to mourn. Disappointed women both of them, for whom life had failed to give out its sweetness; and yet I found them cheerful and companionable, and quite capable of accommodating themselves to my requirements, so that I scarcely felt the "bar" of "style" that prevented my admission to the *elite* of Pleasant society. We had books, and flowers, and a piano in our humble home; and we lived on contentedly, with scarcely a thought of the outside world beyond the denizens of the adjacent alleys, among whom aunt Phemie glided with gentle ministrations to both temporal and spiritual wants.

One morning I awoke to find myself twenty years old; and I was quite startled at the discovery. I gazed at my aunts, in a sort of reverie, frequently during the day, and wondered how it would feel to be just like them. Had life nothing better than this in store for me? I could not get reconciled to my advanced years, and in the evening Mr. Garis came.

His frequent coming was quite a nuisance to us all, and I tried hard to fasten his visits on aunt Phemie; but she repelled the slander with quite as much indignation as he would have done himself.

Mr. Garis was simply ridiculous; his conversations consisted of two questions: "Have you read Scott's novels?" and "Have you any music in your soul to-night?" The latter was an invitation to the piano, which I was conscious of handling pretty well; and, once there, I was sure to be fastened in my seat until eleven o'clock.

My two aunts, meanwhile, would sit, half nodding, on opposite ends of the sofa, (for I always insisted on their presence,) until aunt Phemie, perhaps, would rise and glide noiselessly about the house, rather ostentatiously closing doors and windows that did not require closing, and making, generally, as much of a commotion as she was capable of making. Mr. Garis, however, was impervious to all such reminders—no arrows penetrated the rhinoceros-hide of his self-complacency; and a faintly perceptible air of patronage and condescension rendered him almost unendurable. His pet phrase, "on several occasions," was quite a by-word with us—and our enjoyment of his visits always came after they were over.

This evening, to see what he would say, I ventured to ask: "Have you read the *Dies Ira*?"

I was full of it just then; but Mr. Garis replied, grandly, "I have heard of it on several occasions—but no novels for me, Miss Grace, save those of the Wizard of the North."

A faint gurgling came from the sofa—I hoped that aunt Phemie had not broken a blood-vessel; and I hid myself in a roll of music.

I do not know why—it was a thing I rarely did unless quite alone, for my voice had never been cultivated; but I suddenly broke forth with the song, "No one to love me, none to caress;" and then, in a perfect ecstasy of relief, I laughed immoderately.

Aunt Phemie came bravely to the rescue. "You must excuse my niece, Mr. Garis," said she, in her own indescribable way; "but the first time she ever heard that song was in accompanying me on one of my rounds, when, in a house that appeared to have nothing in it but a piano, a great, slatternly girl, with uncombed hair and a ragged dress, screeched out the lament in question."

"Very funny, indeed," murmured Mr. Garis, with a total lack of comprehension as to the cause of our merriment; for a sense of the ludicrous had been altogether omitted in his composition.

"But, Miss Grace," he continued, still in amazement, "why have you not sung for me before?"

"Why should I?" I asked, very coolly.

He stammered a little at this. "Why—I—I—have been here, you know, on several occasions," (I should think he had!) "and am devoted, you know, to the vocal muse." (A painful case of unrequited affection.) "I beg your pardon, Miss Grace—did you speak? We might have enjoyed such pleasant little concerts of two."

"Oh, oh!" I groaned, as I thought of the braying and roaring that had so disturbed the respectability of St. Peter's.

"Grace is quite timid about her singing," said aunt Martha. "It is a great compliment for her to sing for any one."

Mr. Garis brightened, and made me a low bow.

"I may consider myself favored, then, it seems, after all; although, on several occasions, I have been deprived of pleasure that might have been enjoyed."

I could have shaken aunt Martha; but, as is often the case when our friends provoke us beyond endurance, her intentions were good.

Mr. Garis was evidently enjoying the feelings of a Columbus, and with all the right of a first discoverer, he said presently, "You must go into the choir."

"I have no wish to go into the choir," I replied.

A pair of sandy eyebrows were elevated at me.

"But, my dear Miss Grace, you really must consider the good of St. Peter's, and not bury your talent in a napkin. One of the Misses Manton is to be married soon—the one who lisps a little—and a female vocalist will then be absolutely needed in the choir."

I would have proposed sending the cat at that detestable word "female," had it been anywhere but the church; but out of respect for the sacred edifice, I swallowed the term in silence.

I regretted the reckless manner in which I had gushed into song; for, once in, there was no getting out of it. Mr. Garis lent the full volume of his voice, as he expressed it, and it was a very heavy volume, indeed; so much so, that I really feared, as it verged toward eleven o'clock, that some messenger would appear to demand the cause of the unearthly sounds that issued from our domicile.

Aunt Phemie had glided off, and aunt Martha was nodding in a corner.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed my visitor, with a sudden start, "what's that?"

"It must be Phemie's shoes," said aunt Martha, only half-awake.

I was laughing as well as I could in a whisper; for aunt Phemie had threatened, after the last visit, that if Mr. Garis stayed again one minute beyond the stroke of eleven, she would certainly fling her shoes at him—and they had now come with an unmistakable thud against the wall that separated us.

A heavy watch was consulted, and then the usual welcome words, "No idea it was so late—the evening has passed so pleasantly. Just one more song, Miss Grace, as a *buny boutche*," (a vagary of speech that Mr. Garis termed "French.") "Let us have 'Consider the Lilies.'"

Anything, I thought, to speed the parting guest, who opened his throat so widely at this beautiful anthem, that it was really appalling.

"Now," said Mr. Garis, hat in hand, with the air of a Sultan, "I feel quite satisfied as to the compass of your voice, Miss Grace—a little cultivation is all you need, and St. Peter's may well be proud of you. I expect a friend here soon, a gentleman from Canada, who is a highly-accomplished vocalist. Will you allow me to bring him here to see what arrangement can be made in the way of instruction? My friend intends giving singing-lessons."

Aunt Martha was now quite awake. "I should like to see him, Grace; your voice must be cultivated, and, perhaps, you can do something with it yet."

Doing something meant making money, of which we had a very slender supply; and on the strength of this hope, Mr. Garis received permission to bring his friend. I could not help feeling a strong presentiment that, when my voice was cultivated sufficiently to please him, Mr. Garis intended to bestow upon me the opportunity, which I certainly did not covet, of singing soprano to his bass during the term of our natural lives. Very likely he would make some private arrangement with the singing-man from Canada, by which I would be enabled to avail myself of his valuable services; and I resolved to look sharply after this.

I was glad of the prospect of improving my voice; but I scolded aunt Martha for her extravagance, and told her that she had behaved very badly during the evening.

"What a tiresome man Mr. Garis is!" she sighed. "I wish that some one would tell him so."

"I think you spoke very plainly, auntie," said I, laughing; "that prolonged doze of yours was quite eloquent—but Mr. Garis' ears are stopped with self-conceit."

Aunt Phemie pretended to be asleep, so I

had to wait until next day to scold *her*; and the keeping of my two aunts in order was quite a responsibility.

I soon found that Mr. Garis had spread my fame through Pleasance; and Mr. Bilkes, who had always paid me all the attention I desired from him, which was none at all, said very graciously, while tying up my parcel of camphor for aunt Phemie, (she lived on camphor,) "I hear, Miss May, that a new prima donna is about to appear on our little stage at St. Peter's—a great addition, I am told, in the way of voice."

"Yes;" I replied, with my face in a flame. "I had not heard of it."

Mr. Bilkes smiled significantly as I departed; and when I reached home, I found that Miss Clewell had called.

Aunt Martha was quite excited about it—she thought it was so impudent, she said, after neglecting me so long; but I treated it quite philosophically, and from the height of my worldly experience, I explained to her that I had become suddenly valuable to the aristocracy of Pleasance.

I met Miss Clewell soon after in a store, and she accosted me with smiles and compliments.

"So glad," she said, "to welcome me to the choir—and I would come, would I not? I must, that was a dear!"

"But I have to learn singing first," I replied. "I scarcely sing at all."

"Of course you don't," said Miss Clewell, graciously, "that is the way they all talk;" (it was not the way *she* talked,) "but Mr. Garis says you are a perfect nightingale. How very kind he is!"

"Is he?" I said, supposing this referred to his goodness to me.

"He is expecting a friend from Canada," continued the lady, very consciously, "and he asked permission to bring him at once to our house, as he is quite a musician. I suppose that a stranger could scarcely come to Pleasance without coming to us."

"He is a music-teacher, I believe," said I, carelessly. "Aunt Martha thinks of employing his services for me—I suppose it will be a very good opportunity."

Miss Clewell opened her eyes quite widely at my assurance, and said more distantly, "Mr. Paynmore will quite renovate the choir, and probably take charge of the organ, if Mr. Crew can only be persuaded that he is too old for the position."

I saw trouble ahead, but "it wasn't none of my funerals;" and, bowing to Miss Clewell, I

left her matching worsteds, with a roll of music beside her—while I went home, wondering what this Mr. Paynmore was like.

I was not left long in doubt; for a few evenings after, Mr. Garis appeared with his friend—a tall, handsome man, with his hair parted in the middle, a fashionable mustache, and his linen and neck-tie perfectly immaculate. I pronounced him concealed at once, and as soon as he began to speak, I felt sure that we would be sworn enemies; for his manner of pronouncing certain words conveyed the idea that he considered none of us capable of speaking the English language.

Mr. Garis made a futile attempt to take the stranger under his wing, but was ignominiously routed at the outset; Mr. Paynmore was quite capable of taking care of himself. Aunt Martha dexterously cornered him to talk of terms, while I entertained Mr. Garis; and, strange to say, my practical relative took a sudden fancy to the foppish Canadian that seemed to me perfectly unaccountable. "He was a gentleman," she said, "a species she had begun to think quite extinct;" and in return, Mr. Paynmore pronounced her a lady of the old school.

I sang one or two pet pieces; and the gentleman was graciously pleased to say he thought he could make something of my voice. I bowed in indignant silence; and happening to catch his eye, I detected the glimmer of a smile there. So, he was laughing at me, was he? I added this to the account against him, and thought that, when reckoning-day came, his position would not be an enviable one.

I think that Mr. Garis had rather a miserable visit, as his friend's accomplishments quite threw him into the shade; and he rolled his eyes upon me, at parting, with a reproachful glare that was truly appalling.

Now began a stormy period of battles and skirmishes that was infinitely refreshing; and I thrived under the excitement to such a degree, that I was ready to go to any lengths of impudence. Mr. Paynmore was indescribably provoking without uttering a word; and when he did utter any, they fell upon my ear like a shower of fine-pointed needles.

He was a splendid teacher; and much as I had always disliked to see a man at the piano, I soon become reconciled to his musical performances, which were of the highest possible order. "More force!" he would say, rather impatiently bringing his finger down upon some note in the piece I was playing, until the whole instrument seemed to quiver under

his touch. Never before, it seemed to me, had any one piano been capable of so much noise; but it was grand—a perfect treat to any lover of music.

Mr. Paynmore's voice was magnificent; and the younger portion of the choir were jubilant. But, oh! the glances that were exchanged among the staid ones; the comments upon his pronunciation; (it was a little singular,) and the helpless indignation of poor Mr. Crew, who had never even heard of the tunes which he was now requested to play! He comforted himself by spreading the report through Pleasantance that Mr. Paynmore had formerly traveled with a theatrical company.

The rector noticed a great improvement in the music and singing, and was satisfied; and as his reverence condescended to make an especial call to invite me into the choir, I could no longer refuse. I was very well received, and went faithfully through my part every Sunday, until I really began to think that I could sing a little.

Mr. Paynmore was very kind, and yet I was constantly provoked with him.

"I cannot do that part," said I, one day, "there is no use in trying."

"Oh! yes you can," he replied, singing it with the greatest ease; "any goose can do it."

"So I see," I remarked, with subdued fury. "Please go on."

My singing-master threw himself back and laughed; and, had he dared, he would, probably, have patted me on the back as a bright child. I was more irate than ever.

"I don't think you are very polite to Mr. Paynmore," said aunt Martha to me privately, "and he really is a very gentlemanly person. I have an impression that he has not always been a music-teacher."

"Possibly a stray earl," said aunt Phemie, laughing. "You had better look to your behavior, Grace."

"I think," said I, braiding my locks for the night, "that Canadians are intensely disagreeable, and nothing would induce me to marry one."

"Take care," replied aunt Martha. "I once heard of a young lady who declared that she would never marry a Yankee, a widower, nor a Presbyterian—and she married a man who was all three!"

At our next lesson, Mr. Paynmore spoke of "the varz"—a very pretty silver affair that held some June roses.

"What do you mean?" I asked, very innocently.

"I refer, Miss May, to yonder article of silverware, crowned with roses, that were, probably, arranged by your tasteful fingers."

"I call that a vase," I replied.

"Very likely, as you speak American——"

"No, I speak pure English; but as *you* talk Canadian, I do not understand you."

He looked provoked for a moment, then laughed.

Presently he attacked the flag. We had a miniature one hanging in the parlor.

"Perhaps, Miss May, you will be good enough to explain to me the meaning of the stripes in it," he said, "if, indeed, they *have* any meaning?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, as tantalizingly as I could, "they have a meaning."

"And what is it, pray?"

"Why, don't you remember what the English got in the Revolution, and in the war of 1812? It means that."

"A woman's ingenuity is really wonderful," after a pause to guess my conundrum. "Shall we proceed with our lesson?"

Such skirmishes were frequent, and I usually came off victorious; but it seemed to me that the more I quarreled with Mr. Paynmore the better I liked him. The peculiarities that had repulsed me, at first, were becoming toned down. He was not continually feeling "jolly," nor calling quiet people "muffs." Occasionally, too, he remained after the lesson to read a poem to me; and I began to wonder how I could ever have thought him disagreeable.

Meanwhile, I knew that he spent many gay evenings at Miss Clewell's, where something always seemed to be going on; and people frequently coupled their names together, and evidently thought the union quite an appropriate one. I did not think so; I wondered if Mr. Paynmore did.

We were having a very hot "spell" of weather toward the end of June; and the day after an intensely warm Sunday I took my lesson, and stood thinking over some remarks of my teacher's after he had left me. A folded piece of paper near the door caught my eye; and I picked it up to find a sort of rhapsody, headed, "A Summer Vision." It was a description of myself, exactly as I had appeared in church the day before—my white organdy, with a tiny black spot, white barege shawl, and straw sundown, with a wreath of pansies. I looked cool, to be sure, although I did not feel so, and it was pleasant to be a refreshing sight to others; but my cheeks were very hot just now, as I meditated on the poetical phrases in which it

was all expressed; and I sat a long time in the twilight, with a strange sense of newly-found happiness.

I wondered how I could meet Mr. Paynmore again. I should certainly look conscious, and, perhaps, he would remember that he had dropped the paper in our parlor, and then——

But I was giving myself needless anxiety. Just before the time for the next lesson, Mr. Garis rushed in, wildly excited, and *brusquely* announced Mr. Paynmore's sudden departure.

"He is the son of a lord!" he added, with a sort of horror, as though he had just discovered his friend to be guilty of forgery.

I never could understand this friendship between two such uncongenial natures, until Mr. Paynmore chanced to say that his acquaintance with Mr. Garis was purely of a business character. He had remained but one night at the house of the latter, and then taken lodgings at the hotel.

A sudden silence fell upon us for a moment or two, during which I did a great deal of thinking, and came to the conclusion that this disguised nobleman had been amusing himself with me, and with Pleasance generally; and that I was a very silly girl, whom a thorough course of mathematics (my favorite aversion) would benefit immensely. I would not have another teacher, though, who—well, my first impression of Mr. Paynmore, as "a tall, conceited-looking man," was simply absurd.

"This Mr. Paynmore, etc., whatever he is to be called," said aunt Martha presently, with astonishing composure, "is certainly a very presentable-looking man for the son of a lord; the only other sprig of nobility I have been fortunate enough to see, was the most insignificant little creature I ever beheld, with white hair and an idiotic countenance."

Mr. Garis fairly gasped at her temerity; he was quite stunned at the thought of having been in daily intercourse with this superior being.

Aunt Phemie remarked that she did not consider it very gentlemanly to leave the place in this abrupt manner, after receiving hospitalities and kind attentions from so many families in Pleasance.

"On several occasions," began Mr. Garis, then stopped, and suddenly plunged after me, as I retreated to the garden.

He proceeded to make a goose of himself without delay, evidently fancying that disappointed ambition and wounded love might render me desperate enough to listen to him. I scarcely know what I said; but I was soon

locked in my own room, with the vision of Mr. Garis' blank optics, set in a chronic stare of surprise, constantly before me.

"I never could get your bill from Mr. Paynmore," said aunt Martha, to me, in a troubled tone. "I made the attempt two or three times, but he always put it aside with some excuse. It is very unpleasant to be under such an obligation—and this is my greatest regret at his departure."

I felt like envying aunt Martha.

When I next encountered Miss Clewell, her manner was quite an amusing study. She had evidently framed it after very crude ideas of what the deportment of a countess-elect should be; and from her condescension to me, I fancied that she meditated offering me the part of lady's-maid.

Now I did not expect to see Mr. Paynmore again; he had played out his little farce, and, probably, had nearly forgotten it in more absorbing pursuits; but Miss Clewell was buoyed up by a strong hope of his return, and looked so exasperatingly as if she knew something," as the children say, that I felt a strong disposition to shake her.

The choir seemed weak enough on the next Sunday; every man there appeared to sing through his nose, and Dr. Waybrooke and Mrs. Gliner were quite triumphant, while I aroused my own contempt by hearing a voice that the others couldn't hear, and seeing a manly figure, that was not there, attired in a coat of the latest style, and altogether unexceptionable from hair to boots.

In about ten days Mr. Paynmore returned to Pleasance as composedly as though his erratic departure had been quite in the natural order of things. He was vastly surprised at the excitement on his behalf, and stoutly denied being the son of a lord; assuring the eager questioners that his respected father was at that very time carrying on the lumber business most successfully, and that not the shadow of a title had ever floated over the family to the remotest generation.

There was a long, confidential talk in our little parlor, when we were informed that aunt Martha's surmise respecting the gentleman's experience as a music-teacher was quite correct, as this was his first attempt in that line. Being passionately fond of music, and animated by a love of adventure, he had planned a tour of "the States," in the capacity of instructor; but, somehow, he never got beyond Pleasance. A telegram, announcing the sudden and serious illness of his father, had called him back un-

ceremoniously; but the old gentleman was now quite himself again, and very much interested in his son's new friends.

"Especially in Miss Clewell," I suggested.

Something that sounded like "Hang Miss Clewell!" reached my ears; and I wondered

what was to become of that unfortunate countess elect.

What *did* become of her was that she married Mr. Garis, in spite of the latter's theories; and I—— Well, in spite of my theories, I married a Canadian.

ALONE.

BY S. E. GRAHAM.

The morning beams across my brow
Their golden sunshine fling;
And every gale comes laden with
The fragrance of the Spring.
And yet a tear is starting now,
And yet I sigh and moan;
Where are the loved, true-hearted ones?
Alas! I'm all alone!

The Summer birds are coming back;
They sing in wood-notes wild,
The very songs that charmed me most
When I was but a child.
But, ah! those voices, gladly gay,
That schooled back each tone,
I cannot hear, and I must weep,
For I am now alone.

But wild, romantic hills are here,
And dells, and lakes, and flowers;
And glades, beneath whose whispering shades
The elves keep merry hours.
Their blithe and mellow songs I loved
In my old childhood's home;
But their wild notes are plaintive grown,
Since I have been alone.

I left you for a wilder clime,
My spirits to regain,
And the pure air and strengthening breeze
Have given them back again.
But, ah! my loved ones are not here,
I miss each gentle tone;
My heart is aching for the friends
Of my New England home.

In fancy I am strong again,
As when, with glowing cheek
And sparkling eye, I climbed with you
Our favorite wild-wood steep,
And gathered flowers the cliffs among,
Sweet flowers, so frail and fair,
And twined them into garland's bright,
For your soft, waving hair.

I see each old, familiar spot,
Our home upon the hill,
The old beech grove, the spreading pond—
A lakelet, clear and still.
The very berries on the brink
I gather, as of yore,
And memory gives me back again
Each favorite haunt, and more.

I see the sunny island, bright
With mossy-stone and beach;
And trees, beneath whose cooling shade
The sunbeams scarce can reach;
For the wild vine, with pliant stem,
Their branches interlaced,
And its rich, clustering, purple fruit
Our wild-wood arbor graced.

I sit again beneath your shade,
And bathe my burning brow
In the cool stream, whose limpid waves
O'er the smooth pebbles flow.
And now fond voices call my name
With kind and loving tone;
I clasp ye in a warm embrace,
And am no more alone.

. NELLIE'S PICTURE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I said to my heart, in its sorrow and longing,
Be patient, repine not, it cannot be long;
The boon that you wish may be yours on the morrow;
Arouse! let its coming be greeted with song.

Oh! bright were the tints of the gay Autumn morning,
And brave shone the woodland in crimson and gold;
Blithe, blithe sang the lark, as he rose at the dawning,
In sunshine and music the day was unrolled.

The wonderful rose of the morning blushed sweetly;
Its perfume and beauty enchanted me quite;
Oh! never a day had gone by us as fleetly,
With perfume, and music, and sunshine bedight.

I lingered and waited, Hope sprang up and flourished;
"Thy waiting is over, lo! here is the prize!"
She gave me a picture; the friend I had cherished
Looked up at me gravely, with clear, earnest eyes.

The friend I had known in life's earliest morning,
Whose love had been proven by absence and years;
At last, oh! at last! without herald or warning,
This picture she sends to dispel all my fears.

Shine on me thus ever, oh! eyes that are tender!
And face that is haughty to all save to me;
Be faithful, be true, and thy friendship shall render
The sunshine of life more abundant and free.

KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN SIR LAUNCELOT."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 200.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, Miss Davenant's maid brought her a new style of floral-offering. It was a fragile basket, lined with moss-like, emerald velvet, and full of cool, dewy-looking lilies, with great, golden eyes and waxen leaves, and in their center glowed a blood-red camelia. Kate was dressing lazily when it came, and she only told Lotte to leave it on the flower-stand, without making any comment.

But when the girl left the room, the cheeks, scarcely tinted before, looked like the camelia-petals, and a curious, regretful glow burned in her eyes as she took the artistic trifle in her hand.

"I wonder if I am a very wicked woman?" she said. "Perhaps I had better have remained nothing but Miss Davenant to him. If there had never been a Kathleen Ogilvie, my life might have been smoother, or, at least, more bearable. But I can't look back, and then be content to look forward."

I wonder if you have found out by this time that there was a good and a bad angel in Kate Davenant's life, and that the time had come now when either one or the other must rule forever. Imagine a girl, with every beauty and fascination, given into the hands of such a woman as Mrs. Mortimer Montgomery; a woman who had lived in the world, and for the world, since she escaped from the nursery; who had paused to think of nothing but the luxurious gayety her refinement and wealth were so well able to procure her. If it had not been for the patrician, Davenant face, Kathleen Ogilvie might have remained Kathleen Ogilvie; but there was a pleasant *clat* in playing the part of chaperon to a girl who was likely to carry the world before her. Beyond that she thought of nothing. Kate might be educated, and introduced to society, and then she might marry—*un bon parti*, of course. No other idea had ever occurred to the selfish aunt. Kate had lived a life that would unfit her for any other. Kate had seen belles and beauties making love-matches, and finally sinking into domestic insignificance, mending stockings, sewing on buttons, and adding up the housekeeping accounts. "Seen," I

said. I ought have said, "heard of," for these sort of people fell from Mrs. Montgomery's circle and lapsed into nothingness. Kate had heard these same nonentities discussed, and seen them snubbed, and observed the resigned, tolerant shrug with which society greeted them when they came within range of respectability's eyeglass. "Respectability (which when it did not signify millionaires, signified billionaires, or trillionaires) was very sorry for the girl. It was a great pity. But what could be expected after such an insane match as that;" and then Respectability shrugged its shoulders again and forgot to recognize the fallen star. Kate had lived among women whose lives were one long struggle to out-do each other in magnificence, and who kept a troupe of French nursemaids in a well-appointed nursery, and "forgot to ask about baby," and called in to see the children twice a week. What do you suppose such an experience could make of such a girl as this heroine of mine? It made of her just such a woman as the rest, just as coolly refined and calculating, only with a little more brains, and a little sting of remorseful longing for something unattainably better, which sometimes made her life wearisome and galling. Her future was laid before her, a future which her training compelled her to accept, and which was a sort of game in which her white hands moved the pieces. Still, if she must marry a millionaire, this was no reason, she argued, why she should not amuse herself with men, who were amusing in spite of their empty pockets. There was an excitement in the whirl that made her a belle and almost a goddess. There was an excitement in the bowing of the *creme de la creme* of penniless Bohemians. When she drove in her carriage through crowded thoroughfares, rough workmen and elegant men turned round alike to gaze after her, and comment upon her flawless beauty; and once, when she had attended a court-ball in Paris, the emperor himself had spoken flatteringly of her. Since her sixteenth year she had been "*la belle Circe*," "*Sylphide*," "*Superbe*," and now, at nineteen, she laughed at the men who raved about her, and wrote poems in her honor,

laughed at them, yet held them in the palm of her delicate, careless hand still. It was only the "Marquise" again.

"You were *belle cruelle, rebelle*,
And the rest of rhymes as well.
You had every grace in Heaven
In your most angelic face,
With the nameless finer leaven,
Lent of blood and courtly race;
And was added, too, in duty,
Ninon's wit and Bouffier's beauty,
And la Valliere's "*yeux caouteux*,"
Followed these;
And you liked it when he said it,
On his knees,
And you kept it, and you read it,
Belle Marquise."

Just this it was that made the girl color as she looked at the flower-offering. She could understand its meaning, and knew what it would end in. And then—and then (woman of the world as she was, she hesitated a little as the thought came to her) might it not end in some faint pang to herself? There had been times in her life before now when the world had seemed a thought darker after handsome, manly faces had turned away from her, paling in despair, yet showing something of scorn for the fallen idol. But Carl Seymour was different from even the best of these. The man's very soul was strong, and his power over men, women, and children, was his chief characteristic. She had heard his acquaintance talking of him and wondering at his perfect fascination.

"He's such a cool, immobile sort of a fellow!" Tom Griffith had said, one day. "But every man he speaks to respects and looks up to him. By George! the very horses in the stable whine and turn their big, velvet eyes when he lays his hand upon them."

Was not this a trifle dangerous?

Kate leaned her firm, white chin upon her palm, and her purple eyes widened and darkened under their fringes as she thought it over. Why was it that this bondage was her fate? Why was it that the whole sum of her existence lay in the one channel?

"If I were only Kate Ogilvie now!" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, with her scarlet lips parted wistfully. "If he had only found me little Kate again, innocent and good in spite of all! I might—I might——"

She stopped, and the warm color rushed over her face. She was treading on forbidden ground. She laid the basket upon the table, and rang the bell for Lotte.

"You may dress my hair now, Lotte," she said; "and fasten that red camellia in the puffs with a spray of white coral."

Lotte pulled it all down, the dark-brown, bur-

nished hair, with its heavy braids and soft curves, and began to dress it in discreet silence; and under the gold-dusted mantle the Circe bent her head and watched the marble-cupped lilies, and tried to think she was a girl again, and Carl Seymour had the right to call her "Kathleen Mavourneen."

That evening Mr. Colycinth drove his carriage over the beach alone, for when he had called at Bay View he found the Circe "not at home."

"Gone to the Spouting Horn with Mr. Seymour," said her aunt, with some dissatisfaction apparent in her manner. "Kate has a craze about scenery. Just imagine any one walking a mile over the sands for the sake of getting a good view of sky and water!"

This was anything but satisfactory to the "literary lion." Miss Davenant seldom, if ever, promenaded with her adorers. Was not this a foreboding state of affairs, when she walked a mile with a happy hero?

And in the meantime the Circe forgot herself, strolling over the shining sands, with the shining sea before her, and the shining sky above. The purple water dimpled and whispered, and the evening breeze swept a soft pink into her waxen cheek, and a soft light came into her eyes. She felt like Kate Ogilvie again, and once or twice a tender, womanly thrill crept over her, as she looked up at her companion's earnest face. For Carl Seymour, he failed to remember that it was a worldly-wise woman he was talking to, and not an innocent, inexperienced girl. Yellow sands, and sunset sky, and lapping waves, seemed so familiar that he thought only of the years behind, and the child who had lived in them. When they reached the cliffs at last, they found they were the only visitors. Carl leaned against a jutting fragment and looked down at Miss Davenant's fair face.

"Why did you not tell me at first?" he asked, going on with the conversation.

Kate colored a little.

"It was an impulse that made me tell you at all," she said. "An impulse, and the fact that you had almost found me out."

"But that is not replying to my question. Why was this?"

A wish almost uncontrollable came up into the girl's mind—a wish that was the result of the truth that really lay buried in her heart. If she could only make him understand her position, if he could but just see how utterly impossible it was for the woman to be to him what the child had been. There was a sharp

struggle, and then she made a brave trial—a trial that needed a struggle in spite of all.

"Do you recollect what I said to you yesterday afternoon, on the balcony, and what I repeated in the manager's room? Nine years ago I was a child, Mr. Seymour. Now I am a woman, and because I wish to be more frank with you than I am to others, I will tell you again that I am afraid Kate Davenant is very unlike the child you loved so well."

Carl looked down at her flushing face, with a curious awakening in his eyes, but he did not speak.

"Do you know what the world says of me, Mr. Seymour?" she went on. "The world says I am a vain, heartless woman, caring for nothing but my own triumphs. Perhaps the world is right, though it may be somewhat harsh. Still, you know a girlhood spent as mine has been, cannot make one very unworldly and single-hearted."

She had looked very unlike the Circe when she began to speak, but she looked wonderfully unlike her, when, coming to the end of the last sentence, she broke forth again, with the hot color flushing her cheeks, and her eyes full of vague bitterness.

"I am saying to you what I have said to no man or woman before. I say it, because as you cared for the lonely, little Kathleen, so you may, perhaps, feel an interest in this other Kate, who is lonelier now than ever she was then. Shall I tell you why my aunt took me up? She took me because I had a pretty face; she took me because I was a bright, amusing child, and my beauty was likely to make a belle of me. She took me because she thought I was a good speculation, just as her lions and lionesses are—and she made of me what you see, a beauty, people tell us, and an elegant, worldly-wise belle, according to society's report—Kate Davenant, in short, and not the best woman you know by any means."

I repeat the conversation, reader, to prove to you that this girl was not wholly heartless; to show you for her credit that she made one effort, if only one, to save this man, and that it was hardly her fault if this effort failed. I also wish you to remember, when you read the history of its failure, that for ten years Carl Seymour had loved her, however unconsciously; that she had held the place in his heart that a woman will sometimes hold in the heart and life of a man like him—in the heart of a man hard to rule, but conquered utterly and wholly, when at last he meets a ruling power.

He bent over her, and took both her slender, gloved hands in a grasp that was almost painful.

"You ask me to remember what you have told me," he said, with glowing eyes. "Remember what I have said to you, 'Kathleen Mavourneen will be Kathleen Mavourneen forever!' So you are to me."

Then her resolution broke down. She had made such an effort as she was capable of, and it had failed. Perhaps, as she smiled up into Carl Seymour's passionate face, her good angel folded its white wings and wept. She had not learned to be strong in truth, and after this first struggle, she gave herself up, as she had given herself up before, to the current which carried her onward to another's undoing.

When they returned to Bay View, they found a gay company gathered there. Mrs. Montgomery's eyebrows were uplifted a little, as the two sauntered in, the Circe's eyes uplifted softly to her companion.

Tom Griffith looked at Brandon and collapsed. The Senator became majesterially grave, and one or two of the "fast" men began to comment.

"This is a new one, ain't it? How new? About six weeks' old. Poor fellow!"

Carl remained for the evening. Kate chatted and laughed with all. But Carl did not understand, nay, it was impossible for him to understand the truth—that the gayety and carelessness had a touch of desperation in it. He did not dream of the vague, passionate aching that lay behind the brilliant repartee and laughter; and the curious, almost mad emphasis that urged Kate Davenant to jest and merriment, when the heart that seemed to beat so calmly beneath her trim bodice was stung with blind regret. Once, when he spoke to her in a sort of forgetfulness, called her by the old name, "Kathleen," when he had said it, he stopped and smiled at his carelessness.

"Forgive me!" he said. "I forgot there are nine years behind us. Am I very impertinent?"

"No," she replied, impulsively. "I like to hear it. I wish you would call me Kathleen always. It is like oil upon troubled waters," she added, with a laugh that was almost bitter in its recklessness.

Hitherto Miss Davenant's flirtations had rejoiced in one peculiarity; their advance had been almost imperceptible, and one victim had hardly seemed more honored than another. But this evening the rule was broken, and Mr. Seymour's position attracted comment. The purple eyes seemed to turn to him as if unavoidably, the sweet face to answer his every expression. Alice Farnham had Tom Griffith all

to herself, and Brandon was left to mourn alone, while the Senator, the poor Senator, and the rest of the train, could only stand aloof with a united expression of stolid misery and resigned despair.

When the company separated, and Carl had spoken his last "Kathleen," Miss Davenant did not wait to hear her aunt's eloquence on her dangerous proclivities, but went up stairs to her room.

"Please send me some strong coffee, aunt," she said. "I have a headache."

"You will kill yourself with strong coffee, Kate. It is a sort of intoxication with you." Whereupon Kate shrugged her shoulders indifferently, and smiled.

After the strong coffee, there were notes to be read, and replies to make—and Kate set to work upon them with uncalled for energy; and when they were done, she undressed and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. The murmur of the distant sea came up to her moaningly, and made her restless; and her thoughts kept her feverishly wide awake. At last she sprang up, threw on a wrapper, and going to the window, looked out. The deserted grounds lay below, breathing up the perfume of the sleeping flowers, and whispering under the night-wind softly. Through the dark trees came a silvery shimmer of moonlight. She watched it all in a dreamy silence for awhile, and then suddenly turned away, and coming to the dressing-table, opened a little jewel-case, and took out a chain of sea-shells, and a chain of gold, and laid them by the side of the red camelia. It was a curious thing she was going to do, and might seem whimsical, but a great deal depended upon it.

"I will try once more," she said to herself. "Once more, and for the last time. If Fate guides my hand to the gold—so be it."

She retreated a few steps backward, then turned round with closed eyes, and stood still. She was smiling lightly, and, perhaps, a little satirically, but her heart was beating, nevertheless, with a fierce, pained beat. Did she then care so much? A half struggle, a step forward, her white hands fluttered over the curious omens of her future, and then descending, touched—what? She turned her face again, paling and blushing. The spirit of flower and shells melted away, and a slight shiver passed over her. She had touched the gold.

She laughed a short, strange, impatient laugh as she crushed shells and chain back into the case.

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"There were two chances against one," she whispered, sharply. "I suppose it is Fate!"

CHAPTER VII.

"WHAT do you think of it?" asked Brandon, doubtfully.

Capt. Loftus, who was this young man's oracle, and was obliging enough to borrow his money and smoke his segars, held a glass of fine old Madeira to the light, and criticised its color with the air of a connoisseur.

"How old are you, my boy?" he asked.

Brandon stared.

"Twenty-two," he said, with a little extra color on his honest, fair face.

"Thought so," moralized the captain. "At twenty-two I was guileless—it is a long time back, though—but I got over that in the course of time, as you will. Now I understand arithmetic, and experience teaches me that, in sensible people's eyes, Seymour's talent and far-off fortune won't stand in exchange and barter against the Circe. You have seen rare paintings in collections of art wearing the green ticket, haven't you? I am not good at comparisons generally, but I never see such pictures without thinking of some of our belles. Kate Davenant was one of them, and her owner (see her aunt) has marked her at a higher price than Seymour can afford to give for years to come; and in years to come the gilt would be worn off the frame, and the picture might not be considered worth the price.

Comprenez vous, mon enfant?"

The captain laughed.

"A sentiment of two decades ago. If Miss Davenant had been the susceptible Miss Brown, or the adorable Miss Smith, the tender passion might be a ruling consideration; but Miss Davenant is a wise woman—a woman of our world, which is not the world of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Picture the Circe anxious about the rise of mutton, and interested in the fall of beef. Imagine the woman, whom report says royalty has pronounced '*charmante*,' with Vanity Fair in the background, and domestic felicity in Blank street for a future. What a fall would be there. Oh! my youthful countryman! Miss Davenant knows better."

"Well, then," exclaimed Brandon, reddening to the very roots of his blonde hair, "it's—it's a confounded shame she should lead him on so. I've been as spoony as any one myself, but I am not such a deep fellow as Seymour, and I know I felt bad enough about it—and what will it be to him. Every one knows he

loves the very dead leaves her feet have trodden upon. It has changed him altogether. Every picture he paints has some tint or expression that belongs to her. People say that 'Louise la Valliere,' with her face, is a master-piece; and there is one he calls 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' (taken from that scene she acted in at the amateur concert,) has got something in it that I am afraid to look at. By Jove! it makes me tremble. His very soul is laid bare in it."

Loftus laughed a short, recklessly-sounding laugh.

"You haven't seen that sort of thing before?" he said. "I have. Women don't stand at broken hearts in these days. A girl of the Davenant pattern made me what I am. Forty thousand a year bought her. I couldn't. If I could, I might have been a respectable *pater-familias* now, with some pretty little girls of my own to take care of and try to save from being put up at auction. Well, well! three-score-and-ten is the end of it all—and we live fast in this generation. But I am sorry for you, my boy. How did you manage to have your eyes opened?"

"It wasn't anything of a joke to me, I can tell you," was the half-sheepish reply. "I knew I had no chance against Seymour, but I told her the truth, one night, because I couldn't help it. I think she was sorry for me. She said she was, and that I must forget it, and try to love a better woman."

"Tender-hearted creature!" sneered Loftus. "How terribly she must have suffered! I wonder how many other fools—excuse me—have received like consolation."

"Don't speak like that," broke out poor Brandon. "I know I'm a fool, but I haven't quite outlived it yet; and I can't let any one sneer at her. My mother says" (the good-natured youngster hadn't outlived his mother yet) "that good mothers make good daughters. Kate Davenant's mother died when she was born."

Loftus forgot to sneer again. Something of the heart that was seared twenty years back, stirred in him as he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"You are a good-hearted fellow," he said, with a new warmth on his face. "And you ought to love a better woman than Kate Davenant. Try to get over it, and let me tell you one thing. Try to keep your heart fresh, and don't live so that the time will come when you look back and shudder, and look forward and see only six feet of earth and nothingness. That is what my youth has led me to."

What Brandon had said was true. Because he had loved no other woman, Carl Seymour loved this Kate as none had loved her before. A calm, haughty-spirited man forgets himself entirely when he meets his destiny. Kate Davenant was his destiny. Every picture he touched, wore some unconsciously inwrought charm that belonged to her. One, her heavy, dark-brown hair, with its metallic sheen and sparks of fiery gold; another, her red, red lips; another, the dark, loving purple of her eyes, and the exquisite, touching smile. She had become an inspiration to him, and the Clytie on the mantle had grown to his very soul. Here she knelt in the dim cloister of the Carmelite convent as "*la Valliere*," there she stood erect in her war-chariot as grand-eyed Boadicea, with crowds of shaggy-haired, wild-faced Iceniens gazing upon her with fierce, hungry eyes. People recognized the Guinevere, who knelt at Arthur's feet, her coiling tresses trailing over her outstretched arms upon the marble floor, and the "Court Lady," who held the cross before the dying soldier, won its hundreds because the man who bought it loved the eyes that lived upon it.

Mrs. Montgomery had become dissatisfied, and Carl had learned to understand that a little indescribable coldness lay between himself and his former admirer. Kate let herself drift on wherever the current carried her. She had grown hardened and careless to the pain and happiness that grew upon her day by day. She knew where it must all end, and only tried to delay what must come at last. Sometimes her bitterness struggled above all, and leaped out; and sometimes the delicious draught she was drinking, for the first time in her life, was so sweet, so maddeningly sweet, that the bitterness was overruled, and she shut her heart to every remembrance of the unwomanly wrong she was doing.

She came in upon her aunt one day with some fairy-web sea-weed in her hand. Her eyes were drooping, and her lips curved softly in a curious, dreamy, absent-mindedness. There was a little boat down in the bay that bore her name, and for the last hour she had held the tiller and steered to Carl Seymour's rowing, as they floated in the golden mist that rested upon the waters. There was sea and sky before, and the purple rocks and the world behind. And in the lapses of dreaming thought that came upon her, Kate had wished, that they might drift onward forever, and lose themselves in the crimson and gold beyond. When she entered the parlor, she was thinking of his

face as he had looked at her in silence. Just what a man's face will say sometimes to a woman, his face had said to her, and, perhaps, hers had answered him a little. She loved him. She had not hidden that from herself from the first; and once or twice it was too much for her, and the whole truth shimmered in the soft rose on her cheek, and the drooping of the heavily-fringed white lids. He had not spoken, he had only rested upon his oars, and let the boat drift, as he watched her averted face; and she could not forget—she thought she never could forget—the faint, passionate trembling of the mouth that was usually so calm.

Mrs. Montgomery looked up, as she came in, with a cold inquiry in her manner.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Sailing with Mr. Seymour," answered Kate, indifferently, as she drew off her gloves.

There was a silence for a few moments, in which she laid the sea-weed among the rest of her collection. As she turned to leave the room, her aunt spoke again.

"When you have changed your dress, I wish you would come down stairs again. I want to speak to you."

Kate turned back with a calm smile.

"I can stay just as well now," she said.

"What is it you wish to say?"

Her aunt stitched at her embroidery energetically, and then she looked up.

"Kate," she said, "I am going to say what I have said a thousand times before. You are going too far."

Kate's eyebrows were uplifted nonchalantly, but she made no reply.

"In this case," proceeded the lady, "you are going too far for your own comfort. You are not sentimentally inclined by any means; but you know as well as I do that this man is more to you than any other man has ever been. I don't wonder at it, either. He is a man a great deal above his position, and, of course, it is a pity; but still you ought to be wise enough to know better than allow yourself to think of him seriously. Flowers, and poems, and pictures, are all very well; but a man can't use his eyes and his brains, as this man is doing, without making some impression. He kissed your hand last night. I saw him. And when you were waltzing together, you could no more have lifted your eyes to his face than you could have done anything else impossible. You know what your position is, and you know—well, you know that this sort of thing won't do."

It would be a hard matter to try to describe

the various expressions that passed over Kate Davenport's countenance as she listened. First, it was haughty defiance, then bitter, bitter scornfulness, and at last coldness perfectly immobile.

"Yes," she said, "I know that this 'sort of thing won't do.' I know my position as well as you know it, and understand it as thoroughly. I know what my life has fitted me for, and I know that I must prepare myself for the future lying before me. We have talked of this before, I believe, and it has always ended in the same thing. Thank you for reminding me of my danger; but, as you say, I am not a sentimental woman by any means, and I am not likely to swerve on the side of romantic weakness. Excuse my being a trifle bitter. Probably I *was* forgetting, and allowing myself to dream such dreams as only better and richer women may indulge in."

Her aunt shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"I didn't think it was so bad as this," she said, satirically. "I must say you *are* a trifle bitter. Of course, it is no affair of mine. Perhaps, on the whole, you had better marry Mr. Seymour, if you can made up your mind to conversations with the butcher, and eloquence from the baker. In the course of ten years, I dare say, he will be a celebrated artist, and in the meantime, you know, you could retire from society, and superintend your two servants, and have your dresses made by a third-rate *modiste*. You would not miss your acquaintance after a while, and it is not so very dreadful to be snubbed—and then, you know, what are these trifling sacrifices to domestic felicity?"

"Is that all you wished to say?" asked Kate, after the minute's silence that followed her ladyship's harangue. "If it is, I think I will go up stairs now. You know we dine at the Farnhams, and I should like to rest before dressing."

"Well, it isn't quite all," was the reply. "I wanted to tell you that Mr. Crozier called this evening and inquired about you particularly. I said he would meet us at Mrs. Farnham's to-night."

Kate paled slightly.

"I did not know he had come to Newport," she said.

"He arrived yesterday. Kate, how foolish you were to refuse that man. He is worth two millions."

"Was I?" said Kate. "If Mr. Crozier had been worth fifty millions instead of two, you would have said I was very wise. But, perhaps, it is not too late yet," and she laughed

a short, reckless laugh, that was a little terrible.

Her aunt did not say anything. She knew her fair niece well enough to understand that it was best not to interfere with her in these moods.

Kate went to her room in a curious frame of mind, and sat down and looked matters in the face. That she loved Carl Seymour she knew, but her love was not like his, it could not reconcile her to all things for his sake. Her experience had not been calculated to make her understand that the time would come when sacrifice would be as nothing. A blind instinct gave her the tender, womanly thoughts that thrilled her, but the motives that had ruled her life held her back with a cold hand. She was bitter and restive under her bondage, but she could not break it. She had laughed at sentiment since her girlhood, and for nine years had thought of nothing but the one ending to her belledom, for which her far-seeing relative had educated her. But wise as she was, Mrs. Montgomery had not foreseen this. She had felt no qualms of conscience and galling regret, there had been no struggle for mastery between heart and head in her days, and so she only regarded Kate's impulses of rebellion as symptoms of "blues," and accordingly had felt no concern.

It did not occur to her that the ten innocently, childish years could not fail to leave their traces behind. Those ten years had left traces.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE Kate had been seated for five minutes, she sprang up from her chair and paced the floor backward and forward, trying to forget herself. Her aunt's sarcasm had been a bitter truth to her, and she felt that she had almost reached the end of her tether. What had she done? Nothing wrong, she tried to think—nothing more than she had done a hundred times before, only before no suffering had been entailed upon herself. Now she must suffer, as she had made others suffer; now her dainty feet must tread the same thorny path other feet had trod for her sake. Perhaps her aunt had been right in saying she was foolish in refusing Mr. Crozier, when, two years ago, he had offered her marriage. If she had married him then, by this time she would have learned to wear her fetters gracefully, and certainly she would have been spared this pain. Her aunt's maxim on love was a concise and striking one, and one which always acted as her text.

"It is all very pretty to talk about, my dear," she had said a thousand times to her niece. "But whatever motive you may marry from, you will find, in the end, that I speak truly. Years will warm the coldest love to friendship, and cool the warmest to the same sentiment." And Kate at last believed it. For three months she had floated with the current in a sort of blindly determined resistlessness, and now she must put forth her strength and battle against it. Very well.

She walked across the floor slowly, listening with a curiously acute sensation to the soft rustle of her trailing dress, and endeavoring to fix her mind calmly.

But it was a vain endeavor. There was no calmness, nothing but chaos, and a sting of self-contempt that rose above all. Every moment it grew stronger. When a woman reaches self-contempt she has reached the acme of bitterness. Kate Davenant did not pause to think, she would not pause. She loved this man, and yet was not true enough to brave sacrifice for him. She hated herself for it, felt a vague scorn through every fibre, and yet had no other thought but that she was powerless against herself. What do you think of her? You think that Carl Seymour might have better loved a truer woman, and that if he lost her, his loss was hardly great. Yes; but then think of the "might have been;" think of the beautiful possibilities of truthfulness and faith that had been crushed out of her life. Try to imagine what she would have been, untrammelled by the world. We don't blame a flower for what the soil and the gardener's training have made it. Such women as these need praying for: and when you meet such a one give her your prayers, because you are a woman yourself, and so should be tender and forgiving.

A rap at the door stopped Kate's restless walk, and Lotte entered with a note and two bouquets. One was of fragrant lemon-blossom, white bell syringæ, and trailing with delicate vines; the other, a gorgeous tropical blooming of rare exotics, glowing with winy-crimson, purple, amber, and dark, glossy green. She knew where the first came from before she glanced at the card that accompanied it. Mr. Seymour was not a demonstrative man, and his gifts were unlike the gifts of others, in the peculiarity of being accompanied only by a slim card bearing his name.

Miss Davenant had quite a collection of them, and, in accordance with some whim, kept them apart from the notes of the slain, locking them in her jewel-case.

"With the rest of my gems," as she said, laughingly, to Carl on one occasion.

"Who brought the other?" she asked Lotte.

Lotte did not know. It was a strange footman; but here was the note.

Kate opened it with a half-amused and slightly contemptuous smile. She knew the crest which Mr. Crozier never lost an opportunity of displaying; and she knew the handwriting, whose flourishes never failed to suggest business, like blue bills and legal parchment.

Mr. Crozier was a banker; Mr. Crozier had some sort of rumored interest in the East Indies. Mr. Crozier was a millionaire, if not a billionaire—some people even said a trillionaire. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Crozier was a clerk at Cent Per Cent & Co.'s, Mrs. Montgomery had been in the habit of looking upon him with something of the feeling with which one might regard a minute insect; but now—ah, now! Mr. Crozier was a sort of modern Midas, only in a more comfortable way. Oh, ye sons of man!

"John Crozier," the note was signed; and even the curly tails of the capital letters held a suggestion of unlimited wealth, giving one a very pleasant sensation of the ease with which John Crozier could sign a check. It made Miss Davenant smile. Once upon a time, the housekeeper had shown her a butcher's account, and she recollected as an amusing coincidence that Ephraim Brisket's style of calligraphy was not unlike her adorer's. But then Ephraim Brisket was not a billionaire.

"You have no need to go down stairs again," said the young lady to Lotte. "I am ready to be dressed now."

Lotte went about her work briskly. She was a merry little maiden, with languishing eyes and scarlet lips, and tasty as a fairy, understanding how to manage to advantage every changing tint of Miss Davenant's delicate face. Kate always gave herself into Lotte's hands, with a careless confidence that each costume she turned out would be more exquisite than the last.

When she had finished dressing mademoiselle's heavy braids, she bent over to the white bouquet, and drew from it a spray of waxen japonicas and a pale-green vine. Then Miss Davenant lifted her hand and quietly pushed them aside. Lotte was only a lady's maid, and could not understand why Mr. Seymour's flowers should be rejected to-night. Miss Davenant had worn them all the summer, and had smiled and blushed at the quick-witted girl's tact. Now she did not blush. Lotte

almost fancied she grew a shade paler as she pushed them aside.

"Not those, this evening," she said, quietly.

"I am going to wear your favorite black lace, and you know scarlet is the most becoming accompaniment. Take something from the other bouquet."

Lotte's languishing eyes opened very wide, but she said nothing. It was not usual for Miss Davenant to interfere with her tastes. She must have quarreled with the fair-faced monsieur with the divine mustache. Alas!

When Kate made her appearance in the parlor, her aunt experienced a sensation of relief. Kate had evidently recovered from her "blues," and was going to be sensible. The rich black lace swept in a yard of train upon the carpet, and the thorough-bred throat and shoulders, and superb arms, gleamed through it whitely, like bits of perfect statuary. Her face was nothing but dazzling white and vivid carnation, and the scarlet cardinal flowers in the rich brown braids flung out every delicate tint artistically.

Mrs. Montgomery made no remark. She knew better, and, besides, she recognized the flowers, and was satisfied that her sarcasms had struck home.

When they entered Mrs. Farnham's drawing-room, the Circe created a sensation, as she always did. Some poetical adorer had said of her that she was a tropical blossom, constantly unfolding new leaves, each petal more beautiful than the last. So it was that people, who had seen her before, were anxious to see her again; and those who had never seen her were anxious to behold the woman of whom rumor said so much. Only a few moments, and the celebrities began to form a little cluster round her. Fred Brandon was not there; but Tom Griffith was, looking pale and cadaverous as any modern Hamlet; and then there were a thousand and one others, who stopped in their passage across the room to catch a tone of the sweet voice, or a gleam of the exquisite smile.

Her eyes wandered over the assembly in a languid search for somebody. Carl seldom joined the train, and somehow she had learned to watch for his coming, as she never watched for any one else. At last, when the eyes found him, the soft, regular heart-beat quickened a little. He was leaning against the marble mantle, looking at her with the old calm, searching in his face. He had looked at her a thousand times before with just the same thought; but now she could not meet his gaze fearlessly, and her eyelids drooped.

She wondered if he had noticed the flowers in her hair, and if he had noticed them, how he had accounted for them. She felt as if their crimson burnt her cheek: and when one of the glowing leaves touched her she positively shivered. Yet, in the meantime, she fluttered her rose-leaf of a fan, and lifted her soft, serene eyes to Tom Griffith's face, and smiled him into a seventh heaven of delight.

'The "Grand Mogul" has come back, Miss Davenant,' said this young gentleman at last. (The 'Grand Mogul' signified Mr. Crozier.)

She shrugged her white shoulders and laughed. The "Grand Mogul" was a sort of lion, as regarded bullion, and everybody knew him. Society discussed his millions and courted him. Years before, society would have pronounced him a Herculean snob, but now society knew better, and received him as a respectable fact, without making any inquiries.

"It is fortunate to be the Grand Mogul," said Kate. "But where is he, Mr. Griffith? I understood we were to meet him this evening."

Mr. Griffith did not know. He had not seen him as yet. And then he stopped short, and looked down at the fair face as if a new thought had struck him. People had a habit of speculating upon Miss Davenant, and poor Tom, who was more in love than the rest, speculated with more interest. Rumor said that John Crozier, Esq., was looking out for a wife; and rumor also said that it would not be John Crozier, Esq.'s fault if, eventually, his home did not find a mistress in Mrs. Montgomery's beautiful niece. Now Tom Griffith believed in this Kate as implicitly as if she had been an innocent *debutante*. If, at last, she married John Crozier, he would be quite content to anathematize her aunt as the root of the wrong, and regard the Circe as a heart-broken sacrifice. So now, as he noted the feverish sparkle in the girl's eyes, and the impatient ring in her voice, he felt something like pity for her, and showed it in his handsome, honest face. I wonder if you will understand me when I tell you that Kate Davenant felt a sort of anxiety about the absence of her quondam lover? She did not quite understand the feeling herself, and only accounted for it as being a wish that the first meeting was over.

But at last Mrs. Montgomery appeared, keen-eyed and stately, and a faint color showed itself on Kate's cheeks, as she recognized the gentleman her ladyship piloted with such evident satisfaction. He was a tall, burly man; so tall and burly, indeed, that he could not fail to attract attention. Neither particularly hand-

some, nor particularly unprepossessing, but with the bull-dog, business-like looking face which is peculiar to men of the same class.

"Ah! here she is!" said Mrs. Montgomery, catching sight of her niece. "Kate, my dear, here is Mr. Crozier."

There was nothing of the heart-broken sacrifice in Miss Davenant's manner, as she greeted the gentleman with the old, soft smile and graceful air. To tell the truth, she was so perfectly the Circe that Tom was not a little astonished. Mrs. Montgomery had been talking to Mr. Crozier, and like a wise matron had given him some little encouragement, which he would not have been likely to receive from Kate, so he felt pretty well at ease. He was not a sentimental man, and, besides, he could afford to be off-hand and indifferent. He had proposed to Kate two years ago, because he wanted an aristocratic, handsome wife—and she was the handsomest and most aristocratic he could find. He had made his money, and like the generality of men like him, who have done the same thing on the same principle, had a due sense of its power and importance. If he could not marry Kate Davenant he could marry somebody else; but still he would rather have Kate Davenant. There would be more *clat* and triumph about such a conquest. Kate knew this as well as other girls like herself knew it, and knew also that she who wore the billions must win them; and so, as Mr. Crozier seated himself at her side, she turned her aristocratic face toward him, and smiled just as she had smiled at Carl Seymour before.

"Well," said Alice Farnham, in the course of her chatter to Carl, "if Mrs. Montgomery hasn't taken that abominable Mr. Crozier to bore Kate. They do say he wanted to marry her, though I don't know how true the report is. I wonder if she would accept him? I know those flowers she is wearing came from him. Mamma's maid told me so."

Carl smiled as he looked across the room: but the next moment the smile died away. He had not noticed the flowers before, and as he caught sight of them an unaccountable chill struck him. She had worn his flowers heretofore, and now the red petals drooped and kissed her white throat as she bent forward, her eyes a little downcast, talking to the millionaire. I have said before that Seymour was not a demonstrative man, nevertheless, he bit his lip fiercely as he turned to Miss Farnham again.

"Mr. Crozier is considered a good match," the young lady went on, complacently. "And somebody told me that Miss Davenant——"

But just then the stir and bustle drowned the rest of her sentence. The company were proceeding to dinner, and Carl saw Mr. Crozier rise, bowing, and then Miss Davenant's hand was slipped into his burly arm, and they passed out of the room together.

"How much would you give for Seymour's chance now?" said Brandon, to the Loftus oracle. The captain had been fastening his glove, and the button had burst from the kid and come off in his hand. He looked across the room at Carl Seymour, and then at the last sweep of the Circe's lace train.

"Look here!" he said, giving the broken fastening a cool toss into the air. "I would not risk that upon it." And the button fell upon the carpet and rolled away.

CHAPTER IX.

A MONTH after this, and the autumn was paling toward winter. There were people at Newport still, but it was not so gay as before. It was too cold for picnics, and often too windy for safe sailing, and the visitors who lingered behind were preparing to leave for New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia. Some people there were who were glad the summer was over, and some looked back upon it as a pleasant remembrance. "Mrs. Grundy" had derived a great deal of amusement from the observation taken in the four months. There had been plenty of room for that criticism in which "Mrs. Grundy" delighted. There had been "fast" men, and "fast" young ladies, who caused the respectable, figurative matron much righteous indignation; and, above all, there had been—Miss Davenant.

"The way that young person acted," moralized Mrs. Grundy, "was almost disgraceful. The way the men used to rave about her, and the ridiculous poetry and nonsense they used to write was absurd. And then think how she treated that artist, you know."

This was what Mrs. Grundy said, and many people agreed with her. Society had always been apt to criticize Miss Davenant, but during the last two months of her stay at Newport discussion had been very busy. Not that it was an easy matter to criticize the young lady. On the contrary, she carried her fair face and statuesque head calmly aloft throughout everything. But still there was a great deal to be said. John Crozier, Esq., had sent to Paris and brought out a miniature phaeton, and a couple of cream-colored ponies hardly bigger than rats, and on the strength of his position

as *fiance*, (so said rumor,) had placed them at Miss Davenant's disposal. But however mythical that statement might be, it was certain that John Crozier, Esq., had sent to New York for a purple velvet-lined carriage, (purple was the Circe's color,) with fiery, prancing horses, and had driven slowly down the Avenue, with Miss Davenant's fair, patrician face thrown into strong relief as she leaned against its cushions.

Mrs. Montgomery looked on with complacent interest the while, smiling sagaciously and saying nothing.

When they had returned home, the evening of the Farnhams' dinner-party, Kate had lingered in the parlor a little while, talking to her aunt about Mr. Crozier.

"Then you don't find him so very insufferable, after all?" her aunt had said, suggestively.

Kate shrugged her shoulders, with a smile, half bored, half contemptuous.

"Not so very insufferable with the billions, you know. But otherwise——" and her large, calm eyes dropped indifferently.

"Don't be so sarcastic," said her aunt. "Once for all, Kate, if he proposes to you again, will you accept him or not? You are nearly twenty years old now, and after twenty it is as well a woman should be married."

Kate's heart gave a fierce bound. Twenty years! What had she done with them? Twenty of the fairest pearls slipped forever from the chain of life that God had given into her hands! Just for that moment it seemed as if the careless words had thrown a flare of light upon her heart, the next the light died away, and left her coldly careless.

"Once for all," she said. "If Mr. Crozier proposes to me again, I will be his wife."

In Carl Seymour's mind there had gradually grown up one predominant feeling of bitter contempt for Kate. Could it be that he had loved such a woman as this all these years? Could such a childhood have grown into such a ripening? He could hardly believe it. He battled against the truth with a fierce, determined trust that was wonderful. But at length the time came when he ceased to dream over little Kathleen's pictures, and shut them out of sight.

Just at the ending of this last month, there was a dark, dreary, foggy day, in which an impulse brought him to a full revelation.

He had been alone in his room all the morning, employing himself in making the preparations necessary before his return to New York. The yellow fog thickened and darkened outside like a heavy curtain drawn by some

unseen hand, while the star-faced Clytie rose from her lily cups like a sweet ghost of the summer dreams that were dying away.

Carl did not look at the Clytie often now, and when he did, he only thought of it as a beautiful, cold, dead surface, from which the old charm of truth and soul had fled forever.

Before he had begun his work this morning, he had come to a determination, and now he had finished, he was going to carry it out.

The last picture was laid aside, the last book packed, and there was nothing more to do.

He looked round the room, with a curious lingering in his eyes, at the dead flowers upon the table, at the lily-set Clytie. Then he went out and closed the door behind him. He was going to Bay View.

It was not pleasant walking outside, for the dull, October fog hung heavily and drearily before him, almost blinding him. It was a week since he had seen Kate; and when he saw her, she was riding by Mr. Crozier's side, and it was the vague unrest in her eyes that had made him determine to go to her once more, and for the last time. Since the night when she had worn John Crozier's flowers, the breach between her and Carl had widened into a gulf, which seemed almost impassable. In one short month his love for her had changed into bitter distrustfulness. Sometimes he had thought that, even if at last, the golden apple was his, it would turn to ashes upon his lips. He hardly intended to ask her for anything this morning, he only wished to bid her good-by; but still beneath all lay a faint throb of hope, which he did not acknowledge to himself.

When he entered the parlor at Bay View, he found Mrs. Montgomery alone. The mist had almost made the room dark; but the great, glowing fire flung out a warm light, that had a gleam of kindly comfort in itself.

Mrs. Montgomery laid her work aside smilingly, and extended her hand to him. She was so glad to see him! Where had he been hiding himself? Visitors were a rarity in these days.

"I have been busy," said Carl, stroking Kate's Italian greyhound on its satiny head. "We 'working-classes' must place business before pleasure, you know."

Mrs. Montgomery took up her work again, ignoring the latter part of the sentence.

"When do you return to New York?" she asked.

"To-morrow," answered Carl. "I came to make my farewells to-day."

"Ah!" quietly responded Mrs. Montgomery,

as she sewed. "Then you leave before us. I should have gone last week, but one of Kate's whims detained me."

"Where is Miss Davenant?"

"Enjoying herself somewhere out-of-doors. Imagine such a thing on a day like this. There is no accounting for Kate's fancies. She said she was tired of staying in the house, and so wrapped up and went out."

Carl was silent, and a little stillness fell upon them. The lady's needle glittered in the fire-light like a fairy spear, as it flew backward and forward, but her face was singularly unreadable. She liked this handsome young artist, but she did not like his interference with her plans. To tell the truth, she thought him not a little presumptuous. He had aimed rather too high. Would it not be as well to give him a hint in time? She did not fear for Kate's decision now, but she did not feel quite certain that the path would be so smooth, if this presuming young man became troublesome. She was a business-like woman, and a cool woman, and she went about her work in a cool and business-like manner.

"Has Mr. Crozier called upon you yet?" she asked.

"Mr. Crozier has not called," Carl replied, coolly.

"He was so anxious to see the picture you called 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' They say it is like Kate, you know, and I believe he wished to buy it."

The color rose to Carl's forehead. He could understand what this implied, and so answered a little haughtily, that the picture was not for sale; that he had painted it with Miss Davenant's kind permission for his own pleasure.

But Mrs. Montgomery received the information very placidly.

"Oh! I beg pardon. You must excuse me, but Mr. Crozier naturally felt a great interest in the picture, you know."

If Carl had not been too thoroughly aroused, he would have been amused; as it was, he refused the inclination to say something rude, and went on stroking Fidele, merely bowing indifferently, and answering,

"Certainly."

But Mrs. Montgomery was not to be baffled. The young man, having made a mistake, must be set right in one way or another; and one plan having failed, it was easy enough to change base.

"Mr. Griffith left Newport a few days ago," she said, "I am glad to say."

"Glad to say?" repeated Carl. "Poor Tom!"

"Perhaps I ought not to have said that; but he was so foolish about Kate. Of course, he was of a good family, and all that sort of thing, but then he should have known better. Poor Kate was almost distressed about it. He bored her to death. But, you see, women as handsome as she is, generally have little annoyances of that kind."

The blood that had warmed Seymour's face left it colorless, and a spark of contempt lighted his eyes. This was a phase of treatment that was new to him. He had met with respect and admiration on all sides; now this calm, business-like woman of the world was trying to show him that his place was not here.

"Of course, you have heard everything before this," the lady went on, placidly. "You see, Mr. Crozier was half engaged to Kate before he went back to China, two years ago, and now she is older—"

Perhaps it was fortunate for Mrs. Montgomery's placidity and Carl's equilibrium that the sentence was broken off, for broken off it was, as the door opened, and Kate, in furs and velvet, made her entrance.

She had not been very brightly tinted at first, but when she caught sight of Carl, all the faint color flew from her face and left it deadly pale. She actually staggered and leaned against the table when she reached it.

"The cold has been too much for me," she explained, in answer to her aunt's surprised inquiry.

"Don't you think you ought to shake hands with me, Mr. Seymour? You are quite a stranger," she said directly, rallying; and she extended her gloved hand with a faint, sweet smile.

Then she seated herself on the lounging-chair by the fire, and leaned back, and Carl had time to see that even the crimson cushions had not glow enough to tinge her white cheeks.

It seemed as though she tried to resist the impulse to meet his eyes at first, but at last she looked up, and tried to chat easily.

"Every one has gone to New York, have they not? Well, summer don't last forever. Mr. Seymour, I wonder if we shall have the pleasure of meeting you in town?"

"In which town?" interposed her aunt. "You know Mr. Crozier spoke of sailing for Paris, Kate."

Kate blushed scarlet, half with embarrassment, half with indignation.

"I meant in New York," she said, with cold brevity, and as her eyes met Carl's, they drooped until the fringes lay upon her cheeks.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to carry on an animated conversation with Mrs. Montgomery's keen eyes fixed upon them; but Kate struggled hard, and kept it from flagging altogether.

Carl could not fail to see the half-impatient contempt with which she met her aunt's diplomatic recurrences to Mr. Crozier, for every mention of his name made her more restless. Before he had watched her long, his bitterness changed to pity. He loved her, and with her sweet face before him, lost his strength.

But how could he speak to her? Mrs. Montgomery held her place, and chatted volubly, with a keen brilliance that would have amused him at any other time, but which now seemed almost unbearable. At last Kate gave up her efforts, and rested in her chair, shading her face with her hand, and looking weary, leaving her conversation-loving relative the task of entertaining their visitor.

Carl resigned himself to his fate in an apathy, contenting himself with an occasional glance at the fair, drooping head and slender hand, and wondering if he must bid her farewell without the last words he had meant to say.

But just in the middle of her aunt's most biting sarcasms, a servant came in and carried her off. A gentleman, a lawyer, the man believed, wished to see her particularly.

Kate did not move for a few seconds after her aunt left the room, but sat looking down at the fur trimming upon her dress, and twisting it nervously with her fingers.

"And so our summer is over at last, Kathleen," said Carl, in a low voice.

The pretty name touched her very soul, but she could only try to steady herself, and lift her tender eyes with a sweet regret in them.

"At last," she said; "but then there are other summers to come, you know."

He rose from his seat and went to her side, bending over her to imprison the restless fingers.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked, hoarsely.

"For the last month I have sometimes thought there would be no more summers for me. I came to say good-by to you. Must it be good-by forever? Is it true, this story people tell me, that my innocent, child-love is a false, worldly woman? Is it true, Kathleen Mavourneen?"

She had smiled calmly into other men's eyes, as she sent them to their ruin, but she could not smile at this man. Her beautiful face grew pale, and she slipped from his grasp, and stood up before him with a terrible effort at self-control.

"I do not understand," she faltered. "You have no right to speak to me so. I am—you must know I am engaged, Mr. Seymour—almost a wife, and—and I dare not listen to you." But before she had finished, she dropped her face upon her clasped hands, resting against the mantle-piece, and shivered a little.

Carl gazed at her a moment blankly. Until then he had never known how far he had trusted her, how little he had believed the stories of her wordliness. He drew his hand across his eyes to clear away the blind darkness which seemed to have come upon him, and then he found his voice, and spoke to her.

"Almost a wife?" he repeated. "What right have I to speak to you of this? What right have I? No right, I suppose. Only the right of a mad fool, who has loved and trusted you, because you were an innocent child once, and the lips I kissed were so pure. Are they pure now, with that man's kisses upon them? If I had not loved you so long, I might forgive you; if I had not loved you in those childish days, I might forget. Kate," he drew near to her, and his voice rung like a command, "lift your sweet face to me, and tell me this is a lie!"

Men who had called him cold-blooded would not have lived through this. His brain whirled, he forgot everything but his bitter, bitter passion.

"Kate, lift your sweet face to me, and tell me this is a lie!" he repeated.

She looked up at him proudly, almost defiantly.

She had conquered herself at last; and it was Kate Davenant whose eyes met his, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

"Why do you ask me this?" she said. "What do you mean by lies? I am engaged to Mr. Crozier, and shall be his wife in three months from now. I am very sorry if you have mistaken——" but there the miserable lie she was telling died away before the man's fierce scorn.

"Stop!" he said. "I shall ask no more questions. I wish to hear nothing more. You 'are sorry I have mistaken you?' God help me. I would rather have died two months ago than have believed my love could end in such utter contempt as I feel now. You have shown me what a woman can do; you have taught me whether it is better to trust the face and voice of an angel, or the lips of a devil. The woman I have loved is dead, and only you—*you* are left. I came to say farewell to you. Hear me say it, forever! forever! And hear me tell you, that I would not touch your hand, or your lips, if you prayed for it at my feet. The summer is ended indeed!"

Men are not merciful at any time, but now, in his wild despair, this man was worse than cruel. If he had raised his hand and struck her—struck her on her proud, white face—he would have been more kind.

Her large eyes opened wide, and purple shadows gathered round them; her lips parted; and as he ended, she swayed a little toward him. But, with a look of ineffable scorn, he turned and left the room.

Then, and not till then, she slipped like water to the floor, with her hands flung upward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SUBTLE CORD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

When on the crowded thoroughfare,
Amidst the motley throng I stray,
In all the stranger faces there
I meet and pass, from day to day,
Whether the face be young or old,
Or wreathed in smiles, or calm or cold,
On every brow I trace some line
That links the stranger's heart to mine.

Though a proud beauty rustles by,
With haughty mien, I smile and say,
You have a heartache! So have I—
We both are hiding it to-day.
Though you are rich, and I am poor,
We both have entered Sorrow's door.
Grief comes alike to you and me—
So we are of one family.

The richest nabob that I meet,
The poorest deliver that I see,
Youth and old age, upon the street,
Are one, and all the same to me.
No heart that beats but has its grief;
Nor wealth, nor youth, give full relief;
And through the tears that sometimes fall,
I claim relationship to all.

So poor and rich, and low and high,
I meet upon this common plain;
Though far and wide our paths may lie,
We entertain the same guest—pain.
The subtle threads of this strange cord,
Draw me to mankind and the Lord;
And through the sorrows Heaven sends,
I hold all men to be my friends!

A PARLOR DRAMA

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MARIAN HOGARTH was spending the second year of her orphanage with an old-maid aunt, who was quite wealthy, and a prominent leader in her set, though so easily influenced, especially by the toadies and parasites who always gather about rich, old spinsters.

Marian was pretty, just arrived from New York, and, more than all, was the possessor of a hundred thousand dollars—naturally the followers of her aunt Arabella were ready to fall bodily at her feet and worship. Just at this time, the coterie were greatly exercised to decide what should be done with the proceeds of a fair they proposed to get up on Washington's birthday, and Marian heard nothing else discussed during the numerous calls made upon her.

At length, in a spirit of mischief, our heroine asked them why they did not apply for counsel to the masculine Debating Club, that once a week made night hideous; but at that the whole conclave was enraged.

"I trust," said a poetess, magnificently, "that we have feminine talent among us equal to any emergency."

"And these club men are such dreadfully dissipated creatures," cried a faded, scrawny female, who had one delusion that nobody shared—she believed herself young still, and pretty into the bargain. "Dear Miss Marian, they say they smoke in the most outrageous way at their meetings, and their president is such an ungallant old—well, bear, I must call him so, I really must;" and she gave another ecstatic little scream, and shook her plumage violently.

Miss Josephine Craig wore her hair in long curls down her bony shoulders; she exhibited the flattest of busts, and the leanest of arms on all occasions; she giggled and fluttered, talked about "we young girls." Oh! fatal sign of old maidism! She went frantic at the sight of broadcloth, and worshipped a shirt-collar as if it had been some hideous idol of a secret faith. Nevertheless, there was method in Craig's madness, and nothing less mean could have been so cunning. More than one girl, who had trusted to her friendship, had she made miserable; more than one engagement had been broken by means of her treachery. She and

the Poetess had spasmodic attacks of friendship in the midst of their enmity; and when one of these fits came on, it behooved any luckless creature who had confided in either to beware.

Few people really understood this. Craig appeared so thoughtless and giddy that they put down one half her actions to folly, and overlooked the other half; and Miss Arabella, the most easily deluded of womankind, believed her a good-hearted body, extremely sensible on many subjects, and forgave her mania for being youthful.

So it was easy to make friends with Marian. When there were no men about Craig could be agreeable, and her gossip was so piquant and apparently good-natured, that it only made Marian laugh. To do Craig justice, she was always in earnest in the beginning of a friendship; but in proportion to her first fervor was her after bitterness, which seldom burst forth until some male shadow intruded between her and the object of her devotion.

She got at Marian's secret at last—for, of course, Marian had one, known to aunt Arabella and a select few. Craig was in ecstasies; she fairly embraced her new idol, calling her all the "dear naughties, sly pussies, and precocious loves," which autumn flowers are wont to bestow on their younger sisters in return for such interesting confidences. Marian, all blushes at the avowal wrung from her by dint of perseverance, was pleased with her new friend's enthusiasm, and by way of consoling herself for having done what she felt to be a missish and foolish thing, decided that Josephine was a dear, warm-hearted woman, and that one ought to overlook the thin ringlets, and the twin dabs of rouge.

But let Marian and her confidences rest for the present; they must yield to the important claim of the ladies' association. I am at a loss to give it a name, for it had borne so many since its birth, that it was almost in the predicament of the infant for whom Luther proposed such harsh remedies.

A solemn meeting was convoked; a project had been found, emanating from the fervid brain of the Poetess, and as yet known only to a few of the leaders, who bowed before the

long tongue and purse of the daughter of Genius. The Poetess had manœuvred until she was elected president, and now she manœuvred until the meeting was appointed at Miss Hogarth's house, for the Poetess did not like the trouble of guests, and aunt Arabella was celebrated for her "teas"—not that the youthful city was old-fashioned enough to emply so obsolete a name—and the Poetess' constitution required a good deal of refreshing on every convenient occasion.

Marian was anxious to witness the ceremonies, and Craig, in secret, gave her a ludicrous account of the manner in which the Poetess disported herself at such times, her wit heightened by the rage she was in at the numerous slights the illustrious had lately put upon her. For the last month the two had been in the heat of battle, following a temporary reconciliation, and the conflict waged more fiercely than usual.

At an early hour the members of the society were collected in Miss Hogarth's parlors; and as soon as the first bustle had subsided, the Poetess signified to the secretary that it was time proceedings should commence.

"Order, order!" commanded that officer, but it took several moments to subdue the whisperings; and Josephine Craig was heard to giggle as the Poetess assumed her position in the easy-chair at the head of the table.

The vice-president made a little speech, saying that they had met to deliberate upon a measure which would occupy their talents, and she trusted give them a fitting opportunity to show the world that they were always ready to sacrifice themselves in the cause of duty. She was proud to state that the plan to be laid before the society emanated from the poetic brain of their gifted and illustrious townswoman, to whom she would have the pleasant task of expounding it to the members present.

Here she waved her hand toward the Poetess, who looked all sweetness and humility, and by expressive gesture seemed to disclaim any right to the flattering encomium bestowed upon her, and to be greatly confused thereby. She did it very well, considering that the address delivered by the secretary had been carefully prepared by herself.

Then, in the midst of breathless silence, the Poetess rose slowly to her full height and opened her lips.

"First, fellow-citizens," said she, in a deep tragedy voice, "I should like to propose an amendment to our usual form of procedure."

"Certainly, certainly," cried her adherents, by far the strongest party in the room.

"Thanks," returned she, urbanely; "thanks for the trust you repose in me. My amendment is this; we have always been annoyed by diverse opinions and lengthy arguments. I propose that to-day no lady shall speak unless she be willing to certify to having passed her thirty-fifth birthday."

There was much laughter; the young girls were willing to be silent for the pleasure of annoying the old maids, and the elderly ladies were delighted at the prospect of having things their own way. Craig sank back aghast in her chair; she felt the malice of the blow! It had come to the ears of the Poetess that Craig had avowed her intention of opposing her (the Poetess') plan, and she took this method of avoiding the catastrophe. Before Craig could recover from her bewilderment the move was carried—the Poetess had effectually sealed her enemy's lips.

Craig retreated to Marian Hogarth's side, but the Poetess' eagle eyes followed her with gratified malice, for among other reasons of spite against the antiquated virgin, she ranked the fact that Craig had pushed between herself and the heiress.

A few preliminaries were gone through, then the secretary, in the name of the society, requested the president to lay before them the plan which had been conceived and matured in "the throbbing recesses of her glowing brain and heart," another phrase concocted by Wildflower.

"I am overwhelmed with confusion," said she, plaintively; "I totter beneath the blushing honors wherewith my too partial townswomen have crowned my brow. Ah! believe me, it is moments like these which repay us poor children of genius for long hours of chaotic dreams and unrest, of which the outer world knows naught."

There was a faint burst of applause; how Craig wished herself a ventriloquist that she might hiss in safety; while Marian Hogarth nearly had a fit in her efforts to preserve her gravity.

"But I must not dwell upon this theme," pursued Wildflower. "It was only a blossom flung incidentally upon the dark channel whither my words must tend."

So she rushed on into a torrent of confused metaphor and gorgeous similes, and at last made her meaning tolerably clear. She proposed devoting the proceeds of their work, during the ensuing winter, to the erection of

a monument for two female missionaries, who had a few months before left Jappa for some South Sea Island, and had been lost somewhere in mid-ocean.

There was great applause at the close of her speech, and the Poetess, flushed with success, consulted her notes for a little, and spoke again.

"Sister laborers," said she, "would——"

Here she was interrupted by a groan from Craig, who could no longer restrain her feelings.

"I thought nobody under thirty-five was to speak, Miss Craig," said one of Wildflower's adherents, who had been cautioned to keep a watchful eye on the virgin, and at this juncture drew public attention to her involuntary rebellion.

"But on those grounds nobody could object to Miss Craig's making a motion," said the Poetess, sweetly.

Craig's nose burned like fire—her blushes had an ill-natured trick of taking refuge there.

"I—I don't wish to speak," she stammered, then gathered her courage. "Even if the resolution unjustly passed did not prevent me, I never was a schoolmistress, and couldn't think of intruding my opinions."

This was a hit at the Poetess, who was rumored to have occupied such a post in her youthful days.

"I should imagine the lady had never even been a pupil," retorted Wildflower, furious inwardly, but cool to all appearance.

Several women tittered; Craig's nose kindled its fires afresh.

"At all events, you are not schoolmistress here," cried she, desperately.

"Mrs. Secretary," called the Poetess, looking majestically over the virgin's head, "unless the functions of that extraordinary female's mind are entirely suspended, she would do well to remember that we have met on business of a serious nature."

"Order, order!" squeaked the secretary; and Craig got into the shadow of the window-curtains, gasping for breath.

Then, at another sign from Wildflower, the vice-president asked her if she had no other suggestion to offer.

"A fresh thought has occurred to my lucubrations," she replied. "I would have the design of this monument an original one, and I propose that the fair blossom who now for a season brightens our hamlet by her presence, be requested to afford us some of those brilliant efforts of her pencil, concerning which rumor has so favorably spoken."

She bowed in Marian Hogarth's directions, and everybody stared till Marian discovered that she was the person meant by this beautiful strophe.

"You must excuse me," she said, courteously; "but I never made an original sketch in my life."

Craig looked at the Poetess in triumph, and that glance, and the failure of this tribute, where Marian was concerned, made Wildflower's anger to rage.

"So be it," said she. "Perhaps among our own number we count some gifted young soul to whom this will afford an opportunity of scaling the height to Fame's temple, and inscribing her name in unperishable characters on the loftiest pinnacle."

"Oh!" shivered a pale girl, who adored Wildflower; and at the sound the Poetess turned toward her.

"Rosalinda Brownel!" she said, solemnly. "Ay, I recognize the hand of Genius upon that brow! Rosalinda, will you essay this noble task?"

"If I may—if you think——" faltered the maiden.

"I am confident of your powers," replied Wildflower. "Sister laborers, is it settled that the honor of producing the design for our noble monument rest with this gifted young creature?"

It was so settled, and Rosalinda nearly fainted.

"I'll begin to-night," cried she, as soon as she could speak. "I'm so glad I learned to do monochromatics!"

"What on earth is monomaniacs?" demanded a worthy old lady, with more curiosity than erudition; but the Poetess frowned her into silence, and it was decided that in monochromatics, that wonderful school of art, which at one time startled our embryo towns, should the design be produced by the fair and palpitating Rosalinda.

After a few more details, and a resolution that the proceedings of the council should be published in the Courier, the company adjourned to the dining-room, where a table was spread with every delicacy that Miss Arabella's genius could invent.

The beautiful autumn days drifted on. Marian Hogarth's visits to the Circle grew less and less frequent, for Charles Edston—that was the name of Marian's secret—had arrived, and between rides, drives, and walks, her time was very much occupied. Edston had found pleasant quarters at an old-fashioned

inn in the outskirts of the town, and the two lovers made themselves happy after the orthodox manner in such cases. But a malign eye was upon them, and they were nearing deeper shadows than they would have believed could menace them.

Craig was delighted with Mr. Edston; but after the first week, in spite of his indifference, she could not resist throwing herself at the young man's head. Edston considered her "a very unpleasant old party," and conceived a mortal antipathy for the Poetess; and, unluckily, just as Craig was in the height of her delusion, and had taken to Moore and moonlight, the indiscreet young gentleman made known his opinion of both ladies in their hearing.

It was at a little conviviality after one of the Circles, from which Marian could not get away, and she persuaded Edston to accompany her. He was standing in the garden, in the moonlight, with an acquaintance who chanced to mention Miss Craig.

"Don't," returned Edston; "she looks like a nightmare—she sets my teeth on edge; the most atrocious old cat I ever met! No, the place boasts one creature more unbearable—that puffy, wheezy, fat woman, who writes doggerel, and calls herself a Wildflower."

The two men walked away laughing heartily; but the malicious speech had been overheard. Miss Craig was seated in a little arbor near, whither she had retired to dream of a compliment Edston had paid her earlier in the evening; and the Wildflower was walking up and down a neighboring path, rehearsing a sonnet that she meant later to repeat to the company.

As the gentlemen disappeared, the two women rushed simultaneously from their coverts and met face to face. They had not exchanged words for nearly a month; but at this juncture the Poetess needed Craig, and a reconciliation immediately took place.

"Did you hear what that horrid man called you, Phiny, love?" asked Wildflower, going to the bottom of matters at once.

"No," sighed Craig; "but he will break that poor girl's heart. Only yesterday Mrs. Watts told me he received ocean's of letters, and—and—there's a young woman come and stops at that tavern where he is."

"Merciful powers!" groaned Wildflower. "Warn that helpless Marian—it is your duty! I will aid you. We will watch him—we will expose his treachery. Hark! a step! Come to me to-morrow, early. Dearest Josephine, friend, sister, spirit-twin, farewell!"

She embraced Craig, and panted back to the house. The virgin followed more slowly, and when she met Marian, said nothing of her reconciliation with Wildflower.

The next morning the Poetess and her regained ally, were closeted together for hours; then they went out to walk, and dropped in at the post-office. They were delightfully friendly with the old gossip who held sway there: they counted three letters for Edston—feminine writing on each envelope. They did a good deal of execution in the way of peeping and prying; and then Craig, well primed, departed to call on Miss Arabella Hogarth without delay.

Very soon unpleasant reports got about in regard to Mr. Edston. People talked of his dissipated habits—the bad example he was setting the virtuous youths of the town. He drank dreadfully—cards had been found in his room; he was a gambler—he was worse; and the stories grew with the rapidity usual with such hydra-headed slanders.

These reports were duly brought to Miss Arabella's ears by the devoted Craig—and the old lady waxed very indignant with the ill-regulated young man. She repeated the slanders to Marian, who was enraged with the whole town for telling such lies. Yet, when she talked with Edston, and he called her aunt a fool, she grew angry with him, and told him that his conduct must at least be imprudent—and they had their first quarrel.

"Imprudent" was the word Craig seized on in discussing the matter with Marian, and on that text she enlarged, embroidered, and invented to her heart's content.

At length affairs reached a crisis. Edston left town suddenly for a few days—on business, he told Marian; but the whole village said he had run away with the girl who had been staying at the inn. Marian was furious when these reports reached her. She scolded her aunt, insulted Craig, and fairly turned Wildflower out of the house when she appeared there in the role of sympathizer.

But Wildflower was not angry—she only wept and repeated poetry.

"Now I must speak," she said. "Poor, poor girl! A torn letter has been found, dropped by that creature, written to her by Mr. Edston, telling her where to follow him."

"It is false!" cried Marian.

"It is only too true," moaned Wildflower.

"I have seen the letter; your friend, Miss Craig, has also read it."

"Where is it?" demanded Marian. "I must see it with my own eyes; until you produce it,

I hold you as two vile slanderers, and will have no communication with either of you."

Before night the mutilated letter was in Marian's hands. The writing was Edston's, and, as well as the torn sentences could be put together, they did prove the treachery which the Poetess had revealed.

"I will never see him again," said Marian, and swept up to her chamber, strong in her pride as long as any human eyes were upon her.

Then followed those days of agony and heart-break, during which Marian would see no one but her aunt, while Wildflower and Craig went about repeating such horrible things against Edston, that the whole town was ready to mob him if he came back.

He did come—a day later than he had told Marian he should. He hurried to Miss Hogarth's house, scarcely remarking how oddly he was treated by such acquaintances as he chanced to meet. He asked for Marian, and down came the old lady instead, stern as a judge.

"I have no desire to exchange words with you," said she. "This letter from my niece will explain everything."

She would not permit him to speak; she would not stay—and he could only rush away and read Marian's letter. She renounced him, relating all that she had learned, and, as a proof, inclosing the torn letter, which not all Wildflower's persuasions had induced her to relinquish.

Back to his lodgings went Edston, overcome and troubled enough; but he was an acute man, and a lawyer, and an hour's meditation put him on the track he needed—so he set to work at once.

A couple of days after, Wildflower and Craig met in Miss Hogarth's parlor, and there they caught Marian. They pitied her as much as they dared, but neither of them ventured to speak openly on a subject which she had forbidden mentioned.

"One thought I must say, if you kill me," sniffed Craig, at length. "That dreadful man is gone—he left last night."

The words had hardly left her lips when the door opened, and Edston entered the room. Wildflower shrieked, Craig got behind a chair, as if modestly needed a bulwark against such a presence; and before Marian could stir, or Miss Arabella speak, he said rapidly,

"Marian, is it possible you could believe those stories? You shall hear the truth before these two caricatures of their sex—the originators of these slanders,"

"I'll not stay to be insulted," cried Wild-

flower, rising in great confusion. "Come, Miss Craig—out of my path, reptile!"

"You can't go," he said. "Sit down, both of you. Marian, the girl who was at the hotel where I board is a blind cripple—a niece of the landlady. She and her aunt accompanied me to the city, in order to consult an oculist. The torn letter you sent me was written to my sister, urging her to come here and make your acquaintance. I gave it to Mrs. Watts, in the street, to mail, the morning I left. She has confessed that she met these two women, and allowed them to examine it—one of them dropped it in the mud, and persuaded her that the best thing was to tear it up and be silent. You know what use was made of the letter, and Mrs. Watts is ready to swear to this account."

Marian struggled to her feet; he saw the shame and remorse in her face, and caught her in his arms, while foolish old aunt Arabella sobbed aloud. Wildflower thought it a favorable opportunity to escape, and Craig followed. But Edston saw them.

"Ladies," said he, "what say you to a trial for slander, and for opening letters?"

"Don't blame me; it was all that old hag's work," cried the Poetess, forgetting fine language in her fright. "I'd nothing to do with it! If I were you, I would send Josephine Craig to the county jail."

Craig went into hysterics, but managed to sob,

"It was she! You called her a fool, and she was furious! She made me do everything. It was all her fault."

"Pretty much, I believe," replied Edston. "You are both idiot and knave; but Madam Wildflower is wholly rogue."

"I believe it is true," screamed Wildflower, going into one of her rages; "every word—a set of miserable fools! As for you, Josephine Craig, never cross my path again."

She flounced out of the house, and they quietly rid themselves of Miss Craig, who fairly went on her knees, having visions of prisons and disgrace before her eyes.

"How can you forgive me?" sobbed Marian, when she was once more alone with her lover.

"I can, on one condition," he answered, smiling.

"Only tell me—I will do anything."

"That you marry me at once, instead of waiting the six months you insisted on—you have promised."

There was no retracting, and Edston was only too happy to accept anything cheerfully that hastened his marriage.

The story got out, of course; Edston's popularity rose higher than ever; Craig was crushed, and Wildflower a good deal damaged, in spite of her money and her genius.

Only two weeks after, the young couple were married, and Miss Hogarth accompanied them when they left the place, whose very name made Marian shiver.

There was a terrible tumult in the Association, but Wildflower managed to retain her supremacy, and gave her adherents no rest until Josephine Craig was formally expelled.

But the Society did not get on well; Craig, of course, had her friends, and she never ceased throwing apples of discord into the stronghold. Still the work continued; Christmas was approaching; Rosalinda Browne was laboring over her "monomaniac," and Wildflower, the only person who had seen it, spoke in high terms of the production, and published a sonnet, entitled, "To Genius at her Easel"—the poetic for Miss Rosalinda at a table covered with crayons and sanded paper, herself done up in brown Holland bandages to protect her gown, and her face terribly snudged, as in the agony of inspiration she unconsciously rubbed her forehead with her charcoal.

As time went on Wildflower's hopes increased. She had visions of her own name placed on the monument, side by side with those of the ill-fated sisters—not commemorating her decease, but celebrating her virtues as the originator of the tribute. But Craig, long eclipsed under sorrow and disgrace, was always on the watch, and at last her vigilance was rewarded. One afternoon she was reading a New York paper that had just arrived, when her eyes fell upon an announcement that nearly sent her into convulsions of delight.

She arrayed herself with great care, and carrying the journal in her hand, set out for

the house where the Association was meeting that day. The mistress of the mansion was her friend, and nobody could hinder her appearing, if she chose.

Her entrance excited a good deal of surprise. Wildflower sneered, but the sign of scorn smote upon a rock. Craig waited a few moments, took out the newspaper, and with good emphasis and discretion, read a letter from the two ladies who were supposed to be engaged under the Indian Sea. The letter created a great excitement, and Wildflower boldly pronounced it a forgery.

"It is true," said Craig. "Trust that reptile again, won't you? Pretty fools people will think you. Why, you'll be the laughing stock of the whole country!"

Everybody turned furiously on Wildflower, who tried in vain to defend herself.

"I heard to-day," pursued the pitiless Craig, "that she had known for sometime past the missionaries were alive, but said nothing because she hoped if the monument was once purchased, you would set it up in her honor. She said she could turn you all about her little finger."

There was a chorus of rage and horror; in the midst of it Wildflower darted at Craig, and made a grab at her throat, but only carried off a bow of ribbon.

"Don't touch me, creature," sniffed the virgin, "or I'll have the law of you!"

In her turn she flew at her enemy, and, more successful than the Poetess, dragged away three of the false curls that decorated the cheek of Genius. With great difficulty the pair were separated; the meeting broke up in disorder, and before night the whole story was known far and near.

No two of the women were ever friends again, and the Poetess and Craig had a lawsuit which neither gained.

DOWN IN THE WOODS.

BY MRS. E. N. HUNTINGTON.

Down in the woods were the boughs are green,
With glintings of sunlight beyond and between,
The air is freighted with odors sweet,
And slumberingly kisses the flowers at my feet.
A little bird, with crimson throat,
Ripples the air with silver note;
A butterfly, on regal wing,
Flits lightly around—a beautiful thing.

Down in the woods where the boughs are green,
The leaves are waving their palms of sheen;
The waterfall comes from its far-off home,
Tumbling and dashing to milk-white foam,

Waking the echoes of the wood
From their silent solitude.
The grand old rocks ring back the sound,
From jutting cliffs and crags around.

Down in the woods were the boughs are green,
With glintings of sunlight beyond and between,
The woodsman chops, with steady stroke,
The giant pine or sturdy oak.

A straying cow, in quiet mood,
Crops the green herbage of the wood.
Delightful is this forest scene,
Down in the woods where the boughs are green.

JERICHO ROSES.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

THEY stood in the bay-window, looking out at the snow-covered hills that surround Ellerslie, and made a pretty picture unconsciously. She, listening with that eager, graceful attention, which was one of her peculiar attractions, and he, bending deferentially over the little golden head, watching every expression of her changing face, with that slight, very slight smile of his, which said so little, and meant so much.

"They," were Madge Erskine, winning, witching Madge, and Lister Kaye; but I shall have to end this sentence and begin another before I can tell you who he was.

He was an artist and a genius, a poet and a painter: he had run through two handsome fortunes left him by his father and grandfather; he had lived abroad for eight years, and was known in the fashionable worlds of Paris, London, and Vienna; he had been Secretary of Legation at the English and Austrian courts; in short, Lister Kaye was an elegant, accomplished gentleman, and (I am sorry to say) all the more fascinating to Madge's warm, willful heart because he happened to be poor!

Long ago, when Madge was a fairy elf of twelve years old, Lister Kaye had been a dear and intimate friend of her father's, and hidden away in some of his great portfolios was a sketch of a child's face, with those soft, pathetic, gray eyes, which, now-a-days, were raved over, and whispered pretty quotations about "soul-ful orbs," until their owner almost wished that her eyes were bright purple, or gamboge, or anything equally bizarre and ugly. Madge was an orphan, and an heiress; and her aunt, Mrs. Llewellyn, was a perfect dragon, whom every one lived in mortal terror of, except Madge herself. How in the world Madge got along with her so quietly was a problem to all beholders. Perhaps the old lady had one soft spot in her heart, tough and worldly as it was, and Madge's little fingers held the keys to it. Very much to every one's surprise, Mrs. Llewellyn had included Lister Kaye among her Christmas guests. I said Mrs. Llewellyn's guests, but that is only by courtesy, for Ellerslie and all its superb belongings was Madge's home, and she loved nothing so much as to fill it full of company, and to surround herself with a coterie of brilliant, clever people, for the month before she went into town again.

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Sitting over by the grate, the toe of her tiny slipper, with its broad, gold buckle, beating restless taps on the hearth-rug, Mrs. Wardour watched the pair in the window with an uneasy sparkle in her blue eyes. Fair Helen Wardour ought to have been contented with the undisguised admiration of all the masculine portion of the guests at Ellerslie; but, sooth to say, there was a crumpled rose-leaf in her cup, and the arch-coquette was more annoyed than she had been in years, because Lister Kaye remained so persistently her friend—and nothing more. Long ago, said malicious Dame Rumor, when the lovely and dangerous Helen was in her first youth and bloom, she had almost made him a captive; but with a sudden turn of fortune's wheel Kaye became penniless, and she married Raymond Wardour, a millionaire, who was old enough to have been her father. Afterward, when fortune smiled capriciously upon Kaye, Mrs. Wardour's heart (or the well-drilled machine which she poetically styled by that name) gave a flutter of disappointment when she heard that his grandfather's death had placed him afloat again. But poor, old Mr. Wardour had been gathered to his fathers this four years past, and chance had thrown the pair together at Ellerslie, and there remained sufficient tenderness in the bosom of the veteran coquette to have her plan various traps and pitfalls for Kaye's unwary feet. He appeared so deliciously unconscious of them all that Helen Wardour was puzzled; she could not quite believe that he was proof against her charms when she willed to conquer, or that he was aiming at that "bit of an heiress!" at all events, their *tête-à-tête* had lasted long enough. So she swept across the room with her soft, gliding step, and laid her white, jeweled hand on Madge's arm, with a pretence of caress that was always most distasteful to the girl.

"Which of his books of travel is Mr. Kaye unfolding for you so pleasantly, Madge, dear? May I come and be amused, too? The firelight has made me so sleepy."

"Only the leaf of a book—hardly that," he answered, with a half-laugh. "Perhaps I ought to say a rose-leaf, Miss Madge."

"Only a withered rose!" quoted Madge, with a ripple of fun in her solemn, gray eyes. Mrs. Wardour looked very much mortified.

"It was only the story of the Jericho roses," he added, after a momentary pause.

"A traveler's story? I don't in the least know what you mean, Mr. Kaye. Madge, dear, use your potent influence to make him repeat it to me." There was ever so slight an emphasis upon the pronoun, but it was enough to make Madge raise her haughty little head a trifle higher, and quietly draw her hand away under the pretext of arranging the curtains.

"Surely, you have heard the legend, Mrs. Wardour? The Jericho rose is reputed to bud on Christmas morning, blossom at noon, and wither again at night, but on moistening the dry sprigs, they expand and blossom afresh."

"I said it was a traveler's story," Helen said, laughing. "You are talking of the Glastonbury thorn; I heard all about that in the most orthodox manner, when Mr. Wardour and I were in England."

"You mean that you heard the legend of St. Joseph's staff?"

"What was that?" asked Madge.

"What an appetite you have for stories,"

Kaye answered. "St. Joseph, when journeying to Glastonbury, sat down, it is said, to rest on Wearyall Hill, near that place, and thrust his hawthorn staff into the ground, where it took root and grew into two trees, which continued to blossom miraculously on Christmas morning, in honor of the nativity. But these roses of mine (I have several, Mrs. Wardour,) are not English offshoots of St. Joseph's staff; I got them in the Holy Land three years ago. The old Greek priest, who gave them to me, said that if I put one of the roses in water on Christmas-eve, it would bestow upon me, if I was worthy, the gift of divination as to the events of the coming year."

"I suppose the clause in regard to your 'worth' prevents your making the experiment?" asked Helen, with a smile.

"My natural modesty? Certainly!"

"And to-morrow is Christmas-eve!"

But as Mrs. Wardour uttered the ejaculation, with the words upon her lips to request that Lister Kaye would allow her to try her powers of divination in this particular instance, she was in her turn interrupted, and by Mrs. Llewellyn herself. The funny old dragon always walked with a cane, because she once had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, and had been slightly lame ever since; and this, together with her bright, black eyes, her wrinkled face, and small, bent figure, gave her a curious resemblance to the malicious fairy-godmother of the nursery-tales. And Helen

Wardour had a wholesome horror of aunt Llewellyn's penetrating glances, so she was not best pleased when the gold-headed cane thrust aside the curtains, and the droll, half-cracked voice said, "Christmas-eve! Of course it will be; we'll keep it in true English fashion, and shoo you fashionable folk, Mrs. Wardour, by getting up snap-dragon, and forfeits, and a few more good old games." And aunt Llewellyn nodded her head till the splendid diamonds in her ears blazed like bits of fire, as she saw the bored look that shot over Helen's fair face.

But Lister Kaye and Madge received the project with great approbation; and presently, seeing that she could accomplish nothing more just then, Mrs. Wardour sauntered back to the hearth-rug, and Kaye found his opportunity for saying to Madge, in a low voice, as they followed the old fairy out of their window,

"If you were really interested in my story enough to care to see them, I will send to town for my Jericho roses to-morrow, and I hope you will accept one from me."

In return, he got the softest, sweetest glance he had ever received from the gray eyes, and his heart gave a quick throb at the impulsive, girlish reply,

"For me? Oh! thank you very much, Mr. Kaye!"

At Elleralie everybody got their letters at the breakfast-table—a custom which is, by-the-way, the most uncomfortable extant. To read a letter, whether of joy or woe, or (allowing that it be not so important,) one which vexes and troubles you, with the consciousness that your neighbors beside you, or those across the mahogany are eyeing your countenance curiously, and, perhaps, trying to see there what your letter contains, while you strive to look unconcerned and sphinx-like—all this is a very provoking position of things, and one that tries the imperturbability of the masks we wear to their utmost.

I think that you may safely determine that the last sentence is an exponent of both Lister Kaye's and Mrs. Wardour's reflections, as they laid down beside their respective plates the missives they received that morning after I have introduced them to you. Mrs. Wardour bit her lips as she read in the huge, English hand affected by her lady correspondent, with dashes beneath every four words.

"I hear, positively, that Lister Kaye is 'going in' for Elleralie and its appendage. What is the old dragon thinking of to admit such a fascinating wolf into the society of her

pet lamb? I always thought, my dear, that you had a *penchant* in that quarter; but I suppose you would scorn to enter the lists against little Madge. Have a care, Helen! You don't know what prestige she gained last year!"

"How dares she speak to me in that tone!" thought Mrs. Wardour, as she folded her letter. "Warn me!" Then she glanced across at Lister, and saw that the shade on his face had grown a trifle deeper than it had been. But he went on eating his toast unconcernedly; and I think that none of the others had an idea that his letter had been disagreeable, except aunt Llewellyn, for, keen as Helen's perceptions were, the old dragon had more years of experience on her side to guide her in finding out the pet follies of her acquaintances.

So, after breakfast, it befell that Mrs. Wardour coaxed Madge up into her room, there to show her some rare old lace of cobweb texture, and fabulous price, and to urge upon her acceptance some Paris gloves, which, with delicate flattery, she bewailed as being too small for her hand. And having skillfully beguiled the little fly into her parlor, the wary old spider wove her mesh as follows.

"What curious revolutions the wheel of fortune takes," Mrs. Wardour said, with a half-laugh, as she watched Madge fitting on a pair of silver-gray gloves. "If any one had told me, six years ago, that Lister Kaye and I should meet here as comparative strangers, I think I would have refused to believe my senses."

"Then you knew him very well?" Madge said, being compelled, as it were, to say something, and annoyed at the compulsion.

"Knew him?" in a tone beautifully compounded of surprise and regret. "My dear child! did you never hear? We were lovers, and upon the verge of an engagement, when papa interfered, and I was forced, literally forced to marry Mr. Wardour. Think of it; a girl of nineteen cruelly sacrificed to Mammon!"

Here the fair schemer hid her face in her handkerchief, entirely omitting to mention that she had been a remarkably willing martyr under Juggernaut.

"You must have had great strength of mind to go through with it so uncomplainingly," said Madge, with delicate irony, her pretty head lifting itself with all the Erskine hauteur.

"Had I not?" asked Helen, longing to return the stab, but refraining because she wanted to drive her nail home. "But you never can tell what the New-Year may bring, Madge, dear, and I'm afraid that *oh! revient toujours a ces premiers amours.*"

"Yes;" and Madge drew off the gloves carelessly. "Will you go over to Beechlands and call with aunt and me before dinner?" If Lister Kaye had been the man in the moon, she could not have looked more uninterested; but Helen knew by one of her quick woman's instincts that her arrow had sunk deep.

"I can't go, dear. Mr. Kaye asked me to drive down to the Hollands, and I accepted."

"Then I can take your card. The gloves are an admirable fit. Can you let me have the entire package?"

Aunt Llewellyn, sitting in the library in her easy-chair by the fire, was startled from her reverie by Lister Kaye's entrance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, having advanced half-way into the room before he saw her; "I thought the room was empty."

"You don't interrupt me," said the dragon, very graciously for her; "but if I shall disturb your letter-writing, I'll go away to my household concerns directly."

"On the contrary," said Kaye, "I am glad of a chance to say a few words to you. I am very much afraid that I must cut short my visit at Ellerslie. A letter which I received this morning will require my being in town the day after Christmas."

"So soon?" said aunt Llewellyn, with very perceptible regret. "What will Madge say?"

He started, and changed color under the bright, black eyes.

"Miss Erskine will hardly miss me among so many. May I ask you not to mention my change of purpose to her to-day?" and as she nodded assent, he pulled his chair up to the table.

"Better take my desk, Mr. Kaye," said the old fairy; "the paper is out in the other. That's mine—the low one yonder. Write your letter; I'll go to sleep."

But she did nothing of the sort, for as his hand moved rapidly down the page, her sharp eyes traveled over every line of his face, and grew wonderfully softened in their scrutiny; and at last, nodding over her cane, the dragon mumbled to herself, "Like his father—very! Pity I can't find out the cause of this sudden exodus."

He did not, evidently, intend to afford her the desired information; for when he finished his letter, he blotted his paper hastily, lit a taper, and sealed it; and then, apparently dismissing every unpleasant thought from his mind, closed the desk, and sitting down by the old lady, made himself wonderfully agreeable to her, until a servant came with a message from Mrs.

Wardour about the hour for their drive. Then he made his excuses, and left the dragon sitting placably by the fire.

Aunt Llewellyn sat and thought; you would have fancied she was asleep; you had no way of divining that she had gone very far back into the past, and was looking at a doubled down page in her life.

The spell of old days was upon her, for presently she rose and began to fumble with her desk. She pulled out the drawers absently, until she found what she was looking for—a short, silky, chestnut curl, in a faded old paper.

"Just the same!" thought aunt Llewellyn; "that tumble-down curl which was always falling over his eyes. Oh! you precious old fool! I'm worse than Madge, I declare, mooning away here over milk that was spilt years and years ago. That's a very inelegant simile, but I haven't time to waste in being poetical. If I could only find out the cause of that great, black wrinkle in Lister's forehead!" and then she gave a start, and stared blankly at the papers under her hand. "Why, the man must have been out of his senses! There was a sheet of my impression paper, sure enough! and he's been writing with it underneath his own sheet, and has left the letter entire on it. I believe in special Providences. If there's anything in it which I really ought not to know, I'll make it a point of honor to forget all about it; if it's what I want, honor be hanged!"

From which you will see that aunt Llewellyn had a peculiar code of her own in regard to private papers, for she sat down and deliberately read every word of the closely-written half sheet, which bore Lister Kaye's name at the foot of it. The old fairy had barely time to come to the end of her treason, when Madge's sunny face looked in at the door, and she shoved her treasure back into the desk hastily.

"Aunt Llewellyn," the listener detected a tired sound in the fresh, young voice, "the carriage has been at the door for twenty minutes, and I could not imagine where you were. Suppose we put off going this morning?"

"Tut, child; you won't have another chance, and the call has been left too long already. Hand me my cashmere off that lounge. Where is everybody? Is Helen Wardour ready?"

"Mrs. Wardour has gone down to the Highlands with Mr. Kaye," Madge said, briefly; and aunt Llewellyn nodded her head, as she went tapping down to the carriage in a way that said, "The woman has shown her claws already. Wonder if I have an antidote for the poison!"

That evening, Lister came up to Madge.

"Miss Erskine!" he said, abruptly, with sudden earnestness, "I can't tell you how pleasant it has been to me to pass this week among the familiar household gods of my dear old friend, your father. You won't think me uncourteous, or imagine my feeling anything but very sincere regret at being obliged to cut my visit short? I must go on to Washington to-morrow—need I say how regretfully?"

Madge turned as white as the lilies in her hair, but she looked steadily away from him, thankful that aunt Llewellyn's sharp, rasping voice called, at that instant,

"Madge!"

"Yes," she said, going up to her aunt.

"Please go into the library," said aunt Llewellyn, "open the left-hand drawer of my desk, and find among the papers a receipt for almond-paste, which I promised Mrs. Wardour."

Lister Kaye held open the door for her to pass out, but did not offer to accompany her; and Madge's head got dizzier and dizzier until she finally reached the easy-chair by the fire. Aunt Llewellyn must wait for her receipt for almond-paste. She blessed the old dragon for giving her a chance to collect her breath and her thoughts. Well, it was hard, cruelly hard! She loved him with all the wild, poetic fancy of a pure, untouched heart; and yet, *cui bono*? He would go away, and Helen Wardour would follow him to Washington, (perhaps his sudden departure had something to do with Helen's spending New-Year's day there.) And then she should hear of the engagement, and get wedding-cards—and suffer.

The drawer was full of all sorts of papers, and Madge took them up mechanically, her thoughts running back to Lister Kaye incessantly. In the very center of the mass was a sheet of impression-paper, and looking at it, Madge saw her own name, then read, I had almost said devoured, the whole.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL—One more unlucky turn of fortune has befallen me, and, for the first time, I am almost ready to sit down and bemoan fate. The last crash in Wall street carries with it all I had left of my patrimony, and it now remains to be seen whether I can keep my head above water by getting the foreign diplomatic post which was offered me by the Secretary last October.

"You, however, seem to have gotten a strange scheme in your brain, which I must instantly correct. How came you to ask if I was engaged to Miss Erskine?"

"Did you ever see a moth fluttering helplessly around a candle, drawing nearer and nearer, until it meets destruction at last? I have been enacting the part of the moth ever since I came back from Vienna, but your letter has at least saved me from the moth's fate. My dear old friend, I have not yet fallen low enough to marry an heiress, for her money. And yet Madge Erskine has possessed herself of that mysterious place which no other human ever found in me before—not even the fair and unscrupulous Helen; in short, Russell, I love her with such entire devotion that I am about to leave her forever with my love unspoken. See what it is to be a gentleman, and a beggar.

"If you have any regard for the writer of this insane epistle, pray consign it to the grate-fire. I only meant to say, when I began, that I would be with you on New-Year, in Washington; but it does a man good to confess himself an idiot, sometimes. Faithfully yours,
"LISTER KAYE."

The tell-tale sheet fell from Madge's fingers, and wave after wave of rosy color crept into her face, making even her shell-like ears, and white throat, pink. Do not ask me to tell you what she thought and felt; there are some moments, even in this world, too sacred, too divinely bright for description—moments when silence is a dear and precious boon.

She sat with bowed head and trembling hands, until her whirling senses grew calm. Then she hid the paper carefully away, and taking up the receipt for almond-paste, sped down the hall, with such bounding feet that she paused on the threshold, half afraid that their swift tread would betray her. Dear little Madge's resolve was taken; Lister should not leave her thus, if she could help it; and though she had no settled plan, and no idea how it was to be accomplished, she relied on circumstances to assist her.

Shouts and much laughter greeted her ears, and she found all the guests crowded around a table, where the gentlemen were amusing themselves by scorching their fingers at "snap-dragon."

Forfeits went on, fast and furious. Mrs. Wardour, finding that Lister Kaye was appointed orator by general consent, engineered successfully to get herself into the chair; but the pretty little plot was much deranged by aunt Llewellyn, who posted herself at the opposite side of the table, and handed the forfeits, one by one, to Lister.

Now the fair Helen had two objects in view,

one, a short *tete-a-tete* with Kaye, and the other, the redemption of an emerald bracelet of her own; and I am sorry to relate that she took unfair advantage of her position, and, under pretence of adjusting the bandage that covered her eyes, contrived to peep through it, and distinguish the object in Kaye's hand when he took it off the table. Aunt Llewellyn's lynx eyes were watching her, however, and with a quiet sign to Kaye, which nobody else perceived, she twitched the bracelet out of his fingers, behind Mrs. Wardour's back, and substituted a coral chain belonging to Madge.

"Now, Mrs. Wardour," said Kaye, his voice full of mischief, (for he suspected that the old dragon had some cause for her singular interference,) "be very careful! Be sure you set the owner of this article something very hard, and very saucy."

"I shall, to punish you," she answered, quickly. "I condemn the lady to ask you, here, in the presence of us all, for one of your precious Jericho roses; and I sentence her also to spend fifteen minutes alone in the library with you, while you explain the legend to her."

"That is your chain, Madge," quoth aunt Llewellyn, quietly. Helen Wardour could have stabbed the wicked fairy, as she discovered that she had thrown the golden opportunity at the feet of her rival.

So Madge, her brave little heart beating fast, in due time went calmly down to the library.

She found Lister bending over a small silver box that looked like a genuine antique, and when she entered, he rolled up a chair for her by the library-table.

"You look almost frightened," he said, playfully, as he put the little withered bud in her hand. "Drop it into the goblet, Miss Erskine, and let me hear what you will prophesy for the new year."

Suddenly she raised her fringed lids.

"I don't think I could prophesy," she said, with grave simplicity. (If he could but have known how her heart was sinking!) "I have been looking over the legend of the Jericho Rose. I found it in an old book in aunt's library, but my version of it differs materially from yours."

"In what way?" he asked, smiling. "I am perfectly willing to be corrected."

The color grew deeper in the face he was watching.

"Only this; whoever accepts the rose at your hands, has a right to ask you either one question, or one favor. May I choose between the two?"

"Certainly. I am very sure that Miss Erskine can ask nothing which I would not be willing to answer or grant."

She looked pained.

"Do not put me off at arm's length in that way," she said, timidly. "I am going to ask a favor, Mr. Kaye—perhaps a great liberty; but you know how my remembrance of you is interwoven with my dear, dead father. Do not be angry. I have heard—I mean, I have found out—(don't ask me how) that some unexpected events have rather straightened you in a pecuniary way, and I want you to let me help you. There are some few thousands which came to me from my mother, which want investing sadly. Won't you take them, and use them? It would be such a kindness to me—and we are too good friends not to be willing to make use of each other."

Lister Kaye looked at her in utter bewilderment as she went on, her voice faltering more and more until the last sentence was barely audible. She was so frightened, poor child! at her daring.

"Miss Madge!" he took the little, cold hand reverently in his, "I cannot thank you for such a noble, frank offer. You do not know what you ask. Do you think that I could accept it?"

"But nobody need ever know—and I cannot bear—"

Something in the broken words, the dewy, uplifted eyes; betrayed her secret to Kaye's quick senses—in a moment more his arms clasped her close.

"Madge! dare I—can I hope that some love for me prompted the request? Take your little

fortune? Nay, dearest! not unless you bestow something far dearer upon me—unless the giver go with the gift!"

The Jericho rose, plucked so long ago in the fair land of Palestine, had fulfilled its mission, and it dropped from Madge's fingers, as her golden head fell upon his breast. The fire was dying out on the hearth; the soft, Christmas snow was falling outside the windows, but the message of Heaven's peace and love had swept over their two hearts, and they were content.

Suddenly, the door opened with a jirk.

"Madge!" said aunt Llewellyn's sharp, harsh voice, "I should like to know—Why, bless my soul, Lister Kaye, what have you been about?"

"It's all my fault, aunt," said Madge, looking like a rose herself, and a remarkably pink one at that.

"I should think it was! I sent you to my desk for a receipt for almond-paste, and you quietly brought me one for removing wrinkles. And Helen Wardour is under the impression that I fully intended to insult her."

Madge burst into a ringing peal of laughter; and aunt Llewellyn chuckled mischievously.

"You needn't waste your breath telling me anything," said she. "Can't I see by your faces that you are each in 'fool's paradise?' Well, perhaps, I'd have been a better woman if I had ever been there. Lister Kaye, give an old woman a kiss for your dear father's sake. There! Now I'll be off to tease Helen Wardour. Blessed be Jericho roses!"

And the old fairy-godmother closed the door.

LINES.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

We watched the sunset's pencil trace
Its fairy pictures strange and dim;
It seemed he found a glory there,
In other days ne'er known to him,
And felt as ne'er before, the spell
Which in that sad hour even lies;
Was Heaven so near him even then?
He saw it faintly in our skies.
We watched the gentle twilight wrap
Her shadowy mantle over all,
Unconscious that near him there lay
The shadows of a bier and pall.
The trembling stars came softly out,
O'er all the dark and solemn sky;
And, like a broken-heart's last moan,
The Summer wind swept sadly by.
And in that quiet hour we spoke
Of many a hope and many a dream,

Which o'er "life's fitful fever" oft
Will cast a bright but fleeting gleam.
When next I marked the sunset's glow,
He who had watched with me before,
Unconscious lay, of all once loved,
Slow drifting toward "the other shore."
Unconscious of the fond caress,
The love-words murmured soft and low;
The strong forms bowed, the loving hearts
So crushed by bitter woe.
And now the sunlight softly falls
Upon his long and quiet grave,
Where, through the clear, calm, Summer days,
The vine shall cling, the blossom wave.
And ever will this time recall
That when together he and I
Watched the red sunset's gleaming waves
Dash all along the Eastern sky.

THE WHITE LILY.

BY KATHARINE STANLEY.

"PLEASE," said a wistful voice, "give me a flower. Tom is so fond of flowers."

Ella Bronson was on her way to a friend's, with a bouquet of choice flowers. She stopped, at this appeal, and looking down, saw a little, poorly-clad girl, about twelve years old.

"And who is Tom?" asked Ella, touched.

"My little brother. He fell and hurt his back, and now he can't move himself; the doctor says he'll never get well; and he does wish for flowers so."

Ella hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. To take a single flower from her bouquet would spoil it, so perfectly had it been arranged; and it was for a friend, moreover, who was about to be married. But the pleading face of the child, and the thought of the sick brother, were more than she could bear. She remembered, too, the words of Scripture. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." She selected the finest flower in the bouquet, a large, white lily, and gave it to the child.

"There," she said, "put it in water, and it will keep ever so long. And here," she added, as the girl, with grateful looks, turned to run away, "is something to buy a few cakes for your brother. Where do you live?"

The child told her, adding, "Oh! won't Tom be glad," and then disappeared.

It was not long before the little thing reached her home. It was a close, hot room, at the top of the house, looking into a dirty inclosure behind.

"Is that you, Lizzy?" asked a weak voice. "I'm so glad."

The speaker was lying on a straw bed, on the floor, and he looked up, smiling, into his sister's face.

"See here, Tom," said the sister, producing the cakes. "These are the very kind you like. But that's not all," she added, triumphantly producing the lily. "Just look at this!"

Tom's eyes fairly glistened with delight. In his eagerness he half rose in bed, exclaiming, "Oh! what a beauty! Where did you get it?" But the exertion was too much for him, and almost as soon as he had grasped the bud, he fell back on his bed.

"How pure it looks," he added, weakly, after

a pause; "it makes me think of the angels. You good, good Lizzy!"

"See, I'll put it in a bottle," said Lizzy, with some water, and it shall stand on the floor close by you. It will last ever so long, now. But why don't you eat your cake?"

Tom shut his eyes. "I can't, Lizzy," he said. "I ain't, hungry. You must eat it yourself. I will lie and look at the flower."

Lizzy was frightened. Tom must be very bad, she knew, if he could not eat cakes.

"Eat a little bit, dear," she begged. "It will make you feel better."

"I don't think I shall ever be better," answered Tom.

The tears rolled down the sister's face. "Don't talk so, Tom," she sobbed. "You shan't go. I can't live without you. Who will there be to care for me?"

"I've been thinking," said Tom, gravely, "I think a great deal lying here, that when I'm gone, father will be different. You know," and here he dropped his voice, and looked carefully around, as if to see lest any one should be listening, "you know that father drinks; and that's why he comes home so late, and says he can't afford to send you to school; and why he is so cross; and why, sometimes, he beats you——"

"Don't speak of it, dear," sobbed the sister. "I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for you."

"But I do mind it, Lizzy; and it breaks my heart to lie here and see it. But sometimes I think, when I die, father will be different. He says he loves me, and it may make him good, you see. What is it the Bible says? 'Through much tribulation, we win the crown. What was the verse we learnt at school? I keep forgetting. The one about being tired.'"

"Oh! I know," said Lizzy. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto me," repeated the brother. "He does not deceive, Lizzy. He will give us rest. He loves you and me, too, and He will take care of us. He is going to give me rest, up in heaven."

But the sister was not to be comforted. Tom

was all the world to her. To lose him was to lose everything.

The day wore on. Night came. Tom lay, looking at the lily, and no one knows how many sweet thoughts it suggested to him. Now and then his sister stopped in her work, and came to see if he wanted anything. He always thanked her with a sweet smile.

"Father is late, to-night," he said, at last, when the darkness came: and he sighed.

"He will be here soon," said Lizzy, uttering words of hope, in which she hardly believed herself. "Try to sleep a little, dear."

So Tom, at last, fell off into a doze. Ten o'clock came, and yet no father. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Lizzy crept into bed by her brother's side, and sank to sleep also.

It was nearly midnight when the father came in. The noise woke Tom up. He half rose on his elbow and looked around. At that moment, the moon emerged from a cloud, and its light, falling through the window, lit up the sick boy's face with a glory as of a seraph's.

The father started back, sobered at once. It seemed to him as if a halo, direct from heaven, encircled his child's head.

"Father," said Tom, "come here, please."

The man went softly to his son's bed-side, sank on his knees, and took the lad's wan hand tenderly in his own. He was awed.

"Be kind to Lizzy," said Tom, wistfully, looking into his father's face. "She won't have any one but you, when I am dead, father. Let her go to school again, please: she is so fond of school—"

"Oh! my son, my son," interrupted the now penitent father, bursting into sobs. "You will get well yet—"

"I will never get well," said Tom. "But don't cry, father. I shall see mother, you know. And by-and-by," and a strange look came on his face, a look of joy and faith inexpressible, "by-and-by, we'll all meet again, shan't we? Kiss me, please, and then go to bed, or we'll wake sister."

The father, choking back his sobs, kissed the boy. "I promise to be kind to Lizzy," he

whispered. "She shall go to school. I will never drink another drop. As God is my witness," he added, solemnly, "I never will."

Tom took his little, thin arms from around his father's neck, where he had put them for that last kiss, and then sunk back on his pillow, exhausted.

"How sweet the flower looks in the moonlight," thought Tom. "What a happy boy I am to have it! And to have father promise to be better," he went on, "and to say he'll love Lizzy, and that he'll send her to school—"

And then he forgot himself in sleep. The night passed. Morning dawned. Lizzy woke before the sun rose. Her first thought was of Tom.

"I've slept all night," she said, reproachfully, "and I didn't mean to sleep five minutes. I wonder if Tom wanted me in the night. He must be better, or he'd have called."

He was better. As she leaned over to look at him, Lizzy was startled by the strange, yet beautiful look on his face, a look of divine joy, as when a martyr has passed through fire into everlasting rest. He would never suffer more.

The lily had done its work. It had sweetened the last hours of the suffering boy, suggesting pure and beautiful thoughts; and when Ella Bronson called, early in the morning, to see Lizzy, she found it lying on the breast of the dead child, clasped in his two, thin, waxen hands; and she thought of the lilies of Paradise, and of the saints who held them, and of the words of Scripture again, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least one of these, ye have done it unto me."

A better work even had been done also. The last words of Tom were never forgotten by his father, who, from that night, became a reformed man. Lizzy went to school, and, more than that, never again heard a harsh word at home.

Ella and Lizzy became great friends. The former, from her superior position, was able to do much for the latter. It was not chance, rely on it! that made Ella give away, at some sacrifice at the time, that lily.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

ONE YEAR.

Just a year ago, I remember it well,
In the beautiful sunshiny weather,
When alone by the brook in the little dell,
Sat I and my lover together.
Ah! that tell-tale stream, as it hurried along,
How sweet, how sweet was its little song.

On a little grave the wild flowers bloom,
Again is it sunshiny weather;
I sit alone in the silent gloom—
Never again shall we sit together.
The silver brook runs its way along,
But the music has fled from its little song. E. W. G.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 223.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ah! you have thought better of it—I knew that it would be so," said Mirabeau, receiving the woman he had parted with in such bitter anger, with a broad, frank smile. "Why will you degrade yourself with miserable threats, my beautiful friend?"

"Threats! Only threats! Nay, it was something more. I am not to be defied with impunity."

"Defied! No. With me it was confidence, not defiance."

"Confidence! How?"

"How? Not even yourself, Louison, can make me believe you capable of a mean action."

"A mean action! But you had concealments with me."

"Only for a time. In a few days you would have known everything."

"You made a confidant of that woman, Du Barry, who is worse than an aristocrat, and only claims to be one of us when every one else rejects her."

"On the contrary—I made her my tool."

"You invited that insolent woman, Theroigne de Mericourt, to your table, while I was almost driven from your door."

Mirabeau laughed till the ruffles on his broad bosom shook again.

"Ah! you heard of that! Why, the whole mob of rioters forced themselves upon me—these two women with the rest. Robespierre, Marat, and some others were members of the Assembly, and they all came in a little mob together. I could but entertain them. Such men resent neglect."

"But Madame Du Barry! I was here—I overheard your conversation with that woman."

"Then you only learned one fact, that I considered her a useful instrument, by which a great end might be attained. She still has friends at the court. I wished to draw myself into communication there."

"Yes, I know," answered Louison, with a bitter laugh. "You wished to visit a little temple in the grounds at St. Cloud."

Mirabeau started visibly, but the smile never left his lips as she went on.

"You desired, above all things, to kneel at the feet and kiss the hand of the queen; for a citizen of France, sworn to make her people free, it was a glorious ambition."

"Go on," said the count, leaning back in his chair—"go on. What more have you learned?"

"What more? Why, that the kneeling was done—the kiss given. I saw your perjured lips on the Austrian's hand with my own eyes. The whole base treason was made plain to me then, as it is now, when I have your letter at command."

Mirabeau's eyes flashed. She had the letter still in her possession. His greatest anxiety was laid to rest.

"Then," he said, with a pleasant, mellow laugh, "you have been playing the spy upon me all this time. Quite unnecessary, my friend. When my plans were matured you would have had them all. These others were my instruments; you had a grander and higher role to play."

"Yes, I understand, that of a cast-off garment when the fashions change, or an orange when the juice is exhausted," answered the woman, tartly, but wavering a little in her bitter unbelief.

"Dear me! how thoroughly you play the jealous dame, Louison. I had hoped better things of you; but it is folly, I suppose, to expect broad confidence and a clear understanding of great aims in any woman."

Louison flushed angrily. It had been her pride to mate her own bold spirit with that of Mirabeau.

"Wise men or women do not act blindly when nations are at stake," she said, in a tone that was becoming more and more deprecatory. "Deceive me in ever so little, and you deceive me in everything."

"But I have not deceived you, my beautiful tigress!"

"You have met the queen?"

"Granted."

"Taken money from the queen?"

"That is false—a wicked slander that would blister honest lips," cried the count, sitting upright, and flashing a storm of fierce wrath upon her.

Louison looked around the magnificent room, and bent her splendid eyes upon him in silent unbelief. He understood the expression of her face, and answered it.

"All this costs me nothing. It is the property of a refugee, and I seized upon it as a servant of the people."

"To ape the manners of an aristocrat," answered Louison, with a faint sneer.

"To win the power which shall hurl down aristocrats to a level with the people, or lift Mirabeau and those he loves above that of any monarchy. Tell me, Louison, how will France be served best, by destroying all fixed laws, or by placing a man who has a genius for government in control of a weak and yielding king? The time may come, girl, when Marie Antoinette will find the woman who aids Mirabeau in carrying out the broad designs which fill his mind, lifted above herself in power, while she has only the name of queen, another——"

"But that woman?"

"Need I name her?" cried the count, taking Louison's hand in his, and lifting his face to hers with an expression that made her heart swell.

"Still, Mirabeau, it is useless to say that of late you have ceased to regard me."

"Because I have had momentous plans in my mind; because it seemed to me needful that the world should think with you, that there is neither love nor confidence between us. It is important that I should have one firm and trusted friend among my enemies. I had designed you for the position, Louison. What human being is there who can so readily win admiration and confidence? In their clubs, and in their private committees, I wish you to be the soul. It was this desire that made me seem less cordial than of old. I wished my foes to think that we had quarreled. In order that you should get your part well, it was necessary that you should feel it a reality. When the idea was once established, I should have taught you how false it was by deeper devotion, more perfect confidence. But you felt these preliminaries too deeply and became dangerous."

"Because I loved you. Oh, Mirabeau! it was from my great love which you seemed to outrage."

Louison threw herself upon her knees, and reached up her arms to Mirabeau with a great

longing for some return of tenderness, which she had thought lost to her forever. This gesture disturbed the letter which she had thrust deep down in her bosom, and the edge came up through the loose folds of her dress. Mirabeau saw it, and his eyes flashed fire. She caught their light, and grew gentle and yielding as a child under it. Surely the man loved her, or his face would never have brightened like that! How childish and wayward she had been! It was magnanimous in Mirabeau to forgive her so readily; but then his nature was so grand—no wonder the people adored him. Surely, if he could control the monarch of France, all must be well with the masses.

"How could I distrust you so?" she murmured, resting her head against him. Look on me, beloved, and say that I am forgiven."

He did look upon her with an expression that had made many a heart beat faster to their peril.

"But you have not told me all?" he said, gently. "There was another letter. How did you reach it?"

"Another letter? The queen's answer. I waited for it, hoped for it; but the little wretch would not give it up."

"What wretch? Nay, nay! do not turn your head from me, Louison. Confidence to be perfect must be mutual. Tell me what more you have been doing."

Louison told him how she had put Zamara on the track of his enterprise, and confessed, with burning shame, the defeat that wary dwarf had brought upon her.

"So he has the document!" said Mirabeau, carelessly. "No matter; we will soon get it from him. I will force him to give it into your possession before you leave the house, late as it is. Henceforth there shall be no half confidence between us."

Louison smiled, and her eyes shone triumphantly—some generous impulses always exist in a woman who loves. Mirabeau's forbearance brought all that was good in the woman's nature to the surface. She remembered, with a pang of remorse, that the most dangerous action which had sprung out of her jealousy was still untold—her interview with Robespierre. While Mirabeau wrote a few brief lines and folded them, she thought of this, and hesitated how to tell him that which would not fail to stir his anger. The count was occupied with other things, and left her, for a time, unnoticed at his feet, while he touched a bell on the table, and gave some orders to a servant. Louison started when she heard them.

"Take this to Madame Du Barry, she will send her attendant, the dwarf, back with you. See that the imp speaks to no one; and if he attempts to evade you, bring him in your arms; but do not quite strangle him."

The man went out somewhat astonished, but resolute to obey the orders he had received. Then Mirabeau leaned back in his chair and drew a deep breath. He was a perfect dissembler, or that keen woman would have detected something in his face that she did not like.

"Mirabeau," she said, almost humbly, "I have not told you all. When I went out from here to-night, my heart was full of rage and fire—I hated you."

"Foolish girl; weak, weak woman! How little you understand the man who loves you. Well, go on. What further mischief has been done?"

"Mirabeau, I took that letter to Robespierre."

The count started up and almost hurled her to the floor.

"To Robespierre! Fiend! fool! woman!"

He spoke the last word with concentrated scorn, as if it were the hardest and most offensive he could apply to her.

"I took it to Robespierre because of his enmity to you. At the moment, you know, I hated you, and longed for revenge."

"And you gave him the letter? It is no longer in your possession?"

"He read it, and wanted to keep it, but I would not let him."

"Ah! Well, what did he say to it?"

"That he would denounce you in the Assembly to-morrow."

"Then he was to be my accuser, and you were to be ready with the evidence. Was that the understanding?"

How quietly he spoke, scarcely above a whisper, yet there was something in the sound that thrilled her like the hiss of a snake.

"This you cannot forgive," she said. "Still I warned you."

"Forgive? Oh, yes! We must not be hard on each other, Louison."

He spoke quietly, but with an unnatural tone in his voice. Still, if she had seen his face, the look of a fiend was there.

"The mischief can be arrested. Late as it is, I will go to him."

Louison started up, and was preparing to go out; but the intellect of this singular man was more rapid than her movement. Quick as lightning he had discovered in her act a means of confounding his enemies.

"Let it alone," he said, with animation. "Is it likely that he will dare assail me?"

"I am sure of it," answered Louison, hesitating to sit down.

"Your promise to give up the evidence was positive?"

"Yes," faltered the woman, shrinking from his eager glances.

"There, let the whole thing rest. Here comes my man with the dwarf."

That moment the messenger came back, bearing Zamara, like a child, in his arms. The little wretch was ashen white as far as his dusky skin would permit, and his eyes gleamed like those of a viper when they fell on Louison.

"Let the creature down," said Mirabeau; "and come again when I call you."

The man placed Zamara on his feet, and disappeared; then, before any one could speak, the dwarf came close to Mirabeau with one hand in his bosom.

"Guard yourself! Guard yourself! He carries a poisoned dagger there," cried Louison.

Zamara gave her a quick glance—all his color had come back. In an instant his sharp wit mastered the situation. The hand was withdrawn from his bosom, and in it was a paper, which he placed before Mirabeau with low reverence, as if he had been a slave, and the count an Eastern satrap.

"The woman who leans upon your chair tempted me to take this. When I found that she intended to make a bad use of it, I refused to give it up, being resolved to bring it back again. In the morning Count Mirabeau would have found it under this pretty deer with the golden hoofs. There was no need of sending a tall man after Zamara; he knows what is right, and is not afraid when it is to be done."

Mirabeau took the letter, glanced over it an instant, then leaned forward and held it in the flame of an antique lamp that burned before him. As the blaze flashed up from his hand, it revealed the lines of that lowering face with a vividness that made the dwarf tremble; but as the light faded, this expression softened into carelessness, and brushing the black flakes from his sleeves, he said, addressing Zamara,

"You can go now. I shall not kill you for this; but try it a second time, and there will be one sharp, little dwarf less in France. Go!"

Zamara needed no second bidding, but left the room, muttering, "She loves that man—she is jealous—his death would kill her. Good!"

After Zamara was gone, Mirabeau drew Louison toward him.

"The little viper would have cheated us

both," he said; "but for once we have drawn his fangs. Now for the other letter. When that is in ashes, we shall know how to meet this more venomous creature, Robespierre, and his mates. So they had Mirabeau in a trap, had they! The letter, Louison—the letter! We will send it after the one that is gone!"

"But it is not here," answered Louison. "I went home first, and left it there."

Mirabeau started. Had she, indeed, left that letter with his enemies. He looked keenly in her face, searching it for the truth. As his eyes wandered downward, a corner of the folded paper he had seen before was visible above the short, full waist of her dress. A crafty smile crept over Mirabeau's lips as he drew her downward and pressed them to hers, thinking to secure it, but his inordinate vanity prevented it. Dangerous as she was, he would trust her, and thus test his own powers of persuasion.

"Ah, you do love me!" murmured the woman, and tears rose to her eyes.

"How weak, how foolish to doubt it, my friend, my queen!"

This word brought back Louison's distrust.

"Ah, the queen!" she said; "but for her I might not have doubted you. You gave her what Louison never knew, reverence, homage."

"Because there was no other way of winning her to my purpose. Cannot you understand that we gain and rule people by their master passions? Now there is not in all France a woman so proud of her power, and so conscious of her loveliness, as Marie Antoinette. Would you have had me wound while I wished to win her?"

"Win her, Mirabeau?"

"Yes, to those purposes which shall make your friend the ruler of France, and yet give liberty to the people. In order to accomplish this we must not pull down the throne entirely. France loves her traditions, and in some form or another will keep them. The nation is now like a noble ship reeling and plunging through the blackness of a storm. There is but one man living who could guide the helm—that man is Mirabeau."

"And but one woman who has the wit and courage to stand by his side, let the storm rage as it will," said Louison, kindling with enthusiasm. "Ah, yes! this is far better than being a queen!"

Mirabeau took her hand and kissed it, as if she had, indeed, been a sovereign, thus mocking her vanity in his heart.

"We understand each other thoroughly

now," he said. "There will be no more doubt between us."

"Never again!"

"And now we must say good-night, my friend. See how late it is."

Louison lingered, not that she was afraid of going into the street alone; but the exquisite delusions of the moment were upon her, and she longed to continue them.

"The day has been an exciting one, and, spite of your bright presence, I am weary," said the count, reaching forth his hand to take leave.

Louison lifted the hand to her lips and covered it with kisses.

"Ah!" she said, "this is coming from purgatory into heaven."

"But even angels must part sometimes, my friend."

"Yes, yes! Good-night. Ah, Mirabeau! how pleasant it is to be your slave!"

"Slave! No, no! My mate—my friend!"

"Call it by any name you will; but the jealous love which would have destroyed you an hour ago, now crouches at your feet in full submission. Good-night!"

Mirabeau walked to the door and held it open, an act of courtesy seldom vouchsafed to her before. So, with smiles on her lips, she went out into the darkness.

The moment she was gone, Count Mirabeau went back to his room, wild with the excitement he had suppressed with so much effort. Approaching the table, he struck his clenched fist upon it with a blow that sounded through the room, and fell into his chair, wiping great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Great heavens! the gulf that yawned before me! I can hardly make sure that it is bridged over even yet. Another outburst of her furious jealousy between this and to-morrow, and it is ruin. Fool, fool that I was to feel safe in my contempt of this dangerous woman. Surely, no one should know better than myself that "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," but the fiend within is always tempting me to turn my doves into vipers. Heavens! when I think of the danger, it chills me; but she is tamed now. Mirabeau's spell is upon her. I was tempted to take the letter from her bosom, but it was better not. She knows too much not to be trusted. One token of distrust, and she would hasten to deserve it. She will not speak—she will not. When Mirabeau seals a woman's mouth with kisses it is mute, save to obey him. Yes, she is safe—but how the whole thing shakes me! I did not think there was a woman

living who could strike Mirabeau with a panic like this. These coward drops lie cold on my forehead even when I know the danger is passed. Oh, yes! it was better that I seemed to trust her—now I can.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE treason of Mirabeau! The treason of Mirabeau!"

Robespierre had made his first attack in a bitter article hawked that morning through the streets of Paris; and the cry wrung loud and long, like the howl of wild beasts scenting blood afar off. "The treason of Mirabeau! The treason of Mirabeau!" Robespierre heard it walking toward the Assembly, and his black heart beat with triumph under that olive-green coat. Marat heard of it as he lay in his bath, writing a still more furious attack on the popular idol, and a spasm of delight shook all his restless limbs till the water stirred around them. At last they had him in a firm grip; this proud demagogue, this popular idol, who strode over them like a god, was in their power. They had proofs of his treason—proofs written by his own hand; the proof of an eye witness, who had seen him at the very feet of the queen. All this the articles in the journals only hinted at; but when Mirabeau took his seat in the Assembly that day, the storm would burst upon him. Hitherto he had defied them, and trampled down accusations of which there was no evidence that the people would accept. But now, yes now—

No wonder Marat laughed till the water shook and rippled around him, then plunged into the bitterness of his article again, storming on the foe that in his mind was already down. Nay, he could not write, the brutal joy within him was too great, but rather would arise, dress himself, and witness the downfall of a rival he hated and feared.

Mirabeau heard the cry, paused in his haughty progress, and bought a journal, which he read quietly passing along the street, and those who observed him, saw a keen smile pass over his lips. Surely, whatever the charge was, that man would fight it to the bitter end, and with such weapons as his opponents could never wield. The people still believed in Mirabeau, and cheered him as he moved toward the Assembly, even with those virulent cries of "traitor" on the air. The power of that man was something marvelous.

The Assembly was turbulent that day as the streets had been. Mirabeau's enemies were triumphant, his friends doubtful and depressed.

Never had his accusers seemed so assured of success. Even his composure could not abate their joy. His calm seemed to them like depression.

At the very door of the Assembly, the cry of Mirabeau's treason came up. The galleries were full of women who were more tumultuous and eager than the men. Some had brought their work, others carried parcels, in which were bread or fruit, for it was believed that the sitting would be long and violent. Mirabeau would not die easy; they had hedged him in like a lion in the toils, and like a lion he was sure to defend himself. So the women of France flocked to the Assembly, and crowded all its vacant spaces, as the matrons of old Rome went to see gladiators and wild beasts tear each other. In this mob, which called itself a deliberative body, there was neither decorum, nor an attempt at order. Where all the evil passions are let loose, tumult and anarchy must follow.

Mirabeau's enemies were all in their places. Clubs known to oppose him had emptied themselves into the galleries. On the floor his foes gathered in groups consulting together. There the beautiful face of St. Just was contrasted with the austere features of Desmoulins and the hateful coarseness of Danton. Everywhere Mirabeau saw preparations for an attack that was to crush him; but this only shot fire to his eyes, and curled his lips with haughty disdain. Not that he felt himself quite safe, but from the natural self-confidence of a spirit that had never quailed before living man. At all times Mirabeau was self-sufficient, more so than ever when danger threatened him. There he sat in the midst of his enemies, like a lion waiting for the gladiators to appear, calm from inordinate self-poise. Of all his enemies, Mirabeau's defiant eyes sought out Robespierre most frequently. There was something amounting almost to a smirk on the countenance of this little man, which would have been a smile in another; but the dry, parchment-like countenance of Robespierre admitted only of sneers and smirks—a broad, honest smile was impossible to it.

Robespierre, at this time, had scarcely developed the dreadful character for cruelty and fanatical malice which at this time blisters every page of history on which his name is written. His movements had been sinister, half done in secret, and up to this time, were more suggestive of atrocities than active in their perpetration. While Mirabeau was in power, the reptile spirit of this man had not ventured

to crest itself; but slowly and with crafty windings was creeping stealthily to the horrible power with which the madness of an insane people at last invested him, thus turning all France into one vast slaughter-house. Hitherto he had kept in the background, and instigated others to attack the man whose popularity stood between him and the position he thirsted for; but now that disgrace and defeat was certain, he came forward on the great man's track like a hyena prowling along the path of a lion.

Robespierre was ready to lead the onslaught. Mirabeau saw it in the glitter of those evil eyes, and knowing how relentless and unprincipled the man was, felt a thrill of doubt rush over him. Nothing but certainty could have impelled that coward nature to creep into the light. Had Louison failed him? Could she have broken through the thrall of his persuasions and gone over to the enemy? The night before he had a sort of pride in trusting everything to the power of his own personal influence over a woman that nothing else could tame or terrify; but now, when he stood face to face with an awful danger, for the first time in his life Mirabeau distrusted himself. What but a dead certainty to give that assured air to Robespierre? Why had he trusted to those powers of persuasion which never yet had failed him with the sex, but might prove ineffectual, for the first time, when his honor and very life depended on them? The night before his hand was almost on that very paper; a movement of the fingers, and he might have drawn it from Louison's bosom, and, had he so chosen, defied her afterward. But his intolerable self-conceit had prevented this act of safety. How he cursed the vanity which had filled his mind with all these harrowing doubts. "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad," he muttered to himself. "I was, indeed, mad to let her leave me with that in her bosom."

The galleries were already overrun with women—for that cry in the street had sent crowds to the Assembly. Now they began to fill the floor, and force themselves among the members with a feeling of equality which no one had the courage to resist or rebuke. All at once Louison Brissot appeared making her way through the throng, arrayed with a glow and flash of rich colors, and looking proudly beautiful. Her eyes roved around the Assembly, and settled on Robespierre, who was looking at her with the changeful glitter of a serpent in his eyes. Louison met this look with an almost imperceptible bend of the head. Mirabeau saw it, and the bold heart quailed within him.

At last Louison's eyes fell upon his face, which was turned anxiously upon her. She gave him no signal. She did not even smile, but turned her back, and began talking airily with one of his bitterest enemies. Now and then he caught her glancing at him from under her long eyelashes, as if she enjoyed his anxiety, and cursed her in his heart, but more bitterly cursed his own folly for leaving the means of his destruction in her power.

The business of the Assembly went on—dull routine business, which no one cared about, and was inexpressibly irksome to Mirabeau, whose bold spirit was always restive under delay, even when action might injure himself. Through all these details he could now and then hear the voice and bold, ringing laugh of Louison, bandying jests with his enemies. The sound made him desperate, but, for the first time, he had some respect for the woman who had so adroitly outwitted him—inordinate self-love would not permit him to despise her after this.

At last a voice was heard asking leave for a privileged question; and Robespierre stood up, speaking in low, hesitating accents, but growing stronger as dead silence fell upon the Assembly after his first words. Mirabeau turned in his seat, and listened, smiling, while each point of the charges made against him fell in terse, bitter words from the man he had, for a long time, despised and ridiculed—how sharply and with what telling simplicity they fell upon his ear.

Count Mirabeau, a member of that Assembly, was charged with betraying the people's trust, inasmuch as he had entered into a secret league with the court to throw the nation back into the power of the nobles, and while he professed to seek the liberty of the people, he had all the time been working against their dearest wishes. He was in constant intercourse with the king, and more especially with the Austrian woman, who was known as Queen of France. It was known, and would be made clear to the people, that Count Mirabeau had held repeated interviews with the king, and no longer ago than in June, had met the queen, privately, in her summer-house at St. Cloud, where he entered into a compact to place the nation once more in her power. More than this, Mirabeau had, from first to last, been a pensioner of the court, and was in the habit of receiving vast sums of money from the queen, which he expended in such aristocratic, riotous living, as no true patriot would indulge in while the people were starving around him.

When Robespierre had done reading the carefully prepared charges, Mirabeau leaned back in his chair and said loud enough to be heard by all around him, "Is that all? I thought they would have proven that I was plotting to blow up the Assembly, and undermine all France with a pound of gunpowder. The little viper yonder has not half done his work."

There was more of audacity than courage in this speech, and desperate anxiety gave a false ring to his voice as he uttered it. Then, with a slow, arrogant movement, Mirabeau arose to his feet, and asked for the proof of these charges, which had been so often hinted or spoken that they had lost all claim to originality, and were hardly worth answering, even when brought seriously before that august body. Of course, citizen Robespierre did not expect him to answer charges so loosely made, when unsupported by proof. Even that must be from persons, and of a character beyond question, if he deigned to notice it, even by a verbal contradiction.

"The proof!" exclaimed Robespierre, in his sharp, disagreeable voice. "Stand forth, *citoyenne* Brisot, and let the people hear how grossly they have been deceived. Answer to them if, with your own eyes, you did not, in June last, see this man, Count Mirabeau, in company with Marie Antoinette, in a temple hid away in the romantic grounds of St. Cloud, where they made a solemn compact together, which was to chain France once more to the throne. Show to the people and their representatives that letter addressed to the queen, in the handwriting, and bearing the signature of Count Mirabeau, which is now in your possession. Citizens, there is no time for such forms of investigation as usually follow charges like these; extraordinary circumstances call for extraordinary measures. I move that these proofs are laid before you now—that *citoyenne* Brisot have permission to speak."

Mirabeau arose, smiling, and begged that it might be so.

Then, amid some confusion, Louison was called. She came out from the group of women who had crowded around her, somewhat excited, and with a light laugh upon her lips.

"What is it," she said, demurely casting down her eyes, "that citizen Robespierre desires of me?"

"The letter, Louison—the letter!"

The Assembly was hushed; no sound arose but a rustle in the galleries, as people in the crowd leaned eagerly over each other. Mira-

beau turned white in his chair. Even his fierce bravery could not hold its own against the awful anxiety of the moment. His enemies saw this, and murmurs of irrepressible triumph began to arise.

"The letter, citizen?" said Louison, lifting her eyebrows with a look of innocent astonishment, "there must be some mistake—I have no letter."

Robespierre fell into his seat, and sat staring at the girl in wild astonishment. Mirabeau leaned back in his chair, drew a deep breath, and laughed. A roar of applause swept down from the galleries. This was answered back by the women on the floor, and carried into the street, where it ran like wild-fire among the people who could find no room inside.

Louison cast one brilliant glance at Mirabeau, allowed a glow of triumphant mischief to flash over her face, and, quick as lightning, veiled her eyes again. Robespierre saw the glance, and a hiss of rage came through his shut teeth. Louison caught his venomous glance, and shuddered.

Once more Mirabeau was triumphant. The malice of his enemies had lifted him still higher in the estimation of the people, who gloried more than ever in their idol. Louison shared in the popular favor. The Maid of Liege had never been an object of more admiring attention. She gloried in the act which proved her devotion to Mirabeau, but had made her bitter enemies, whom she believed herself strong enough to scorn. She managed to draw near Mirabeau, who greeted her with a glowing smile.

"Have I done well?" she asked, turning her head.

"More than well," he answered. "Count on something better than gratitude."

"There is but one thing better in the world," she returned, in a low voice; "give me that and I am content."

Before Mirabeau could answer, Marat stood at Louison's elbow.

"*Citoyenne*," he said, with loud coarseness, "you have at least had courage; but it needs a charmed life to play with vipers. Is yours thus protected?"

Louison laughed in the man's face. Was not Mirabeau more powerful than ever; and had not she made him so?

"I understand," said Marat, nodding his rough head; "but one life does not hold all France. Mad love has made you blind. *Citoyenne*, for one false man you have cut down an army of friends. Wait, and see!"

Louison turned upon this uncouth man, who seemed to have come fresh from a stable; with disdain in her eyes. Just then renewed shouts went up for Mirabeau.

"Hear that, citizen, and tell me if there is one among you the people love so. When there is, let that man threaten me. Bah! How mean and small you are beside him!"

Marat turned his coarse, evil face full upon her. There was something more than a threat in that look; but Louison was too firm in her triumph even to regard it. She saw Mirabeau walking toward his seat, firm, erect, and carrying himself like a monarch. Her eyes followed him eagerly, and her heart swelled as his enemies shrunk away into their places, beaten down by the storm of popular rejoining that they had failed in bringing anything but baseless charges against the supreme idol of the day. These men had hated Mirabeau with bitter jealousy and unconquerable distrust; but this feeling was nothing to the burning rage and venomous repulsion with which Louison had inspired them. She had dared to lead them into a grave error, cover them with the ridicule of defeat, and scoff at their indignation. But a day of reckoning was sure to come.

Louison cared nothing for this. Her idol was triumphant. By the act of that day she had chained him to her. Had she not placed him more firmly than ever in the hearts of the people? In his triumph hers was complete.

That night Mirabeau sought Louison at her lodgings. The peril he had escaped brought a feeling of gratitude even into his reckless heart. In her jealous rage she had thrust him into danger; but at a gentle word of affection had brought him out of it triumphantly, honored with double strength, and a victor over the most relentless enemies that ever pursued a man to ruin. She came to meet him, radiant, with both hands extended, and wild triumph in her eyes.

"Now tell me—could the queen have done so much for you?"

"The queen? Nay; she would rather see Mirabeau dead, save that he may be useful. Why speak of her, Louison? I came only to talk of yourself—you have made many enemies to-day."

"Enemies? Yes, I know it. What then—are you not stronger than ever? And I—have I not Mirabeau?"

The countess reached out his hand and wrung hers.

"Who will defend you with his last breath."

"And love me till then?"

A soft, pleading light came into her eyes;

for the moment this brave, bad woman was humble and tender as a child.

Mirabeau gave an impatient movement of the head. The talk of love from her lips was like a proffer of dead flowers. Anything else he would give her—but not that. Even in his supreme danger, the night before, a semblance of the passion had been irksome—now it seemed impossible.

"Ask Mirabeau how he will act, and he can tell you; but feeling is another thing, my friend."

Louison's eyes filled with questioning disappointment. Was he foiling her so soon?

"There, there! I meant nothing that should drive all that light from your face. No woman has ever stood by me as you have done. Mirabeau may be faithless to his loves—people say that he is. But who ever charged him with desertion of a friend, much less one who has served him as you have done?"

Louison heard him, and her great eyes filled with tearful reproach.

"Ah, Mirabeau! you never loved me!"

"On my soul I did, but that was when—"

Now her eyes were raised to his with wistful questioning, which made him break off in the cruel thing he was saying.

"When?"

"When I looked upon you only as a woman?"

"Only as a woman! When I have done so much for France—so much for you. This is hard, it is ungrateful."

"Yes, I think it is; but not the less true. Men have strong sympathies, firm friendships, sometimes high reverence, for each other, but no love; that we give to women."

Louison's lip curved an instant, but a quiver of pain took all the scorn from it.

"And that you can never give to me? What have I done?"

"Too much, my friend. The pride of manhood revolts at a false position. Had you craved love, Mirabeau should have protected you!"

"Ah! I understand. You aspire to protect the queen. She is ready to be cared for, and, perhaps, loved."

"I think she would hardly amuse herself with an execution."

"And you blame me for rejoicing when an enemy of France falls. You call upon us women for help, and then despise us that we listen."

"No, no! Only I do not usually betake myself to the scaffold when I have love to bestow. Cannot you see a difference?"

"These are dainty distinctions, which a woman of the people is not expected to know. One cannot be a patriot and helpless," answered Louison, whose hot temper was beginning to kindle fiercely under the keen disappointment that man had brought upon her. "As for me, I give love for love, and hate for hate."

"Ah! but you and I will have nothing to do with either, for both are dangerous. I did not come here to talk of such bitter and frail things; but to announce danger."

"A new one—to you or to me?"

"For myself, I have so many enemies, that half a dozen, more or less, is of little consequence—that would not have moved me in the least."

"Then it is for me?"

"This was a grand but dangerous day for you, Louison—for it made my enemies yours, and they are counted by hundreds."

"This morning I did not fear them, having you; but now I stand alone."

"Not while Mirabeau lives. This is what I came to say—let us have done with all meaner things. We are fellow patriots, given to one purpose—comrades in a glorious cause. A

great future lies before France—you will stand by me while I work it out?"

Louison was pale as death, all the womanliness in her nature was wounded unto death. He left nothing before her now but a man's ambition. Well, that was better than nothing.

"Nay, I will not stand by and watch your struggles, but help you as I did but now," she answered, proudly.

"That was bravely done; but such occasions do not repeat themselves often. The strongest woman that ever lived is but a weak man when she unsexes herself."

Louison turned upon him with a burst of her own fierce rage.

"You leave me nothing," she said.

"Yes, liberty!"

"But equality is the great war cry here. Is that to be denied because I am a woman?"

"Yes," answered Mirabeau, thoughtfully.

"There is no equality between men and women—nature forbids it. They are better and worse than each other. The woman who seeks it loses all the delicacy of her own nature, but never attains a man's strength. No, Louison, there is no equality."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THROUGH the long hours of the day,
How many tread its yielding plank,
That safely bear them on their way
Across the stream to either bank.

A motley throng, in eager haste,
To chase their phantom, though it flies;
Once grasping it, they hope to taste
The blissful joys of Paradise.

And yet what thoughts beat through the brain,
In time with footsteps fast or slow,
What hopes they carry in their train,
Or what unrest, we may not know.

Could all their fancies take dim form,
And hover in the ambient air;
How strange and sad an outward charm
That little, quiet bridge would wear.

But to that bridge, who will repair,
And, passing, leaves no other trace
Than that which constant treading wears,
Upon its hard, enduring face.

Yet on our varied way in life
We leave the marks where we have been,
Disclosing in the restless strife
The silent path we tread within.

SONNET.

BY FRANCIS REYNOLDS.

Ow, Love! thou art not what thou seem'st to be;
Thou art not vows, thou art not pleading tears,
Thou art not length of undivided years,
Nor days of joy, nor nights of mystery;
We boast thy presence, yet we only see
The shadowy veil which still thy godhead wears,
When rising up from banquet with thy peers,
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Thou com'st to those who stretch their hands to thee:
Oh! will the voice of no continual prayer,
The incense of no sacrifice, prevail
To part the cloud that hides thy face most fair?
Thy glance shines forth, like lightning thro' the hall,
And in the rift, most terrible and pale,
Death shakes his dart and beckons; who shall dare?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a walking-dress for a young lady for fall wear. It consists of an under-skirt of purple poplin, three yards and

depth. The over-skirt is of blue and green plaid poplin, and is cut quite short in front, sloping off to the back, where it should nearly touch the bottom of the under-skirt before it is looped up: the looping is done by sewing tapes on the under side. To adjust the looping gracefully, put on the two skirts, and pin the upper one to the proper height, and then the tapes can be readily fixed to their proper places. The upper-skirt, as well as the jacket,



a half in width at the bottom, cut with the front breadth gored, one gore on either side, and two full breadths at the back. We may remark here that the under-skirts of all walking-dresses are much narrower than formerly, owing to the very small hoops that are worn, consequently the skirt must not be full enough to fold over. This skirt is ornamented by a flounce at the bottom nine inches deep, put on in box-plaits, above which is a puffing half the



is trimmed with a worsted fringe of mixed colors to match the plaid. Where the fringe cannot be procured, a quilling of the plaid, or

a narrow flounce, may be substituted. The jacket is cut in the simple *sacque* form, slashed up the back about four inches. A sash of the purple poplin completes the stylish costume. Materials required: Eight yards of poplin for the under-skirt, and eight yards of plaid, if trimmed with the same, or six yards, if trimmed with fringe. These poplins can be bought from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard, according to the quality.



We give, next, a walking-dress for a young lady, to be made of light-gray striped poplin. This suit is exceedingly simple and easily made. It consists of a single skirt, ornamented by a bias flounce nine inches deep, headed by a bias fold, cut out in scallops, two inches broad and two inches apart, bound either with the same material, or with black silk. In the center of each scallop is placed a black silk button. Small moulds, covered with - little

pieces of black silk, look quite as well as the manufactured buttons, and cost little or nothing. The waist consists of a deep basque, trimmed to match the skirt, cut surplice in front, worn over a linen spencer. A coat-sleeve, with the wide ruffle put on at the elbow, gives the effect of an open sleeve; and, having the tight sleeve underneath, is more suitable for fall wear. Fourteen yards of material will make this suit.

We give, for our third illustration, a dress of mohair, which may be made of a light tint, with small pipings and buttons of a darker shade; the flounce, placed a few inches from the edge of the skirt, is put on with a heading, and its plaits are fastened down by bows of the same material. The bodice is open in front, with large revers. The sleeves, plain as far as above the elbow, are completed by a deep flounce with a narrow heading. An independent basque presents, together with the bodice, the appearance of a tight-fitting *casaque*; it is fastened at the waist by a band with a bow. Louis XV. bonnet of Brussels straw, with border raised in front and behind, trimmed with *faillie* ribbon of the shade of the dress, and a bunch of field flowers.

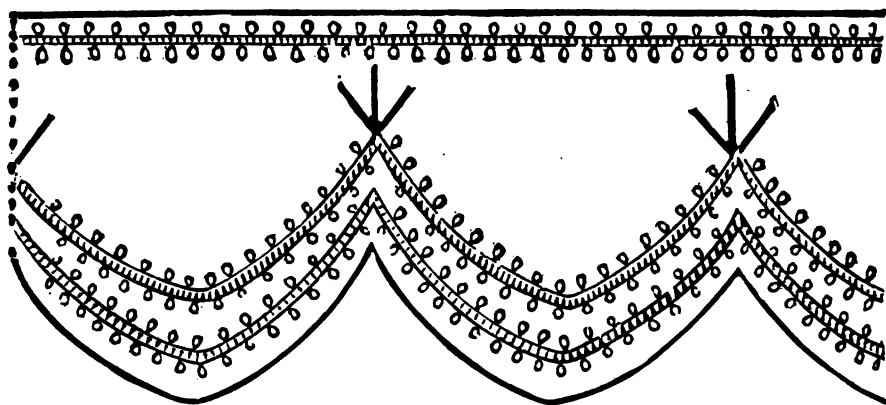
Our next is a walking or house-dress, for a little girl from six to ten years. The under-skirt is made very full, with no gores, and is laid in deep plaits, and the plaits tacked at the



bottom to keep them in place. The waist and sleeves are made of plaid reps or poplin, and the over-skirt is gored, and cut all in one, with

straps going over the shoulders. The skirt is trimmed with a bias band of plaid, and looped up at the back with bows made of the plaid. Black reps, or alpaca, will look well for the under-skirt. Or the dress may be made of an old black silk of mamma's.

As little girls wear white pique all through the winter, we give something entirely new in design for such little dresses. It is cut all in one, body and skirt: gored low in the neck: open all the way down the front, and buttoned with large pearl buttons. The apron-front is cut separate, scalloped and trimmed with the ornamental braid shown in the full-sized trimming below; also the scallops and braiding are continued around the bottom of the skirt. The whole dress is to be worn over an inside Spencer of white Nainsook, with a tucked yoke. This same design would be pretty in merino for very cold weather.



We give, next, two jackets for children. These jackets are of materials that will wash.



They are for children from one to three years of age. The first is of pique embroidered, designs for which (borders, etc.,) we are continually giving. The next is of flannel, trimmed as seen in the engraving.

We may say, in conclusion, that we invite

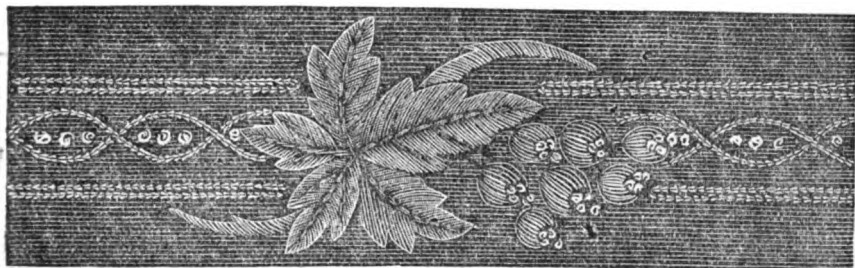
questions, from subscribers, on subjects connected with these articles. Any inquiries as to particular kinds of dresses, or materials,



will be answered, and descriptions and patterns will be given of costumes asked for, whenever possible. Our object is to make this department perfect and satisfactory in all particulars.

EMBROIDERY FOR OPERA-CLOAKS, JACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



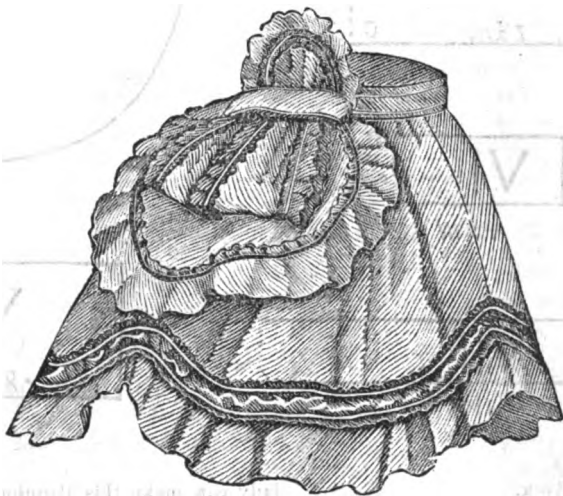
THIS design is well suited for trimming jackets or cloaks of black cashmere. It is worked in chain, knot, and satin-stitch. The leaves and currants should be well raised. The pattern looks equally well worked in one or several colors. If more than one color be employed, the leaves should be green, and currants worked either in red silk, with a yellow knot, or with gold cord. The material on which the border is worked is cashmere.

GENTLEMAN'S FEZ: IN COLORS.

OUR colored pattern, this month, represents a gentleman's Fez, (or Turkish Cap,) and is of an Oriental design. The foundation of the Fez may be of black cloth or velvet; the pines are of red velvet; the little stars and rounds are of blue velvet. The embroidery is of white and green cordon. The Fez, when finished, should be ornamented by a handsome red tassel. A firm inner lining is required—ticking is usually preferred—for it; it should be covered by a nicely-quilted silk lining.

The pines, when cut, should be gummed on to the foundation, and then fastened down by fine herring-bone stitches. If gold or silver cord takes the place of the white stitches, the elegance of the cap will be enhanced.

PANNIER TO FORM PALETOT.



WE give here an engraving of a Pannier, with which to form a Paletot, and also diagrams by which to cut it out. The Pannier may be made of the same material as the

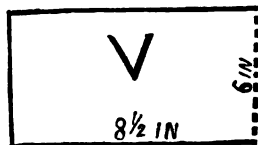
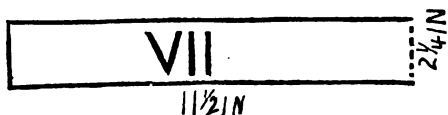
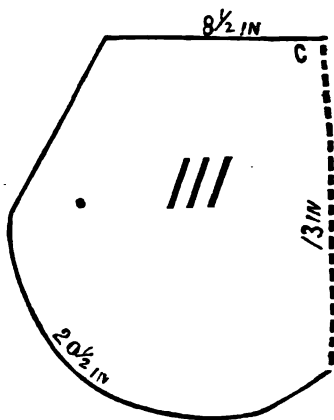
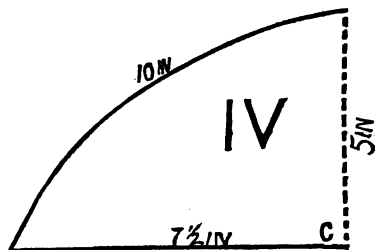
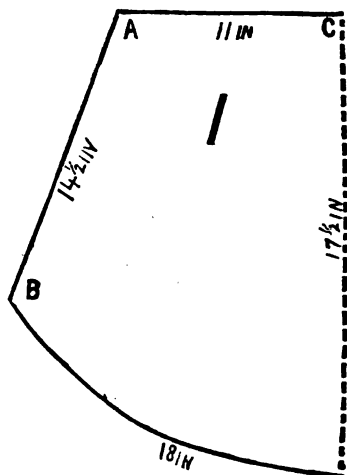
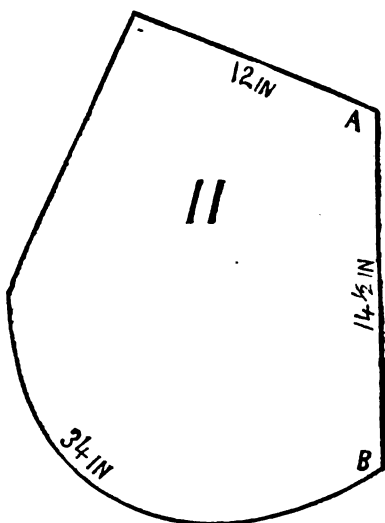
dress, or of cashmere or silk, if preferred. These diagrams must be enlarged, of course; the size, in inches, is marked on each. These diagrams represent the following pieces:

No. 5. HALF OF BOW.

No. 6. HALF OF FOLD AT BACK.

No. 7. HALF OF BAND.

We think, that, with these directions, any



No. 1. HALF OF BACK.

No. 2. FRONT.

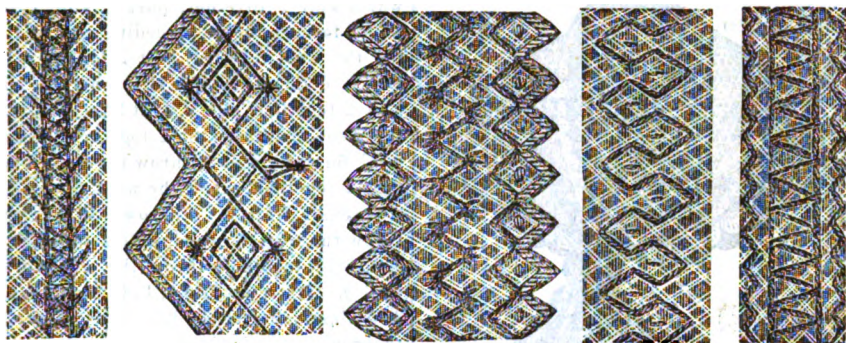
No. 3. HALF OF UPPER PANNIER.

No. 4. HALF OF FAN AT THE BACK.

lady can make this Pannier for herself, and so get up a very stylish costume, at comparatively small expense. It is trimmed with black lace laid over a band of white silk.

BORDERS AND EMBROIDERY ON PIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE designs are for ornamenting children's jackets, frocks, etc., in pique. The embroidery may be worked in colored or black ingrain cotton, Andalusian or Pyrenees wool, or in ingrain silk. Dressing jackets, for ladies, are frequently made in pique, and these trimmings will be found equally suitable for them.

NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

IN the front of the number, we give five different new styles for dressing the hair, and accompany one of them with engravings showing, in detail, how the bow is to be made. For this style of head-dress, one very long braid, or two shorter braids, will be required, the latter being preferable. No. 1 shows how the hair is to be first arranged to form the bow. No. 2 is after the hair has been folded, and before the end of the braid is turned over. No. 3 is after the braid has been turned over. No. 4 is the bow complete, but it will be seen that it must be drawn out, at the sides, to give it the proper shape. If the braid is exceedingly long, the end can be used to form the plait which falls down on the neck. If not long enough, a second braid can be attached under the bow, and the plait can be made of that.

NAME FOR MARKING. MONOGRAM.



KNITTED NECKERCHIEF IN BLACK SHETLAND WOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS three-cornered neckerchief is knitted in the following pattern (commencing at the corner.) 1st row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, inserting the needle into the back part of the stitch, slip 1, knit 2 together. 2nd row: Knit 1, purl 1 in the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward in the preceding row, the other stitches are purled. In the next row the holes are alternated; the neckerchief must, of course, be increased at the beginning and end of every other row. It measures at the upper edge 1 yard 16 inches across from one corner to the other; the lower corner is rounded off. The neckerchief is edged with a knitted lace. The lace is worked in rows backward and forward, the cross way. Cast on 22 stitches and work the 1st row as follows: Slip 1, knit 11, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 6. 2nd row: Slip 1, purl 6, throw the wool forward, knit 1 and purl 1 with the stitch formed in the preceding row by throwing the wool forward, throw the wool forward, purl 18. 3rd row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 8, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, (knit here together the stitch and the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward,) throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 5. 4th row: Slip 1, purl 5, throw the wool for-

ward, knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 1 in the stitch formed in the preceding row by throwing the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 11. 5th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 6, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 4. 6th row: Slip 1, purl 4, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, purl 4, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 9. 7th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, 5 times alternately knit 2 together, throw the wool forward; then knit 2 together, knit 3. 8th row: Slip 1, purl 3, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, purl 2; knit 1, purl 1 in the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward in the preceding row; purl 2, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 7. 9th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, purl 2, 3 times alternately; knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 2. 10th row: Slip 1, purl 2, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, purl 8, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 5. 11th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, 3 times alternately knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, 3 times alternately knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, purl 1. 12th row: Slip 1, purl 1, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, purl 8, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 3. 13th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together. 14th row: Slip 1, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, purl 9, throw the wool forward, purl 8. 15th row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 1, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 1. 16th row: Slip 1, purl 2, throw the wool forward, purl 8, throw the wool forward,

purl 5. 17th row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 3, 5 times alternately knit 2, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 2. 18th row: Slip 1, purl 3, throw the wool forward, purl 7, throw the wool forward, purl 7. 19th row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 5, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 3 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 8. 20th row: Slip 1, purl 4, throw the wool forward, purl 5, throw the wool forward, purl 9. 21st row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 7, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 8 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 to-

gether, knit 4. 22nd row: Slip 1, purl 5, throw the wool forward, purl 3, throw the wool forward, purl 11. 23rd row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 9, knit 2 together, throw the wool forward, knit 3 together, throw the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 5. 24th row: Slip 1, purl 6, throw the wool forward, purl 1, throw the wool forward, purl 13. 25th row: Slip 1, make 1, knit 11, knit 2 together, knit 2 together, knit 7. 26th row: Purled. Repeat from the 1st row till the lace is sufficiently long. Then sew on the lace round the edge. The lace can be knitted narrower for the upper edge. One of the ends of the neckerchief is knotted, as seen in illustration, and the other is drawn through.

PATTERNS FOR SEGAR-CASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two oval patterns for ornamenting segar-cases, porte-monnaies, baskets, etc., etc. The centers of these ovals are made of glace silk, satin, or cloth. The patterns in applique are worked in velvet or glace silk. The embroidery is worked with different

colored purse-silk in point Russe, satin-stich, and overcast. The scroll-work patterns are cut all in one piece of the material used for the patterns sewn on in applique. The crossing of the scrolls is imitated by the embroidery.

EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WOMEN AS BUSINESS MANAGERS.—William C. Bryant, the poet, in his well-known journal, the *New York Evening Post*, maintains that the capacity for economy is greater with women than with men. "Wherever women," he writes, "are trusted to manage affairs involving the expenditure of money for useful purposes, they are found to be more economical than men. Ask any mechanic who takes his weekly wages directly to his wife, and makes her the treasurer, and he will tell you that the wife is a far better manager than he would be. Many men in every community owe their prosperity to the good management of their wives; and few men who have tried it have ever regretted making their wives, in the fullest sense, the partners in their business, and the controllers of all the expenditures. It may be said that this is true only where the money to be expended is of small amount; but this is not so. There are not a few wealthy business men, who have found in their wives the most capable and wise counsellors; and whoever has tried the experiment, even in a large and wealthy household, knows that a woman will make the allowance for family expenses go much further than a man could."

We may add that, in France, women assist their husbands, in their business, to a very much greater extent than here. The glove-maker's wife or daughters, the linen-draper's, the ordinary shopkeeper's, invariably help at the counter and keep the books of the establishment. Even in more costly warehouses women do most of the work. Avenues are thus opened for them, which, in that country at least, go far toward solving the woman question. Everybody, in France, admits in consequence that the women are as good at business as the men. Mr. Bryant does not, however, stop here. He defends women from the charge of extravagance. "As a rule," he justly observes, "men spend far more money on luxuries than women. If any man thinks his wife extravagant or careless in money matters, we advise him to divide his income with her, give her a bank account, and let her manage her household affairs, he giving advice when asked. He will presently discover in his wife an amount of tact, care, judgment, forethought and skill in management which will greatly increase his admiration of her, and the exercise of which qualifies, in an independent way, will make her life happier, and largely increase her usefulness as a member of society, and the educator of her children."

We have only a single word of advice to add to this. If any young, unmarried man, who needs a good business manager to help him save money, should peruse this article, let him at once go and secure a sensible wife. His fortune will then be made.

A LEADING PARIS newspaper is very indignant because so many American girls are invited to the court-balls. "In these democratic days," it says, angrily, "the daughters of the Yankees tread with plebeian feet the royal stairs of the Tuilleries, while noble descendants of high barons and ancient knights are forced to hide their despoiled nobility in some ruined manor." This looks very much like a bit of feminine spite, dictated by an impoverished and decayed aristocracy.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Shepardville (Mich.) Advance, speaking of this Magazine, says:—"We consider it the cheapest and best of all the monthlies. It is a dollar less than magazines of its class."

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS can secure the magnificent premium plate, for 1871, by remitting one dollar extra.

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A WRITER IN ONE of the newspapers says that "the health of American women is suffering seriously from their foolish fashions of dress, and that there is no hope that they can ever accomplish much till a radical reform is effected." We do wish old bachelors, like this writer, would leave the dress of women alone. They simply know nothing about it. Women have dressed, for thousands of years, substantially as they dress now: that is, with a flowing skirt to give grace to the figure; with a corset of some kind to keep the weight of the skirt off the loins; with a girdle, or belt, around the waist; and with bodices, high or low, according to the occasion; and they will dress so, to the end of time, because it is in the fitness of things that they should. The same fitness has maintained the custom throughout nearly all climes and all ages. The fashion of the particular garments varies with every generation; but this is a mere matter of taste; and we respectfully suggest that old bachelors, whether in pantaloons or petticoats, know nothing of the subject.

STRAIGHT SCARFS are made for all dresses of transparent material, such as Swiss muslins, grenadines, etc., etc. The fashion, however, is still exceptional, and almost entirely confined to Paris. The arrangement of the scarf is, indeed, a little theatrical. A few plaits are made on the upper edge of the scarf in the middle of the back; the scarf is then laid on the high bodice, and is fastened with a pin on each shoulder, after which it is crossed in front, and knotted behind about half-down the skirt of the dress, looping up the latter a little, so as to make it bouffant. Some knot it higher, and others again tie it under the left arm instead of behind. The war, we may add, seems to have made no difference in the extravagance of the Parisian modistes.

IN REMITTING for "Peterson's Magazine," a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of Charles J. Peterson, is preferable to bank-notes, since, should the post-office order or draft be stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. When neither a post-office order or draft can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. If none of these can be had, remit in "greenbacks," at our risk.

THE PRICE of the magnificent premium plate for 1871, to persons not subscribers to "Peterson," will be two dollars. As the engraving is copy-righted, it can be had of nobody but the publisher. To subscribers, whether singly, or in clubs, it is put much lower. See our offers elsewhere!

BEGIN AT ONCE to get up clubs for 1871. Every year we receive letters, saying that a larger club could have been got up, if the writer had begun earlier. We will always send a specimen, *gratis*, (if written for,) to be used in getting up a club.

CELERY IS A SOVEREIGN SPECIFIC against nervousness. A daily, moderate use of celery, as a salad, at meals, will not only cure nervousness, but arrest palpitation of the heart. When celery cannot be had, onions make a good substitute.

NO RIVAL IN ITS STORIES.—The Gloucester (C. H.) Herald says:—"Peterson's Magazine gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other. It has no rivals in its stories."

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of this Magazine for 1871, and also a copy of our magnificent premium plate, "Washington at Trenton."

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—Our premium engraving for 1871 will be something unprecedented in the magazine world. Not only has it been engraved expressly for us, but it has been engraved from an original picture, painted by the well-known artist, Edward L. Henry, for the publisher of this Magazine. The subject is "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." The point of time chosen is when the attack began. Few incidents of American history have been illustrated with so much spirit. All the accessories and details are accurate. It is the gray of the morning, the sleet is falling, the wind wails through the bare trees. The Hessians, taken by surprise, are rushing from the houses, and while some unlimber the guns, others try to make a stand with muskets. But the brave Continentals are too quick for them. They are seen, almost at a run, following close after the American artillery, while Washington points forward and gives the word of command. History tells the rest. The Hessians fired one piece, tried to form, broke, ran—and the victory was won. Every family, in the United States, ought to have this engraving. A copy can be secured gratis by getting up a club for "Peterson." Our Prospectus for 1871, with its extraordinary inducements, will appear in full on the cover of the November number; but, meantime, secure as many subscribers as possible, before canvassers for other periodicals go around. You need not hesitate to assure your friends that nowhere else will they get as much for their money. Everybody should take "Peterson," no matter what other magazine they take.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Free Russia. By William Hepworth Dixon. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very entertaining book, written by William Hepworth Dixon, formerly editor of the "London Athenæum," and author of a work on the United States, written in 1866, and entitled "Free America." The Russian journals complain that there are many and serious errors in the work; and we think this is quite probable, for the book on America had more than one vital blander. It is, in fact, impossible for a traveler, rushing hastily through a country, as is the fashion in these days of railroads, not to make occasional mistakes. The wonder is, on the contrary, that books of travel are so fair on the whole. We can commend this work, in spite of a few short-comings, as a substantially reliable account of Russia. It is written in a lively style, and is full of anecdote and spirited descriptions.

Dallas Galbraith. By Mrs. R. Harding Davis. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The highest compliment that can be paid to an American author is to say that his or her book has gone to a second edition. "Dallas Galbraith," we believe, has passed through four or five editions, the last one of which is before us. When this novel first appeared, we spoke of it as not only the master-piece of its author, but also as one of the most powerful fictions ever written in this country. Now that we have read the story again, we reaffirm our verdict, and with even more positiveness and certainty. The volume is handsomely printed, as are all the books of this firm.

Why Did He Marry Her? By Eliza A. Dupuy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A third edition of this popular love-story. Miss Dupuy has written also, "The Warning Voice," "Was He Guilty?" and other readable novels.

The Quaker Partisan. By the author of "The Scout." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A story of the American War of Independence. The book is neatly printed and illustrated.

Forgiven At Last. By Jeanette R. Haderman. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The scene of this novel lies in Louisiana. The author seems to be a new hand at story-telling.

Life of Charles Dickens. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This book has had a most extraordinary run. Dr. Mackenzie, the author, has qualifications for such a memoir, which no other man possesses. He is without a rival in anecdotes relating to literature and literary men of the past and present generation. He knew all about the career of Dickens, from the time the latter was a poor, struggling reporter, up to the hour he died, the greatest of English humorists. There has been no book published, lately, we believe, which has had such an extraordinary sale. Everybody ought to have the work. It is very handsomely printed.

Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—No living novelist has such mastery of his plots as Wilkie Collins. His fictions are the most wonderful bits of sensational mechanism, excelling in this respect even such works as "Foul Play," or "Put Yourself in His Place." The present story is, in some respects, the best Mr. Collins has ever written, though there is no one character as good as Count Fosco in "The Woman in White." If you wish for a novel that you cannot put down, after you have once taken it up, until you have reached the end, buy "Man and Wife."

The Feminine Soul. By Elizabeth Strutt. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Coates.—Mrs. Strutt, who is an Englishwoman, holds that there is a radical difference in the souls, as well as in the bodies of men and women. She leans to the conservative side of the vexed question of woman's rights. She contends that the sexes, nevertheless, are equal. They are different, indeed, she says, but neither is superior to the other. Woman's province, she holds, is love: man's province is wisdom. We think we have heard sentiments like these before.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Genesareth, etc. By J. Macgregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A book of extraordinary interest. The author voyaged, in a canoe, through Palestine, Egypt, and the waters of Damascus, a feat never performed before, and not likely soon to be undertaken again. The narrative is not only interesting for its descriptions of places and scenery, but for its incidents of personal adventure. The volume is full of illustrations.

Jealousy, or Teverino. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The heroine of this novel is a country girl, beautiful, virtuous, and singularly gifted: then there is the hero, Teverino, able to do anything, but deficient in perseverance; and in addition, a brace of other lovers, Leonce and Sabina. The book is a delightful one, full of the highest idealities.

Life, Letters, Lectures and Addresses of F. W. Robertson, M. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap, yet neat volume, of some eight hundred pages. The many admirers of this lamented divine, will find this the most desirable edition of his life, letters, lectures and addresses, yet published, or likely to be published.

John: A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mrs. Oliphant is a writer who gets better as she gets older. "John" is one of the most fascinating novels we have read for a long time, and superior, on the whole, even to Mrs. Oliphant's earlier fictions. It is unusually natural.

Maternity. A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers. By T. S. Ford, A. M., M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. B. Ford.—The author of this work is a physician of reputation. The book deals skillfully, yet delicately, with the perplexities of early married life, and will be invaluable, we should think, to young wives and mothers.

Kilmory. By William Black. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A curious novel, as novels go, but full of genius. It is decidedly the best work of its author.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—The newspaper press is unanimous in saying that "Peterson's Magazine" is the best and cheapest of the lady's book. In every one of the requisites, that go to make a good magazine for the sex, it is pronounced unrivaled. Says the Andover (N. Y.) Advertiser:—"It contains the best reading matter of any magazine of the kind. Its engravings are rich, and its fashion-plates are superb." The Greenville (O.) Journal says:—"Superb in embellishments and literature. It is a mystery how the publisher can afford to publish such a Magazine for the price." Says the New Iberia (La.) Times:—"Undoubtedly the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine." Says the Sank Rapids (Minn.) Sentinel:—"It costs but two dollars a year, and has information worth a dozen dollars." Says the Otago (N. Y.) Record:—"The fashion-plates are superb: the latest and most reliable." The Bethlehem (Pa.) Conservative says:—"The steel engraving is a gem of art: alone worth the subscription price." The Burlington, (N. J.) Enterprise says:—"No magazine is more universally read or admired: its long and well-deserved reputation is the best possible guarantee for the future." The Hopkinsville (Ky.) Conservative says:—"The best and cheapest fashion-book of the age." The East (Pa.) Independent says:—"The stories are always of the highest order, being written by the best authors of the day." We have hundreds of similar notices.

CHEAP LUXURIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—Opportunity, at the time when the cost of living is enormous, a new article appears in the market, affording an unprecedented amount of delicious and wholesome aliment, almost for a song. We refer to the patent SEA-MOSS FARINE, which is now, by virtue of its extraordinary cheapness, taking the place of all the gelatinous articles of food manufactured from maize and grain. The raw material of this nutritious and fattening agent is the free gift of nature: a marine moss growing in prodigious quantities on the Irish Coast, and known as Carrageen. Cleansed, desiccated, concentrated and reduced to powder by a patent process, this wonderful plant yields a larger quantity of pure, palatable aliment in proportion to its weight, than any substance produced from the great agricultural staples. Artistic cooks pronounce it the finest article for Custards, Puddings, Creams, Soups, Sauces, etc., that has yet been discovered, and the SEA-MOSS FARINE Co., of New York, who own the patent, find it all they can do to keep pace with the demands for the new staff of life.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS, written by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is altogether the most desirable biography of the great novelist yet published, or that is likely to be published. It is full of anecdotes and reminiscences. It gives such a graphic, life-like idea of Dickens, that the reader, after perusing it, seems to have personally known the author of "Pickwick," to have walked with him, talked with him, dined with him, and even been at Gad's Hill, where he lived. No book has been published, for many years, which ought to have so large a sale. It comes, just at the right time, to supply a great popular want. By all means, buy and read it.

THE RAPID AND UNIVERSAL POPULARITY OF COLGATE & Co.'s TOILET SOAP, is simply due to their excellence. They are conscientiously made of the best and purest materials, and are always what they pretend to be. Ladies are so often cheated in purchasing, that when they find one thing they can rely upon they stick to it.

A LIMITED NUMBER of suitable advertisements will be inserted in "Peterson's Magazine," which is the best medium for advertising in the United States, for it has a larger circulation than any other monthly periodical, going to every town, village, and cross-roads. Address the publisher for terms, etc.

FASHIONABLE INITIAL NOTE PAPERS AND ENVELOPES.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass., will send a handsome box containing assorted sizes of Fashionable Initial Note Papers, with Envelopes to match, post-paid, to any address on the receipt of one dollar. Each box will contain as much paper and as many envelopes as its price will buy at any fashionable establishment. This will be a great convenience to ladies who reside away from the fashionable centers, as by sending to Messrs. T. & Co., they will be able to get the latest styles of paper and envelopes, stamped with any initial desired, at the same price they would pay if they visited the store. Send a dollar for a sample box, and ask for Club terms.

SARAH E. EMSWILER says:—"I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine for years, and it has never been a day out of repair; have sewed the finest cambric and the heaviest over-coating; have used one needle over three years, and, indeed, never broke but one out of the original dozen that I got with the machine, and that was my fault. 'Wheeler & Wilson' are our politics for the ladies."

AMUSEMENTS WITH NUMBERS

TO TELL THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF BY A PERSON.—Desire the person to triple the number, and to take half that number, if the result is even, the greater half, if odd. Then desire him to triple the half, and then ask how many times it contains nine. The number thought of, if even, will contain twice as many units as it does nines, and one more if it be odd. *Example.*—Say the number thought of was 5; its triple will be 15. The greater half of 15 is 8; if this half is tripled we shall have 24, which contains 12 twice. The number thought of will be twice 2, plus 1—that is to say, 5. This is the way I was taught the amusement; but I prefer, as it conceals the method better, to tell the person to think of an odd number, and to multiply it by three, and then add one to it and to divide by two, and then to proceed as before. *Another Way to Tell a Number Thought of.*—Tell the person to multiply the number thought of by itself, and to remember the result. Then, as a separate operation, tell him to add one to the number thought of, and to multiply that by itself. Then ask him to subtract the first number multiplied by itself from the second. The difference will be an odd number, and the lesser half of it will be the number thought of. *Example.*—Let the number thought of be 10; this multiplied by itself gives 100. For the second operation add 1 to 10, making 11, and multiply 11 by itself; this gives 121. The difference of these two is 21, the lesser half is 10, the number thought of. The trick may be varied by diminishing the number by unity, and then multiplying. In this case the number thought of will be the greater half of the two numbers after the multiplication. *Example.*—Take 10 again; multiply by itself, it gives 100; diminished by 1 and multiplied, it gives 81. The difference is 19, the greater half of which is 10. *Another Method of Telling a Number Thought of.*—Desire the person to triple the number, and add 1 to the product, and then to multiply the sum by 3 again; then bid him add to the product the number thought of. The result will be a sum from which, if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be ten times the number thought of. If the last figure (a cypher) is cut off from the remainder, the other figure will indicate the number sought. *Example.*—Let the number thought of be 6: the triple is 18; 1 added is 19; the triple of 19 is 57. If 6 be added, it will make 63; from this, if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be 60. Now if the cypher on the right be cut off, the remaining figure will be 6, the number required. This trick may be varied in many ways. Thus, after the last operation, you may say, add 21. "The last figure," you may then say, "is a 4. Tell the result." You privately subtract 2 from the first figure, and will be able to announce that 6 was the number thought of.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Imitation of Mock-Turtle Soup.—Put into a pan a knuckle of veal, two calves' feet, two onions, a few cloves, peppers, allspice, mace, and sweet herbs; cover them with water, then tie a thick paper over the pan, and set it in an oven for three hours. When cold, take off the fat very nicely, cut the meat and feet into bits an inch and a half square; remove the bones and coarse parts, and then put the rest on to warm, with a large spoonful of walnut, and one of mushroom catchup, half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, and the jelly of the meat. When hot, if it requires any further seasoning, add some, and serve with hard eggs, forcemeat-balls, and a squeeze of lemon. This is a very easy way, and the soup is excellent.

Nourishing Soup for Invalids.—Boil two pounds lean veal, and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, in a quart of water, very slowly, until it becomes of the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery-seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery if in season. A very small quantity of the seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

Cauliflower-Soup.—Cauliflower and butter. Peel the cauliflowers, and put them in boiling water. When they are perfectly soft, strain the water off, and put them in the sauce-pan again, with some butter. Moisten them with water or beef-broth, and finish cooking them. Put some slices of fried bread in the soup, and let the whole boil gently until it is thick, then serve.

Onde Soup.—Ingredients: White beans, beef-broth, parsley, and butter. If there be any beans left from the previous day's dinner, pound them up, and make a paste with them, adding some beef-broth, butter, and parsley, and then pour it over some fried crusts of bread.

MEATS, POULTRY, ETC.

Duck and Turnips.—The duck being drawn, truss it like a fowl; fry it in butter until nicely browned, then take it out of the sauce-pan, and replace it by turnips cut in equal slices; when the turnips begin to color, powder them with a spoonful of sifted-sugar; stir constantly, and when of a proper brown, take them out as you did the duck. In the same butter, and in the same sauce-pan, put some flour, and let it brown also; then mix it with water, or, still better, some broth; season it with salt, pepper, and pot-herbs, and at the first simmer put back the duck. When it is half-cooked, add the turnips, and let it finish slowly: take out the pot-herbs, untie the duck, surround it with turnips, skim the gravy, cover it therewith, and serve.

Beef for Pies.—The neck of beef makes capital pies or stews. Purchase four or five pounds, put into a digester to stew gently until tender, then take it out and make into pies; by this method you have first-rate stock for soup, as well as your pie or stew. The ox-cheek also makes a very good pie for the breakfast-table, or for a kitchen-dinner. It must be well washed, then gently stewed. When quite tender, take all the meat from the bones, cut off the white skin on the inside of the mouth, the rest cut into small pieces; add bacon, and, if liked, two or three hard-boiled eggs, and season with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of Worcester or Metropolitan sauce.

Hung Beef.—Make a strong brine with bay-salt, saltpetre, and pump-water. Place in it a piece of ribs of beef, and let it lie for nine days. Then hang it in a chimney, in the smoke of wood or saw-dust. When it is nearly dry, wash the outside with bullock's blood, and when this is dry, boil it, and serve it with vegetables.

Guinea-Fowls.—These birds must be very young, for, being naturally dry, they are not eatable if more than twelve months old; they are generally larded, and served plain roasted, rather well done; they are trussed, like the common fowl, and require nearly three-quarters of an hour to roast. It has very much the flavor of the pheasant, and should be allowed to hang as long as it can without being too far gone. Serve with a rich, brown gravy, and bread sauce; it will take from forty-five to fifty minutes.

Hash.—Chop the meat fine; put over the fire in a pan some sliced mushrooms, parsley, and scallion, moistening either with soup-stock or with drippings and water. When the mushrooms are cooked, just before serving, add the hash; season it highly; let it warm without boiling, and arrange it on a dish in the shape of a dome. If you have not meat enough, you can make the dish go further by adding poached eggs.

VEGETABLES.

Mushrooms a la Creme.—Trim and rub half a pint of button mushrooms, dissolve two ounces of butter rolled in flour in a stew-pan; then put in the mushrooms, a bunch of parsley, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and of powdered sugar, shake the pan round for ten minutes, then beat up the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of cream, and add by degrees to the mushrooms; in two or three minutes you can serve them in the sauce.

Mushrooms on Toast.—Put a pint of mushrooms into a stew-pan, with two ounces of butter rolled in flour; add a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, a blade of mace, powdered, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon; stew till the butter is all absorbed, then add as much white roux as will moisten the mushrooms; fry a slice of bread in butter, to fit the dish, and as soon as the mushrooms are tender serve them on the toast.

To Sew Mushrooms.—Trim and rub clean half a pint of large button mushrooms; put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, shake it over the fire till thoroughly melted; put in the mushrooms, a teaspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, and a blade of mace pounded; stew till the mushrooms are tender, then serve them on a hot dish. They are usually sent in as a breakfast-dish, thus prepared in butter.

Preserving Eggs.—In order to keep well they must be perfectly fresh when packed. Take a stone pot which will hold from two to three gallons; pack the eggs close—sharp end down; take unslaked lime, one pint, salt, one pint; dissolve in sufficient water to cover the eggs. When cold, pour over. Be sure that the eggs do not float. They will keep all the year.

To Keep Horseradish.—To have horseradish in keeping, grate a sufficient quantity during the season, put it in bottles, fill up with strong vinegar, cork them tight, and set them in a cool place.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—made rather long, and worn over a plain black silk petticoat; the green skirt has one deep flounce scalloped at the bottom, and trimmed with a heading of scallops on each side, and put on with a bias band of black silk. Black silk tunic, open in front, and very much puffed; basque of black silk, very much pointed back and front, and trimmed with deep black lace. This basque is open in front over the green, high waist, and has close coat-sleeves, trimmed with lace. Black velvet bonnet, with green plumes.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF CORN-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is perfectly plain; over it is worn a very thin white muslin over-skirt, open at the sides to the waist; this skirt is trimmed with white blond, and is quite long in front; at the back it is looped up with a large bow and ends of the silk. Low silk waist, with a white over-waist, trimmed with blond. Wreath of violets on the head.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF PURPLE POPLIN.—The skirt has one deep flounce put on in full plaits; this is headed by a plaiting of the poplin, put on above a band of black velvet, having a bias band of the poplin on each side; tunic of the poplin, open and short in front, cut up at the sides, deep at the back, and trimmed with a plaiting of the poplin. Waistband of black velvet, with bows and ends composed of black velvet and poplin. The body opens in front, and has a collar of black velvet.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED CREPE.—The skirt is long and quite plain; a broad scarf of crepe, trimmed with fringe at the ends, passes around the waist, crosses on the right hip, and is tied in a large bow low down on the left side; the waist is plain and open in front, trimmed with fringe, and is worn over a white chemisette, with a lace ruffle. Rather long and close sleeves.

FIG. V.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY PONGEE.—The skirt is cut in deep scallops at the bottom and bound with black, but has no other trimming; the small apron-shaped upper-skirt it scalloped in the same way, and has a ruffle of deep black lace set under the edge, and is tied in a large bow at the back. Close, high waist, worn under a round jacket, trimmed like the upper-skirt. Bow of poppy-colored ribbon in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle of the same plaited very full, and has a small heading; the upper-skirt is very short and opens at the back; this, with the coat-shaped palotot, which has wide sleeves, is trimmed with a plaiting like that on the skirt. Ruffles put on in these plaits should be made three times as full as the article on which they are placed.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY DELAIN, SPOTTED WITH LILAC.—The under-skirt has one deep ruffle, put on with slight fullness; the short upper-skirt, which is longer at the back than in front, is trimmed with a narrow ruffle, and but slightly gathered up at the sides and at the back. Black silk palotot, slashed at the back and under the arms, and trimmed with a bias band of the silk, headed with a narrow gimp, and edged with a twisted silk fringe. Wide sleeves, cut in a point.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Cashmere and very fine merino will be more worn this season than usual. The petticoats are usually of silk, either black or of the color of the dress, and the upper-skirt and jacket, or tunic, are of cashmere. One of the very prettiest of these autumn costumes that we have seen is of a rich brown; the petticoat is of silk, and has six narrow, pinked flounces on the skirt, put on two together; the upper-skirt is about three-quarters of a yard deep in front, and slopes off to about a yard in depth behind; this skirt is trimmed all around with a brown silk fringe, and is drawn back and looped up on each side near the back. The waist is high, with coat-sleeves, and is cut with small, square basques back and front. Over this is worn, out-of-doors, if needed, the loose casaque, which has very wide and large flowing sleeves, and is slashed up at the sides and the back; this casaque is trimmed with a brown fringe and a full quilting of the brown silk pinked. This costume has just been imported, and comes from one of the most celebrated French houses; nothing can be simpler and yet more stylish. Black maroon, violet, dark-gray, or dark-blue, would look equally well, whether worn over a petticoat of their own color, or over black.

SHORT DRESSES are still as popular as ever; but we are sorry to say that they are now made to touch the ground, and, as they are trimmed beyond the knee, they are cut narrower than in the spring. The full trimming looks rich and elegant, but the length of the skirt makes it less tidy than when worn an inch or so shorter. Ladies, however, willingly rid themselves of the train, and it is only exceptionally that it is seen now, even for great ceremonies in the day-time. In the evening, they are the indispensable

adjunct of dressy toilets, although round dresses are already made sometimes. All that depends upon taste. The *grande dame* wears the train with ease, and will always prefer it to the short dress, but it requires much practice, and a natural grace which cannot be taught, to look well with the court train.

We must say, however, that brides' dresses are always made train-shaped, the bride not going out on foot, may let her dress trail without any uneasiness on that account. So also, the bridesmaids, if they choose, wear either the long or short dress.

THE only thing which cannot be tolerated, is the train-shaped dress in the street, whether it trail in the dust, or whether it be gathered up in a heap, it will always appear ungainly. It looks lady-like only when it can be spread out at ease upon a carpet without any dread of stain or dust.

LUXURY could not well increase in female toilets; for some years past it has been making too rapid progress, but it seems that it is spreading more and more, and each day becomes more absorbing.

MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS, formerly confined to evening toilets, now appear in full daylight. Even the simplest costumes, that is, those which, by their material, pretend to be no more than demi-toilet, have most elaborate patterns and trimmings. Velvet ribbon is profusely used for trimmings on all materials, and one of the newest styles of making deep flounces, is to place perpendicular bands of velvet ribbon of any width that suits the taste (it should not be less than one inch in width, however,) between the plaitings of the flounces. A very little gold is sometimes used on black trimmings, but it is not in good style to use it too lavishly. Fringes are very much used, and nothing can be prettier than the little narrow moss-fringe, which is so soft, and can either be used alone, or as the heading of a longer fringe. Among the new shades are the olives, chestnuts, maroons, prunes, various wine-colors, blues, grays, etc., too numerous to mention.

BONNETS are really beginning to be bonnets, with fronts, crowns, and capes; and though, perhaps, they may not be as becoming as the tufts of lace, flowers and feathers, so long worn and known by that name, yet they have the female mind of novelty, and in some instances are very comely-looking. Of one thing the milliners will be glad, they cannot be easily made by *amateur* fingers.

MAINTLES, CASAQUES, AND PALETOTS, are made either half loose or tight, as suits the figure of the wearer.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF GRAY KITSBYMERE.—The trousers are short and loose; the coat is belted at the waist, and made with a rolling collar; gray felt hat.

FIG. II.—INFANT'S DRESS OF WHITE NANSOOK, trimmed down the front and at the sides with ruffles of Nansook, edged with narrow Valenciennes; the ruffles are fastened at either side with bows of white ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The green cashmere skirt is made to fall in very full plaits; the over-dress is of black and green plaid cashmere, looped up at the sides, and trimmed with fringe; the waist is low, has a small berthe and pointed basques below the waist; white muslin under-body, with long sleeves.

FIG. IV.—PONGEE DRESS OF LIGHT-BROWN, for a YECCE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles, not made very full, and headed by two rows of brown velvet; the tunic slopes away from the front, is quite deep at the back, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt; at the sides are panniers, looped back with a bow of brown velvet. Round waist, open in front with *revete*, ornamented like the skirt. Long coat-sleeves, rather loose at the hand. Hat of light-brown straw, trimmed with field daisies and brown ribbon.

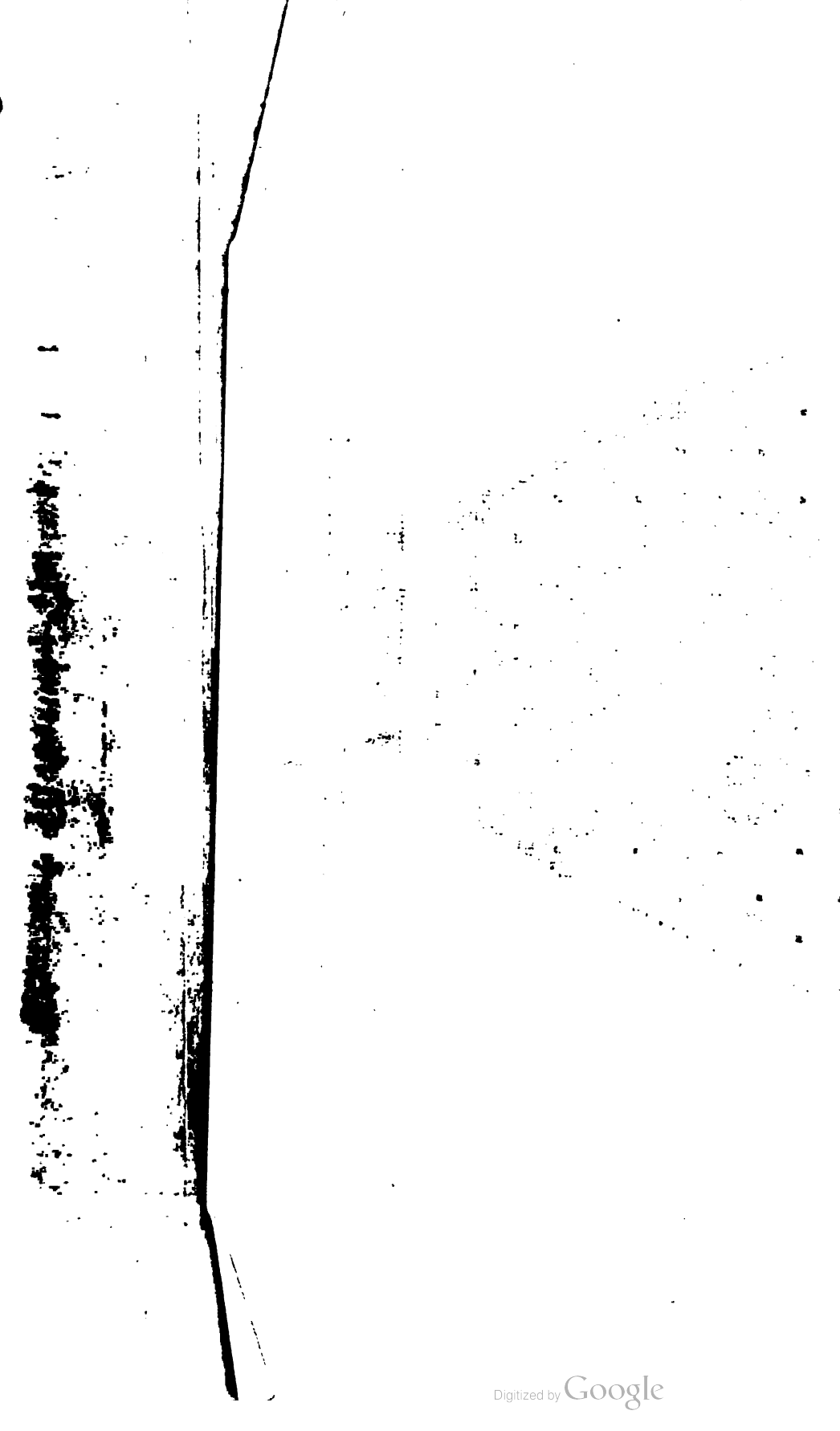


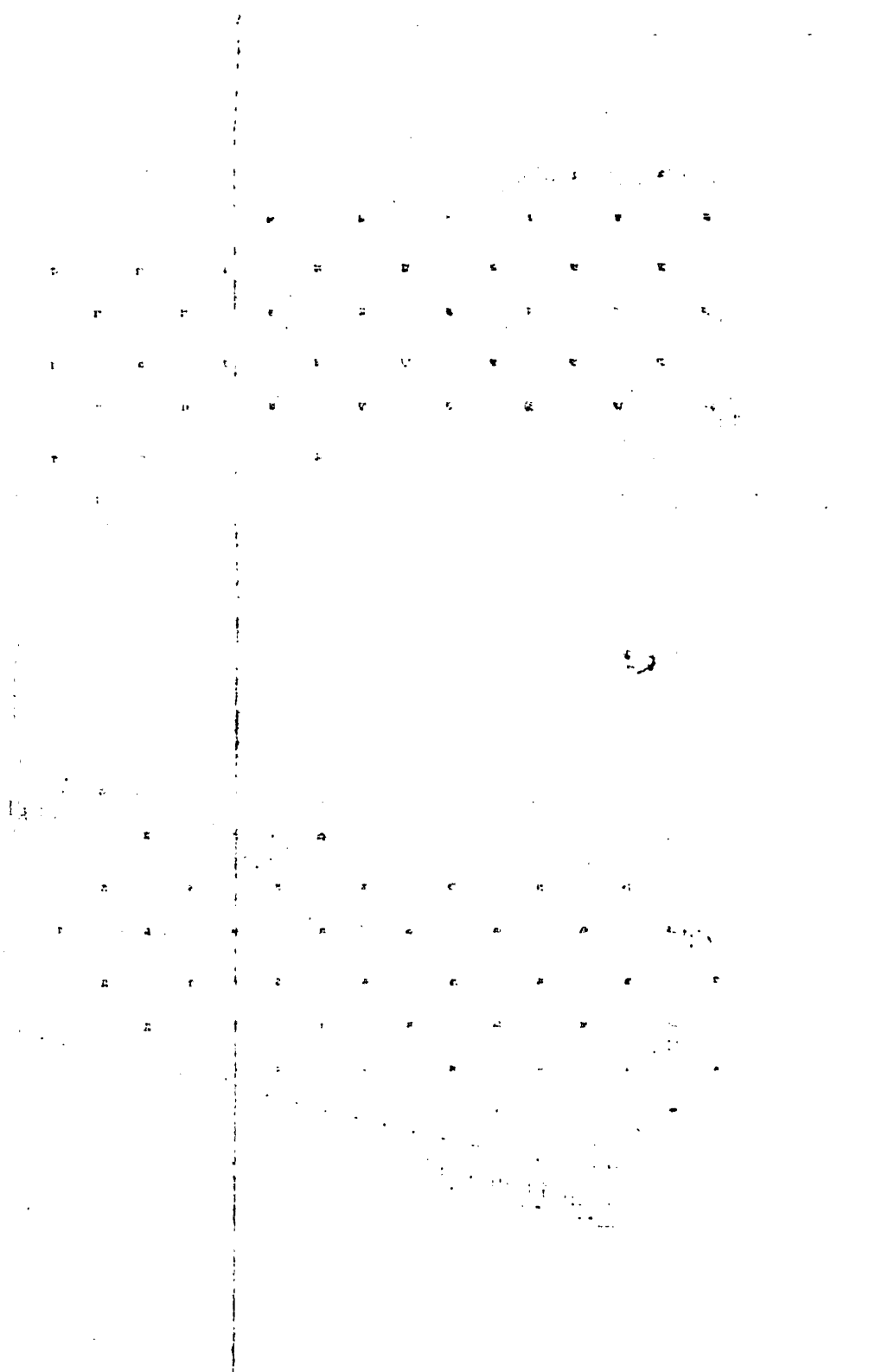
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Engraved & printed by John Lubbock.

FAR FROM HOME.

Engraved expressly for the purpose of illustrating the story.



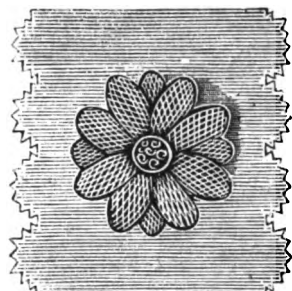




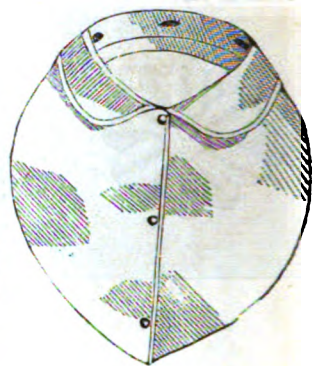
THANKSGIVING-EVE. THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.



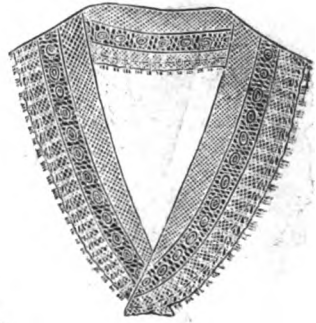
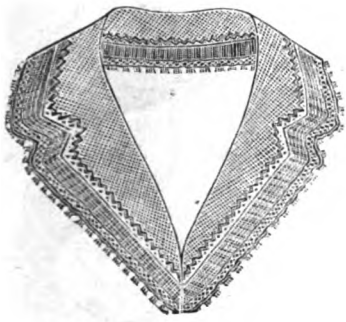
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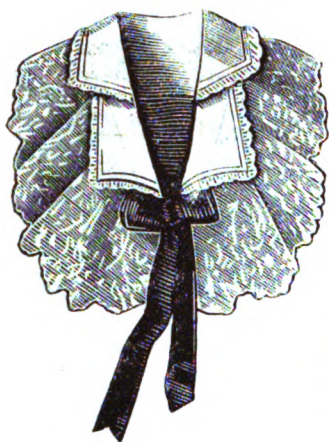
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER: JACKET WITH EMBROIDERY.



WALKING-DRESS. CRAVAT AND CHEMISETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.



HIGH BODICE, WITH POSTILLION BASQUE. (SEE DIAGRAM ALSO.) COLLARETS.



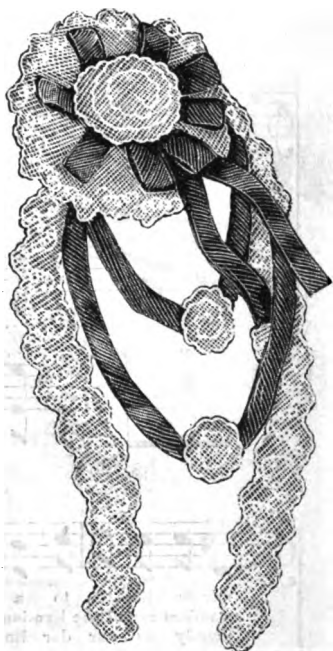
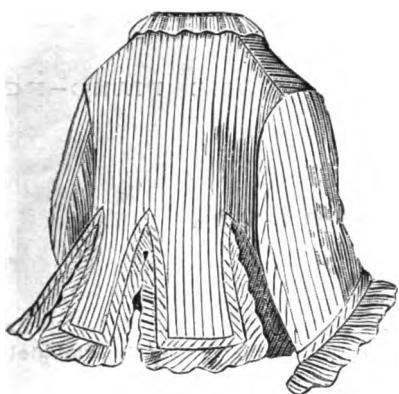
HOUSE-DRESS. COLLAR. SLEEVE WITH RUFFLES.



WALKING-DRESS. SLEEVE WITH UNDER-SLEEVE. INFANT'S DRESS.



NEW STYLE HAT. CAP. FALL OR WINTER CLOAK.



JACKETS OF CASHMERE. WHITE BODY AND TUNIC. ROSETTE CAP.

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By R. Coote.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

PIANO. *f*

1. Don't talk to me of pretty maids, Of handsomeladies, don't! I'll
2. She's but a lit - tle one indeed, With neat and ti - ny feet, And
3. We sometimes think in all the world There's none so fair as she— So

nev - er lis - ten to a word, I won't, no that I won't! There's not a beau - ty
wanders round the live-long day With songs di - vine - ly sweet; She dan - ces like a
love - ly as our dar - ling Nell—As sweet as she can be; But ev' - ry moth - er

cres. *f* *p*

BEAUTIFUL NELL.

in the land To match my pret - ty Belle: I'll tell you all a - bout her now, My
 fai - ry child Up - on the gras - sy lawn, And slum - bers like an an - gel babe From
 seems to think, And so its ve - ry well, Her lit - tle dar - ling's just as sweet As

cres.

TEMPO DI VALSE.

dar - ling lit - tle Nell. Beau - ti - ful child with beau - ti - ful eyes,
 sun - set till the dawn.
 we do pretty Nell.

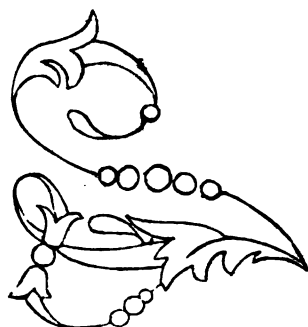
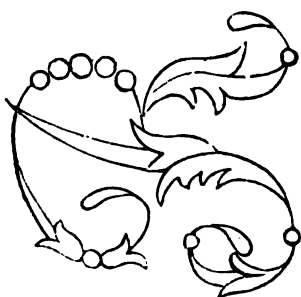
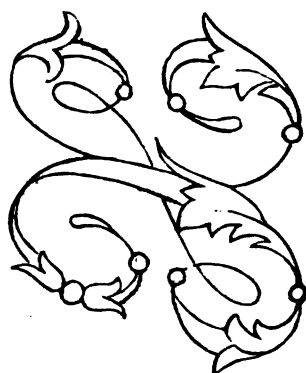
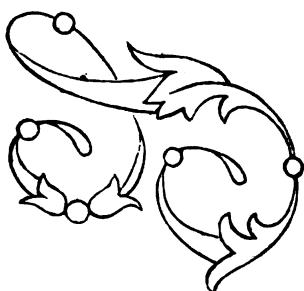
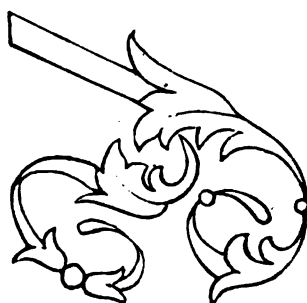
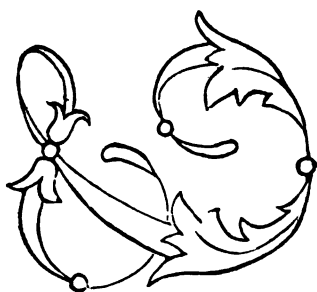
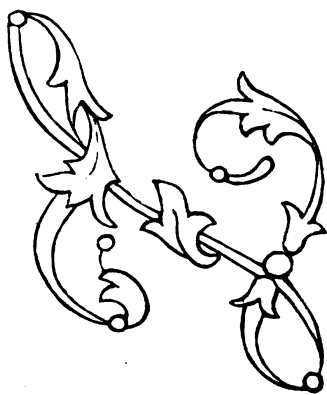
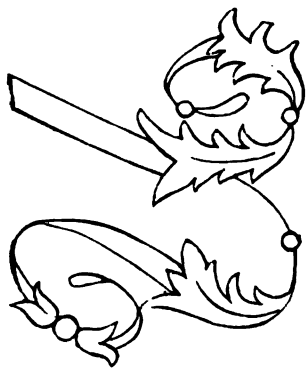
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Bright as the morn - ing and blue as the skies; Beau - ti - ful teeth and

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dim - ples as well, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Nell.

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ALPHABET FOR MARKING TABLE LINEN, ETC. (CONCLUDED.)

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

FAR FROM HOME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THEY had been up to Trinita di Monti to listen to the nuns singing, and Gary Willoughby managed very artfully, as he thought, to lose the rest of the party, and have Miriam Vaughn to himself on the way home. But speedy punishment for his deceitful works overtook him in the form of one of Miriam's numerous caprices, the name of which was at all times legion.

She declared that they must go down the hundred stone steps of famous memory, and so reach the Piazza di Spagna. Expostulation was useless, therefore Gary submitted. But he did lift up his voice in smothered wrath when Miriam stopped midway in the descent, and informed him that, in spite of history and newspaper writers, she did not believe, never had believed, and never would believe there were a hundred steps, unless he counted them in her presence then and there. Down she sat on the stones, regardless of her velvet walking-dress, and the stares of a party of decorous English, and announced her intention of not stirring from the spot until her wish was gratified. She looked so handsome in her wickedness, that though Willoughby felt more angry with her than he had ever done in his life, furious as she had many times made him, he was conscious of an insane desire to smother her with kisses without mercy or space for repentance.

She was not a fairy of a creature to whom such tricks would have seemed natural; she was rather a stately-looking damsel, and, I am happy to say, she did not possess blonde hair; nor was it bronze, nor did it even have red reflections on it; glossy, luxuriant, and very dark chestnut, one could admire it without being reminded of golden dyes, or poisonous acids, or anything else disagreeable.

Gary was fearfully in love, but he could not quite forget that he was past thirty, nor con-

sent willingly to make a spectacle of himself by marching up the steps, then down, and counting the numbers in a loud voice for a bevy of insular wanderers to stare at.

"Are you going?" asked Miss Vaughn.

He began to expostulate.

"Never mind all that," said she. "I want a plain answer to a plain question."

He urged her to go home; he told her they should make a paragraph in some scribbler's letter; he pouted—he ill-treated his mustache; she only said,

"To go or not to go? Don't stand here growling at me—people will think we are married. I'd rather be a paragraph in a newspaper!"

This avowal made him look so reproachful and hurt, as it might any man whose betrothed uttered a sentiment so atrocious, that she burst out laughing; then he waxed angry again, and muttered something about "reaching limits, and unpardonable arrogance, and the like."

"Do you mean to go?" she asked, her voice grown ominously quiet. "You can quarrel with me after at your leisure, when you get your breath back."

"But, Miriam——"

"It is time for me to be at home," she interrupted. "Once more—are you going? It may be a little thing, it may be a silly one, but I have chosen it as a test. We have quarreled more than enough lately."

He gave one last pull at his mustache, cast upon her what the novels would call "a stony glare," and set his foot on the step above the one where she was seated.

"You are to count," said she, "from here to the top; then begin from where I am, and count to the bottom."

"One!" groaned Willoughby, looking back at the Britishers, who were still staring; but there were four tall women and one gray-

haired fat man—no chance of knocking anybody down.

"Have you started?" demanded Miss Vaughn.

"Didn't I shout—one?" retorted he.

"Oh, you did! Then two comes next."

"Two," repeated her victim; "three," and pushed his long legs up another step. "Four—five."

"Gary," she called, in the most amiable tone; he never turned his head. "Gary!"

"Nine—ten," howled Willoughby, two desperate now to heed lookers-on.

"Come back here this instant," commanded his tormentor; and back he went, and stood before her, wearing a more reproachful look than ever—and she rewarded him for his obedience by going into a hearty fit of laughter. "You weren't actually off?" she asked, as soon as she could speak. "You dear old boy—what a goose a man in love always is! Don't you know that's not the way to manage me? You ought to have gone straight home and left me to pout."

A very foolish little affair from first to last, which certainly ought to have made no serious difficulty between the pair; but you and I learned in the days when we made love, or were made love to, according to our sex, that the trifles most frequently caused real trouble, and more heartaches, were found in a bit of folly not worth noticing, than in all the grave causes for offence which we may have given or received.

Willoughby burst into fretful upbraiding. She stopped laughing, and went back to the sentence he muttered as he began climbing the steps.

"You said I had reached the furthest limit—be good enough to explain that remarkable speech."

He did not; but he rehearsed the story of her coquetties, of her caprices, of all the wrongs he had suffered at her hands during that Roman winter, in which they had been so happy, notwithstanding their troubles, and he made himself more angry by his eloquence, and roused her temper, too.

"Is that an epic?" she asked. "It certainly is as long as the story that tiresome old *Æneas* told Queen Dido—and I'm not in a mood for poetry."

"I believe you have no feeling whatever!" he exclaimed; "not a shadow."

"It is well you are finding it out in time," said she; and then for ten minutes they quarreled outrageously, getting so far away from the original cause of disagreement, and in such

a state of excitement, that neither could have remembered how the difficulty began.

They agreed about one thing at last—that there was no chance for happiness to either if their engagement continued, it was better that it should be broken; and by this time they were both in a white rage, so intense that it seemed composure to themselves and to each other. I have told this lightly, and yet it gives one a heartache to write such things; they hold a warning lesson, too, if only the young could be made to see it.

"This was what you wanted," Willoughby said. "You never meant to marry me any more than you did the dupes before me—you are utterly without heart or conscience! I suppose, American woman like, you want to sell yourself for a foreign coronet."

"What I may mean, or want, cannot concern you now," Miriam answered. "It is plain that you ought not to marry me; you need for a wife some baby or slave, who will have no will but yours—go find her! Educate an orphan; teach her to look up to you and say with Eve, 'My author and disposer,' that would suit you exactly."

"Many thanks for the counsel," said he; "I'll not forget it! I see no other hope for me. At least, a girl young enough and humbly enough born not to be spoiled from her cradle, might be kept from the influences that have turned you and the women of your time into what you are."

"I am going home now," Miss Vaughn observed. "Be good enough to give me your arm down the steps—we may as well keep up a pretence of decent breeding for the benefit of lookers-on."

Then they quarreled a little more, then they started down the precipitous descent, and though his ears rang, and his eyes were dizzy with pain, and he knew that the best dream of his life had come to an end, Gary found himself insanely bounting each step as he set his foot on it, and he wished impiously that they might fall headlong and reach destruction at the bottom.

But they gained the ill-paved square at length, and then, leaning against one of the great masses of masonry, they came upon two wandering minstrel-girls, who had paused to rest a little in their weary employment of earning bibbichi enough to buy food and shelter before evening.

Miriam caught sight of them first, and in the midst of her anger and preoccupation she could not help pausing to admire; the wistful,

mournful faces, perhaps, touched a deeper chord in her heart than they would at another time have done. The elder girl was holding her violin to her bosom, looking straight before her with an absent, far-off gaze, as if questioning the life which had been so gloomy and hard; and the child beside her, possibly accustomed to such moods, stood clinging silently to her dress, her head bowed, and her great eyes filled with a sorrowful wisdom that no child's eyes should have, fixed upon the pair who approached.

"There is your orphan," Miriam said, bitterly, to her companion. "Indeed, a pair—Fate has thrown a choice in your way."

"I shall accept the omen," he answered.

Miriam went up to the girls, and he followed.

"You look tired," she said, to the elder, in Italian.

The girl started nervously, and the little one answered in broken dialect,

"She is very tired, and I'm hungry."

"You are not Romans?" Miriam said.

"No, signora," returned the elder girl; "we are Savoyards."

"Grandmother died, and the kids died, and they drove us out of the cottage," explained the little one volubly.

"Never mind," the other whispered.

"But I do mind," Miriam said. "I want to hear."

She made them tell their little story; Willoughby stood by, wearing an indifferent manner, which roused her to fresh anger. A moment before she had been so softened that one kind word from him would have led her to attempt a reconciliation.

"I am doing this on your account," she said to him in English. "I want to help Fate in her efforts in your behalf."

"You are very good," he replied; "I can help myself. Will you go home now?"

"Thanks—I'll not trouble you! I see our carriage at the English stationers'. I'll leave you with your orphans."

"Then you mean this to be the end?" he said.

"As we agreed. I am glad—so are you."

"Very!" he exclaimed. "I'll make your cruel jest good. I will accept the care of these children, that I swear."

"And I am witness of the oath," she returned. "Good-morning, Mr. Willoughby, and good-by."

She walked rapidly away across the square. He did not offer to follow for an instant: when he did, she ordered him imperiously back.

"We are strangers," she said; "these attempts at civility are an intrusion."

So he stood still and watched her till she reached her carriage, saw her enter, saw her drive away, and knew that the end had come. No matter how it had been brought about, the dream was over; neither could ever pardon or forget; he was to try now what life would be without Miriam Vaughn.

He was roused from his troubled reflections by a pull at his coat. He looked down and saw the child with her wistful eyes raised to his face; the elder had already turned and was walking away.

"I'm so hungry," pleaded the child in her pretty, broken Italian. "Shall I sing for you?"

"Call your sister back," Willoughby said; and as she flew off in obedience, he thought, "I'll keep my word, at least so far as taking care of them is concerned—I believe it was meant."

The two girls returned; the child too full of her childish wants to think of anything else; but the elder looked fairly sullen, as if this nomadic life, with toil added, and worse yet, this depending on charity for sustenance, hurt her pride, and in her ignorant way she rebelled against the decrees of Fate as imperiously as a poet, or a ruined kaiser could do.

"I want you to come in an hour to the palazzo Fiano——"

"It's on the Corso," interrupted the child; but the elder girl put up her finger in sign for her to stop, though she did not move her eyes from Willoughby's face.

"You know where it is? You must ask for——" he had taken a card from his pocket, but hesitated, suddenly remembering that the words engraved would, probably, be hieroglyphics to them.

"I can read," the girl said, so haughtily that the tone reminded him of Miriam Vaughn.

"Then come and ask for me," he replied. "Don't fail, and—you must take this in the meantime."

The child was eagerly snatching the money he held out; but her sister pulled her back, saying,

"We haven't earned it. I didn't play—we'll not take it."

But Willoughby tossed the silver to the child and hurried off, recollecting only that he and Miriam were parted forever, and that his last hold on youth and its hopes had been wrenched away.

A week later, Gary Willoughby stood in sight of the pyramids, and watched the sun sink red

and burning into the mysterious silence of the desert beyond, and with a loathing "of love, and life, and all things," turned his face resolutely toward the East, striving always to leave memory, as he had hope, behind.

It was only a month after that, one morning when the American letters came in, Miriam Vaughn and her step-mother found that Fortune's wheel had taken a spiteful turn, and crushed them cruelly under its heaviest spokes. Their wealth had disappeared as suddenly as something enchanted, as treasures in this country have a trick of doing, and the first thing was to get back to America. That was Mrs. Vaughn's decision, that is, if her complaints, tears, counter-resolves, could be said to hold one, and as far as the weakly woman and her brood of fledglings were concerned, Miriam considered it best. For her own part, she had neither tears nor murmurs; she was not resigned, nor was she overwhelmed; she was ready to do battle with life and win her way. There would be enough for her step-mother to clothe and keep a roof over her children's heads—her relations must help about the rest. Miriam determined to remain in Europe for the present—to be a governess, if she could find a situation. Of course, Mrs. Vaughn went into hysterics, but Miriam brought her out, and proved that there was nobody to take care of her. Mrs. Vaughn's relatives naturally would not choose to support her, if she would allow them, and she had no kindred of her own, except the ill-conducted troop of half-brothers and sisters; unless it might be a wild slip of a midshipman, who called her cousin, but whom she had not seen since a school-boy.

Miriam's plans were quickly conceived and settled, the necessary letters written; and by the time Mrs. Vaughn was ready to start under the escort of some acquaintance on her homeward journey, Miriam was prepared to set forth in a different direction and begin her battle.

She was going back to Tuscany, so full of memories of girlish happiness and triumphs. Out on the hill-road that leads to Fiesole, in one of the pleasant villas scattered along it, lived an English lady, who had formerly been Miriam's governess. She had charge of some Russian prince's daughter, two or three English girls, and a few Italians; commanding outrageous prices, and able to live in comfort, and, better than all, she was a real woman, and Miriam could trust to her judgment and kindness.

Once more Miriam descended at the Florentine station, was put into a carriage, said fare-

well to her friends, drove down the Cassine road toward the beautiful city, and looked about, wondering that everything could have remained so unchanged, while her life had been desolated by such cruel tempests—it is so difficult for youth in its unconscious egotism to learn that a drop of water is of no consequence in the ocean!

She passed through the city, out of the gates, and was hurried away to her new home. I might make a sensational point here, I suppose, but it would be wasted—you know what she found when she reached Mrs. Osborne's villa. As the carriage stopped before the veranda, a child's merry laugh roused her. She glanced out; a little girl was playing with a dog, and near by, leaning against a pillar, and looking straight before her with an absent gaze, stood a girl of perhaps fifteen. Miriam and Gary Willoughby's charges had again met by one of those mysterious laws which we call chance, but which never fail, never vary from their course, remorselessly bringing us to the people whom we are to meet, bringing them to us, with the whole portion of trouble or pleasure they are to force into our lives.

Late that night, Mrs. Osborne and her new assistant sat talking together; and when everything connected with future arrangements had been completed, Mrs. Osborne began giving some account of her pupils, while Miriam listened in silence.

"But they are of slight consequence," Mrs. Osborne said, dismissing the Russian, the English girls, and the Italians, with brief comment.

"I have a real romance—I shall tell it to you."

Miriam looked less interested than a woman ought at such a promise; but Mrs. Osborne would not be discouraged.

"Last year I became well acquainted with a wealthy American gentleman, a Mr. Willoughby; young and handsome—you see I want to put in all the details that make my history like a novel! A few weeks since he wrote me from Rome, to say that he was starting for the East, telling me that he wished to place two Savoyard girls under my care. I was to educate them. In three years he should return; and I gathered that he meant to educate the elder for his wife, though she is not to know it. My dear, he offered me a small fortune. I telegraphed, 'Yes,' and on the pair came—the oddest wild creatures, but full of capabilities and promise, and prouder than Lucifer."

Miriam tried to say what was proper, but failed so signally, that to avoid an appearance of mystery she told her whole story, and it was agreed that Gary Willoughby was not to know she was there.

"These girls are to be your special charge," Mrs. Osborne said. "Their mother's name was Despard—a French woman. They are to be called so—Nina and Fanchon; and nobody but ourselves need know their history."

Miriam began her duties in a season of greater exigency than either she or Mrs. Osborne imagined, for before the morning dawned, little Fanchon was taken alarmingly ill. The child was removed the next day to a little house near the villa, lest the other pupils should be alarmed, though there was nothing contagious in her malady, and over her sick bed Miriam and Nina began their companionship.

In ten days the beautiful creature was carried away to the burying-ground, and Nina Despard went almost mad with the tumultuous grief which belongs to a nature like hers.

Miriam had taken upon herself a weary task, but she did not falter; and when at last the girl's struggles and despair ended in a serious illness, Miriam watched over her day and night, so that when Nina came back to life, she was ready to center upon her new friend all the passionate love which had been her sister's.

You will think that after presenting Miriam Vaughn to you in her wilfulness and pride, I am now turning her into perfection. No such thing. She was true to her character—just as full of faults as ever; but she was a strong, earnest woman at heart, and from the time destiny had forced exertion upon her, she had been eager for the fray, and never once thought of being cast down or helpless. Of course, in her conduct toward Nina, she had a feeling of martyrdom, such as women like. She would do her best by this girl; she would develop her mind and heart; and when the season of probation was ended, she would give her up to Gary Willoughby, and say, "I have done this—have I earned your forgiveness? Receive your wife at my hands, and be happy."

And for herself after? Oh, no matter! she had nothing left in the future. It was all arranged for her—duties like the present, a home with Mrs. Osborne, dreary spinsterhood, or, perhaps, death—if that would only come.

You can imagine how the days passed with her, grew into weeks, months, even years, with seasons of passive endurance, stubborn obstinacy, active rebellion—the whole dreary round

which we fight ever and over before we learn to accept existence on a higher plane, to bear this world's burdens because they are right—the very trials needed for the growth of our souls.

Outwardly she had a quiet, monotonous existence, never making any sign to old friends, receiving no letters even, save an occasional one from her step-mother, which was always a sort of mental blister-plaster of complaints and reproaches.

Three years went by; Nina Despard was eighteen, and Miriam called herself ancient—she was twenty-four. She was astonished to find that she was neither wrinkled or gray-haired, and somewhat resented the fact. As I do not believe that any human being can possibly go on suffering always, night and day, for three years, in spite of romance and poetry, I am not ashamed to confess that Miriam found there was a good deal left in life after the first glory has worn off it. By this time, she could write on her heart the words which La Valliere inscribed on the door of her convent cell, "Not happy, but content;" though it was contentment of a higher sort than solitude and a recluse's prayers can ever give, for she had constant occupation, and the pleasure of feeling that she was of use, and had work to her hand, however humble and confined the sphere.

It was summer once more. The pupils had gone away for their season of relaxation; Mrs. Osborne had been ordered to the Baths of Lucca, and had taken her Russian princesses with her—a dreadful white elephant that princess was, with brains like a sponge—and Miriam and Nina Despard were living quietly at the villa, amusing themselves after their own fashion.

And one day a surprise came into the house in the shape of Miriam's handsome cousin, Ned Vaughn, now a first lieutenant attached to the Mediterranean squadron, and likely to be within reach of Miriam for a year.

Ned had just come from America, and could give her news of everybody and everything; was delighted to see her; vowed her handsomer than ever; promised that she should not continue, what he called her slavery, many years, and so forth, both talking nineteen to the dozen, as was natural.

But the door opened, and as it closed quickly, Ned sprang up with a smothered exclamation, and Miriam said,

"Who was it?"

"The most beautiful creature I ever set eyes on!" cried the inflammable lieutenant.

"My pupil, Mademoiselle Nina, I suppose," Miriam explained. "Come out into the garden, we shall find her there; she's very shy, but a charming girl—not a bit missish."

Ned followed Miriam willingly enough, and they came upon Nina seated in an arbor, making an unconscious picture under the flowering vines in her simple white dress.

"You are not to run away," Miriam said. "Nina, this is the cousin I have told you about so often; you must not feel that he is a stranger."

"Indeed, I shall not," Nina replied, with a childish eagerness, prettily at variance with her appearance. "I am glad you have come, Mr. Vaughn, for now I shall have some one to tell how good she has been to me."

"Why, are you English?" asked Ned, in wonder.

"No, but she speaks the language as if she were," Miriam said.

"Thanks to her," cried Nina. "I have to thank her for everything—everything!" and in her foreign way she caught Miriam's two hands and kissed them; and Ned felt—well, as an excitable man does feel when he sees a lovely girl wasting kisses on one of her own sex.

They spent a delightful morning, and it was not until Ned had gone, promising to return the next day, that Miriam recollected she had not behaved with the caution a governess ought to have shown. She sat down at once and wrote a full account to Mrs. Osborne, and sent word to her cousin that he must not come again till she gave him leave.

"There is no reason why your cousin should not visit you," Mrs. Osborne replied; "because we are school-teachers we need not be dragons. In Mr. Willoughby's last letter, he says he wants Nina to begin to see people; besides, I suppose she will not be long under our care now—he will be in Fibrence in about a month."

Miriam had a return of her old wakeful nights, but she scolded her nerves well for their folly, and finally brought herself to believe that Gary Willoughby was no more to her than the other people connected with that past which had been so long dead and buried.

Glad of anything that took her away from thought, she welcomed Ned's visits, and Ned made himself wonderfully agreeable. He found saddle horses, and they taught Nina to ride; he caused them to make pleasant little pilgrimages; he persuaded them into the city to visit galleries and churches; he spent half his time at the villa on one pretext or another; and Miriam, fortified by Mrs. Osborne's permission, never dreamed of any harm.

Concerning Willoughby, Miriam and her charge had seldom talked; the girl had seen so little of him, that beyond gratitude for his kindness, she had no feeling whatever. At first, indeed, the burden of his goodness seemed to make her irritable, and during the months immediately succeeding her sister's death, she had been rebellious, and often threatened to go off and earn her own living, rather than be dependant on the bounty of a stranger.

But when a fortnight of this pleasant companionship had gone by, Miriam was roused to thought again, and saw that both she and Mrs. Osborne had been unwise.

Some eager words which Ned spoke one night as he was leaving the villa, awakened her. It was plain that his quick fancy was touched—as if that dreaming, passionate Nina had woven a romance, too! Miriam felt miserable and wicked. If Gary were to return and find that the girl's affection had been stolen from him, how furious he would be; he would believe it Miriam's work. She nearly went mad at the bare idea.

"I want to come in," she said, tapping at Nina's door, with a sudden resolve in her mind.

"Come, my best," Nina answered; and she went in and found the girl seated by the open window in the moonlight, looking so beautiful, that she seemed something more than human.

Miriam sat down and began to talk, gradually leading the conversation where she wanted it to rest. She considered it right that, without speaking plainly, she should warn Nina what Willoughby might reasonably expect on his return.

Talking of a novel they had lately read, helped her—novels are always useful! It was a case not dissimilar to Nina's own; but Miriam was distressed and alarmed when the girl pronounced very decided opinions.

"A woman doesn't love from duty or gratitude, Miriam," she said. "I could not have loved that man."

"But she had an opportunity to repay years of kindness; she could make this man's happiness in return for all he had done," Miriam urged.

"That sounds very grand," Nina said, impatiently; "but if she had to break her own heart to make her guardian happy, he was a brute if he would accept the sacrifice."

"But, Nina——"

"Darling Americana," the girl broke in, "I can't reason, but I am in the right. See, if I had been the girl, I would have saved for that man, begged for him, given my life for his;

but marry where I did not love—never! It would be a sin; he could not be happy—never!”

Miriam crept away to her room, feeling that it would be worse than useless to pursue the conversation, and alone, in the stillness, she prayed God that Gary might be led to forgive her if by her thoughtlessness she had again endangered his hopes of peace. She must tell Ned the whole truth, and beg him not to come to the house any more. He only knew that Nina was an orphan, with a rich guardian; if he had heard the man's name, it meant nothing to him, as he had never known Willoughby; besides, when she did chance to mention him, Nina's words would have implied that he was an elderly man—thirty is elderly to fifteen.

The next morning, as Miriam was sitting in the library, she heard a carriage drive up and a moment after a servant entered to say that a gentleman wished to see Mrs. Osborne. Miriam knew who it probably was—an Englishman that had a niece to place at the school. Mrs. Osborne had written Miriam he would come, and she was to see him, and make all arrangements in her employer's name.

“You may show him in,” Miriam said.

The servant went out. Presently the door opened, and Miriam looking up in the dim light, found herself face to face with Gary Willoughby.

“They tell me Mrs. Osborne is from home,” he said, bowing courteously, and speaking in French. “I suppose it is to mademoiselle I am to apply for the information I desire.”

She was dizzy and faint, but she would not give away to her folly; she would be the staid, middle-aged governess suitable to the occasion.

She rose from her seat and walked toward him, saying, “I can tell you everything. First, I will say, how do you do, Mr. Willoughby?”

“Miss Vaughn!” he cried. “Is it really you?”

“I am Mrs. Osborne's head governess,” she explained. “I have been for three years. She is at the baths; you were not expected so soon. Your ward is well, and will be glad to see you.”

He was staring wildly at her. She could see that these three cruel years had changed him somewhat; he looked older, sterner; but it was Gary's face still. Ah! changed or not, it was nothing to her—she was his cast-off love!

“Is it really you?” he reflected.

“It really is,” she answered. “Explanations are always tedious! I lost my money ages ago, and have been here ever since. Please sit down.”

He seated himself near her speechlessly.

“Nina is well,” she went on, “and very beautiful. We have done our best by her—we trust you will be satisfied.”

She tried to say it in the monotonous voice Mrs. Osborne could assume, and to sit up rigid as a governess ought.

“You—you——” Willoughby began, and could get no further. “I can't understand,” he fairly groaned.

“It seemed an odd chance,” Miriam answered, still in Mrs. Osborne's voice. “When I came here I had no idea of finding your ward. I have tried to do my duty—I need no thanks. I have been well paid.”

“Have I gone mad?” exclaimed Willoughby. “It can't be you—obliged to teach—to——”

“I suppose you think I am not fit,” she broke in, forgetting Mrs. Osborne's voice, and speaking rather sharply. “I am a good deal changed since you knew me.”

She had not meant to make one allusion to the past; she had intended to be business-like and proper; but she found herself sadly shaken and astray.

She thought he muttered, “Poor Miriam!” The idea of enduring his pity was more than she could bear.

“I will take you to Mademoiselle Despard,” she said. “I think it right to tell you something, for which you may blame me. My cousin Edward has visited us frequently of late——”

“Do you mean that Nina has fallen in love with him?” he interrupted, in his turn.

“I don't know that; it was only yesterday that it occurred to me. I had been indiscreet. I wish you to know, if you can be made to believe it, that I had no disloyal thought toward you in permitting this acquaintance.”

“I desired her to see people,” he said; “there is no occasion for excuses.”

“You are very good,” returned she, with ungovernable haughtiness. “I will let Mademoiselle Nina know that you have come.”

He started up as she was rising, and stood before her.

“Is this the way you meet me?” he exclaimed. “After all these years——”

“How else should I meet you?” was the conclusion she put to his sentence.

“You are still unforgiving—you still hate me?”

“A governess never indulges in extremes of feeling,” said she, with acid sweetness. “You forget that we have done with the past—we meet on very different terms.”

“And whose doing was it?” he asked, angrily.

"I thought then it was yours," she replied; "I have since learned that we were both to blame. But it does not matter. If there is anything to be forgiven on either side, let us do it and forget."

His face was turned away, so that she could not see how it changed under her chilling words. The spasm of emotion passed—he looked hard and stern again.

"I beg your pardon for being so slow to adopt your decorous line of conduct," he said. "I should like to see my ward. No, don't ring, I would rather meet her unexpectedly."

"She is in the garden," Miriam answered; "I will show you the way."

She walked out of the room, and he followed. They passed through the hall and garden-paths in silence, and came upon the summer-house.

"She is there, writing a letter," Miriam announced, pointing toward the entrance.

She looked into the arbor as she spoke—Willoughby looked, too. Nina was there, certainly, but not writing; Ned Vaughn was holding her hands in his, and she was saying,

"You must go away now—I shall tell Miriam myself."

"And you love me? You will never be worried into marrying that man?" he pleaded.

"If he is as good and noble as I believe him, he will not wish it, when I tell him the simple truth," Nina answered.

Miriam, agast and almost faint at the unexpected scene, felt a hand upon her arm, felt herself drawn swiftly from the spot; and when she could in the least collect her senses, she found that she had been placed on a rustic chair, a long distance from the summer-house, and Gary Willoughby was standing before her, with folded arms, looking fixedly into her face.

"I don't know what to say," she faltered. "I can't explain—you will never believe me, and I can't blame you."

"Miriam," she heard him say, "you trained a wife for me, and then went to sleep and allowed a wolf to seize my lamb."

She was blinded with tears, but as well as she could see his face, she thought he was smiling, and that his features had brightened till every trace of these three weary years had faded from them. She could not speak—could not look up again; she buried her face in her hands, and sat waiting his condemnation.

"Miriam," he said, "before I had been gone a month I wrote to you—I have written twice since. Did you know it?"

She shook her head.

"I know how wrong, how unmanly I was. I loved you, but, oh! I love you better now. I beg you to forgive me! I meant to discover what had become of you; but I had no hope that life would grant me a meeting like this. Speak to me. Can you forgive me?"

He was at her feet, he was kissing her hands, uttering her name wildly, wailing out the story of his suffering and penitence.

"Say that I need not go—that you will try to love me again! Miriam! Miriam!"

The anguish in his voice restored her consciousness; she leaned her head upon his hand, as he took hers, and whispered,

"I never forgot the old lesson—I have no need to learn."

And half an hour after, Ned Vaughn and Nina, passing down the garden-walk, came upon this couple; and there they all stood, a group so happy that I am sorry to leave their companionship, and fall back once more on reality.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I HAVE not cast thy horoscope
By strange and planetary rule;
But well I know shines Mars the brave,
And Venus mild and beautiful.

I see thy future stretching far,
Ambition finds a noble scope,
And life's realities more bright,
More brilliant, than were sung by Hope.

But clouds thy sky will sometimes dim,
And adverse winds thy bark will toss;
And thou, 'mid friendship's sweets and gains,
May count, perhaps, some bitter loss.

But courage and a soul serene,
Shall bear thee safe through every ill,
And trust in Heaven's protecting power,
Each storm of earthly sorrow still.

And there is one, whose threads of fate,
Kind Destiny would link with thine;
May loveliest roses deck her way,
And fairest stars propitious shine.

Oh! may youth's sunny morning be
A prelude to a tranquil even,
When faded earth's imperfect joys,
Be yours the fuller bliss of Heaven.

DAISY'S VICTORY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE February afternoon was cold and blustering, with a skim of snow whitening the bare meadows and frozen hills, and every prognostic of a heavy fall as the day closed in.

Mrs. Arnold came up from the stable, where she had been giving the last wisp of hay to her one milch-cow, with a small tin pail in her hand. A little fairy of a child, with blue eyes, and golden curls, met her in the door-way.

"Won't you give me just a little bit o' drink, mother?" she said, coaxingly. "I'm getting so very hungry, and Brindie's warm milk is so nice."

"Yes, my darling," replied her mother, putting down the pail, and going to the dresser for a cup; "but poor Brindie is short of food, and can't give us much milk this bitter weather; and poor papa must have the better part, you know—but Daisy shall have a little drink."

She poured out a few spoonfuls, which the child swallowed eagerly.

"How nice," she said, smacking her rosy little mouth. "Oh, mamma! do you mind how we used to have so much milk last summer, and sweet, white bread, too? Will it be so again, mamma, when the roses bloom, and the green grass comes?"

Mrs. Arnold looked down into the little hunger-pinched face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I hope so, dear," she replied, choking down a sob.

Just then she heard her husband's voice from the adjoining apartment. She hastened to put away the milk, saying, as she did so,

"Go play with Dollie a little now, Daisy, and mamma will hunt up some supper for you, as soon as she attends to poor, sick father."

The little thing crossed over to the lounge, and taking up an old doll, all bundled up in bits of calico and old flannel, sat down and began to pet it.

"Poor Dollie! poor Dollie! are you so hungry?" she would murmur in her sweet, bird-voice, dropping kisses on the faded face. "Never mind, summer will come by-and-by, and then Brindie will give lots o' milk, and we'll all have enough. Oh! won't that be nice, Dollie?"

The sound of suppressed weeping from her father's chamber attracted her attention. She put down the doll and listened. It was her mother weeping as if her heart would break.

"Poor Bessie," her father said, raising his thin hand to caress and stroke her hair, "poor, overworked little wife, don't give up so."

But Mrs. Arnold wept on. She was a pretty, loving, busy little woman, this mother of Daisy, intensely unselfish, and very brave and hopeful for the most part. But the strongest of us break down at times, and poor Mrs. Arnold was as weak as a babe that wintry afternoon.

"I know how selfish it is, Tom," she said, lowering her head until it rested on the pillow beside her husband's wan face, "to fret so, and you so sick; but my heart was so full; let me have my cry out, and I shall be all right, then."

"But I can't see what we are to do, Bessie," replied her husband, still stroking her bright-brown hair, "indeed, I can't. Your father was right, it was selfish in me to marry you. I wish——"

But her passionate kisses hushed the words on his lips.

"Not that, Tom," she entreated; "for God's sake never say that. Come what may, I bless God forever that you are my own, my dear, true husband. Oh, Tom! this want is bitter and dreadful; but it can't change our love for each other, can it, Tom?"

"Never, darling, never!" he replied, soothing and caressing her as he would have done a child. "If I could only get on my feet again, we would soon outride the storm; but this arm will keep me down till spring. And you've spent your last dollar, haven't you, Bessie?"

Poor Bessie tried to prevaricate; the truth was, she had not possessed a dollar for a week.

"And the mortgage comes due on Friday," continued her husband, "and Dunbar threatens to sell the house over our heads, doesn't he?"

"Yes, Tom!"

He sighed heavily, glancing out with a shudder at the wintry storm.

"And no fuel, no food for you and the little one," he went on. "God help us, I can't see what we can do!"

"Let me go to father, Tom," said his wife, timidly.

But his wan face darkened, and his eyes flashed.

"Never with my consent, Bessie," he said, excitedly. "You went once, and he turned you

and the little one from his door; you shall not go again, not if we starve."

His wife wept silently, stroking his thin hand the while, her memory going back to the halcyon days of her girlhood. She was an only child, her father a proud old man, who had set his heart upon making a splendid match for his pretty daughter. "I can give you a hundred thousand on your wedding-day," he had said; "and no man need seek you who has a cent less."

This was the fiat. Lovers had gone to the "Elms" to be dismissed by scores by the father; but at last the right one, as he thought, had made his appearance. This was Philip Wetherel, a man of three-score, of a fine family, and a millionaire. The master of the "Elms" elected him as his son-in-law at their first meeting, and Bessie was duly warned. For the first time in her life she rebelled against her father's authority.

"I never will marry him, father," she said, her blue eyes flashing. "I will die first."

"And why not, pray?" questioned her angry sire.

"Because he's old, and selfish, and miserly, and," she added, stoutly, "more than all, because I love some one else."

Then the secret came to light. Visiting an old school-mate, the summer before, Bessie had made the acquaintance of a young schoolmaster, Tom Arnold by name. It was a case of mutual love at first sight, I believe; and when Bessie went home to the "Elms," she wore a plain engagement ring on her finger. She told her father now, entreating him, with streaming eyes, to give her lover a hearing. But the old man vowed that he would forever disown and disinherit her, if she ever even so much as spoke to her lover again. The end was, that, one dark night, Bessie fled with her lover, and before the day broke they were man and wife.

The master of the "Elms" avowed his determination to disinherit his daughter; but unmindful of his wrath, the newly-wedded pair settled down to housekeeping as cozy as a couple of robins. Two happy years went by. The master's school was sufficient for all their needs, and to perfect their happiness, a little, blue-eyed baby came, and the fanciful young mother called her Daisy. Then, in the fullness of her bliss, as soon as the little one could toddle along, she went up to her old home, intending to make the child a peace-offering between her offended father and herself.

On a bright spring morning, holding little Daisy by the hand, she walked up the broad

avenue that led to her father's door. The old man was standing on the steps, his white hair floating in the morning breeze. He saw her, and recognized her, but before she could speak he turned on his heel, and locked the door in her face. She was no child of his, he never wanted to see her, or to speak to her again. This was the message his servant brought her.

The young mother returned to her home in tears. Soon after that a double darkness fell upon them. Owing to some dissensions in the village, her husband's school lost half its pupils; and, as if to make true the saying, that troubles tread upon each other's heels, in a little while the schoolmaster himself was stricken down by rheumatism. Doctor's fees and medicine bills, added to the sum of their daily expenditures, speedily exhausted their small store of ready cash; and we find them on this stormy February afternoon in a most pitiable condition. The husband still a helpless cripple, food and fuel both gone, and the mortgage on the cottage coming due.

With her head on her folded arms, Bessie Arnold sat and thought it all over, the hot tears streaming down her cheeks. And out in the kitchen, little Daisy, who had listened intently to what her father and mother had been saying, sat quite still, her tiny hands tightly clasped, and her blue eyes wide and solemn with grave determination. After a few moments she slid down from her seat, and stealing on tiptoe to the corner where her scarlet cloak and hood hung, she took them down and put them on. Then, still stepping cautiously, she opened the door and went out, closing it noiselessly after her. The wind and fine snow almost took away her breath at first, but she faced it bravely; and running round to the kennel in which a huge Newfoundland lay asleep, she called softly,

"Come, Rover, come!"

The great dog was at her side in an instant, shaking his shaggy sides, and rubbing his leonine head against her dainty little face. Daisy patted him vigorously, then, putting her rose-bud mouth close to his ear, she said, with an air of grave importance,

"Listen to me, Rover, and be still. We're going a long, long way, you and me, Rover. We're going to the 'Elms' to see grandpap. He won't send us away, will he, doggie? No, indeed! We'll get money, and lots o' goodies, won't we, Rover? Come on, then, we must hurry—it's a long way, and so cold."

The dog uttered one or two short barks, expressive of his satisfaction, and then bounded along by her side. The little creature drew her

scarlet cloak closely, and struck into the village highway with a rapid step. Two or three times during the summer, her father, who was just the least bit extravagant in his habits, had indulged his family in the luxury of a ride, and poor Bessie had always insisted that they should drive past the "Elms," she longed so to get a glimpse of her girlhood's home. Little Daisy remembered all this, and had a dim idea in regard to the distance and direction.

"I know the way, Rover," she said, loftily, shaking her little hooded head. "You just follow me—we're going to the 'Elms,' you know. I'm going to tell grandpap 'bout poor, sick papa, and how mamma cries; and he won't send me away, will he, Rover? We'll have a nice time when we get back; you shall have a big bit o' meat, doggie, for going such a long way through the snow."

Prattling thus to her companion, little Daisy trudged on past the sleepy little village, out into the brown pasture-fields, and under the clanking branches of the leafless wood. The February day waned rapidly, and as the early twilight closed in, the snow began to fall heavily, and the whistling wind, keen and searching, drove it hither and thither in great, blinding drifts. Daisy struggled on bravely, her scarlet hood and cloak all white, her sweet, infantile face radiant with hope and eager expectation; the big, black Newfoundland trotting soberly at her side. But, by-and-by, the little feet began to grow weary, the rose-lips parted, and her breath came in short gasps.

"I'm so tired, Rover," she said, as a great gust drove her back. "We'll sit down under this big tree, and rest just a little bit, Rover; we'll soon get to the 'Elms' now."

She sunk down beneath the tree, resting her chin upon her knees, and the big dog cuddled down beside her, his clear eyes anxious and wistful.

The darkness deepened rapidly, and the fury of the storm increased. The little scarlet head sunk lower and lower, and presently Daisy was fast asleep. But Rover was alert and watchful, his warm nose pressed close to her cheek.

After awhile there came a sound of wheels in the snow, and a cart, followed by its driver, trolling a merry song. The Newfoundland bounded out into the highway like a flash, barking and leaping, and running to and from the spot where the little sleeper lay. The cartman climbed down from his seat, and peered into the drifts; then, with a prolonged whistle, he raised the child in his arms.

"Come, my fine fellow, you shall ride, too,"

he said, addressing the dog, as he remounted to his seat, and wrapt his mill blankets about the child's chill form. Rover leaped in after him, and they rattled away.

The master of the "Elms" sat in his huge velvet-chair before a cheery fire that night, sipping his Mocha, and toasting his slippered feet. His housekeeper entered hastily, with an excited face.

"Excuse me, sir; but we must bring her in here," she said. "She's half frozen, and the other fires are low. A little child it is, sir, that John picked up in the snow. Come right in, John."

John obeyed, carrying the little figure, in her scarlet wraps, closely followed by the great Newfoundland. Daisy opened her blue eyes, as they seated her before the fire, and stared about her with a startled, sleepy gaze.

The old man put down his cup, looking on in amaze, something in the little one's face stirring his heart to its very depths, and bringing up banished memories of happier days. Meanwhile Daisy slowly collected her senses.

"We must go, Rover," she said, presently, as her eye caught sight of the dog; "we're rested now, we must go."

"Where are you going, child? Who are you?" asked the old man.

"I'm Daisy Arnold, sir; and I'm going to the 'Elms,' to see my grandpap, 'cause my own papa's sick, and poor mamma cries so, and we're all so hungry; and Brindie can't give much milk till summer comes. I stopped to rest a bit, but I must go now——"

She stopped short, something in the old man's face attracting her—her quick, childish instincts comprehending the whole scene.

"Oh!" she cried, presently, clapping her hands, "this is the 'Elms,' and you are my grandpap! Oh! you won't send Daisy away?"

The dog crept a pace nearer, something very like human solicitude in his eyes. The old man stood speechless a moment, struggling between wrath and love; but at last he put out his arms.

"No, little one," he half sobbed, "I cannot send you away."

That had been a terrible night at the school-master's cottage. All through it, in the storm and darkness, with what aid she could summon, the poor mother had searched for her missing child, while the father tossed upon his bed in impotent despair. Morning dawned, clear and glorious over the snow-clad earth. Bessie Arnold came out, pale and hopeless, turning her despairing eyes toward the rising sun.

"Was not my cup of misery bitter enough," she moaned. "Oh! my God! hast thou utterly forsaken me!"

A closed carriage drove down the village road, on to the crossing, up to her very door. A window flew open, and a little scarlet head popped out.

"Mamma! Mamma!" called a silver voice, "I've come back. I went to grandpap, and here he is—you won't cry now, will you?"

Before the bewildered woman could get her

breath, Rover bounded from the carriage with noisy barks, followed by the old master of the "Elms." He came to Mrs. Arnold's side, and took her in his arms.

"Forgive me, Bessie," he said. "I've been hard and cruel, but the little one has conquered."

Bessie sobbed upon his bosom, and then there was a joyous reunion; and before sunset the schoolmaster's cottage was deserted, the whole party having gone to live at the "Elms."

THOSE EYES.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Slowly along the balcony,

I paced with careless, listless feet,
While through the open casement came
Soft waves of music, sudly sweet;
Fair forms went floating by, that seemed
To each voluptuous measure set;
And red lips smiled as sweet as though
Life held no shadow of regret.

I paused, and idly glanced along
The merry maskers floating by—
A prince beside a peasant girl,
With smiling lip but downcast eye;
The glow of velvet, flash of gem,
The subtle breath of rare perfume,
Seem borne on billowy music by,
With floating curl and waving plume.

Sudden from out the curtain's fold
Two large, soft eyes upon mine fell,
Whose glance went thrilling through each vein,
Like some magician's wizard spell;

The face, the form, I did not mark,
Nor glittering room, nor starlit skies;
I only saw, I only felt,
The weird power of those dark eyes.

They vanished, sudden as they came;
In vain I searched the crowded hall,
Bright eyes were there, but none like those
Which seemed to hold my soul in thrall.

And through the lengthening chain of time,
Which closely links the now and then,
Whether my restless feet may tread
The crowded mart or woodland glen,
However light the heart may seem,
Forever in its depth there lies,
Unceasing yearning once again
To meet those dark bewildering eyes;
Ever they haunt me like some wraith
Endowed with power beyond our ken,
Those witching eyes! those witching eyes!
Oh! but to meet them once again!

THE THREE HOMES.

BY A. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twining flowers most sweet and mild,
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain's side,
Where soft winds wander free."

Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
Where every word is joy and truth,
And treasure lives in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone,
In the wild wood's secret place.

She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;

The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! spirits that might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love—
That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen—
My home is in the skies!"

Oh, blest! thrice blest, the soul must be,
To whom such thoughts are given;
That walks from worldly fetters free—
Its only home in Heaven!

KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN SIR LAUNCELOT."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278.

CHAPTER X.

A SPACE of three years! A long leap, you think, but if I had not made it, where would my story have ended. And after these three years have passed, we find ourselves in Mrs. Armadale's parlor, listening to that pretty, fair-faced young matron, as she chats with her brother, counting over the names of the new acquaintances she had made at Saratoga, just before she came to reside at her brother's pretty villa on the Hudson, within an hour and a half of New York by rail. A very sweet, little lady she is, Barbara Armadale. Fair-faced, blonde-haired and clear-eyed, and with three absorbing passions, which fill up her bright, happy, busy life, as a bright, happy, busy young wife and mother. The first of these passions is for "Alf," or more properly Mr. Armadale, who is as bright and cheerful as herself; the next is for the children, whom Mr. Armadale calls "the baby, the little baby, and the least baby of all," and the last, but not the least, is for her brother, whom she regards as the most perfect human being on earth—next to "Alf." Such a pretty, cozy, little woman as she looks sitting in the fire-light, with the shining hair pushed back from her little pink ears, and the freshness glowing in the rose on her cheeks.

"Mr. Germaine and his wife, Mr. Vandeleur and his wife," she says, in a voice like a particularly sweet-tempered robin's, "Mr. Crozier and his wife: and that reminds me, Carl——"

"Mr. Who and his wife?" interrupted a voice from the dark corner where the sofa stood.

"Mr. Crozier and his wife," answered Mrs. Armadale. "And, as I said, that reminds me, Carl, that I wanted to ask you if you knew Mr. Crozier. He said he met you several times when he was at Newport, the summer before your uncle died and left you your fortune."

The man she spoke to was lying upon the sofa, stretched at full length, with his hands thrown upward and clasped above his head, and as his sister turned round to him the fire-light fell full upon his face. A very handsome face it was, clear-cut and large-eyed, the mouth half hidden by a heavy, down-drooping, blonde mustache.

But, handsome as it was, a keen physiognomist would have hesitated to pronounce it perfect. It looked like a face which the world's influences had spoiled, or, rather, it looked as if its owner was a man to whom the wine of life had turned bitter. The clear, perfectly-shaped eyes wore a careless, sarcastic expression, the mouth was wearied and bored, and not unlike the eyes in its indifferent satire.

"Yes, I met him several times. Something between a professional prize-fighter and a banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

Mrs. Armadale laughed.

"Well, he wasn't very aristocratic-looking, to be sure. A little 'mushroomy,' one might say; but he was immensely rich. Horridly rich, I thought. One of those people who cannot help showing how rich they are."

"I know him," said Carl. "They used to call him the Grand Mogul. Barbara," with a curious biting of his lips, which the firelight showed, "didn't you say something about Mrs. Crozier?"

"Yes. His wife was with him."

"What sort of a woman was she?"

"Pretty," said Barbara; "a trifle faded and worn, but still pretty. I often thought it was no wonder she had faded with John Crozier, Esq., for a husband. He was so abominably dictatorial. I should want to bite a man who spoke to me in the authoritative style he used to her. But what made you ask about her?"

"I saw her at Newport," was the brief reply. "She was a belle, then, and there was quite a little furor created when she engaged herself to the Mogul; but it was the old story, you know—exchange and barter."

Little Mrs. Barbara shrugged her plump shoulders contemptuously.

"I'm not sorry for her, then. How *can* women? I think it's horrible."

"You are a different woman to Mrs. Crozier," said the gentleman, indifferently. "Let us talk of something else, Barbie."

Strange to say, the lady was not so much interested in the subject, but that she could easily leave it. Other people's business rarely interested Mrs. Armadale, and she passed on to something else. "The children" were the

next topic. She knew Carl always liked to hear about them, and now she wanted his advice particularly.

"You see I don't know what to do," she said, with a little doubtful anxiety that was wonderfully motherly and pretty on her almost girlish face. "I can't be with them always, and I don't like to trust them to the servants altogether. Old aunt Dorcas is very good, but the children are so apt to adopt her funny, negro *patois*; and besides, if Clara and Johnnie don't begin French now, they never *will* acquire the accent."

"Terrible!" said her brother, with amused laziness. "What a fearful state of affairs in the nursery dominion. Barbara, you are like a domesticated robin, always in a flutter about the nest."

"There is a great deal of anxiety about a family," with a demure sententiousness, which was the most delightful little face in the world. "You have never been married, Carl?"

"No," said Carl, meditatively. "I should have been a better man if I had. If there had been a woman true and loving enough to be my wife and share my lot, I should have been nearer heaven than I am now;" and the fire-light showed the handsome, bitten lip again; and Barbara wondered somewhat at the bitter sigh that ended the sentence.

"Well," she said, softly, "I don't see why you didn't get married, dear. You are not poor, and I am sure any woman might love you."

"I am not poor now," was the quiet reply. "I was not rich when nothing but money would have won the woman I loved. But what about the children?"

Barbara's blue eyes opened softly. Was it possible that her famous, handsome brother had been disappointed? She had never suspected it before. How had it happened? How could it have happened?

But she was a wise, good little woman, and understood this handsome brother well enough to know that he would think it kinder if she let the accidental remark slip by without any comment.

"Well," she went on, "I thought if we had a governess. Don't you think it would be nice if I could find some elegant, accomplished woman? I should feel so much more comfortable."

"If you could, I think it would be a good plan. Have you spoken to Alf about it?"

"Yes; but I wanted to ask your opinion. If I had been in my own house it would have been

different," laughing frankly; "but I did not know whether you would like the idea of a 'correct' lady to criticise you."

"I don't think she will criticise me," said Carl. "The cherubs will occupy all her attention. What are you listening at so intently? Is it Alf at last?"

"I thought I heard somebody coming," coloring a little and laughing. "Yes, it is Alf at last. I hear him speaking to Roberts now. Excuse me a minute."

Carl smiled as she jumped up with the bright, pleased look on her face, and went out to meet her husband, who was returning from his daily trip to New York, for he was a lawyer in a fine business. This sweet-tempered little sister of his always amused him. She was so affectionate and merry, so loving and womanly over the children, so prettily solicitous about this same good-natured Alf's comfort. Always so tender and impulsive, even now, after eight years of married life, when the honey-moon in some cases would have been only a bright spot lying far in the darkness, bringing tears into the aching eyes that dared to look backward. But Barbara Armadale was just the little woman whose honey-moon would never pass, because it had been a honey-moon whose brightness had been the brightness of her own sunny sweetness and affectionate temperament. To this day "Alf" was the Alf of the bridal tour, not quite as sentimental, of course, (perhaps happily,) but still quite as careful of Mrs. Armadale, and quite as implicitly believed in by Mrs. Armadale, as when for four successive weeks they had regarded earthly food as something entirely unworthy of consideration, and had caught terrible and very unromantic colds by persistently gazing at the moon and quoting Byron and Moore. In Mrs. Armadale's mind there was but one thing on earth to equal Alf, and that one thing was the baby, and the only things which could come up to them both were the other two children.

Carl—this bitter Carl Seymour—you know him by this time, I am sure, who was hard and sarcastic, careless, and often selfish in these sad, embittered days, cared for this loving young wife and mother as he cared for no one else. She made him better and purer, and exerted an influence upon him such as even he himself never dreamed of. Sometimes at night, as he had passed the open nursery-door, he had looked in upon her as she sat in the low rocking-chair with baby on her breast, and grave, blue-eyed Johnny kneeling before

her in his white night-gown, saying after her slowly the old, never dying, never fading, "Our Father." And then, after he had watched them for a moment, he had turned away, feeling a little nearer heaven for the sound of the childish prayer.

The world said of him, and said truly, that he was a selfish, brilliant, cynical man, who had won fame, who was rich, and who cared little for people in general. Men with fresh hearts avoided, while they admired him; women, who were true-hearted, pitied him for his lost life and bitterness. Lavish he was and generous to profuseness, seeming to value his wealth lightly, yet always cold and cynical, sneering at the best impulses of men and women, flinging out stinging sarcasms mingled with his graceful wit. Not a bad man—never that—always an honorable gentleman, but nevertheless a man who could hardly look forward and dare not look back. Barbara had only known him as her brother and her friend, talented, graceful, popular, and to her always kindly and tender. She had thought him a little satirical sometimes, but that was all.

"It is only Carl's way," she had said, and gone on worshipping him.

A good woman might have made him a good man. A woman who was neither good nor true, had, as we know, reader, made him what he was.

He lay back on the couch when Barbara left him, and closed his eyes. He could hear her fresh voice in the hall as she greeted her husband; and then came the little pause that was suggestive of the kiss the gentleman always received after a day's absence. Then the two went up stairs together, and a chorus from Johnny and Clara broke out as they passed the nursery-door.

If such a kiss might have greeted him; if such a bright face had met him each night; if such childish voices had shouted his name. The thought passed through his mind, leaving a dull pain.

He did not love Kate Davenant now. Sometimes he thought he hated her, but still, under all his contempt, lay the old scar throbbing, throbbing. Three years, and she was faded and worn, and this man, who was her master and owner, was proving that he knew his power. Could it be? A faint disgust thrilled him.

As he lay there, with closed eyes, the four summer months passed before him again. The first evening when Alice Farnham had pointed out the "Circe," as she smiled on the celebra-

tives with the glow in her purple eyes. Then the times when he had met her again and again, always the belle, always with the wonderful grace that drew the world after her. Then the days when he had looked up from his work at the star-faced Clytie, and unconsciously gained inspiration. He could see again the vaporous folds of muslin that trailed on the balcony, the intense light on the bright, glinting hair, and the intense soft scarlet on cheek and lip. He could almost hear the whisper of the sea again as the exquisite voice floated back to him. He had not forgotten—ah! could he ever forget! La Valliere kneeling in the dim, mellow light, with the white uplifted face and passionate eyes, while the convent-bell broke upon her praying, with its dooming knell. And then the moon was shining on little Kathleen's scarlet cloak, as she sang her song with the softness of tears veiling her voice. Ah! the eyes he had met that night, the true, tender eyes, true and tender for that moment, as they drooped before his gaze. Could it all—all have ended in this heartless life of his, in which he was told that the woman he had loved and trusted, the woman who had blighted his very soul, had won the prize for which she had lost all, and now in wearing it was faded and worn? All his hatred and contempt died away in an aching longing for the trust he had once felt in his innocent childhood. He had not forgiven her, he thought he never could; but, ah! if the dead past could have come back again.

At least an hour he lay pondering, until the flame died out of the fire, and left nothing but the red embers, shedding a rich, gloomy light about the room. But at last the nursery-door opened, and Mrs. Armadale and her husband came down again, talking and laughing.

"Gone to sleep, Carl?" Barbara asked, gayly. "No? How dark you are. I am going to ring for lights and tea." And she pulled the bell.

When tea was brought in, she seated herself at the head of the table in the sunshiniest of moods. She cut the cold tongue for Alf, and made the thinnest of sandwiches for him, calling him lazy all the time, but still looking as if she enjoyed it. Carl liked one lump of sugar, didn't he, and Alf three? Baby had cut his first little tooth—the darling! and Clara could say her prayers without being told, and Johnny had called his papa "Alf, dear," because he heard mamma say it. To all of which chatter the two gentlemen listened with laughing attention. The little lady did not detail nursery

gossip to every one, but she knew that Carl and Alf liked it.

"And the best of all is yet to be told," she went on. "Alf has really found a governess, Carl."

"What sort of a governess? Fossil specimen, or otherwise?"

"Most decidedly 'otherwise,'" said Alf. "I am not going to describe her, because description would be superfluous; and besides, there is a curious coincidence, which I wish to surprise you with, as it did me."

"But she speaks French?" suggested Barbara.

"And German and Italian," answered Alf. "I won't answer for Japanese and High Dutch, and I ain't quite certain about Galic and Hindoostanee; but I am quite safe about the rest."

"Pianist?" queried Mrs. Armadale again.

"Pianist, organist, violinist, banjoist, plays on the bagpipes, dances on a tight-rope, does up trapeze performance, sings comic songs."

"Now, Alf," from Mrs. Armadale, "do be quiet and answer one more question. What church——"

"Ah!" interrupted her husband, gravely, "as to that I believe she is a Protestant; but, being a very accommodating young lady, I dare say she would have no objection to changing her religion. Mohammedan for Johnny, Mormonism for Clara, and Hardshell Baptist for the cherubim. Anything else, my dear?"

Mrs. Armadale shook her head.

"No. I am quite satisfied; but what is her name?"

Alf stopped half way to his mouth with a sandwich.

"The mischief! I forgot to ask her, or else it has slipped my memory. Wait a minute, now I remember. It is something beginning with David—— Never mind quizzing, Barbie. You will see her to-morrow."

It was some time before Mr. Armadale could be brought to a due sense of the solemnity of the question discussed; but at last Mrs. Armadale managed him and learned the particulars.

A young lady had replied to his advertisement in person. An aristocratic-looking girl, with a magnificent, proud face, and bright-brown hair.

"Such a voice!" said the gentleman. "It was like the echo of a song; and such a perfect accent of both French and German. She says she has spent several years in Europe. She must have a history. It is an easy matter to see that she was never educated for a gov-

erness. There is so much superb ease about her manner."

"How fortunate!" said delighted Barbara. "I want the children to learn the languages by ear, and you know we can't afford to go to Europe for a year or so. I am so glad, Alfred."

"I knew you would be," he answered. "But let us have some music, my dear. I am going to smoke, and want my evening sonata."

It was eleven o'clock before the music was over; and then Carl went to his studio, for he still painted, and holding up a taper, looked at two pictures that hung side by side, the two pictures painted three years before at Newport. Brown-haired, purple-eyed, and rarefaced, with the exquisite sweetness and flawless charm. And this woman was 'faded and worn!'"

The light flashed over the fair, still features, and then they were shadowed in darkness; and he turned away and left them to go to his room and dream of a strange woman, who was the new governess, and yet wore Kate Davenant's face, and spoke with Kate Davenant's voice.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL the next day he was in his studio, busy, adding the finishing touches to a picture; and as at such times he never left his work, he heard nothing more of his sister's arrangements. But when at night, after laying everything aside, he was coming down to the parlor, he met Mrs. Armadale descending from the nursery, with the little, pink-faced bundle of white lawn and lace in her arms, which always signified baby, and she stopped him on the landing with a delighted face.

"Are you coming into the parlor, now? I hope so. She has come, Carl, and I like her ever so much. I know we shall be good friends."

Carl smiled. He knew it would be the stranger's fault if they were not. The idea of Barbara's not being good friends with anybody was rather a joke. She had such a habit of purring, and cooing, and petting, that not the most stony of stony hearts could have resisted her. Carl followed her down stairs, and on their way she dilated eloquently on her new acquaintance. The new governess was so elegant, and so beautiful, and, "oh, Carl, so sweet!"

Mrs. Armadale was sure she should love her like a sister. The new governess had won the children's hearts at first, and Mrs. Armadale was just bringing baby down to be exhibited.

"You see," went on the kind-hearted little

matron, "I want to make her feel at home, Carl. She seems so lonely. She has neither mother, nor father, nor relations of any kind. The aunt, who educated her, has been dead only a few months. Of course, one can't ask questions, but I am sure she is a gentlewoman born. She is so aristocratic-looking."

"What is her name?" asked Carl. "Have you found out yet, or did you engage her on the strength of her aristocracy?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Armadale, settling baby's flowing robes preparatory to entering the parlor. "I am wiser than Alf. Her name is as aristocratic as her face. Davenant—Kate Davenant. Ain't it pretty? Open the door, please." And as Carl bent over her, and turned the handle, a sweet, low ripple of laughter came upon them, and they stepped into the room.

Some one sat beside the fire, in an easy-chair, talking to Mr. Armadale, who was listening, with entranced pleasure showing itself on every feature. The back of the chair was turned toward the door, but Carl could see the folds of a black dress lying upon the carpet, and a close-fitting sleeve setting off a smooth, round wrist and slender hand, which rested upon the chair-arm.

At the sound of the door opening the lady looked up, and Barbara came forward into the light of the fire with baby.

"My brother, Mr. Seymour, Miss Davenant," she said, smiling. "And here is baby——"

Miss Davenant rose in the firelight, the crimson glow falling full upon her, upon the trailing folds of the black dress sweeping upon the carpet with the old royal sweep of the Circe's robes, upon the crown of glinting brown hair, with its metallic sheen, upon the "Valliere" face, and the winy purple of the eyes that met Carl Seymour's. Just a glance from either face, and these two who had loved each other once, whose lives had once seemed linked together, met with a calm bow as strangers, not touching hands, hardly smiling, unless the half sneer on the man's face could be called a smile.

"And this is baby?" said Miss Davenant, turning to the lawn and lace in Mrs. Armadale's arms. "Is baby one of my pupils?"

It was quite a serene face that smiled the old, sweet smile over Barbara's treasure—a face much more serene than Carl Seymour's. He had turned away with a bitter smile by no means pleasant to see. And so Mrs. Crozier was not Miss Davenant, and this girl had crossed his path again?

To think that such a woman should live in
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innocent Barbara's home, and have the care of innocent Barbara's children! As he watched her bend over and kiss the baby lips, he felt a thrill of anger. There was all the old grace in her every movement, all the old fascination in the perfect face; but their charm was lost to Carl. If he had known all, he might not have been so harsh. Knowing only what he did—that she had proved false and mercenary, and had been his ruin—there was nothing, nothing of forgiveness or relenting in his mind.

Innocent Barbara was in a seventh heaven of good-natured delight. This beautiful girl so ardently appreciated baby. When at last Miss Davenant acceded to Alf's request and went to the piano, the little lady drew her chair to her brother's side.

"Did you ever see such a curious coincidence, Carl? That 'La Valliere' and the 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' are the very reproductions of her face. Is it possible you have ever met her before?"

"It is a coincidence I cannot account for," said the gentleman, briefly. "I can hardly believe it, but this Miss Davenant of yours is the young lady who was pointed out to me at Newport as Mr. Crozier's future wife, and until I saw her to-night, I imagined she was the Mrs. Crozier you met at Saratoga."

"You don't say so? Oh, no! My Mrs. Crozier was a little, brown-haired woman, with a harassed face and a scared expression. As unlike Miss Davenant as it is possible for two women to be. The engagement must have been broken. What a voice she has! Do listen to her!"

She was singing a little song she had sung for Carl a hundred times before. A little Spanish love-song, with an accompaniment like running water, and a faint throb of pain threading through it. Carl did not like to hear it now. He would gladly have closed his ears to it, and yet he must sit and listen to the end, and hear Barbara's ecstatic chorus of "Beautiful!"

But at length baby fell asleep, and Barbara carried him to the nursery, and a few minutes after sent for Alf to come up stairs. Alf made his excuses and went. It was possible that Johnny had a cough, or Clara's face was flushed, and under such circumstances a grave consultation must be held.

After he had left them, Kate rose from her seat at the piano and came to the fire. It was not a pleasant situation to be in, but she carried herself gracefully and calmly as usual. Carl looked at her from head to foot. Faded

and worn! Twenty years would hardly change her! Every tint on her delicate skin was as rarely vivid and firm as the rose and pearl of a sea-shell. Just as much the Circe now, when she was only Mrs. Armadale's governess, as when she had been in Mrs. Montgomery's charge, and the belle of Newport.

"I had no idea——" she began, and then faltered a little under his cold eyes, and stopped.

"Nor had I," was the icy reply. "I wonder if either of us are very agreeably surprised!"

The color ran up on her face, but the eyes turned toward him showed nothing but calm, well-bred surprise at his sarcastic bitterness. His love had been worse than indifference, for it had robbed her of his respect. He was almost savage in his cynicism, and he had so far lost his reverence for her that he forgot himself, and felt as though there would be some merited revenge in baffling her proud stateliness with scorn. But this was not an easy matter.

"I am afraid not," she said, in answer to his sarcasm. "But I do not see how we—how I, at least, can help it. If I had known, I certainly should not have come here. As it is, unless you tell Mrs. Armadale to send me away, I suppose I shall have to bear my share of the unpleasantness."

It was very quietly said, almost meekly, indeed, but the words and tone stung him to the quick. It was a hard task to abuse a woman who was at his mercy, and yet showed that she felt no fear, even while she knew her helplessness.

"Tell Mrs. Armadale to send you away!" he sneered. "Do you think I am a brute? My experience has not made me a very good man, or a very chivalrous one. You see I have outlived my tender belief in 'ministering angels,' etc.; and I am not very polite to women whom I neither love nor respect. I told you I would never forgive you—and I never will. You have made me what I am, but as for the rest——"

He stopped and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

Kate Davenant took one step nearer, and looked at him fearlessly. She had got over the days when his harsh words had made her faint at his feet, and his almost insulting, and quite unmanly tone roused her. It was a horribly bitter thing to hear him speak of "women whom he neither loved nor respected," but her indignation helped her to bear it.

"I am very poor, Mr. Seymour," she said, clearly and steadily. "I have not one friend or protector in the world. I am a menial in your house, and I suppose I am at your mercy; but I have not asked you to forgive me yet. When I ask you, it will be time to refuse pardon, not till then."

For the first time in these three years he felt as if he ought to respect this girl. She was not afraid of him, and she had not forgotten herself, as he had. He knew she was saying to him just what he deserved to hear, and so he was silent, and let her go on.

"I don't think it is necessary we should be enemies," she said. "I should have begun no warfare. I was content to let the dead past bury its dead. If you think proper to tell Mrs. Armadale that I shall not stay in your house, (it is your house, I hear,) you may do so. As to your being a brute, I did not call you one; but I don't know exactly what I ought to call a man who insults a woman, who, if she has even wronged him, is still a woman, and has no power to retaliate."

Her white throat was arched, and her eyes opened wide with a great spark of starry fire in them, as she looked down upon him. There was not a touch of weakness or regretful yielding in her whole being, he could see that. It was a matter of open conflict between powers equal, though one was even a woman. Greek had met Greek at last, and now came the tug of war. A little fiery thrill shot through the man's veins. It was remembrance, it was resentment, it was admiration. She was so beautiful! so beautiful! so proudly perfect! and then—it might have been. Still he answered her as defiantly as she had spoken.

"Thank you!" he said. "You are very kind. And as you are so mercifully disposed, suppose we let matters rest here. I myself see no reason for heroics, in spite of my little impoliteness. I forgot myself. Pray, excuse me."

Kate bowed. Just such a bow, haughty and tolerant, as had won her a reputation in by-gone days. Then she seated herself, and taking up Barbara's neglected tatting, began to work industriously. Mr. Seymour had not shaken her self-possession in the least. There was no trace of either anger or agitation in her face, and when Mrs. Armadale returned, Kate was still employing herself with the flying shuttle, with an appearance of ease and pleasure, which delighted the young matron immensely.

The next day the children were taken in hand. Johnny, the youngest pupil, was a blue-

eyed urchin, with a wonderful good-nature and gravity that made him, in a small way, quite a character. After a few minutes' calm inspection, with his hands clasped behind his back, he made an unconditional surrender to Miss Davenant's witchery, and said his lessons, gazing fixedly and wonderingly at her beautiful face. One glance won graceful, quiet little Clara. She was a second Barbara, with all her mother's innate refinement and passionate admiration of beauty. From the date of the first kiss, Miss Davenant reigned supreme.

Mrs. Armadale, as I have said before, was not curious, but it must be admitted the new governess interested her deeply. How in the world could the belle of Newport have fallen into this position? But Carl was strangely reticent on the subject. He only spoke of her as an acquaintance by reputation, and never hinted that he had ever spoken to her before. Besides, he did not seem at all anxious to pursue the subject; indeed, once or twice she fancied that he avoided it.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not often that Mrs. Armadale looked troubled, but troubled she certainly looked, when she came into the school-room to Kate, one morning, a month or so after the arrival of the governess. Mr. Armadale had returned from New York only the night before, in a great hurry.

"I don't know what to do, Kate," she said, after the children had been sent down stairs. "Mr. Armadale says it is absolutely imperative that I should go to New Orleans with him. There has been some trouble about the property there, which Clara's godmother left her, and my presence is necessary. It seems I must sign something. How can I leave the children? Baby is not well, and both Johnny and Clara are ailing. I shall be perfectly miserable, though, of course, I won't say so to Alf. Besides, it will be so unpleasant for you."

Kate had not meant to be selfish, but, honestly, the first idea which had suggested itself to her was the unpleasant position she would necessarily be thrown into. But Barbara's evident anxiety roused her sympathies.

"You have no need to be anxious," she said, cheerfully. "Aunt Dorcas is reliable, I think; and though I am not a very good nurse, I will try to take care of the children."

"I am sure you will do that," answered Barbara, her face clearing slightly. "But I

am afraid it will be so much trouble; and then Clara is so delicate that I am always anxious if there is a tinge too much or too little on her cheeks. I wish—I do wish the journey was not so positively necessary."

It required all Kate's powers of consolation to reassure her; but at last she became somewhat less fearful.

"But if any of them should be taken sick," she said, as she left the room to go and superintend her packing, "be sure to write to me at once, if you please."

Kate promised faithfully, and the young matron took her departure in a somewhat easier frame of mind. As for the Circe, to say that she was perplexed, would be to give but a faint idea of her feelings. The children she could have managed easily; nay, she said to herself, if there had been three dozen instead of three, she would gladly have undertaken their charge, if by doing so she could have avoided this embarrassing *tete-a-tete* position. But it seemed there was no avoiding it, and so she could only accept it with as good a grace as possible.

Since the first evening, she had hardly once seen her antagonist alone. When they had met, they had barely exchanged civilities. How would *tete-a-tete* dinners and breakfasts pass off, for necessarily Miss Davenant must take the place Mrs. Armadale had vacated? In spite of her discomfort, she could not help smiling, as she thought of it. Well, there was only one part which could be acted, and that involved perfect, well-bred calmness. Since she must meet him, and play the part of mistress of the household, it should be done gracefully, and without her manner indicating that anything had occurred to make the position other than a pleasant one. Nevertheless, she felt it would need all her self-possession and self-knowledge to carry her through.

The day was a busy one, and rather unsettled by the preparations for the journey; but at last the bustle was over, and the carriage containing Mrs. Armadale was driven away, with that anxious young matron's face showing itself at the window, in a rather dubiously cheerful farewell to the children.

When it was out of sight, Kate took Johnny and Clara by the hand, and led them into the parlor.

It had been one of those chilly, gray days, with which the early part of autumn is occasionally interspersed, and a fire had been in the room all day, and by this fire Mr. Seymour was seated as they entered. He had not ex-

pected their coming, it was very plain; but Kate led her young charges to the hearth with the calmest of faces.

"The children will take tea with us to-night, if you have no objection, Mr. Seymour," she said, serenely, as she rested her arched-foot on the fender to warm. "I thought they might possibly feel lonely."

Perhaps he was a little more mercifully inclined than usual; at all events, he took her cue as calmly as it was given. His quiet reply was quite a relief to Kate, for, to tell the truth, her courage had oozed out at her finger-ends, when she first observed his presence. So far so good. At least the enemy had acknowledged the flag of truce. She took a seat opposite to him, and began to talk easily as she worked upon Mrs. Armadale's tatting. Mrs. Armadale had said she would, probably, be absent two weeks: did he think it probable her stay would be prolonged? Mr. Seymour thought it just possible. Ah! that was a pity—she had been so anxious about the children. Barbara always was anxious about the children, was the gentleman's reply; and by this time his book lay upon his knee, half-closed upon his shapely hand, and he was watching Miss Davenant's slim, pointed fingers, as they flew back and forth with the little pearl shuttle.

She knew he was looking at her, and the knowledge was not pleasant. Nevertheless, she did not care to look up, and so went on quietly.

"You were reading when we came in," with a faint smile. "Don't let us disturb you. The children will be quiet."

"Thank you!" he said, as serenely, yet with a keen scrutiny in his haughty, handsome eyes. "There is no fear of disturbance. Listen to what I was reading:

'I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There are times when all might be smooth and even,
If the dead could only find out when
To come back to us and be forgiven.'

"I was wondering," he went on, "if this verse might not mean more than dead friends. Might we not apply it to dead loves, dead hopes, dead happiness?"

If Miss Davenant had been an unsophisticated young lady, she would probably have blushed and shown uneasiness under this seemingly harmless remark, which, with the old story in the past, might be so pointed; but as she was not an unsophisticated young lady, she did not blush, but merely drew out the tiny shuttle a little faster, with a soft, calm laugh.

"Possibly," she said. "But as I have neither

dead hopes nor dead loves, I cannot say, you see. But what a beautiful verse it is. Won't you please read me the rest?"

Checkmate! She had secured her draw-bridge; but even years after, she did not forget the spark of slow fire in his eyes, as they fell upon the book again.

For the first time, in the evening, the red shot warmly to her very forehead, and she bent over her work to hide it.

He read on for an hour, passing from one poem to another, hardly looking up from the book, and seeming all the time to be acting from a sense of cold politeness. Before the tea-tray was brought in, Kate was not quite sure but that his face wore a slightly bored expression, and she made an indignant resolve to confine herself to the school-room and nursery as much as possible.

There was a faint crimson spot on either cheek when at last she took her place at the head of the table, with Johnny and Clara on either side, and her enemy as *vis-a-vis*. She looked very graceful in her position, Carl thought, and very sweet, with her soft-voiced commands to the children; but she did not look at him more than she could help; and once, when handing him his cup, her hand touched his, she flushed like a girl, and drew it away quickly. For her part she was wondering if the meal would ever be over, and asking herself if it would be too glaring, hereafter, to leave him with his housekeeper, and stop with the children in the nursery. Two weeks of this would be impossible! But it was over at length, and she rose from the table and touched the bell.

"We will go up to the nursery now," she said, to the children. "You know we have to finish that story, Johnny." And with her two charges running before her, in a great hurry for the story, she went out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Once up stairs, she found her hands full. Baby was there, with aunt Dorcas, fretting a little as he lay on her lap. Johnny and Clara seated themselves on their respective stools, anxious for the promised story; but Kate had been long enough in the Armadale household to feel a trifle anxious at baby's flushed face, and faint little grunts of disapproval.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked of aunt Dorcas. "I hope he isn't sick, aunty?" The old woman shook her head.

"I'm afeard he ain't well, honey," she said. "He's bin sorter gruntin' all day. Mebbe he's only missin' his mar."

Kate held out her hands.

"Let me have him," she said, with a faint sense of discomfort. "I hope he won't be sick while Mrs. Armadale is away."

She felt uneasy, and she could hardly hide it. What if anything should happen! She held baby closer in her arms, and bent and kissed its little face. She looked wonderfully like Barbara about her tender mouth and anxious eyes as she did it. She had always loved the children, even in her bitterest moments, and it seemed so natural for her heart to warm with the soft cheeks nestling against it. The children had their story, and after it came to its natural ending, where the youngest brother did all the impossible things, and married the obliging princess with the convenient father and three kingdoms, she sent them to bed.

Aunt Dorcas went with them. Kate was left to herself, seated on Barbara's rocking-chair, with Barbara's baby on her lap. She hardly knew what she was thinking of, as she rocked to and fro, and sung one of Barbara's pretty songs in her low, clear voice—the voice that had brought showers of flowers to her feet in by-gone days. But, at any rate, she was thinking deeply, for her eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire, and she did not hear the quick footstep coming up the stairs. There was a footstep, and just by the open door it stopped a moment, and Carl Seymour drew his breath sharply as he looked in. What was there of good or evil, in this girl, that she could sting him with her cool indifference and bitter pride, and then come among these innocent children and teach them to love her as if she were as innocent as themselves? And hold this white-souled baby in her arms and sing tender songs to it with that tender smile on her lips? And then a wild thought leaped up. What if the past had been only a dream! What if God and heaven (for it seemed as if God and heaven were near to the tender vision) had but given him the right to call this girl wife, and to enter the little room and kiss her sweet face, and hold her white hands and draw her head upon his shoulder, feeling at rest, and better and stronger for her lovingness! Ah! how his heart beat as he remembered how far apart they were, and how they were to live their lives away from each other and unforgiven. But when she came to the end of her little song he turned away.

It seemed as if there was a spell upon them that night, or that Fate had ordered that the sea of memory should be stirred, for once again their acted part was broken in upon.

Baby had fallen asleep, and after laying him in the cradle, Kate had left him to aunt Dorcas, and gone down stairs to give some directions to the servants.

Having done what she wished, she intended retiring for the night; but on reaching the head of the stairs, she found that the servants had neglected to lower the lights of a large swinging lamp which had its place there. It must be attended to, and balancing herself upon one foot, she reached over the balustrade to touch it.

She heard some one close the parlor-door as she did so, and glancing down caught sight of Carl coming up toward her. Perhaps it was her confusion, perhaps the light dazzled her, but at least she could not see well, and her hand was unsteady. He was only a few steps below her, and in an impatient impulse she bent further over, lost her balance, and then her foot slipped, and but that he had caught her in his arms she would have fallen down the whole flight. As it was, his arm closed strongly round her waist, and for a moment she rested upon his breast, crimson with mortification. The next instant he had released her, and she stood upon the step feeling almost indignant, and, in spite of herself, trembling from head to foot, and showing her confusion terribly. For him, he was the calmest of the two, but his face was perfectly colorless, and his voice sounded almost unnatural when he spoke to her.

"I hope you are not hurt!" he said. "It was fortunate I happened to come when I did."

She could hardly answer him. It seemed so horrible to her. Her cheek had touched his as she fell. And this man had loved her once, and now hated her!

"No," she said, "I am not hurt. Thank you!" and before he had time to speak she had turned and gone swiftly up the stairs again, hardly knowing what she did.

Her cheeks were hot, scarlet, when she locked her door, and went to the mirror to look at herself, and her mouth was trembling like a child's. She almost clenched her hand in her passion of humiliation. She could not control herself, and after the first glance she dropped her face upon her hands.

"Oh! I am a coward!" she said, passionately. "Oh! what a pitiful coward I am! What is this I am learning? What have I done?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Kate dressed herself very slowly, the next morning, and stood a long time at the mirror,

before she could decide to go down to the breakfast-room at all. Not that she was anxious about her toilet, but that she wished to put off the evil hour as long as possible, if not forever. The bell had rung for the second time. Even then a sudden recollection caused her to turn back to the dressing-table. There had been a slender chain round her neck the night before, suspending a little Gothic cross of onyx and gold, and it had suddenly struck her that she had not seen it since she dressed. She could not recollect having taken it off, and it certainly was not on the toilet-stand. Perhaps it had dropped upon the floor. She bent down and looked for it, but to no avail, it was not to be found. Her grandmother had given her the cross the day she left with Mrs. Montgomery, and had told her that it was her father's gift to her deserted mother. She had worn it often in the Newport days, and once she had told Carl Seymour its story, and he had asked her if the mother's true heart had descended to the daughter.

It might possibly have slipped from its clasp as she fell, and he might have picked it up. That was the only way in which she could account for its absence, and she by no means liked the idea of recalling the scene to his mind by questioning him. Surely, if he had seen it, he would restore it without being asked.

Giving up the search as useless, she went down to the nursery for Clara and Johnny, who were waiting for her to take them to the breakfast-room.

Aunt Dorcas, who was crooning over baby, looked up somewhat anxiously as she entered. Baby was lying quite still, his tiny face flushed with the hot-red, which Kate knew was Mrs. Armadale's special horror, and she felt a nervous thrill as she noted the dark rings round his eyes, and the heavy sleep he seemed to have fallen into.

"Is he worse?" she asked, quickly. "How did he sleep, aunt Dorcas?"

"Mighty badly, Miss Kate, honey. 'He's jest dropped off for the first time since twelve last night, and mebbe it will help him. Sleep does a power o' good to chill'en."

Mrs. Armadale surely never looked more anxious than her governess did, as she stooped over the little one, and touched its hot cheek with her white fore-finger. It was just pretty Barbara's way, and there was just pretty Barbara's thoughtfulness in her softened eyes.

"Well," she said, when she raised her head, "I must go down to breakfast now, but if baby is no better soon, I shall send for the doctor."

She marshaled the children before her into the parlor, talking to them gayly: but for all that she found it no easy matter to say her good-morning. Her face colored high, in spite of herself, and her hand positively shook as she poured out the first cup of coffee. For awhile Carl and she had exchanged places, for though he was a shade paler than usual, he was quite collected.

"We may expect a letter from Barbara to-day, I suppose," he said, with a slight smile. "When she is away I am always compelled to issue bulletins from the nursery, on pain of seeing her worn to a skeleton by the time Alf brings her home."

Kate was not quite sure but that she felt grateful to him for his nonchalance. But then he could afford to be nonchalant. It was not he who had fallen into her arms, and her cheeks grew a thought hotter than before.

"I am afraid the bulletin for to-day is not very satisfactory," she said, trifling with her spoon. "Baby is not well this morning." And before she had finished her sentence, she found herself coloring again, for he was smiling. With his recollection of the Circe of Newport, with her train of celebrities, and her butterfly-life, it seemed so odd to see her sitting there, in her quiet dress, and with her mermaid's hair knotted in the plain school-room fashion. A novel position for the Circe, surely, this of nurse, and consoler, and deputy mamma.

He was sorry to hear it, he said to her. She must not allow herself to be frightened; but if she thought it necessary, he would send for the family physician.

"Thank you. I will wait until evening," she answered. "If I still feel doubtful then, I will let you know."

She was glad when the meal was over, and she found herself rising from the table.

But before she left the room, a servant came in to remove the breakfast things, and Kate thought there could hardly be a better time for speaking of her lost ornament, and so mentioned it.

"I had it, last night," she added, addressing the servant, "I might have dropped it upon the stairs."

But the girl had not seen it, and Mr. Seymour said nothing, only when first she spoke, Kate observed that he raised his eyes from the paper he was reading. However, she gained no information, and so must fain go up stairs, and leave the cross to its fate.

What a dull day that was! The sky was

dull, the house was dull, the children were dull, and Kate herself was in a perfect fit of blues. The lessons did not make any progress at all. Johnny's head ached, he said, and poor little Clara looked pale. Before the morning had half passed, Kate closed the books.

"We won't try any more to-day, children," she said. "We must cure that headache, Johnny, and, perhaps, we had better go and look at baby."

It was not often that Johnny complained, for he was a wonderfully patient child, but to-day his habitual sage stolidity seemed to have given way, and when he reached the nursery, he began to cry.

Twelve months ago, Kate would have con-signed him to the care of his attendant, and gone down stairs to the parlor, with a lady-like sense of annoyance; but now Barbara's responsibility seemed to have descended upon her shoulders, and she exerted herself to her utmost in the matter of consoling. She took Johnny upon her knee and told him one of the always available stories, she sung a little song for him, she built a bark house on the hearth, and gravely related the history of its supposed occupants. But though the tears stopped, Johnny was not himself. He could not be moved to laughter, even at the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer. He only sat still and listened, resting his head upon his hand, and now and then closing his eyes heavily. As she watched him Kate began to feel nervous, and at last she was positively frightened, for, as she ended her stories, he fell into a deep, unnatural sleep upon her arm. She laid her hand against his cheek, and found it burning hot, and there was the same scarlet color on the skin which had alarmed her in baby.

"Aunt Dorcas," she said, quietly, "I will

go down stairs and speak to Mr. Seymour about sending for the doctor. I am afraid these children are going to be ill."

There was a little decisive click in the manner of shutting the door behind her as she left the room. She was thinking how much oftener Fate was going to compel her to put herself in Carl Seymour's way.

"From beggar to heiress, and from heiress to beggar!" she said, as she thought bitterly. "And now I am mistress of a household, and sick nurse in prospective. What next?"

And then she tapped at the studio-door, and a voice answered her summons with, "Come in."

Since morning, Carl had been shut up in his room, working fiercely. The door opened, and he felt no little surprise at the sight of the slender, black-robed figure, of the serene-eyed young lady, who stood quietly on the threshold, one slim, soft-looking hand resting upon the handle.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," she said, gravely; "but I thought I ought to come and tell you that Johnny is not well, and baby is no better, and I should like to see the doctor."

At any rate, she did not commit herself in saying this lesson, for the purple-irised eyes met his gaze without a quiver of their fringes. He rose from his chair at once.

"I will see Dr. Châloner myself," he said. "I am sorry to hear this! My sister will be so anxious. Is there anything I can do for you, while I am out, Miss Davenant?"

"Nothing," she said, with a cold bow of thanks, and, after a few more civil words, she left him as quietly as she had come.

"What a pleasant position!" she said, stopping in the hall a moment. "If it were not for the children I should leave the house to-morrow."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A LOVE-LETTER.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

What shall I write to you, dear one?

My pen can never say
The words that my lips would utter,
Could I be with you to-day.

Shall I tell you how I long for
Your voice and your tender kiss?
And the clasp of your hand, my darling,
And the smiles I so much miss?

You wrote me that you had counted
The days that must still go by
Before I am with you; my darling,
Believe me, so have I.

I think of the happy meeting
When I come to you next week;
Perhaps, if you are looking,
I shall kiss you on your cheek.

I wonder, love, if your blindness
Will rise as you read these words?
I fancy I hear you singing
A sweeter song than the birds.

But I cannot tell you, my darling,
The words that my lips would speak;
So I'll keep them all till I meet you—
Till I come to you next week.

A HEROINE

BY MRS. E. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HORTH."

I DO not know on what grounds I am justified in calling Elizabeth a heroine. She never suffered from reverse of fortune, from false friend, or treacherous enemy. Her worst grievance was sick-headache. Her father failed, it is true; but the world did not turn its back coldly on her; they were only anxious in the Sewing Circle to know if he would reopen with a fresh stock of lawns, or if it was too late in the summer for that. Elizabeth was a governess. There is a point gained. She taught the Selden children all that she knew of music. But Mrs. Selden was not an aristocratic tyrant; in fact, Lizzy rather patronized the old lady. Nor did Charles Selden, when he ran down from town, fall in love, according to rule, with the modest governess, in preference to all the girls he knew in the city, who were quite as modest, and much better bred.

Elizabeth was neither dazzling blonde nor tropical brunette; her eyes were not violet, nor purple-black, but gray—pleasant and honest, but nothing more; nor was her hair "the gold that Titian loved," of "treacherous, tawny yellow;" the best that could be said of it was, that it was all her own. She reminded you of neither a sunbeam nor a leopard; when she moved, it was not with the flutter of a bird, nor the loping stealth of a cat; she walked wherever she wanted to go very much as you or I would. I must make more humiliating confessions; Elizabeth neither sparkled with wit, nor was devoured by morbid longings. She probably never said a brilliant thing in her life, nor did she "charm you by personal magnetism." I cannot even find a point in the matter of dress on which to hang a description. Of course, she had no lucent emeralds, nor carved ambers in which to manifest her secret self to the one appointed eye; but it would not have been unreasonable to expect that inevitable marvelous point lace, which the most poverty-stricken heroine providentially inherits to wear on the critical evening of her life. If Lizzy secured her pretty new merino in the fall, and jaconet muslin in the spring, she was as happy as any girl in Chester county. Considered as a heroine, Elizabeth was a failure. When a stranger came to church, nobody pointed her out as one of the village belles—she did not

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even sit in the choir; but the stranger was sure to be taken to her mother's house as the place where they would be secure of cordial welcome and enjoyment; and they inevitably fell in love with homely Mrs. Woods, as one of the friendliest and pleasantest people alive, adding that when Lizzy was as old as her mother, she would, probably, be just like her. The house of Mrs. Woods was the rendezvous for the villager: the clergyman and his wife dropped in for supper almost every night; the deacons came to argue for or against predestination; the matrons for receipts; the young people to carry on their love-making in some of the shady nooks in the orchard, which the old lady, they declared, left untrimmed for the purpose.

Elizabeth's own love-making had been done in the house, what there was of it. She was engaged to be married next month. John Melvin did not like sitting under bushes, or in the moonlight—he had enough of out-of-doors on the farm, he said. Lizzy was paring peaches by the kitchen-table with her mother the morning the matter was definitely settled. He called to ask about some grape-cuttings, and stood joking and dipping bits of Morris-Whites in the sugar-dish, and eating them. Elizabeth was in high spirits that morning.

"You are a saucy, idle girl," said her mother.

"Shall I take her off your hands, aunt Eley? Will you put up my peaches for me next year, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth laughed and nodded. And then, looking up, saw that John's face was grave and had flushed a little.

"I mean it, Mrs. Woods," he said. "Elizabeth must always have known that I wished it."

"How was I to know it, Mr. Melvin?" stammered Lizzy. "You never——"

"Never sent you flowers, or came 'trionnying on a fiddle at night,' eh?" laughed John. "Ought I to have gone through with all that Philandering? When I mean business, I mean business. I think you understood me," putting his hand on her arm, which was bared for work.

"I think she did, John," her mother said, finding that Elizabeth did not speak.

"Then you'll come, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth nodded again, but did not look up this time. When she was pleased or touched, she had one of the most agreeable, loveable faces in the world. John thought this now and stood, still with his hand on her arm, looking at her a moment.

"Have you settled it, children?" said Mrs. Woods, looking back from the stove, to which she had discreetly turned.

"Yes, aunt Eley." He took his hand from her arm. No one spoke. Lizzy went on paring the peaches, and her mother weighed them. Mrs. Woods had hoped for this for a long time. John Melvin was as steady as a rock, and his farm was his own, and unincumbered. There was a great weight lifted from her heart about Lizzy's future.

As for John, he, too, had been anxious about this matter for years. Elizabeth was very dear to him; yet he would never have married her if she had been a shrew, or wasteful. But she had no faults that he could discover. He had suddenly come into full daylight this morning.

People in the country, however, usually smother emotion under the commonplace nearest at hand. "Well, I must be going," said John. "Brooks is coming to look at that Alderney heifer. I'll be down this evening, to talk it over."

"Very well, John. We're pretty busy now, as you see;" and Mrs. Woods tumbled her peaches into the kettle.

"Good-by, Lizzy," stooping, quite as a matter of course, to kiss her burning cheek.

That was the first sharp disappointment, perhaps, in Elizabeth's life. That first kiss, whether given in the woodland shade by moonlight, or wherever it might be, was always the culminating point in all the novels she had read; the moments when the heroine's pains and doubts were merged into pure certainty of knowing herself beloved. Bliss was reached. Life had nothing more to give. Every girl is her own heroine. If Lizzie had, in rapt second sight, looked upon that supreme moment, who can blame her?

It was over. John had kissed her, here, in daylight, in the kitchen, before her mother and Miss Pitta, their help for the summer, who had arrived from the cellar at the critical moment. The kiss was very much like any other kiss. She knew yesterday, as well as to-day, that John Melvin would ask her to be his wife. She had not thrilled or trembled. As he kissed her, she was thinking that her hair was still in the crimping-pins, and had noticed that his boots smelled of the barn-yard.

Paradise had opened for Elizabeth, and she had gone in; but she wore still her old clothes, and found instead of celestial fruits only the hay-fields and mullen of every day.

This was three months ago. The wedding was to be next month. The whole county called Lizzy a fortunate girl. John had fitted up the old farm-house to please her; had even sent the carpenters to Mrs. Woods for a plan of the pantry. Dry goods were down, so that her money had gone much further than they hoped in new dresses. It was all very pleasant, very comfortable. But as for bliss——? The celestial fruits were yet untouched. This was the old hay-field and mullen, with the sun brighter on it, perhaps. She used to try to say over to herself, in an exaltation of feeling with Thekla,

"Thou Holy One, take home Thy child!
I have lived, and I have loved!"

But really, she did not want to go home at all; she was perfectly comfortable. But she had missed the romance that is every girl's birthright. The wine of life had come to her with all the bead and sparkle gone. People began to notice how she moped and complained of headache. Mrs. Merrill, the clergyman's wife, joked her about it, one evening, after tea.

"You were never so fidgety and nervous in your life, Elizabeth, as now, when your fortune's made."

"Young women have a sort of wild-oats to sow as well as young men, I suppose," said Lizzy, trying to be as criminal and reckless as possible. "And you are all so good, I never have had a chance to sow mine."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Merrill.

"I don't know either," shrugging her shoulders. She saw John Melvin turn to her flushed face with an astonished, questioning look. "He would not marry me unless my temper was good," thought Lizzy. In all the novels she had read, was there ever a lover who would hesitate for temper, or such minor trifles? Of a surety, Elizabeth had been sore cheated in her lot of life.

"Will you come out and show me your wall-flowers?"

It was the stranger from New York, whom Mrs. Merrill had brought over for tea, who spoke. Elizabeth was so used to strangers that she had not noticed him before. She went before him now, glad to get away from them all, down through the dusky garden-paths to the wall-flowers. The damp November wind swept up from the river across the stubble-fields.

"There is healing in 'the invisible fingers of the wind,'" he said, as if talking to himself.

A queer-looking, little man, Lizzy thought, turning to look at him sharply: with a billous-yellow complexion, dead black eyes, and lank hair put behind his ears, dressed in a coarse brown suit of city cut, the gaping pockets stuffed with letters and segars.

"I always think of old mother Nature as perpetually curing," turning to Elizabeth, with a smile that somehow established a kinship between them. "Not the loftiest conception, perhaps; but we poor dogs of men use each other so cruelly, that one likes to go out to the hills and fancy a wailing, loving presence there. There, at least, we are no longer alone, and are appreciated!"

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. As for the hills, she never had recourse to them, except to reach the farms on the other side. But did not she, too, stand alone, and unappreciated? She waited breathless for the next words. But Mr. Hanlon drew a long breath, altered the position of his old felt hat, and was done with sentiment. "Now to get at the idea of wind," said he, briskly, "you ought to face a sou-wester, coming over the plains, on your route to New Mexico."

"Oh! were you ever there?" cried Elizabeth, whose townspeople never were known to leave the borough limits.

"Yes," turning at her excited face with an amused smile. "You would delight in the fuchsias—sixteen feet. But this is an old story I am beginning. I mentioned the fuchsias in my letters from the plains this summer. You read the newspapers?"

"You are not 'Kappa?'" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands.

"That is my newspaper signature. In the magazines I give my initials."

Lizzy was dumb. Nobody who had not lived in a country village, and known the awe-approaching dread excited by a man who has "written for the press," can comprehend her emotion. Hanlon laughed, and turned it off with a cough. "Now here is a little thing which may interest you. The nutting-party last week, you remember?" drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I am here for rest, but I use all the material that I find. All is grain that comes to a poor scribbler's mill."

Grain? Golden seed, indeed, to bring forth such fruit as this! Elizabeth sat on a log of the fence poring over the column with kindling eyes. "Why, I was there! It was stupid and commonplace to me; but here—it is a poem!"

"You compliment me," strapping up his pocket-book. Then he found room for himself on the log beside her. She was a fresh, original little thing! Apparently out of spirits, too. He might as well amuse himself and her. Elizabeth read and reread the story of the nutting-party. Why, here was magic! The dull, ordinary jaunt through the woods read like a strain of music! The turnpike, the wagons, the party of nutters had become a poet's pilgrimage. This man had the divine gift; he could turn the weary hay-fields and mullen for her into celestial fruits.

"I have not let it be known who I was," he said. "I did not think there was any one in the village who cared for my pursuits; any one of my kin or kind until now."

Elizabeth made no answer. She had never before felt herself a whit different from the other village people; she had no other tastes, read no other books than theirs; but now she was utterly set apart from them. A great gulf lay between her and them. She was one of the immortal brotherhood of genius.

"You don't object to smoke? Well, then, I'll show you some of my summer's work. Mere studies, you see," lazily leaning back and puffing his segar, while he opened one newspaper slip after another. They sat there until dark came. "We must go in, or we will have your knight down to reckon with me. You ought not to have put the yoke about your neck, by-the-by, until you had seen more of the world, Miss Lizzy. If you were a boy, how I should like you for *compagnon* out yonder exploring in the West!"

Lizzy did not answer. If John came down, he undoubtedly had the right to break up this delicious dream which the last hour had brought. Why did she give him the right? The "yoke" galled her. If there had been any approach to flirtation in Hanlon's manner, her purity would have taken the alarm. But this intellectual sympathy—this wish that she were a boy and his *compagnon*: there was a greeting here of soul to soul, which she had never received from John Melvin, and in which was no disloyalty to him. As for Lizzy's part in the conversation, we may conclude she had given satisfaction in the matter of admiration, from Hanlon's reflections as he followed her up the path, drawing the last whiff from his segar. "Wants cultivation, poor little body! But she has very correct ideas in the main—see where an article has power better than your professional critics, hang them!"

"I will come over in the morning," he added,

aloud, "and read you some passages from that book I mentioned, Miss Lizzy. That is, if you will be at leisure?"

Now Lizzy had promised to go over with John and look at the poultry-yard, which needed a fence. But—"I will be at leisure," she said.

"Come down to the place where we were sitting just now, then. It's a shady little nook, and will be cool in the morning, eh?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Unless our sir knight has objections?" looking at her keenly. "He is the *fiancee*, you know, and I am only the friend."

"He does not dare to sit in shady corners to talk to me himself; and he won't even notice that others do it," she laughed, but petulantly.

"Ah-h?" He walked beside her in silence, giving one or two furtive, inquiring glances at her heated face. Ben Hanlon was a generous, imaginative fellow. "The girl is being driven into an unwelcome marriage," he thought. "I'll be as kind to her as I can." When they reached the porch, the moon had fully risen, and threw long, flickering rays of mystical light over the trailing vines and ghost-like trees.

"No, I will not come in," he said.

She halted on the upper step, looking down at the pale face that fixed a strange, pitying look on her. Somehow the ordinary good-by, which she would have spoken, died on her lips.

"We are friends, are we not?" in a low voice, holding out his hand.

There was no disloyalty to John in giving him her hand, surely? Yet the nervous fingers of the friend thrilled her as the lover's had never done.

When John came for Elizabeth next morning, she was snugly ensconced in the corner of the ivy-covered wall overlooking the creek; and could not be found at the house. Hanlon lay at her feet, reading to her. It was a hot day, and this shade and the ripple of the water were pleasanter than Mrs. Merrill's best room. Lizzy amused him, too, and he thought sincerely that he was showing her a kindness. When noon came, therefore, and the dinner-horns blew, he half rose and lazily sank back again. "If we could only stay here all the afternoon!" he yawned.

Lizzy's heart throbbed with guilty pleasure. Why should she not have this one happy day? It would be the last. "I will go and steal some lunch, and we will stay!" she suggested, breathless.

Hanlon laughed. He looked uneasy for a moment as she ran away, but pulled away his

twinge of conscience with his seegar, and then sauntered out to the melon-patch and brought in a cantaloupe. Lizzy ran back in triumph. She had completed her foraging unseen, and they sat side by side on the grass and nibbled the bread-and-cheese, and shared the melon with all the zest of adventure of two truant school-boys.

During the long afternoon Hanlon read, or lazily talked of his favorite subjects, his own life, and his own opinions, while Lizzy listened; her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes fixed on the broad sheet of water rippling in the sun. She heard John Melvin's voice at the house, but she did not move. She wondered if it would ever have power over her life again? Elizabeth, we think, improves in her role of heroine. She was, however, neither an intolerably vain, nor passionate woman, as you may judge her to be. She had only a certain vein of romance, or sentiment, which John Melvin had never thought it worth while to open. Hanlon did think it worth while for an hour's amusement, and it bubbled forth with a depth and abandon of which he had no conception.

The sun was setting when he rose. "It is unfair in me to keep you longer. I have no claim on you." She thought he sighed. "I am going to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is later than I intended. I meant to go to-day. But I felt that I must know you better." He hesitated. "One hears a friendly call sometimes, sailing on this great ocean of life, and we know that it comes from one born in our own country. But the ships only touch to part. They cannot sail in company."

"No. And yet—I wish I were a man!" passionately, looking up.

"Heaven has sent you a better lot," laughing. "Are you not coming to the house? Good-by, then."

"Must you go now?" she said.

"Yes. I have an engagement with, with— These stupid duties are the chain wherewith we're darkly bound, after all, I think." He held her hand, pressed it slightly, and hurried away. The truth was, it was Mrs. Merrill's supper-hour; and he had a keen remembrance of her fried chicken and waffles.

As for Lizzy, she sat still, to think. She had learned from her favorite histories that in every heroic life comes the crisis, the imminent moment when Fate must be met and grappled with. She thought it had come now; she determined to look at her Fate as coolly as Lily

Dale or Mary Lowther, her favorite heroine, would have done. John Melvin, she acknowledged, was one of the noblest types of men, generous, honorable to a fault, and loved her dearly. But all this could be said of the unhappy lovers, of these her heroines. Of Hanlon she knew nothing. He was the acquaintance of a day. He might be weak, cruel, a gambler, or a rouse; but he pleased her passion or her whim. Her heroines on this ground had struggled through volume after volume of contumely and misery, to cling to their whim for the scoundrel, and make the deserving man's life wretched. This was the highest ruling in the court of Love. To be sure, Hanlon did not love her, there was no chance that he ever would. But would Mary Lowther have hesitated for that? In the name of earnest womanhood—no! Was not the remembrance of certain "thrills, with which her hand had touched her cousin's coat," enough to induce that heroic young female to cast away her lover, and make himself and her comfortably wretched for the rest of their lives?

Night gathered around Lizzy as she sat alone. Her blood grew chilled, her head pained her. The outcry and persecution would be terrible if she broke her betrothal; she was not a strong girl, and she began to cry. "But I cannot marry him with the feelings that I have!" she sobbed. Perhaps under all was some vague idea that if Hanlon knew she was free—must the ships part in mid ocean? "I will go to John and tell him all," she cried, getting up.

Perhaps if she had had time to reach the house, the story might never have been told. But a hand was laid on her shoulder as she spoke.

"What is the 'all' you have to tell me, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, John!" (There was no need to tell all; half would do.) "I meant to say to you," pale and desperate, "that it must all stop. I cannot be your wife, John."

"Why not, Lizzy?" He laughed—a wild, discordant laugh, she thought.

"We are not alike. There is not that kindred instinct, that sympathy between those born under our star," trying to talk the dialect of all young women in her situation. "I will never make you happy, John."

"I think you will, Lizzy," gravely. "I have loved you a long time; since you were a little midge of a thing at school. I never told you that, did I? I have studied your character and my own thoroughly. I did not let passion blind me, and I think we have every element of hap-

piness to begin with. God helping me, I'll do my part." Elizabeth felt an inexpressible swell of comfort rising in her heart. There surely never was a manlier man than John; and his smile just now was as tender as a woman's. But what! Where were her instincts of affinity? Did not John Eames plead in just this way, and did not Lily Dale nobly turn her back on him, and vindicate her pure instincts by clinging to the boorish ruffian who had jilted her?

"Go!" cried Elizabeth, tragically, turning away.

But John Melvin held her by the wrist.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he said.

The man was capable of passion, after all, and she had pushed him too far.

"I mean that you must go on your own road. I cannot marry you."

"If you don't marry me, Elizabeth Woods, my horse may break my neck, to-night, for aught I care!" and he flung her from him.

"John! John!" she cried, feebly.

But John was gone. The next moment she heard his horse's hoofs galloping down the creek road.

She sobbed a little, but not long. The gusty scene had relieved her overburdened spirit, as sheet lightning clears the atmosphere. She went into the house and ate her supper with an appetite. To-morrow Mr. Hanlon would, doubtless, come to say good-by again, and there would be that delicious pattering of words and looks on the border-land of friendship and passion; and there would be another stormy scene with John—and would she make it up with John, after all? Poor old fellow! It seemed as if she really had always been John's property. She romped with the baby awhile, and then tried on her wedding-bonnet with great satisfaction, going to work to alter the flowers.

About ten o'clock her father came in. "The creek bridge is down," he said. "I told the commissioners 'twant safe weeks ago."

"Did not John take the creek road going home, Lizzy?" said Mrs. Woods.

But Lizzy could not answer for the sudden terrible choking in her throat.

"Pshaw! John Melvin's not the sort of man to risk his neck so," said her father, leisurely drawing off his boots. "What's the use of sneering the child? She's as white as a sheet. John's got his wits and his eyes about him, Libby. He'll be here in the morning, I'll warrant him."

But John did not come in the morning, nor at noon, nor at night. Mr. Woods, becoming alarmed, rode over to the farm. John had not

returned on the night before: the workmen supposed he had remained with the Woods, as he had lately sometimes done. Mr. Woods came home pooh-poohing and gruff, but inwardly terribly in doubt. His wife went about pale and silent; the village was in a fever of alarm, which was subdued into anxious whispering when Lizzy approached. They need not have tried to shield her. She had known the worst at once. "He is dead!" she said, quietly. "He is dead!" for she remembered those last words. It was she who had done it—she, with her paltry mad whim of passion and vanity.

It was on Tuesday night that the bridge fell. Thursday, Friday passed without tidings. She asked no questions: sat quite still in her own room, with dry, tearless eyes. When her mother moved softly about her, caressing her, was the only time she would speak. "I loved him, mother," she would say. "Don you think he knows now that I loved him?"

"Keep up heart, child. John will come back." But Lizzy did not seem to hear her; went back to her vacant staring out of the window at the glassy surface of the water, under which he was lying. "I loved him," she would say, nodding to herself.

She knew it now—now, when it was too late.

Forbes, the old village doctor, came to see her: looked at her set lips and distended eyes. "There is danger," he told her mother and the women when he came out. "You women have a knack of bringing the tears—try and bring them."

They began, therefore, to talk of John before her; of how the whole country side was mourning for him: as the man that could least be spared; of his generosity, his honor, his strong judgment, and then, with bated breath, of his love for her. She looked at them without answer. Who knew what manner of man he was as she knew it? No one but she knew how noble and great was the life that she had cut short with her weak, murderous hand.

She thought, if he could but know that in her soul she had never been false to him, that it was but the mad folly of a moment which drew her from him, that he would forgive her; that, dead, he would be generous, as he had been in life. If her voice could pierce heaven, and reach him where he stood!

"I love you, John," she cried. But only her lips moved. Those who stood nearest her heard not a sound. They caught her in their arms, and laid her like one dead on the bed.

"He may come back," they said, thinking she could hear.

But in the village there was no hope. The men, with Mr. Woods at their head, had been dragging the creek, and firing a cannon over the water, in the hope of recovering the body. Late in the afternoon, the women about Lizzy saw a sudden confusion in the crowd of men and boys down on the bank. There was a running and hurrying together.

"They have found it," they whispered, shuddering, to each other—and one after another went noiselessly out of the room.

But it was only a hat which had been dragged out of the water—a brown felt hat, which they all knew at once.

Old Mr. Woods took it up, and brushed the clotted mud off it as tenderly as though it had been the dead man's face he touched. "There's his name in his own hand, bold enough—*John Melvin*!" laying it down. "Sure enough! the man that wrote that is under the water, boys. Merciful God! here's Lizzy!"

They all drew back as the girl came through the crowd, and knelt down by the hat. She did not touch it, but stooped over it, as though it brought her closer to the dead man, and then she burst into a low sobbing, which brought tears to the eyes of even the men.

Suddenly there was a quick motion in the crowd about her, cries, an oath or two, and a loud, cheerful voice exclaiming,

"Where? Why, to see about Brook's Aldernly heifer, to be sure. Then we went over to the county fair. Yes, that's my old hat; it blew into the creek as I crossed the ford. Why, Lizzy, child!" and he picked her up and carried her like a baby into the house, holding her close to his breast, and when they were inside, kissing the wet, pale face passionately enough to satisfy even her.

"But you were angry with me, John? I thought you had gone to the bridge, meaning to die there!"

"Bless my soul, Lizzy! Do you take me for a fool? What would I die for? No; I wanted to see Brooks about the heifer, and went to tell you; but you were out of sorts that evening, and I let my temper get the better of me. So I thought I'd better stay away a day or two until we had both cooled off. Besides, I knew there would be some merino ewes at that fair worth seeing. I'm not sorry for this mistake," he added, after a moment. "I never would have known how you love me, if you had not thought me dead."

"No, neither am I sorry," said Elizabeth, quietly.

A day or two after, John said,

"Where is that little scribbling chap who was at Merrill's?"

"I don't know. I had quite forgotten him," answered Lizzy, which was quite true.

That evening, however, she received a large yellow envelope, with two or three columns of newspaper-cuttings inclosed. She read it, growing angrily red.

"What is it, Lizzy?" asked John, who was watching her.

"Does that mean *me*?" the tears of mortification standing in her eyes.

"By George! here's the whole story! Pathetic incident-idyl of innocent love, broken in upon by Death's mournful summons. Village damsel—fair, ignorant, uncultured, save in the art of love—the manly Strephon for this Chloë. It's certainly you, Lizzy, for here is your name in full. But your friend must have left before the end, for here is a full account of the finding of my body, and a description of you insensible upon the sands beside it. I wonder he left you alive. Here is a note—did you see?"

Lizzy read it.

"MY DEAR MISS WOODS—You will perceive

that I have exerted the descriptive powers, which you were so kind as to approve, in your behalf. The story possessed fine elements for a sensational sketch, and I willingly exerted myself to make it as complete as possible for you, feeling only too happy that I was able to return the pleasure which the hours passed in your society gave me.

"Yours faithfully.

"BENJAMIN HANLOW.

"P. S.—Necessarily, the sketch is not quite literal. I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Melvin's body to shore instead of his hat. We artists have our privileges, you know. I am most happy, for your sake, that it was the hat only which the waters drank down to muddy death. My wife, to whom I told the story, offers her good wishes with mine to both him and you.

B. H."

John laughed heartily.

"Not a bad fellow, I take it. But half-witted, I suppose, Lizzy?"

"One of the vainest, weakest men that ever lived," cried Elizabeth, vehemently. "The very thought of the man disgusts me."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

I DARE not hope the words I write—

These simple words of mine—
Will find an echo in your heart,
Or cause a smile or tear to start,
Like other words that meet your sight,
Upon these pages fair and white,
From earlier friends of thine.

That scarce can be, for early love,
And early friendship, too,
Hath never doubts that bid us weep,
Or cloud-like o'er their glories sweep,
Such as our later ones must prove,
Ere they our inner life can move,
And mark them false or true.

Yet in that heart of thine I feel
Some little nook would fill;
Think of me as a harp whose strings
Are broken—as a bird whose wings
Made many vain attempts to rise,
Who weary grew, but never wise—
Think of me, as you will.

But do not quite forget the days
We have together passed,
When o'er your face I watched the glow
Of feelings hidden far below,
Called up by some loved poet's lays,
Whose rhymes more oven than their ways,
Less shade than sunshine cast.

Crowned or uncrowned, it mattered not,
So in our hearts we heard
An echo of the song he sang,
A chord that to his touch outrang
With music sweet, or gay, or sad,
Waking the tears or laughter glad,
As minor chords were stirred.

Another claim I have to be
Remembered still by you;
Are we not both together bound
For that fair land where Love is found?
Love, boundless, infinite, and free!
To us a life-long mystery,
But which the Cross proved true.

Have we not learned to trust that Love?
Not in its fullness wide,
But like as children who are led
In thorny paths, who fearful tread
In the dim light a shadowy land,
Still clinging to a Father's hand,
And dare not leave His side.

Mayst thou be taught of Him and blessed,
Till earth's bright things shall seem,
Contrasted with the joys in store
For those who love Him, vague and poor,
Like faces that may calm to rest,
But have no power to make us blest—
Such as we see in dreams.

ONE PEEP AT A BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

ONE last ray of the summer sun slanted over the tree-tops, till it reached the open back window of a small white house. Disdaining to touch the wood-work, it rested lightly on the hair of a young girl, who stood listlessly gazing down the meadow lands that sloped gently into the Connecticut. Such pretty hair it was that the sun chose to rest upon, not by any means unlike itself, coiled high upon the head and combed in light waves away from the fair face. The evening air was sweet with the breath of the fields, the woods, and the flowers in the garden below the window; but the girl who stood there looked discontented and out of tune with the soft landscape. Gradually, however, some sense of the beauty and stillness reached her spirit; she bent forward, crossed her arms, and rested them upon the window-sill.

"Yes, it is pretty," she murmured; "pretty and quiet, but so everlastingly quiet—just like this, day after day, nothing on earth to break the monotony of these long days. If it would only be like it is in books! In books you may live in the quietest sort of a place, and a hero is sure to come at some time. Oh! I wish I had a hero! Some one like Thoope, or Hamilton, or like the Professor in 'The Old Mamselle's Secret.' I don't suppose I'll ever see anybody like them."

These most unprofitable reflections was broken abruptly by a sharp, shrill voice, which called,

"Enid! Enid! Come down here, child—here I am, ironing just as hard as I can, and you dreaming away the living afternoon."

At this unwelcome call to things of practical life, the dissatisfied look returned to Enid's face, but it was no frown to ruffle her white forehead.

"Yes, mother, I am coming;" and she descended the stair-case slowly.

The owner of the eminently practical and working-day voice, whom Enid called mother, was not by right entitled to that sacred name. Enid's mother had died when she was quite a little girl; her father, about two years before you make her acquaintance, leaving her to the care of his brother's widow. Enid's father was a Congregationalist minister of unusual ability and attainments, and he had educated his

daughter well, whilst her aunt took good care of the physical Enid. After her father's death, Enid took her education into her own keeping, and preferred the eager perusal of all the novels and poetry she could lay her hands on, and incessant rambling over the fields and woods, to the systematic course pursued by her father. Mrs. Burt allowed no "help" in her house—it was a class of beings whom, she averred, ate their heads off and smashed the crockery. Mrs. Burt believed housework to be the end and aim of every created woman; baking-day, churning-day, washing-day, were her eras—so Enid was early instructed to brew and to bake, and performed her allotted duties without a thought of rebellion; but gilding and illuminating the prose of pies, loaves, and sweeping, with her own romantic fancies and youthful dreams. When Mrs. Burt washed cups and saucers, it was with full attention and deepest interest; when Enid stood by and assisted her, it was with faithful service of hands, whilst the thoughts roamed at will through the halls of a dazzling *chateau en Espagne*, where young ladies who did not like housework might spend the day riding in a carriage, or sitting on a sofa, with piles of magazines and books in easy reach.

Of late months an unaccountable dullness had settled down over everything; the society of the village girls were tiresome; her rustic conquests and triumphs flat and unprofitable; dreams were all very well; but there was such a thing as too much shadow and too little substance. Her aunt would have said that the novel-reading was taking all the life out of her. In fact, she was muttering to herself something of the kind as Enid entered the kitchen.

"Here, Enid, set this apple-sauce away in the buttery, and put the raspberries and blackberries both on the supper-table. I'm right down hungry for berries this evening."

"Will you go over to service, mother?" said Enid, as she cut the cake into regular slices.

"Well, I conclude not. I'm tired out with getting those clothes in. I guess I'll let you do my worshipping for me."

The clear, deep tones of the six o'clock bell vibrated through the air, as Enid ran up to her

own room to put on her hat for the weekly prayer-meeting. Despite her expressed disdain for the admiration of the young farmers, and a certain young person of the grocery and drygoods persuasion, there was always an exhilaration in finding herself the object of decided notice. So Enid tied her collar with a blue ribbon, carefully adjusted her small straw hat, over her rippling hair, took up her hymn-book, and departed. She had not far to go—the lecture-room stood in the rear of the church, just across the broad, village-green. It was already full as Enid entered, and the service had begun. She took her usual seat by a pillar and joined in the hymn. She sang always with a little conscious pride: her voice was both sweet and strong, and she sang the chorus, "Yes, we'll gather at the river," with much fervor, not spoiled by the innocent knowledge that "Enid Burt's" contralto notes were no small addition to its melody. But, as she raised her eyes at the end of the verse, she encountered a look which sent the "Shining River" out of her head with unseemly rapidity. The look was from a pair of gray eyes that shone with unmistakable admiration, which Enid, though far from conscious of the growing beauty of her delicate face, recognized with the deepest blush and instant dropping of the eyelids. The young man, for it was a young man to whom the gray eyes pertained, immediately withdrew them, with a sudden thought that though it might be pleasant enough to gaze at a rustic beauty, there might possibly be some difference of opinion on the lady's side. Enid's thoughts were in a whirl—very ridiculous to let one glance of admiration upset her so; but then a young gentleman of that type was rather a novelty in her experience. "Who could it be!" she thought—no one she had ever seen before; not Mr. Sargent, the school-teacher, who had just gone home, at the beginning of the summer term, decidedly ill in body, and not a little so in mind, from excessive and imprudent attention bestowed upon the changing expression of a sweet, childish face, which was too near to his seat in church, and was met too often on the side path that led from Mrs. Burt's house through the village. No, it was not Mr. Sargent. Who could it be? Enid would have liked very much to look up, and investigate at her leisure, if she could be sure of not again meeting those brilliant eyes. At length she glanced up timidly, and had the satisfaction of finding the stranger's back turned. She had barely time to observe a well-formed head set upon

broad, stalwart shoulders, and covered with very short, black curls, before he turned suddenly with the instinctive feeling that some one was regarding him intently. Poor Enid was very much disconcerted. She wished a thousand times that she had stayed at home forever, rather than have come to meeting to stare so boldly at a strange young man.

The prayer-meeting, like every other event in life, came to an end in due time, and Enid went home very much taken up with wonderings and speculations. She must have forgotten the strange, young gentleman very thoroughly; for the next day, at the dinner-table, when Mrs. Burt related to her as a great bit of news, that a Mr. Maurice Dwight, a friend of Mr. Sargent, had come down from Boston to spend the summer, and teach the children in Mr. Sargent's place, she made no mention of having seen him the evening before. Several days passed by, tiresome enough to Enid. She neither saw nor heard anything of the interesting stranger; she had by no means omitted to do as many a girl before her had done—she thought of the handsome gray eyes, and more than once fancied she heard a strange footstep, and tipped shyly to the window to peep out; but the passing foot belonged in one instance to a long-necked pedlar; in another to the butcher—no food for romance in those prosaic specimens.

Saturday afternoon was bright and beautiful. Enid had looked forward all day to a prolonged ramble over the meadows, which was to terminate in a favorite haunt by the river. When the last loaf of cake, the last relay of pies was carefully put away, she was free to escape from the hot kitchen to her own cool little room, which she did, up three steps at a time. Off went the great calico apron, sacred to baking-day, and on went a blue cambric dress, plain and simple as possible in fashion, and decidedly short, but fitting trimly and gracefully her tall, lithe figure. Mrs. Burt advocated sun-bonnets—her niece did not. Many a tough battle had been waged over this question in Enid's youth; the young lady affirmed that in a sun-bonnet she could neither see nor hear, and she might be run over by a cow, or anything, without knowing anything about it; but, in spite of these arguments, many times was the sun-bonnet tied over the curls, to be promptly torn off as soon as the little giraffe was out of reach. In time the steady will gained the victory, and now a broad, white sundown hat was tied on with Enid's invariable blue ribbon, that seemed the only color to find

its way into that neat, prim little box in her top drawer, which held her slender stock of finery.

Her preparations completed, Enid ran out through the back-door, and was soon in the meadow-lane—this lane wandered down to the river shore, and was bordered by young beeches and elms, wreathed with grape-vines and wild clematis, in all the tangled luxuriance of July foliage. As it neared the river, the larger trees gradually disappeared, and alders and pollard willows took their place. From side to side the blue figure flitted, now bending over a trailing sweet-brier bough, now making a bold dash into the sedgy brook after a glowing cardinal flower, or some nodding ferns and grasses. She sang softly to herself over the flowers, feeling that subtle bond and sympathy, which is between us and our voiceless friends, the trees, the grass, and the flowers—a teaching our souls were so slow to receive. Those gentle friends never reproach us, no matter when we seek them, whether with a heart filled with bitterness or seething with angry passions, or whether with a conscience at peace with God and man, their welcome is the same; the grass and the flowers bend their dewy and fragrant heads meekly under the foot of him who has slain his brother's soul, or him who has rescued it; the trees interpose their quivering leaves to shelter alike the head of the innocent wayfarer, or him who flees from the avenger of blood. Is this steady neutrality a serene indifference? No, no! Far different is its lesson. It is the tender appeal of Him who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It is the love of the All-Merciful speaking to us in these never-failing sympathies, this impartial care.

The end of the lane was reached; the ground had become marshy; here and there little tufts of vivid green grass showed the firm footing—that is, firm enough for Enid's light tread. Just beyond the marshy land was a narrow strip of path formed by the accumulation of earth on the roots of the pollard willows, which grew there in abundance; thick, sedgy grass matted over this, had formed a narrow levee for about a hundred yards. In some fierce storm in by-gone years, one large willow was particularly uprooted, and had crashed over the bank, through the branches of its companions. It stopped about two feet from the water, and there it rested until the trees near-by had arched their branches over its head, and tender, green vines had clambered gently around its

torn roots and dismembered limbs, working silently until all the unsightliness of death was gone, and a cool, shady retreat was there.

Now, as it happened, that brilliant afternoon had lured Mr. Maurice Dwight to walk in the fields as well as Enid. Half an hour before the blue dress and sundown-hat descended the lane, Mr. Dwight had sauntered down. He was surprised to discover the path beyond the marsh, but very well satisfied withal; so he traversed Enid's small stepping posts at one bound, and with a lack of exploration that did him no credit, passed by the nook on the old pollard willow, and found a comfortable shade at the extreme end of the firm ground, quite concealed by the foliage. Here he stretched his handsome length with great comfort, and prepared to regale himself with Horace, to the time of the river, the rustling leaves, and the bluebirds and bobolinks that darted in and out of the grass and branches overhead.

"Quite a colony of bluebirds," he murmured, after watching their evolutions for a little while. The Horace slid gently from his hand—the riverside music had done its work. Mr. Dwight was startled from his light slumber by a loud exclamation. He turned his head quickly—Enid stood on the verge of the solid earth, looking in vain for her first landing-place, which, alas! Maurice's foot, as he sprung, had crushed out of sight, her hat hung over her shoulders by its ribbon, her cheeks were tinged with a bright, rich glow.

"Well, it's certainly gone, how, I do not know. I suppose I must take a good jump; if I do go in, it won't make much difference, only I wish it was the old delaine!"

As she spoke, she gave a spring, and reached the half-way point, then another, and it was over.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Dwight, under his breath. "The queen of the bluebirds herself, and my little church-girl! But what has become of her?" Enid had stepped upon the fallen willow, and ensconced herself in a seat she had long ago formed of interlaced boughs. Maurice bent cautiously forward, desperately curious to observe the movements of this active nymph. It may be he was wrong to watch her, as, all unconscious of watching eyes, she sang a little, then began to talk in her own fashion to the birds.

Maurice had a dawning idea of the kind.

When she suddenly sprang to her feet, Maurice drew back.

"What is she going to do now? I would not have her find me looking at her for the universe.

Since I did not move at first, I ought never to be caught now." But Enid had no idea of searching for intruders on her causeway. The reason of her sudden movement, was the discovery of what looked like a bluebird's nest in the crotch of a tree near the further end of her willow.

Enid had never walked out to the edge of the prostrate tree; the bark was off in many places, and it was slippery, rather a precarious footing; but then she must see if that was really a bluebird's nest.

"If I do fall into the water," she said, aloud, "I know how to float. I can't swim, but I know I could float. All you have to do is to shut your mouth, and lie still on your back;" so, holding on to the boughs on each side, she advanced quite securely, until she was opposite the crotch, there, sure enough, was a veritable bluebird's nest, with the tops of several blue eggs just visible.

"If I could just step on this branch, and hold on to the one above me, I could look right down into the nest, and count the eggs."

With the words, and before Maurice, who had sprung forward to stop her, could speak, she rested her whole weight on a slender branch. It broke instantly. With a crash the poor little queen of the bluebirds fell, not into the water, but just saved from it by the thick mass of vines woven in and out of the boughs below her.

Maurice was on the log directly, and had lifted her in his strong arms. But she neither spoke nor moved. Maurice carried her to the base of the tree, kneeling by her, and resting her head on his arm. He was fearfully frightened. Was she dead, or was it only a swoon that caused that deathlike stillness?

"It is my fault," he muttered. "I should have warned her not to venture on such a perilous place."

At length, with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes.

"Oh, where am I?" she cried; then added, in a tone of sharp pain, "My ankle!"

"You fell from the tree. Have you twisted your ankle?"

Enid started at the voice, and blushed to find a young man's face bending over her in anxiety, whilst his arm made a pillow for her head.

"Yes, I believe I must have," she said. The blush faded, and left her ashy pale, as she attempted to rise.

"Oh! what am I to do?" she said, as, with a moan of pain, she sunk back on the grass.

"Let me take you up and carry you home," said Maurice, gently.

"Oh, no! I can't do that."

"That is all that can be done," said he; and seeing her eyes closing, and the color rapidly receding from her face, without more ado, he lifted her, and was soon bearing her with steady strides up the lane. Enid's light weight was nothing to his trained muscles; but the sight of that pallid and suffering face touching his shoulder, filled him with a strange sensation of pity and tenderness. When they reached Mrs. Burt's door, the good lady hurried out, full of exclamation, wonder, and questions. Mr. Dwight delivered up his burden with a hasty explanation, and went off, promising to send the doctor on his way.

The doctor soon put the strained ankle in order, with sundry jokes as to Enid's bird-nesting. Directly he was gone, Enid raised up on her elbow to ask several questions that had been distracting her mind.

"Mother, what did Mr. Dwight say when he brought me in?"

"He said you had stepped on a weak limb to look in a bird's-nest, that the branch broke, and you fell. He happened to be near-by, so he picked you up and brought you home—and he said that much in precious few words, and was off like a shot. Now don't ask any more questions, child, but take the doctor's powder, and go to sleep."

But this last Enid did not do. She lay awake, wondering how Mr. Dwight came down by her sanctuary in the willows, and if he had thought it very troublesome to have to carry her such a long distance.

Mr. Dwight, as in duty bound, called early the next morning to inquire the state of Miss Burt's health, and was so little satisfied with that one account, that every day found him asking the same question at Mrs. Burt's door.

At length, one evening, when, according to custom, he slammed the gate, and stepped over the soft, green sward, he saw something far more satisfactory than the weather-beaten countenance that usually greeted him. Enid was well enough to be brought down under the escort of her aunt, and the little maid, Ellen. There she was in a corner of the sofa, a bright Afghan thrown over the sprained foot. She looked very fair, very lovely; all she needed was a little color, which Maurice's entrance supplied perfectly.

"Ah! you are down at last. I need not ask if you are better."

"I am much better, thank you," replied Enid,

with rather a stiff manner, the result of her shyness.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Dwight, emphatically, "as I consider myself in no slight degree responsible for the accident."

"You responsible!" cried Enid, surprised out of her embarrassment.

"Why, yes; I should have warned you not to take so uncertain a stepping-place."

Enid longed to ask where he could have been to see her, and all about it; but she did not exactly like to, as he did not pursue the subject, but began to talk, Enid thought, most delightfully, drew her out with so much tact and skill, that she found herself talking and laughing in the most unconcerned and confidential manner.

This was but the first of many such interviews. Mr. Dwight came, and came again. Whist she was a prisoner in the house, Maurice did all he could think of to amuse her, painted wild flowers for her, told her long stories of his wanderings in foreign lands. Neither once thought for a moment of where this unrestrained intercourse was leading them. Maurice did once stop to wonder if Enid's influence over him was not, perhaps, stronger than any he had ever yet experienced—if he was going to fall in love with this fresh country-bred girl. But this sort of self-examination was in the way just now, reflection was postponed. He lit his segar, and fell to thinking of the peculiar tint of Enid's hair; how much more appropriate a simple muslin dress and linen collar was for the adornment of a woman's beauty, than silks, and panniers, and gewgaws; how deep grew her eyes, when they read together the idyl of "Elaine;" some day, when Enid should meet the man she was to marry, how she would love him; and then away went the segar with a quick toss, and he was off to see if Miss Burt would care to look at his album of sea-weeds from the Mediterranean. Enid, for her part, had forgotten to surmise about "her hero," never thought now of the matter at all; she was quite content to talk to Maurice, and tell him so many of her thoughts that had hitherto been unshared.

One day he told her that it was time she should make an effort to walk across the room. She made one faint protest, and then obeyed his laughing assumption of the doctor's authority, which he took care to enforce by most willing aid of his shoulder as a crutch. Maurice might have been warned of his danger by the thrill of pleasure he felt at the confiding touch of that small, white hand. So magic was

the contact, that when they reached the door, Enid agreed that she was quite able to limp over the grass to the shade of a huge elm that stood in the yard. Mrs. Burt sat soberly preserving peaches near the door. She looked up to caution Enid not to overdo the matter. Maurice would have been perfectly satisfied to continue their walk to Boston, but Enid prudently stopped at the elm. Maurice arranged the Afghan over a heap of shawls for her, and threw himself on the grass beside her. Tennyson was just then the reigning favorite. Maurice had brought, that evening, an illustrated "Maud;" so the book was opened between them, his duty was to sustain the weight of the book, hers to turn the leaves. A faint breeze stirred the elm-boughs. The voices of some happy, young base-ball players in a neighboring field; the distant ringing of the blacksmith's hammer in the village came pleasantly to their ears. Maurice felt a vague sense of happiness steal over him as she turned leaf after leaf of the passionate love-story. There was something magnetic in the proximity of Enid's bent head and downcast eyes fixed on the book, that innocent little hand resting on its ledge—a restless wish grew upon him to seize it in his own. They reached the lines—

"She came to the village church
And sat by a pillar alone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed,
To find they were met by my own."

A sudden recollection came to Maurice, he raised his eyes and looked at Enid. Involuntarily she met his glance, and colored deeply at its meaning.

"Do you remember it?" he whispered. She did not reply; she remembered it only too well. They had both forgotten Mrs. Burt, as though the corner of the yard, where she stirred her preserves, had never been; but for an abrupt and unforeseen interruption, they would have committed, I know not what folly. The interruption was the arrival, through the kitchen into the back yard, of a tall, fine-looking, rather elderly woman, in traveling costume. At the sight of her, Enid started violently.

"My aunt Ruth!" she ejaculated. Aunt Ruth was saying,

"Yes, Susan, I am on my way southward; but I thought it would never do to go by the old place without calling in for a day or two."

"I think it would do very well," thought Mr. Dwight.

"Is that Enid?" continued aunt Ruth, peering curiously at the two under the elm-tree.

Mrs. Burt hastened to explain why Enid did not come forward to welcome her aunt.

"Asprain! reason enough." Mrs. Brandreth walked with a vigorous step toward her niece. Enid rose. Maurice was presented.

"Ah, Mr. Dwight! I am well acquainted with your name; had the pleasure of seeing your sister, Mrs. Crampton, on the cars yesterday; the beautiful Miss Renwick was with her."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dwight, politely.

"Miss Renwick was looking remarkably well," she continued, with the air of a person who possessed an undoubted passport to favor.

"Yes," said Maurice, indifferently. Then, turning to Enid, he whispered, "Can I come to-morrow afternoon in the hope of some happy accident that will give me your society for at least a few minutes?"

"Perhaps," said Enid, with a bright smile.

"So Mr. Maurice Dwight is amusing himself teaching school, and rusticating in this dead and alive little place," said aunt Ruth, that night. "You must not let him make you too many pretty speeches, Enid. Handsome young fellows, with nothing to pass away the time, are rather too fond of that sort of thing."

"I don't think Mr. Dwight is likely to offend in that way," said Enid, as steadily as she could, but unable to repress a rising color.

"No. I dare say not—I hope not, at least. It would be decidedly objectionable in him to make summer love to a pretty face."

"Why Mr. Dwight more than any one else, aunt Ruth?" asked Enid, carelessly.

"On account of his engagement, you know."

"His engagement!" repeated Enid, faintly.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know he is engaged to Miss Adeline Renwick, a great beauty, and an heiress, too, they say? His family would not put up with anything else, I venture to say; they are all as rich as Jews, and as proud as peacocks."

But Enid heard not the latter part of her aunt's speech. The words "engaged to Miss Adeline Renwick" sent a sudden darkness to her eyes. She got up, went to the window and leaned out of it, turning her back upon Mrs. Brandreth, who, congratulating herself inwardly upon the clever manner in which she had put an end to any chance sentimental fancy on her niece's part, stepped into the kitchen to look up Mrs. Burt. Enid walked up stairs to her own little room, bolted the door, and knelt at the window. She looked up at the quiet stars and tried to organize her confused thoughts. That one cruel sentence was branded like fire upon her poor, loving

heart. Was it so? Was this the end of her short, sweet dream? It was only that evening she had waked to the certain knowledge that she loved him. It had seemed—oh! it had seemed that he loved her; and now that was all her blind imagining, or his treachery. They might call it the idle amusement of a thoughtless man—but it was not; it was treachery—it was falsehood.

You see, poor Enid never thought of doubting her aunt's statement, it seemed a perfectly natural thing that a happiness so sudden, so dear, should have as sudden an ending. She pushed back the long hair that had fallen with a disdainful gesture. Who was she? Enid Burt, a country girl, poor and obscure—what was there in her to compete with a brilliant beauty? Adeline Renwick! She mused over the name. It was Adeline Renwick that he loved; it was just and right that he should love some noble creature like himself. Poor little Enid! In her tender woman's love resentment could find no place—it was her folly, her misapprehension. She had in her first despair accused him, but that was only in a wild wish to spare herself. No, she had fearfully mistaken him, but she would do so no more; the past was hers no longer, but the future she could control; she could never see him again. The school term would soon expire; until then she would go and stay with a friend who lived some miles away. In a short time he would return to his best and dearest; and she—she would drink patiently her bitter draught of life, and, in self-forgetfulness and sacrifice, tread her by-way in the great world until her Father should release her. The "happy accident" that Maurice had hoped might interfere with aunt Ruth's absorption of Enid, did actually occur. At the breakfast-table a telegram was brought in, requiring her instant presence at home.

"Now mind," she said, as she kissed her niece good-by, "now mind you send Mr. Maurice to the right-about, when he comes sauntering into the yard to talk trash and dilly-dally over poetry."

As Enid wearily ascended the first step of the stair-case, Ellen ran to her smiling, with both hands clasped around a bunch of perfect tea-roses, heliotropes, and geraniums.

"Mr. Dwight stopped at the gate and sent them to you, Miss; he said he had walked to S—, this morning, to get them for you."

A thrill of vivid pleasure and pain passed over her. She knew where he had been—it was five miles distant. He had walked all that

long way to give her pleasure! The flowers should be taken to her own room, to be dreamed over! But no, that would never do. With compressed lips she went into the dining-room, took down a tall, glass vase, with a carved wood stem, that Maurice himself had given her, and carefully arranged the flowers in it, then put it on a table where their sweetness would be the common property.

Early in the afternoon, Maurice Dwight walked into the sitting-room, as he usually did. Enid was always found there; but this afternoon there was no Enid, no trace of her, except a flimsy, blue tissue veil, which had caught on the back of a chair. Maurice took it up and stood looking at it for a second with a half smile. He did not put it down, but walked on into the cheerful kitchen, sure of finding its owner there. Ellen started up to tell Miss Enid of Mr. Dwight's arrival; but there was no need, she had recognized the first of those firm footfalls; she sent word that Mr. Dwight must please excuse her, she was not well.

"Go back, Ellen," said Maurice, "and tell Miss Burt that Mrs. Childe has lent me her pony-phæton, and I am sure a long draught of fresh air, enforced by a little rapid motion, will do far more to cure her than to stay shut up all the afternoon." Enid reiterated her excuses. "Very sorry, but it was impossible for her to appear," she said.

"Very well," said Maurice, quietly, with no further effort to change her resolution. He did not go immediately, but sat down and began to talk to Mrs. Burt very pleasantly, but with an occasional absence of mind, which showed itself when he went, by his thrusting the little gauze veil into his breast pocket. Enid heard his voice, and longed to run down and go with him anywhere. It was so new not to follow Maurice's lightest wish.

Maurice wondered a good deal at Enid's unusual conduct, and felt half inclined to doubt her indisposition; but the next afternoon found him again at his shrine. Again he was unlucky; he learned that Enid had taken a walking-stick and gone off to take a short walk.

"Do you know what direction she took, Mrs. Burt?" he asked, carelessly.

"I do not, sir," Maurice bowed, and followed his own conjectures. Down the meadow-lane he went. It was the first time he had trodden that path since he strode up with that senseless burden in his arms.

He walked rapidly, with an increasing eagerness to find her. Over the marshy ground he sprang, until the causeway was gained; there was the little figure he sought, sitting upon the old willow, her head bent until her face, covered by both hands, was pressed against the bark.

"Enid!" She started violently and raised her head. "Enid, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing at all, thank you, Mr. Dwight! I must go now." She rose, and moved to go, but Maurice seized her hands.

"Why do you avoid me, and treat me so coldly," he said, vehemently, "when you know that coldness from you is death to me?"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, struggling to release her hands. "You must not say such things to me, you know it is wrong to talk so to me."

"Why must I not?" he said. "Why is it wrong to tell you what you well know, that I love you most deeply, most earnestly? Do not trifle with me, Enid—say that you will be, that you are, my own."

"Oh, pray, pray hush! What would she say, what would *she* think, Adeline Renwick?"

"Adeline Renwick!" repeated Maurice, slowly, "what has she to do with me? Is it possible your aunt has been filling your mind with such rubbish? Adeline Renwick is nothing to me but a pretty girl, I have met quite often at my sister's."

"And you do not love her?" murmured Enid, her eyes falling to conceal the light that glowed in them.

Maurice drew her gently toward him.

"Look at me," he whispered.

She raised her head, their eyes met. In that long gaze he read her heart, and for her all doubt, all distrust of her lover, were forever gone.

A THRENODY.

BY N. B. TURNER.

DEADLY and cold are thy winds, oh, November!
Chill with the spray of the pitiless sea;
Silly I think of thy vintage, September—
September which never returns unto me.

Once I could greet thee with smiles, bleak November!
And sport with thy winds as unwearied and free,
And joy in the fruit of thy vine, rare September—
September which never returns unto me.

THE SUPRIZE PARTY.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THEY have been havin suprizе partys round here all winter, and the children have urged me to go to em, but I held back.

"I dont believe in em sez I and I wont go" But finely they got their father on their side—Sez he "it wont hurt u, Samantha, to go for once."

Sez I "Josiah Allen the place for old folks is to hum, and I dont believe in suprizе parties any way—I think they are perfect nusences. It stands to reason if u want to see ure friends u can invite em—and if any body is too poor to bake a cake or 2 or a pan of cookies they are too poor to go into company at all." Sez I "I haint proud ner never wuz called so, but I dont want Tom Dick and Harry that I never spoke to in my life, feel as if they are free to break into my house any time they please"—Sez I "it would make me perfectly wild to think there wuz a whole drove ov people liable to rush in on us at any minute, and I wont break into other wimmens houses." And sez I "hev u forgot how some ov em carred liquer to old Peedicks and two or three had to be carred up and laid on to Miss Peedick's spare bed? . Sez I hev u forgot how they broke Miss Bobbets porler lamp all to smash runnin round ketchen each other—hev u forgot these insidences?" sez I in cold tones.

"It is fun" sez Thomas Jefferson "I should love to see you and old Deason Bobbet playin wink em slyly."

"Let em wink at me if they dare" sez I sternly. "let me ketch em at it. I dont believe on suprizе parties," sez I in firm ackcents.

"No more do I" sez Josiah, "but the childern are so set on our goin, sposen we go for once—No livin women could do better by childern than u hav by mine, but I dont suppose u feel exactly as I do about pleasin em—it haint natural you should."

There he knew he had got me. If ever a women tried to do her duty by another womens childern it is Samantha Allen whose maiden name wuz Smith—Josiah knows it—he knows jest how to start me. Wall there haint no use talkin—I went to the very next party which wuz to be held 2 miles beyond Jonesville they had had em so fast they had used up all the nearer places. They had heard ov this family that

had a big house—and the women had been to the same meetin house with Betsy Bobbet 2 or 3 times, and she had met her in a store a year before, and had been introduced to her so she said she felt perfectly free to go—and as she wuz the leader it wuz decided on. They went in two loads, but Josiah and I went in a cutter alone—we got started ahead ov the loads and when we got to the house we see it wuz lighted up real pleasant, and a little cutter stodd by the door. We went up to the door and knocked and a motherly lookin women with a bunch ov catnip in her hand opened the door.

"Good evenin" sez I, but she seemed to be a little deaf and didnt answer. I see as we stepped in thro a door partly open a room full ov wimmen.

"Good many got here" sez I speakin a little louder.

"Yes a real good doctor" sez she.

"What in the world!" I began to say in wild amaze.

"No" sez she "It is a boy"

I turned right round and laid hold on Josiah, sez I "start this minute Josiah Allen, for the door." I laid hold ov him and got him to the door, and we never spoke another word till we wuz on the sleigh and had turned round—then sez I—"Mebby u will hear to me another time Josiah Allen"

"I wish u wouldnt be so agravaten" sez he. Jest then we met the first load where Tirzah and Thomas Jefferson wuz and we told em to turn round and go back, for they had other company and couldnt have us. We went back most to Jonesville when we met the other load who had topped over in the snow—as we drove out most to the fence to go by em, Josiah told em the same as he had the other load.

"I dont care for company" sez Betsy Bobbet risin up out of the snow with a buffalo skin on her back which made her look wild, "I dont care for company: Did they say we mustnt come?"

"No," sez Josiah, "they didnt say so."

"Woll then girls and boys," sez she clamberin into the sleigh, "less go on."

They went and how they got along I haint never enquired and they dont seem free to talk about it. But they kept on havin em. Betsy

Bobbet as I hav sed wuz the leader and she led em once into a house where they wuz makin preparations for a funeral and once into a house where they had the small pox. They had all been vaxeynated so they got of better than they ort to. Some how Tirza and Thomas Jefferson got sick ov em, and left off goin, and az for Josiah, though he didnt say much, I knew his mind.

One nite about 2 weeks after this, one Monday nite, I had had an awful days-work washin and we had been up all the nite before with Josiah, who had the newralegay in his back. We hadnt one ov us slept a wink the nite before, and Tirzah and Thomas J had gone to bed early. It had been a lowry day and I couldnt hang out my cloze, and so many ov em wuz hung up round the kitchen on lines, and nails, that Josiah and me looked as if we wuz settin in a calaco tent. And what gove the room a more gloomy and melankolly cast, I found when I went to lite the lamp at nite that the kerosine wuz all gone—and bein out ov candles, I made for the first time in my life what they call a “slut”—which iz a button tied up in a rag and put in a saucer ov lard, u set fire to the rag, and it makes a lite which is better than no lite at all—as a slut is better than no women at all—in that way I suppose it deryved its name, but it haint a dazlin lite, nothin like so gay and festive as gas. I, beet out with work and watchin, thought I would soak my feet before I went 2 bed, and so I put some water in the mop pail as set by the side ov the stove with my feet into it—the thought had come to me after I had put my nite cap on. Josiah set behind the stove rubbin some linament into his back—he wuz barefooted, with his coat and vest off. Josiah wuz jest spoken 2 me and sez he

“I believe this linyment makes my back feel easier Samantha, I do hope I shall get a little rest to nite.”

Sez I “I hope so too Josiah” Jest az I sed these words, without a minutes warnin, there came a knock—and the door opened at the same time—and in poured what seemed to me at the time to be a hundred and 50, men women and children, headed by Betsy Bobbet. Josiah so wild with horror and amazement that he forgot his lameness for the time bein, leaped from his chair, and backed up against the wall between the back door and the wood box. I rose up and stood in the mop pail, 2 strickea with amaze and horror to get out of it—for the same reason heedin not my nite cap, which was cut sheeps-head fashion.

“We have come to suprizе u” sez Betsy Bobbet sweetly. My tongue clove to the roof ov my mouth—no word could I speak for I wuz speechless, but I glanced at em with looks which I suppose filled em with awe and dread, for Betsy spoke again in plaintive ackcents—

“Wont you let us suprizе you?”

“No! No!” sez I wildly—for then my voice came back—“I wont be suprized!—u shant suprizе us to nite! We wont be suprized! Speak Josiah” sez I turnin to him in my extremity “Speak! tell her! Will we be suprized to nite?”

“No, no!” sez he in a firm, warlike tone, as he stood backed up against the wall. “No we wont be suprized.”

“U see friends” sez Betsy to the crowd—“she wont let us suprizе her. We will go.” So she headed em off—but she turned at the door, and sez she in a reproachful ackcent, “Mebby it is right to serve a old friend in this way—I have known u a long time Josiah Allens wife.”

“I have known u plenty long enuff” sez I steppin out of the mop pail and shetten the door which they left open—pretty hard.

Josiah came from behind the stove, pushin a chair ahead ov him, and walkin by the help ov it, and sez he

“Darn the suprizе parties; and darn——”

“Dont swear Josiah” sez I “I should think u wuz bad enuff off without swearia.”

“I will say darn Betsy Bobbet, Samantha. Oh my back!” he groaned, settin down slowly on his chair “I cant set down, nor stand up.”

“U jumped up lively enuff when they came in,” sez I

“Throw that in my face, will u, what could I du—and there is a pin stickin into my shoulder, do get it out Samantha, it has been there ever sence they came, only I haint sensed it till now.”

“Wall,” sez I in a kinder soothin tone, as I drew it out ov his shoulder—it must have hurt him awfully had he not been 2 crazed with fear 2 feel it—sez I “less be thankful we are as well off as we be, Betsy might have insisted on stayin. Ill rub ure shoulders with linyment agin, and I guess ure back will feel better. Do u suppose they’l be mad, Josiah?”

“I dont know, nor I dont care,” sez he “but I hope so.” And truly his wish came to pass, for Betsy Bobbet haint spoke to me sence. The rest didnt seem to care but she was awful mad, which shows that it makes a difference with her, who does the same thing, for meetin with a disappointment here, they went that night

right from here to suprise the Editer of the Gimlet, and it came straight to me, Celestine Peedick told Miss Goweley and Miss Goweley told me, he turned em out of doors and shet the door in their faces. The way it was, his hired girl had left him that very day, and one of his twins was took sick with the colic. He had just got the sick baby to sleep, and laid it in the cradle by the fire, and he had give the other one some playthings and set her down on the carpet, and he was washin the supper dishes, with his sleeves rolled up and a pink bib apron on that belonged to his late wife; he was just finishing his dishes when he heard an awful screamin from the well babe and wildy wringin out his dishcloth, he rushed out with it still in his hands, and found that she had swallowed a side thimble, he ketched her up and spatted her on the back and the thimble flew out half way across the room—she screamed and held her breath, and the sick one awakened by the tumult, sot up in the cradle and begun to scream, jest then the door burst open and in came the suprise party headed by Betsy Bobbet. They say, half crazed as he wuz that he told em if they didnt leave that minute he would prosicute em, some of em was mad about it, but Betsy Bobbet was'nt, for in the next weeks Gimlet these verses came out.

TIS SWEET TO FORGIVE.

BY BETSY BOBBET.

Tis sweet to be,
Tis sweet to live;
But sweeter, the sweet
Word, forgive.

If harsh loud words,
Should spoken be,
Say "Soul be calm,
They come from he—

"When he was wild
With toll and grief,
When colic could
Not find relief."

When twins are well,
And the world looks bright,
To be "suprized"
Is sweet and right.

But when twins are sick,
And the world looks sad,
To be "suprized"
Is hard, and bad.

And when side thimbles
Swallowed be,
How can the world
Look sweet to he—

Who owns the babe,
Fair twin Heaven bless it,
Who bath no mother,
To carcas it.

Its mother a year ago
Hath gone above,
Ah! how it needs,
A mothers love.

My heart runs o'er,
With tenderness,
But its dear father tries
To do his best.

But housework' men
Cant perfectly understand,
Oh! how he needs,
A helping hand.

For when twins are sick,
And girls have flown,
Tis sad for a dear man,
To be alone.

He noble one;
Had cars enuff,
For life is wild,
The world is rough.

Such brave, hard tolls,
Should have sufficed;
Hero! he should not
Have been "suprized."

TAKE ME BACK!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Take me back

To the days, to the innocent days,
When life's budding morn was erst gilded with rays:
To the time when affection, so pure and so true,
Spread over my pathway its exquisite dew,
Take me back!

Take me back!

To my home—to my bright, happy home—
Where envy and jealousy never did come;
To that halcyon spot, where the shadows of night
Ne'er mingled alloy with my dreams of delight,
Take me back!

Take me back—

Nay! nor mem'ry the bliss can restore;
Those exquisite pleasures forever are o'er!
To the brightest of days, when my wayward feet ran
By the brook and the meadow, nor mortal e'er can
Take me back!

Take me back

To the time when my mother, now blest,
Clasped my innocent form to her roseate breast!
The days of probation that to me were given
Seem run; then, oh, God! to my mother in Heaven,
Take me back!

Take me back,

Mother earth, in thy shades let me rest;
The bosom that nourished can't here make me blest.
I am weary of life, and of all that's termed joy,
And Death hath no terrors but Faith can destroy—
Take me back!

Take me back,

Heavenly Father, my home be with Thee,
Where pleasure to poison changed never can be!
Let this casket so vile be consigned to the dust,
Its gem is immortal, in Thee doth it trust—
Take me back!

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 301.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the fourteenth of July, 1790, the city of Paris resolved to commemorate the taking of the Bastile, and all France was invited to rejoice with those who had laid this mighty fortress in ruins.

From a surface of two hundred thousand square miles came thousands on thousands of dusty and tired travelers, moving toward the capital, singly and in delegations, singing hymns to liberty under the burning rays of a July sun.

These men came from the foot of the Alps, crowned with eternal snows; from the deep valleys of the Pyrenees, and the rugged regions of Cevennes and Auvergne; from the low and dreary lands washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and from the iron-bound coast of Bretagne. They came from the valley of Rhone, where ancient Rome has left its imperishable monuments, and the vine-clad hills of Garonne; from the broad bosom of the Loire, and the banks of the Seine; from the forests of Ardenne; from the plains of Picardy and Artois; from every corner in France the people came forth rejoicing to join the grand jubilee at Paris.

The people of the city were making noble preparations for their patriotic guests. The grand ovation was to be given in the Champ de Mars, a large, open space lying between the military school and the Seine. The ground was turned into an amphitheatre by removing the earth from the center, and piling it around the circumference, forming it into seats of turf, tier above tier, until a space was secured larger by many times than old Rome ever gave to her gladiators.

Twelve thousand men worked day and night in this arena, but the impatience of the people was greater than their efforts. So the Parisians fell to work themselves, men and women, rich and poor, priests and soldiers, came in sections, with banners and music, spades and barrows, to work while the day lasted. When the signal was given, they returned home singing and dancing by the light of their torches.

Before the day appointed the great amphitheatre was complete. In front of the military school was stretched a noble awning of scarlet cloth, ornamented with golden *fleur de lis*, and under this glittered the royal throne, with seats for the president of the Assembly and the deputies. In the center of the amphitheatre the people had built an altar ascended by broad steps, from which a great cross rose toward heaven with solemn significance.

At six o'clock on the fourteenth two grand spectacles were witnessed in Paris. The morning was cloudy, and the rain came down in torrents, but this had no power to check the enthusiasm of the people. They filled the streets by thousands on thousands, and the sun, had it shone that day, would have poured its light on more than three hundred thousand citizens seated on the court of the Champ de Mars, waiting for the ceremonies which was to commemorate their first great step toward the freedom they never learned how to use or keep. In the vast space on which they looked fifty thousand soldiers were gathered, while three hundred priests, in white surplices and broad, tri-colored sashes, slowly surrounded the altar.

Beyond all this arose a second and more noble amphitheatre, of which this was the center. Montmartre, St. Cloud, Mudon, and Sevres, swept in grand panorama around the basin in which Paris stands. Nearer yet, the quay of Chailet and the Heights of Passy were crowded with eager spectators.

But at the site of the Bastile a still more exciting scene presented itself. There federates from eighty-three districts of France, each with the banner of its department, had assembled, prepared to march forth and meet their brethren of Paris, who waited for them at the Champ de Mars. Deputations from troops of the line, and sailors from the royal navy, were ready with drums, trumpets, and banners, to escort them through the city, in all the pomp of a grand military display.

Lafayette, mounted on a superb war steed and surrounded by a brilliant staff, took the

lead, and the deputations defiled out from the Place de Bastille, amid the roar of cannon and the clash of military music which thrilled all Paris with expectation; but from the ruined strong-hold these guests of the nation poured to meet a wild, riotous welcome as they passed through the streets. Black clouds gathered over them like the smoke of a hostile army, the rain came down in torrents, and the streets were ankle-deep in mud; but all this was overborne by the unconquerable enthusiasm of a people who would read no evil omen in a lowering sky, and scarcely felt the torrents of rain that beat upon their heads as they crowded the pavement, the windows, and the house-tops, to cheer their guests as they passed.

At the Place Louis Quinze, the Assembly joined the procession, which swept on, one vast stream of wild, riotous human life, and merged itself, as great rivers seek the ocean, in the thousands already assembled at the Champ de Mars; thousands on thousands that greeted them with a roar of welcome to which the boom of the cannon was but a hoarse accompaniment.

Then there gathered closer to the altar three hundred priests, in snow-white surplices and broad tri-colored sashes; and when the king, with the queen, the dauphin, and such members of the court as still remained in Paris, entered the tent erected for them, and seated themselves, amid shouts of welcome which must have, indeed, seemed a cruel mockery to a monarch who had been forced there to witness his own humiliation.

It was pitiful to see that forced smile on the proud lip of the queen, more pitiful even than the grave, sad face of her royal husband, who looked around at this vast concourse of people, guided, as he keenly felt, by his enemies, with a thrill of unutterable anguish. There was no sympathy with the scene among the courtiers, who regarded with grave anxiety, or scarcely suppressed scorn, the insane joy of a people whom they had been taught to despise, and were beginning to fear, and which filled them with mingled apprehension and contempt.

All was still now, for the Bishop of Autun was performing mass at the altar, and the people of France had not yet learned to scoff at all religion; so the voices of prayer, and the smoke of censurs, rose up from the midst of that vast multitude in holy quiet, and for a little time, half a million of tumultuous revelers bowed before the cross of Christ, which was floated in their midst.

When the mass was ended, the bishop lifted

the oriflamme of France on high, and blessed it with a solemnity that awoke a throb of hope in the heart of the queen; then he blessed the banners of eighty-three departments, and laid them down amid a glorious burst of music from twelve hundred musicians, who ended the solemn service with the *Te Deum*.

Now the military crowded up to the altar; both land and sea forces flooding the sacred structure with superb coloring and rich flashes of gold. Lafayette led the staff of the Paris militia, and upon the crowded altar swore, in behalf of the troops and the federations, to be faithful to the nation, the laws, and the king. The murmur of this sacred oath ran from lip to lip till it had been echoed by the great multitude.

Then King Louis arose, pale and firm, with the dignity of a monarch, and the feelings of a martyr. Standing in front of his throne, he swore to maintain the constitution and laws which he had already accepted. As he finished the queen came to his side, with the dauphin, a fair, smiling boy, in her arms. With a gleam of maternal pride she presented him to the people, and said with touching pathos,

"See, my son, he joins with myself in the oath his father has taken."

These words were drowned as they were uttered, by a burst of enthusiasm, loyal at least for the moment; and almost for the last time in her life, Marie Antoinette heard voices from every part of France shouting, "*Vive le Roi! Vive la reine! Vive le dauphin!*" Her heart throbbed, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, her face brightened into youth again. She turned her look upon the king and smiled—the dear old music of popular praise had never touched her so keenly before. She had taken Mirabeau's advice, and in good faith made an effort to assimilate with the people, who had once loved her. She wore no jewels, her dress was simple and matronly, but, with that beautiful boy in her arms, she looked more royal than ever.

Then commenced a scene of indescribable hilarity. The crowd broke up, marching and dancing to wild bursts of music. They defiled before the royal balcony, tossing words of endearment to the queen with airs of intense patronage. They called that beautiful woman by a hundred coarse and caressing names, and hurled advice to her with the gestures of women feeding poultry. Fish-women from the market crowded to the throne, and called her mother, while they insisted upon shaking hands with the little Dauphin.

Marie Antoinette bore all this with the spirit of a martyr; nay, her own waning hopes had been exhilarated even by this rude homage, and she was willing to deceive herself into a belief that the people of France might yet be won to do her justice. So she smiled on the gay throng that danced and shouted before her, took the child in her lap, and told him to kiss his little hand to the people who loved him so, and laughed outright at some of the quaint compliments paid to her beauty.

While she was thus occupied, a group of young girls came into the broken procession, carrying garlands in their hands, and loose flowers in their aprons. They were led by a fair and gentle young creature whom the queen regarded with a flash of pleasant recognition. This girl stepped out from her companions, suddenly approached the throne, and laid her flowers at the feet of the queen, to whom her great blue eyes were lifted with a look of touching affection.

Marie Antoinette gathered up the flowers and held them in her lap with seeming carelessness, but her fingers had searched out the letter they concealed, and while apparently admiring the blossoms, she read,

"Have I performed my promise? Is the monarchy saved? MIRABEAU."

For answer the queen gathered up some of the flowers, and fastened them in the lace that shaded her bosom. A flash of light came into the young girl's face. She arose, and her sweet lips joined in the song of her sister flower-girls, who broke into a regular dance, flinging up their long garlands as they waited for her.

"Long live the king! Long live the queen!"

With this shout ringing sweetly from their fresh lips, the flower-girls whirled away, waving their garlands, and tossing back loose blossoms to the steps of the throne.

There was little regularity in these proceedings; all was gayety and brilliant confusion. The anarchy which followed was already foreshadowed in the shouts, dances, and songs, that turned what should have been an august assembly, into a revel.

After the flower-girls came the federates, full of enthusiasm, and after them the legislative assembly, in which Mirabeau walked with a step more haughty than any king of France ever assumed. His bold eyes fell upon the flushed face of the queen with a look of proud triumph, and the wonderful smile that made his strong face more than beautiful, swept it as he saw the flowers on her bosom.

These flowers had a language of thanks that he read at a glance, and felt more keenly than words, for there was a touch of romance in them that fired his imagination.

The deputations and the assembly passed on; then came a change in the music, a hush, as if something of unusual interest were approaching. This was broken by low murmurs, more thrilling than shouts, while the thousand that still remained in the Champ de Mars surged around the altar and toward the throne.

It was only seven men, bowed, thin, white-haired, and broken, who came slowly forward from a seat they had occupied, and with faltering steps, were about to pass before the throne.

The color fled from Marie Antoinette's face when she saw this pitiful band of men, some old without years to make them so, all with a look of broken-hearted apathy in their eyes, ready to pass before the throne like ghosts calling for judgment. The king turned white, and a spasm of pain shot athwart his face. The nobles, who stood behind the throne, shrunk back, casting glances of sudden apprehension on each other. They need not have feared those poor, broken men, for grief and privation had made them weak as little children. If any expression appeared upon their wan faces, it was that of vague, wondering gratitude toward the king, who saw them free, and made no protest.

The court of France was gathered, like ghosts, about the throne, upon which a ghostly king and queen were sitting, while the live shadows of an ancient despotism crept toward them with downcast faces, and steps that faltered in their walking.

Then a look of infinite pity came into the king's face, and clasping his hands, like one who inwardly asks forgiveness of God for sins not altogether his own, he bowed his head upon his breast, and waited for these ghostly reproaches to pass on. But the queen sat upright, clasping her child firmly, as if to shield him from the indignant murmurs of the people, which came fearfully to her ear.

The seven prisoners—for these were all the Bastille contained when it was torn down—paused an instant before the throne, and one of them called out, in a broken voice,

"Thanks, sire, that you have made us free!"

The king lifted his head, and these wronged men saw that his eyes were full of tears. The people who stood nearest saw it, and the vindictive spirit which had forced this trying scene on their monarch, gave way to a burst of generous sympathy.

"Down with the Bastille! Long live the king!" burst from a thousand lips that had been bitter with curses a moment before.

"Down with the Bastille! Long live the king!" rolled back among the thousands already defiling toward Paris; and that which the extremists had intended as an insult, was rolled into the most glorious events of the day.

"Thank God that you are free!" said Louis, in a low voice, that scarcely reached any one but the queen. She spoke louder, and with generous enthusiasm.

"There are none among all these thousands who grieve for your sufferings, or desire their redress more than the king and his wife," she said.

A quivering shout broke from those feeble old men; some of them tried to smile, others began to cry, and one came forward, tottering feebly in his walk, and with his thin hand outstretched,

"Give it me! If you have pity, give it me! For your own sake, for mine; for the sake of those who come after us, give me the ring upon your finger!"

His eyes shone as he spoke; the white beard upon his bosom quivered with the eager intensity of his words.

The queen hastily took a ring from the starlike jewels that flashed on her hand, and leaning forward, held it toward the old man.

"Ah! if a ring could atone!" she said, with the brightness of great sympathy in her eyes, "there is enough for you all!"

"Not that!" said the old man, impatiently shaking his head. "Give me that other—the golden serpent—the green beetle that has slept in the tombs of Egypt thousands on thousands of years! Give me that!"

"What, this?" said the queen, looking with a thrill of awe on the tiny, golden serpent strangling a beetle, which was coiled around one of her fingers, looking old and strange among her other shining jewels. "It came to me in a strange way, and I have worn it long. Will no other do? This is of less worth than any."

"Give me that!" persisted the old man. "I want no other! Take it from your finger, lady; the hand is accursed around which that serpent coils!"

How eager he was; how his faded eyes shone and sparkled. He clutched one thin hand in the silver of his beard, and twisted it in an agony of impatience.

"Grief has touched his mind," thought the queen, drawing the ring from her finger.

"After all, why should I care for this more than another, only because I found it on my toilet years ago, and could never learn how it came there?"

Still she hesitated and held the ring irresolute. There seemed to be a fascination about the antique gem that troubled every one who touched it. The prisoner's hands began to quiver, and his eyes grew keen as a serpent's when he fastened them upon it. Inch by inch he crept nearer to the throne, with the look of a man who meant to seize upon his prize if it were not readily given up.

"Give it to me! Give it to me! Your mother would not have withheld it a moment!"

"My mother! You speak——"

"Of Marie Therese—the empress! The great and good empress—my august sovereign!"

The queen reached forth her hand and gave him the ring.

He grasped it; he pressed it to his bosom and lifted it to his lips in a wild passion of delight. It seemed to fire both heart and brain with new life—to lift a weight from his shoulders, and give vigor to his limbs. He fell upon his knees before the queen, and pressed the hem of her robe to his lips, murmuring thanks and blessings in her native language.

"It may be averted! This was a soul, a life to me, but the most venomous serpent on your hand. It has filled your life with hate and tumult. Be at rest now, the evil has departed from your house, from you and from yours."

The old man arose and stood upright, as if he had been aroused from a long, dim dream. The unutterable sadness had gone out from his face; he turned toward his astonished companions smiling.

"The old man is mad," said Marie Antoinette, leaning toward the king. "Why should he care for that ring more than another?"

Louis smiled. How could he answer? This scene had made but little impression on him; and those around only knew that the queen had given a ring from her own hand to the oldest and most picturesque of the seven prisoners; but this was enough for a new excitement, and a shout of "Long live the queen!" broke through the noise of their revelry.

One person in that vast crowd had marked the scene well, and crept close enough to hear much that was said. This was the Indian dwarf Zamara, who had come to the Champ de Mars in attendance on his mistress, who sent him into that portion of the crowd that he might bring her intelligence of all that passed near the royal family. He went back to her

now with a gleam in his eyes that she had learned to understand.

"What is it, marmoset? I see that something has happened," she said, stooping toward him, as he pulled at the folds of her dress to enforce attention.

"That ring."

"What ring?"

"That which you took from the German doctor before he was sent to the Bastille, and which I laid on the toilet of the queen, that she might wear it and curse herself forever."

"Hush! Hush! You speak too loud!" exclaimed the countess, turning pale with affright.

"The German doctor is one of the seven prisoners."

"Great heavens, no!"

"I saw him myself, and knew him. One does not forget such eyes."

"Are you sure, Zamara?"

"Am I ever mistaken? The man has changed, but I knew him at once."

"But the ring—you said something about the ring?"

"The ring you sent to the queen. Ah! I remember well, madame gave me one hundred Louis d'ors for that; but she would not take my word, she waited to see it on the hand of her majesty—that wounded Zamara to the heart."

"I would give that sum over again to know it had left the queen's hand," said Du Barry.

"Then it is mine, for I saw her take it from her finger and give it to the prisoner."

Zamara spoke eagerly, and his black eyes shone with sudden greed. The one strong passion of his life gleamed up fiercely; deprived of much else that men crave, the thirst of gain had grown to fearful strength in him.

The countess shook her head. She had no great trust in the word of her little slave.

"Ah! the greedy little monster," she said, with a contemptuous laugh; "he expects me to believe him, and pay him, too, as if Louis d'ore were as plenty with me now as he found them when we lived at the Trianon."

"But I saw the ring in his hand."

"Perhaps! But I did not."

"But you believe me?"

"Believe you! Ah, marmoset! you and I know each other too well."

The countess touched her slave upon the head with her fan, and laughed provokingly, for she still loved to torment the little creature, it brought back a flavor of her old life.

The Indian ground his teeth and looked down, that she might not see the gladiator-

look in his eyes. She laughed and gave him a smart rap over the ear with her fan.

"Take that! You daring to grind your teeth at me!"

The dwarf gave her one glance, sharp and venomous, that would have terrified a stranger; but madame only laughed the louder, and gave him another blow across the forehead, leaving a mark of dusky scarlet there, which girded it like a ribbon.

Then, in his impotent rage, the little creature stamped his foot upon the ground, and stooping suddenly, tore her silken robe with his teeth, at which she laughed heartily, beating him off with vigorous blows, as if he had been an unruly dog. It was not till she saw great tears in his black eyes that she ceased to torment him. Then she held out her hand, still laughing.

But the dwarf drew back in sullen wrath.

"Come, come! I will have no sulking!" cried the woman, half angry herself, for she had no dignity of character to lift her above the creature she so loved to torment. "Tell me more about the ring. If what you say is true, I shall not mind giving you a handful of gold."

"But how can I prove it? You will not believe me."

"Ah, yes! there is a difficulty! Cannot you persuade the old man to lend it to you for an hour. I should know the ring in an instant."

A gleam of light shot into Zamara's eyes.

"You would like to have it again?" he said, quickly.

"Heaven forbid! Why, marmoset, it was because the ring was said to carry ruin with it to any but the hand of its owner that I had it placed in the way of the queen. She was Dauphiness then, you know, and I had not learned how forgiving and generous she could be. That act has given me many an hour of pain since; and I would gladly give any one twice the gold you crave to be certain that she is well rid of it."

"And you will yet pay as much?"

"Yes; but I must see the ring with my own eyes."

The dwarf began to rub his small hands slowly together.

"One hundred Louis d'ors. You said a hundred?"

"Why, what a greedy wretch it is. One would think he eat gold."

"One cannot eat without gold," answered the dwarf, with a grim attempt at wit, which came awkwardly through his old anger. "Be-

sides, what would Zamara be without gold if he lost his mistress?"

Du Barry grew red in the face; to her the very mention of death was worse than an insult.

"But your mistress is well. She is not old, but strong, and bright, and young as ever," she said, sharply. "She will outlive you, minion, a hundred years. Hoard gold, if it makes you happy, little wretch, but never tell me again that it is because you expect to be alone. I could brain you with my fan for the idea."

Zamara laughed; the thoughts of so much gold had restored his good-humor.

"Wait till I have brought you the ring, mistress; but tell me first what it is which makes this twisted gold of so much importance?"

"Why ask me? Have you no memory? You heard this Dr. Gosner say that it was endowed with strange mystic powers, bringing happiness and prosperity to all and any of his blood, but continued misfortune to the stranger that ventured to wear it. From his account it must be a talisman of wonderful power. But you remember it all, for it was not often that any conversation passed at the Trianon which you did not manage to hear."

"I remember what this Dr. Gosner said, and I had the ring in my hand," answered the dwarf; "but there is time enough to find out what it means."

"One thing is certain," said Du Barry, thoughtfully; "the poor queen has had little but misfortune since it touched her finger. I wish we had let it alone."

The woman arose from the turf seat she had occupied and prepared to move after the crowd which had by this time swarmed into the streets, leaving the great altar, with its incense, and the throne, with its rich draperies, desolate and empty.

As the countess and her strange attendant passed out of the Champ de Mars, they came suddenly upon the prisoner of the Bastille, who turned his eyes upon them at first with listless indifference, but directly a quick fire of intelligence shot into them, and he moved forward, evidently intending to address the woman who had so ruthlessly torn the very heart of his life out. But, with the vigilance of fear, Madame Du Barry darted behind a group of persons that were passing, and thus evaded the person she most dreaded on earth.

Still many persons lingered, singly and in groups, around the vast amphitheatre, from which the green turf was half trodden away.

Among them were two old women and the young girl, who had lavished all her flowers at the feet of the queen. The girl was sitting quietly in her seat, looking depressed and rather sad; something, or, perhaps, some person whom she expected to see, had evidently disappointed her, and she was still reluctant to go, probably from the fact that some little hope still lay unquenched in her innocent bosom.

The two women, Dame Tillery, of Versailles, and Dame Doudel, were discussing some point with great earnestness.

"If you must go, sister, why, of course, I will walk with you as far as the donkey-cart—it were unsisterly to let you set forth alone. But Adela is tired, you can see that by her face, poor thing! Let her rest here till I come back."

Dame Tillery, whose generous proportions had spread and bloomed into more pompous splendor since the reader first made her acquaintance, consented to this arrangement, and taking that fair young face between both her hands, kissed it with unctuous tenderness.

"Be a good child, my dear, and never forget what aunt Tillery has done for you. Thousands of people saw her majesty smile upon you from her throne this day, and put the flowers you gave into her own bosom; but they did not know that it was because the person understood to be your aunt, once had the honor of saving her majesty from a terrible death, and has since been honored by a place in the royal household. No doubt, child, when her majesty took your flowers, she remembered the golden butter these hands have prepared for her table. But I am talking here when every hour is precious, if I expect to reach home before nightfall. Come, sister Doudel, I would gladly stay, but some of these deputations will be making their way through Versailles; and since the court came to Paris, the Swan has lost so much of its custom that one must look sharply lest strangers pass its door. Do not be afraid, little one, my sister will soon return."

Dame Doudel had been waiting some minutes for this harangue to be completed, and the moment her pompous sister paused for breath, she moved away, leaving Adela quite alone.

The moment this young girl felt herself safe from observation, she gave way to the feeling of sad disappointment that had been slowly settling around her during the last half-hour. One sweet hope had haunted her ever since she left home that day. She might see that one being who had become all the world to her. Weeks had passed, and all that time he seemed to have disappeared out of her life. She had

haunted the ruins of the Bastile, persuading herself, poor child, that it was to comfort that old man who still clung to his ruined cell there, but all the time of her sweet ministrations, she had listened for that footstep among the stones, and listened in vain. Then she would go home sadly, with tears in her eyes, creep up to her little room, and think herself grieving over the forlorn condition of that good old man to whom liberty had been given when it was only a burden.

If Adela went out in the morning with her sweet merchandise of flowers, for an hour or so, her step would be elastic, and her eyes bright with hope. When a stranger spoke to her quickly, she would start and catch her breath, thinking for an instant that it was his voice, for in that unexpected way he had often addressed her. But when the hours wore on, a gentle sadness crept over her childlike features, and she would turn homeward with a weight upon her heart, wondering if any one on this earth was ever so unhappy before.

Adela had seen Mirabeau once or twice, and trusted him entirely, because he was a friend of the royal family, which it was a part of her religion to reverence. Besides, his age, compared to her youth, seemed that of an old man, and he had never shocked her by any attempt to lessen the distance between them. At this time Mirabeau was occupied both in his imagination and his ambition by the influence he had gained, with so much trouble, over the queen. His indomitable vanity had writhed under her haughty disregard of himself and his power so long, that to win a conquest over her dislike, inspired all his hopes, and rekindled his waning genius. To him Adela was only a pretty messenger, whose sweetness and beauty seemed a fitting link between himself and the only woman who had ever presumed to scorn him.

Adela had delivered Mirabeau's note to the queen thinking only of her, and after that broke away from her companions, for she had no heart for those graceful dances and gay songs. In all that bright assembly he had not appeared. "Was he dead? Had he forgotten her? Would they never, never meet again?"

As she asked herself these questions her head drooped, her hands clasped themselves in her lap, and tears dropped slowly from her eyes. She did not restrain them; her adopted aunts were gone, and there was no one else who cared to regard her; at least the freedom of grief was hers.

"Adela!"

The young creature started with a faint shriek—that voice came so suddenly upon her. Then her face sparkled with smiles, and lifting her eyes, she said, in her girlish emotion,

"Oh, monsieur! how you frightened me!"

That man had seen the girl before him leave the house of Count Mirabeau, the most profligate man in Paris, alone, and after nightfall. He knew that some mysterious link drew those two people together, yet, looking in that face so fair, dimpling with smiles, bright with sudden joy, how could he think ill of her. The suspicions that had haunted him for weeks, now seemed like poisonous reptiles which it was a relief to trample under foot.

"Adela, are you glad to see your friend again?"

A grave, sweet sadness chased the smiles from that sensitive mouth. Those eyes, in all their innocent blue, were turned upon him reproachfully.

"Ah, monsieur! why have you never asked before?"

"I have been very, very busy, little one."

"It is not I so much," answered the girl, with an innocent attempt to screen the secret throbbing, like a pulse, in her heart, "but the old prisoner, who loves you so. Night after night you have left him alone—and it is so desolate there."

The young man smiled; like a bird which betrays the nest it would protect by its fluttering, Adela had revealed the fact that she had still kept true to the old haunt, and waited for him there, perhaps, unconscious that she was doing so.

"I will not leave him so long again—you must beg him to pardon me. But first, Adela, can you forgive me yourself?"

Adela shook her head, and her lips began to quiver.

"It was very, very wrong to leave the poor old prisoner so many weeks; the thought of it makes me sad."

"But you went to see him every day," said the young man, thirsting to hear the fact from her own lips.

"Yes; but then I am only a girl, you know—he is old and feeble. To lead him is the work of a strong, brave man. Ah! he missed you, monsieur! You and I are the only persons who have his secret. We must be very, very good to him."

The young man sat down on the turf seat close by the girl, and looking earnestly in her face, asked a question he almost scorned himself for framing.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, dresses for children, etc., etc., having, in our two preceding numbers, given dresses, in great variety, for ladies.

Here is a dress for a little girl of ten years old. This dress is of claret-colored merino or poplin, at one dollar and twenty-five to one



dollar and fifty cents per yard: the merino being much the widest. The under-skirt is cut perfectly plain, no gores, and laid in single plaits all round the waist sufficiently deep to preserve the appearance of plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, where every plait is tacked down to the deep facing underneath, or the skirt may be lined through entirely with muslin of the same color: the latter is the better plan. The bodice is plain and high, with bretelles, coat-sleeves, and the upper-skirt is simply gored in front and full at the back, being looped at the sides with a rosette of the material. A long, double box-plaited spencer is added at the back in place of the sash-belt and rosettes, both back and front. Six yards of merino, or eight of poplin, will be required.

Next, we give (the illustration being in the front of the number) a Knickerbocker suit for a little boy of eight years of gray cassimere, trimmed with black braid and buttons: striped or plaid stockings look best with these suits.

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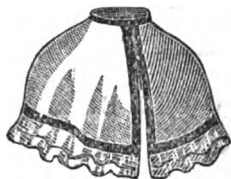
In this one the jacket is cut open at the throat and turned back over a vest of the same material; but to our taste those closed at the throat and the linen collar over, are much the prettiest. There is no change in the cut of the Knickerbockers, only that the latest style is to be open just below the knee, instead of gathered in with elastic, as they used to be worn.

Next, we give (this illustration also being in the front of the number) a walking-dress for a little girl of ten years. Poplins, merino, or plaids, are the most suitable material for dresses for little girls. This suit is of bright blue poplin, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. It consists of an under-skirt, trimmed with a flounce four inches on the edge, above which are three rows of velvet ribbon, headed by a quilling of the poplin, made to stand up. The apron front of the upper-skirt is merely the trimming put on to the under-skirt to simulate the apron form; then there is a rounded skirt, not very full, and not looped at the back, trimmed, of course, to match. The jacket is cut in the loose basque form, double-breasted, and turned back in front and worn over a plaited inside body; and ten yards of poplin, or seven yards of merino, will be required to make this dress. Much less will be needed if the quillings are dispensed with, as they are double and require so much material. The suit would be very pretty without them, substituting a narrower flounce for the apron and upper-skirt.



We give, now, a costume for a young Miss of twelve years. This costume is composed of

dark and light mohair. The dress, with plain, high bodice and long sleeves, is dark-gray: it is trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon. The tunic, with low, square bodice and bretelles, and a short skirt open in front and at the sides, is of light gray, and is trimmed all round with a ruffle put on in box-plaits, headed with one row of velvet. The skirt is looped up on each side with a bow of black velvet. The cape, which accompanies the costume, is of the light-gray mohair, trimmed to match the tunic. Five yards of the dark mohair, and five yards of the light, with two pieces of velvet ribbon, will be required for this costume. It would be well to line the cape with twilled red flannel, making it the warmer for the cool days in November. Mohair can be bought for about seventy-five cents per yard, good quality: finer ones at one dollar and one dollar and



twenty-five cents per yard. Merinoes, which are double width, from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard, and would only require four yards of each shade, and wear much better than the mohair.

Next we give a jacket with embroidered trimmings. (The illustrations are in the front of the number.) This little jacket is suitable for children from two to three years of age. It may be made of flannel, cashmere, or cloth, and the embroidered rosette, which we have also engraved and put in the front of the number, on a pinked out band of cashmere, is the only trimming required. These rosettes are worked in silk or wool, and should be well raised by stuffing them well before working. A few knot-stitches ornament the center of each rosette.

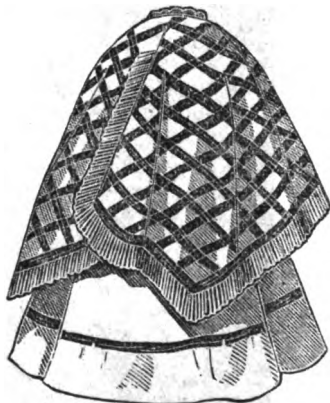
We give, next, two jackets of light cassimere. (The illustrations of these are also in the front of the number.) The first is of light cassimere, white ground, with narrow black stripes. A simple sacque, only slashed up as far as the waist at the back, on the hips, and once again on each front, making equal squares all round. These are trimmed with a ruffle of the same, cut on the bias, and stitched with the machine, headed by a narrow bias band of the same stitches on both sides; slightly open sleeves. Very nice for early fall wear.

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The second of these jackets is of cassimere, light ground, with tiny dots or little chene pattern, cut in a loose sacque and belted in at the waist. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with a ruffle of the same from three to four inches in depth, and cut on the bias, headed with a parrow, black velvet ribbon. Two yards of material will cut either of these sacques.



We give, now, two engravings, one of the front and the other of the back of a circular flannel cloak for a girl of ten. This circular cloak is made of black and white checked flannel, and trimmed with black and white woolen fringe. It is cut so as to form two points at the back, and one flap sewn down the center simulates a burnous hood. Fastens in front with double velvet buttons.



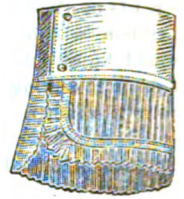
In the front of the number, we also give an engraving of a cap, called the Rosette Cap. This cap will be very suitable for a dress cap, either for dinner or small evening-party for ladies, who are accustomed to wearing some sort of head-dress. Being very simple, almost any lady can make it for herself. A small piece of foundation lace, cut round, on which

some blond trimming lace is gathered pretty full, two rows, then dispose of some loops of black velvet ribbon an inch and a half broad, on which add a small rosette of narrow lace. Two long loops of the velvet, graduating with small rosettes, fall over the hair at the back: also two floating ends of the lace sewn together are added at both sides. Four yards of the wide blond lace will be required, and five yards of the narrower width, with three yards of velvet ribbon, costing, in the whole, about two hundred dollars, for what a fashionable milliner would charge five hundred dollars at the lowest price.

On the same page, in the front of the number, we give an engraving of a white body and tunic. This evening costume is made of muslin and lace, with braces made by a ribbon ruche bordered on each side by a narrow lace. This ruche is rounded on both sides and behind,

where it is fastened by two ribbon bows; a deep lace round the puff. Where ladies have the lace on hand, (as many have,) this tunic and body can be made up at very little cost.

We close with two illustrations of cuffs. The first is of stitched linen, with a band and stitched folds at the upper part, and a frill of muslin finely plaited round the edge. The other is formed of rows of waved crochet and braid: the edges being finished with crochet.



MAT FOR WATER-BOTTLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Leather canvas, black ribbon velvet, narrowest width, thick, dark-red, blue, and green chenille, medium-sized gold cord,

Turkish silk border, with blue woven fringe one inch wide.

The foundation is seven inches square and

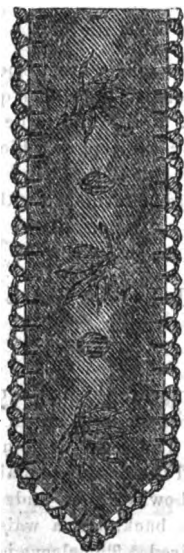
worked in loose stitches; the inner square is of narrow black ribbon velvet, stitched over with gold cord. The three chenille stitches are graduated in length; the middle one is blue, one of the others is green, the other red. Four stitches, arranged crosswise, of blue chenille, form the under layer of each corner star: their length may be seen by counting the holes in the canvas; then follow two red stitches crossing each other, two of green also crossed and joined on between the blue. The silk border must correspond with the chenille: the fringe is blue.

WRITING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS port-folio consists of a piece of thin American cloth, either black or brown. It is thirteen inches high, and nineteen inches broad, and is bound all round with very fine hole stitch, and along the middle with separate chain-stitch, leaves in colored purse silk, (see No. 2, or the other pattern, represented in No. 3,) firmly fastened only where the ribbon meets,



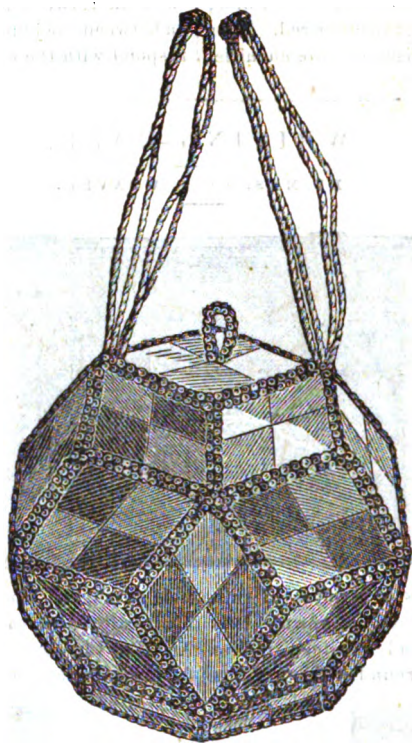
braid. It will require a foundation of card-board, and a black or colored lining.

According to our model, the two straps consist of two bands of sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, ornamented all round with wide button-

so that the port-folio may be turned back for writing, and one side laid underneath. The initials are worked to correspond with the rest of the ornamentation. The double edges are sewn over on the right side at the top and bottom.

WORK-BAG, IN MOSAIC PATCHWORK

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Some bits of black velvet, various colored silk chenille cord, or narrow satin ribbon.

Our model is composed of squares of cardboard, covered with velvet and silk, and put together as seen in the design, forming a round (or nearly round) bag. Where the four squares

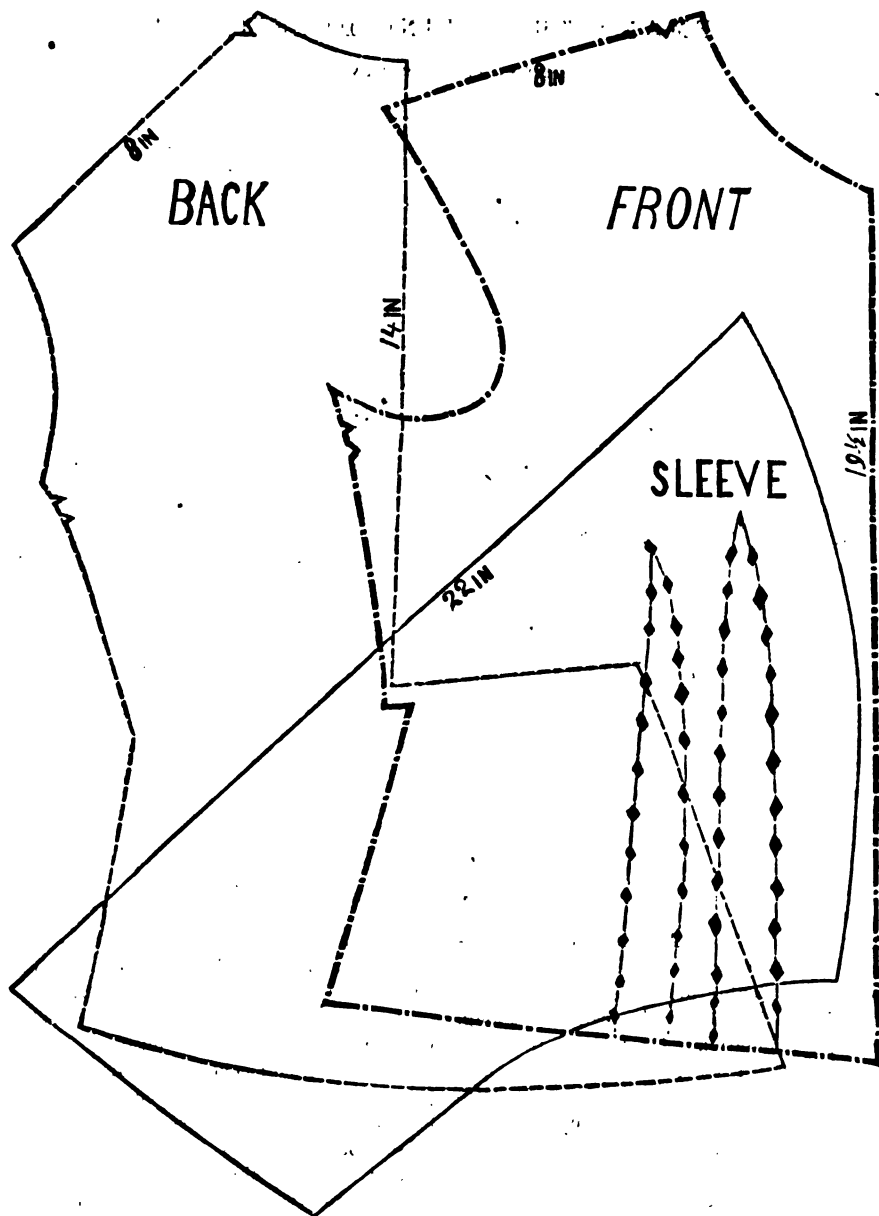
are joined, the seams are to be covered with the chenille cord, or the ribbon quilled. Leave the bag open at the top. One piece of four blocks making the top, on which place a loop of the cord. Handles of cord finish the bag. The inside is to be furnished with a loose lining of silk.

HIGH BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a very beautiful, new, and stylish dress, for out-of-door wear: a high bodice, with what is called a Postillion Basque. We add here a diagram, so that ladies can make it for themselves. The pattern consists, it will be seen, of three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The front has two plaits or darts marked on the paper with small holes. It forms a square basque, that is left open under the arm, and the trimming is carried to the waist. The back has a join down the center,

and no side-pieces; this is the new style, as it enables the basque to be cut in one piece with the bodice. The seam or join terminates at the waist, and the basque is plaited to form the *postillon*; a bow without ends decorates the center of the back, and a waistband may be added, if desired. The sleeve is of the pagoda form. The skirt is the newest style, being cut narrower than formerly on account of the quantity of trimming, which is so great as not to necessitate a tunic when a basque is added to the bodice.



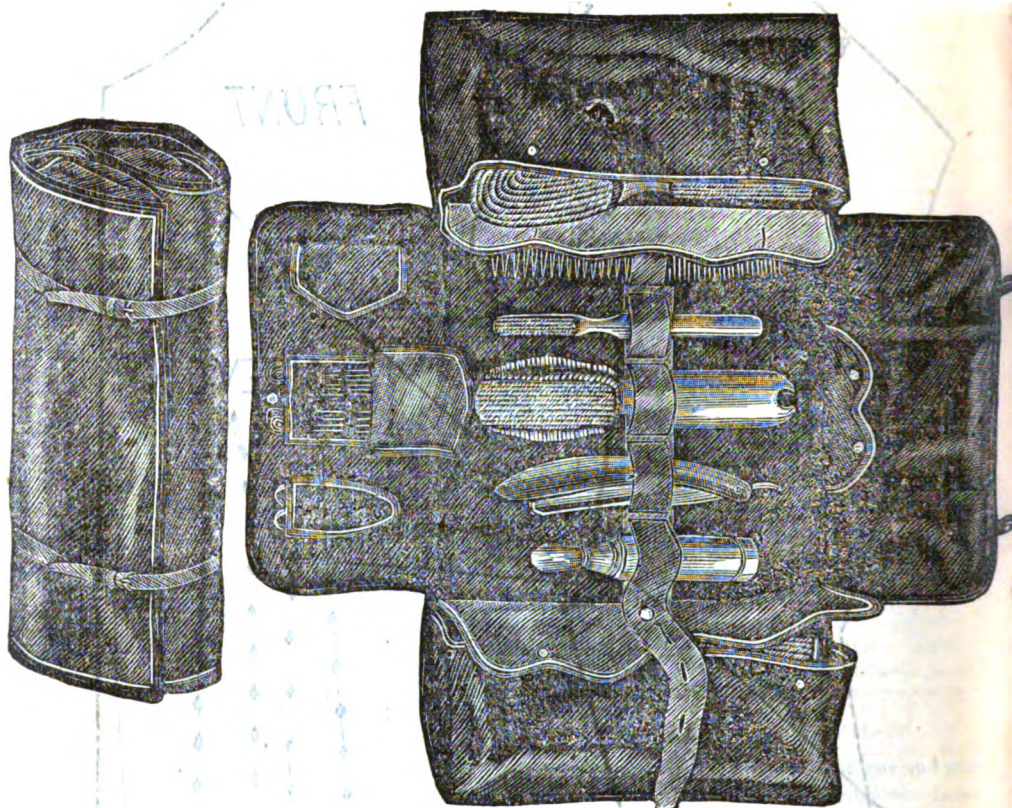
THE POMPADOUR BOW SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

In the front of the number we give a colored beads. No description is needed. The cross-pattern of a new and stylish ladies' slipper. It is called the Pompadour Bow Slipper, and the threads of the canvas on which the slipper is worked, as will be seen, in Berlin wool and is to be worked.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Black American cloth, light-colored braid or ribbon.

A straight double piece of American cloth, eleven inches broad and nineteen inches long, forms the foundation. No. 1 shows the inner arrangements. The separate flaps and pockets are of American cloth bound with braid or ribbon; they are joined to the principal part by a binding of leather or black braid. A leather strip, with six divisions, is also placed across this part and stitched across with colored silk. Through these incisions a leather strap, sixteen inches long and one inch broad, sloped off at one end, is placed. The other end has slits and

holes for buttoning. The flaps surrounding the middle part are of double stuff, and nine inches long and five inches and a half broad.

They reach to the middle, and are fastened with an elastic band and button. The two side pockets, with covers, measure five inches and a half in breadth, and fourteen inches in length. In order to give plenty of space, these pockets should have a deep fold all around. The pockets, scalloped out, with covers and two button-holes, measure ten inches in length and two inches and a half in breadth. The case is closed with two straps and buckles.

EMBROIDERY. MONOGRAM.



WATCH-STAND AND JEWEL-CASE.

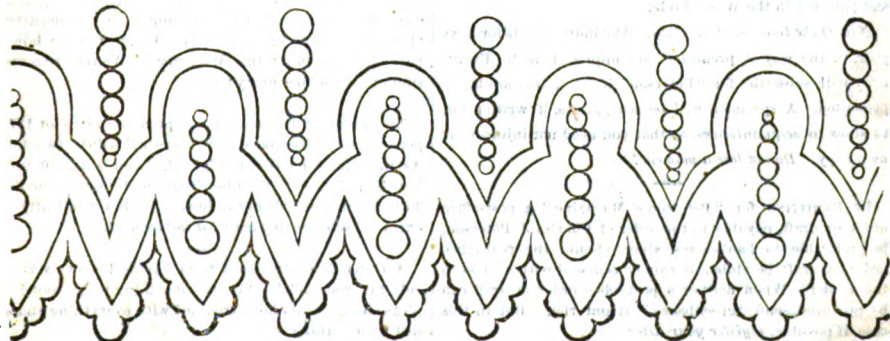
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS pattern is suitable for two purposes: it is at once a watch-stand and a jewel-case. The frame consists of black varnished bamboo-cane. Two pieces of cane, about twelve inches, long are bent in the manner seen in illustration, after having been placed in hot water; fasten them together at the top with small nails, and fasten a circle measuring three inches and three-fifths across at the bottom, at about a distance of four-fifths of an inch

from the end of the bamboo. This circle is covered by a square piece of Java canvas four inches square, which forms the bottom of the case. It is ornamented from illustration with point Russe embroidery of blue and black purse-silk, and edged all round with blue silk fringe four-fifths of an inch wide; it is fastened on the bamboo with black silk. A small brass hook in the middle of the top, and some bows of blue ribbon complete the stand.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1871.—We call attention to the Prospectus to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now conceded everywhere that "*Peterson*" gives more, for the money, than any other lady's book, and is, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the times*. Other periodicals, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "*Peterson*" at these rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. Our fashions are sent out to us, from Paris, by special arrangement, in advance of all other magazines. Others of the lady's books continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. *Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful*. Ladies, who have been abroad, all say this. We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress with taste, yet economically, is what ladies learn from "*Peterson*." Our monthly articles, "*Every-Day Dresses*, etc., are invaluable in this respect.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1871, to the literary department. The original stories in "*Peterson*" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other magazines. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. *We pay more for literary matter than all the rest of the ladies' magazines together*. We believe we have made "*Peterson*" the best thing of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a speciality of "*Peterson*." No other magazine gives these, in every number, as we do, and never gives such superb ones as that in this number, and in others to follow. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, crochet, knitting, etc., etc., are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "*Peterson*," and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table.

Now is the time to get up clubs. The inducements for next year, in the way of premiums, are unprecedented. Everybody will subscribe for "*Peterson*" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Do not lose a moment!*

IN REMITTING for "*Peterson's Magazine*," a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of Charles J. Peterson, is preferable to bank-notes, since, should the post-office order or draft be stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. When neither a post-office order or draft can be procured, send "*Krekbanks*," at our risk. But in this case, if possible, *register your letter*.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or contrast of colors. Red harmonizes with orange, orange with yellow, violet with red, indigo with violet, blue with indigo, and green with blue. Green is the contrast of red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange-yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece out of one of its petals, place it upon white paper, look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without letting the eyelids close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This color is the true contrast or complementary color. Tastes differ as to whether the effect of arranging the flowers, according to contrast or complementary color, is more pleasing to the eye than according to harmonies. The former, however, is the most in favor. To carry it out, a blue flower should be placed next an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plenty of foliage around it. White contrasts with blue or orange, or still better with red or pink, but not with yellow or violet. On another page we give an article on bouquet making, which every lady is interested in. The December number will contain the conclusion of the article.

WOMAN'S WORK AND MAN'S WORK.—A late writer has well said that there is one difference between a man and his wife in almost every household, which the woman expresses when she says:—"A woman's work is never done." A man works six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day; but when he is done he is done. The rest of his time is holiday; he may eat, sleep, read a novel, do what he chooses; but his hard labor has, at any rate, rescued that much of his day. Let him now consider his wife's life. She has not toiled in the sun, she has not been worried by bores or creditors, or business cares or losses; but she has been busy, and for the most part with employments very distasteful to intelligent human beings. Her husband has completed his tasks for the day; are hers done! Has she also won a holiday! Does her day's work end with his? Not at all. Petty cares follow her all over the house; the cook, the baby, to-morrow's breakfast, the stockings to mend, or the dress for next Sunday, engage her, while he sits and smokes, and reads the evening paper, or, perhaps, goes out to his club.

THE COLORED STEEL FASHION-PLATES in this Magazine are everywhere pronounced the best of their kind. Says the Lyons (N. Y.) Press, "that in the last number excels anything of the kind we have seen. The stories, too," it adds, "are by the best writers in the country: in this department '*Peterson*' excels pre-eminently. We do not see how any lady can do without this Magazine." We receive scores of similar testimonies every month.

THE PRICE of the magnificent premium plate for 1871, to persons not subscribers to "*Peterson*," will be two dollars. As the engraving is copy-righted, it can be had of nobody but the publisher. To subscribers, in clubs, it is one dollar. Two dollar subscribers can have it if they remit fifty cents extra. *These are unparalleled inducements.*

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him; and he has but one thing to do: put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—Our premium engraving for 1871 will be something unprecedented in the magazine world. Not only has it been engraved expressly for us, but it has been engraved from an original picture, painted by the well-known artist, Edward L. Henry, for the publisher of this Magazine. The subject is "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." The point of time chosen is when the attack began. Few incidents of American history have been illustrated with so much spirit. All the accessories and details are accurate. It is the gray of the morning, the sleet is falling, the wind walls through the bare trees. The Hessians, taken by surprise, are rushing from the houses, and while some unlimber the guns, others try to make a stand with muskets. But the brave Continentals are too quick for them. They are seen, almost at a run, following close after the American artillery, while Washington points forward and gives the word of command. History tells the rest. The Hessians fired one piece, tried to form, broke, ran—and the victory was won. Every family, in the United States, ought to have this engraving. *A copy can be secured gratis by getting up a club for "Peterson."* You need not hesitate to assure your friends that nowhere else will they get as much for their money. Everybody should take "Peterson," no matter what other magazine they take.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good-humor. As well might fog and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful, always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in the presence of a determined cheerfulness.

OUR NOVELETS for next year will, we think, more than sustain the reputation of this Magazine. On this point, the Owatonna (Minnesota) Journal says:—"For the variety and excellence of its stories 'Peterson' beats the variety."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Blank Verse. By William Cullen Bryant. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—We have here one of the few English versions of the Iliad that will live. Mr. Bryant not only has the true appreciation of the work of a translator, but he possesses also several exceptional qualifications for that work. He is faithful, in the first place; he has more than ordinary scholarship; he has the simplicity that is indispensable in a translator of Homer; and his command of metre, and especially his mastery of blank verse, are very great. There is little or no appearance of constraint in his lines: it has few inversions of style: indeed, it is so finished and easy that one might almost suppose the poem to be original. Mr. Bryant is particularly happy in rendering the compound epithets of Homer. The translation is a better one even than Lord Derby's. That has, heretofore, been the most simple of the many in blank verse; but Mr. Bryant's long practice in the manipulation of metres has given him a great advantage; and the consequence is that he comes closer to the original in his construction, and yet is always intelligible and graceful. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Genial Showman. By E. P. Hington. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are reminiscences of the life of Artemus Ward, with whose humor all of our readers are familiar. A very entertaining volume.

The New Timothy. By William M. Baker. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An American novel, which is not an imitation of an English one, but a faithful attempt to describe American life, is a positive gain to literature. To this class belong "My Daughter Ellen," "Miss Van Kortlandt," and the story now before us. The two first are by an anonymous author, but one who, it is evident, has seen more or less of the fashionable society which he essays to describe. They have, therefore, apart from any artistic skill in their treatment, the merit of an attempt, at the least, to follow nature. The last, which we have just received, is an effort to portray the new school of clergymen, half Christian, half muscular, typified in England, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and represented, in this country, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and others. It is a very excellent story, not a bit of a caricature, and deserves a large sale.

Camors. By Octave Feuillet. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—What the novel of Pelham was to English life, Camors is to French. It is by the author of that charming prose idyl, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." But it is utterly unlike that story. Never was the rottenness and hollowness of a certain part of French society more thoroughly exposed than in the pages of this fiction. It explains much that has happened lately. When Camors first appeared in Paris, it created an immense sensation. The volume is a handsome octavo.

Sylvia. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Miss Kavanagh's novels are always good. Their principal fault, for even the best of fictions have faults, is that the heroines are too much alike. Sylvia, in some respects, reminds us of Nathalie, and in others of Dora, but she is, nevertheless, a charming, sympathetic character, and gives tone to the whole book.

The Princes of Art. Translated from the French, by Mrs. S. E. Urbino. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A very excellent popular work on the great architects, sculptors, painters, and engravers. It furnishes all the information necessary for ordinary conversation, and is written in an agreeable style. Like all the publications of this house, it is handsomely printed and bound.

The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law of July 13th, 1870. Compiled by H. E. Dresser. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a summary, not only of the recent revenue law, but also of all of the laws relating to internal taxes.

True to Herself. By F. N. Robinson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap edition of one of the latest of the London novels. The author has written "Stern Necessity," "Carry's Confession," etc., etc. He is a second-rate novelist, and this is hardly up to his average.

The Old Countess. From the German of E. Hofer. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We are always glad to see one of the books of this house, for they are invariably well printed, and they also repay perusal. This is a charming story, admirably translated.

Charles Dickens: The Story of His Life. By Theodore Taylor. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of an English Life of Dickens, full of anecdotes, many of them entirely new. The book is remarkable for its excellent taste.

Recollections of Elton. By An Eltonian. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A agreeable reading. The book is capably illustrated by Sydney P. Hall.

Veronica. By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent story, the moral of which is quite praiseworthy.

The Three Brothers. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This author always writes well, even when, as in this case, she falls below herself.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL. D. Publishers: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The *New York Weekly* says of this work:—"Dr. Mackenzie has produced the most enjoyable book of the season—a book written with a genial appreciation of the aims, and struggles, and successes of the subject of the biography. The book is not a dry detail of Charles Dickens' every-day habits—it does not dwell with tedious prolixity upon his eating and drinking, his working and resting; but it makes the kind-hearted man, the gifted genius familiar to us as an intimate friend by anecdotes of his goodness, of his happy humor and genuine manliness; by telling us what suggested some of his most familiar characters; and illustrating his views by citations from his novels, speeches, and letters. Our readers who wish to know Dickens thoroughly, should get Dr. Mackenzie's life of him. It shows in the pleasantest way how good, and kind, and generous he was; how he detested 'sluams,' and shielded the oppressed; how he sympathized with weakness, whether of the mind, or will, or body; how pure, and true, and manly a life he led; what he did for the people; what reforms he accomplished with his pen; and how he never wrote a line 'which the most scrupulous parent, the most tender husband, the most sensitive lover, the most fastidious guardian could desire to keep back from the eye of maidenhood or womanhood.' This Life of Charles Dickens has attached to it many uncollected tales in prose and verse, which will be new to most of Dickens' admirers: it has also his last will and testament, with the funeral services, and the eloquent funeral sermon of Dean Stanley. It also contains a Portrait of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph, for which he sat a few days prior to his death; as well as his Autograph. The whole is issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in Green, Red, or Blue Morocco Cloth, gilt side and back. Price Two Dollars."

Agents and Canvasers are wanted, Ladies and Gentlemen, in every town, village, and county in the United States, to engage in selling and getting subscribers to the above work, which is the Best Selling Book published.

Active Agents can make from Ten to Twenty Dollars a day selling this Book, as we supply Canvasers and Agents at very low rates. Circulars of the work, for General Distribution, will be supplied gratis.

Copies of "Dr. Mackenzie's Life of Charles Dickens," will be sent to any one, at once, per mail, post-paid, on receipt of Two Dollars by the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

To whom all orders, and all letters from Canvasers, for any information in regard to the above work, as regards wholesale prices, and everything else, must be addressed.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING.—We have now before us a circular published by the Sea-Moss Farine Co., which we advise every one who takes an interest in the food question to read. It describes, concisely, the origin and uses of the edible Sea-Moss Farine, and presents an array of scientific and other testimony in its favor, which can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical of its paramount claims as an economic, wholesome, digestible, eminently nutritious, and very pleasant addition to the national *casse*. This, at least, is the conclusion at which many of the most eminent hotel keepers, artistic cooks, physicians, chemists, merchants, etc., of New York, have arrived, and they state their opinions on the subject over their own signatures, in the pamphlet to which we allude.

TO THE LADIES.—M. Budlong says:—"I have used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines (No. 2,762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know."

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, we have reason to believe, is a good and safe substitute for kerosene, the use of which leads to so many terrible accidents. Pratt's oil is a derivative of Petroleum, produced by a new and improved process of manufacture.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—No other lady's magazine receives such commendatory notices from the newspapers as this. Says the *Black River Falls (Wis.) Banner*:—"It is a wonder to us how so excellent a periodical can be published at so low a price, and especially how it can go on improving, as it does; but the explanation, we suppose, is in its vast circulation, which is the largest, we believe, in the United States. Every family ought to take this Magazine." Says the *Manning (S. C.) Press*:—"It has more, and far the best, reading, for the price, of any other magazine." Says the *Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Flag*:—"This is the most valuable of all the Ladies' Magazines. Its picture and fashion-plates are superb. Every lady in the land should subscribe." Says the *Newport (R. I.) News*:—"One of the most valuable articles is 'Every-Day Dresses,' illustrated with engravings, showing how stylish and fashionable dresses may be made at home and economically. 'Peterson's' is the only Magazine that gives these articles, and one appears every month." Says the *Liberty Herald*:—"The cheapest and best of all the magazines of its class." Says the *Augusta Sentinel*:—"The fine engravings and fashion-plates cannot be surpassed." We receive, every month, hundreds of similar notices. As newspaper editors generally see all the magazines, and are able to compare them, one with the other, such testimony as to the superiority of "Peterson" is invaluable.

BOUQUET MAKING.

A DRIFT OF POPULAR TASTE in the right direction having decreed that no table, whether in the dining-room, hall, or drawing-room, is completely decorated without the presence of flowers in some form or other, it behooves us to give attention to floral decorations; and barren, indeed, must be the field, and poor the garden, which cannot supply at all seasons of the year something wherewith to make a bouquet.

In the first place, with regard to vases. The selection of every receptacle of flowers should be in keeping with the situation they are designed to occupy. Thus terra-cotta and majolica ware are most suitable to the entrance-hall and stair-cases of houses, the dark colors and massive forms generally adopted for articles of the above manufacture being in accordance with the usual surroundings of such places. The point to be chiefly aimed at in floral decorations of approaches of the above kind is a striking and pleasing effect, for the simple reason that people are not usually supposed to linger to admire flowers on their way to the principal apartments of a residence. Flowers, therefore, that would be inadmissible elsewhere, may be turned to very useful account in places where only a passing glance may be bestowed.

In the absence of many flowers, well-assorted foliage may be used with good effect in halls and stair-cases. In the spring we have observed evergreens, relieved here and there with peony buds, producing a very handsome appearance. Again, pink and white May, sprays of lilac and laburnum, are never more appropriately placed than in the situations alluded to. In the making up of these bouquets, it is advisable not to introduce too many colors. Rather than commit this error, it is better to restrict your choice to one or two flowers. Flowers and shrubs that exhale a strong perfume should be kept exclusively for hall and stair-case decorations.

Bouquets for the dining-table may be many or few, according to the taste of the hostess. In any case, proportion to the size of the table should be the first consideration. A center-piece for the table, composed of flowers, should leave room for one dish to be placed on either side of it; without interfering with the comfort of the diner. The same rule should be observed with regard to bouquets for the corners of the table, now almost as much in vogue as the conventional table-piece itself. Corner bouquets should be only slightly raised above the table, and the flowers should be

compactly arranged. Specimen glasses, containing single flowers, as perfect of their kind as their name implies, are very much in use. Dispersed about the table, they afford a charming effect. The only thing is to avoid overcrowding by their presence, bearing in mind that whatever interferes with the comfort of guests is out of place.

The prevailing style in center-pieces is extreme lightness; massive clusters of flowers, vines, and shrubs growing in pots, are not in general favor. People have discovered that such ornaments are a hindrance to conversation—the very life of the social meal *par excellence*.

Glass is the most suitable substance of which an *epergne*, or center-piece, can be composed; white is preferable to any color, because the shades of Bohemian glass, however beautiful in themselves, are invariably inharmonious with the mingled hues of a bouquet. A plain white glass *epergne*, with branches attached to the stem, is in the latest taste. The branches may be either furnished with one or more kinds of flowers.

The base of a center-piece designed to contain flowers should be filled with wet sand. The reason is, that the sand not only preserves the flowers for a considerable time, but enables them to be arranged with a greater degree of precision than could otherwise be effected. The latter suggestion is made in the idea that some formal placing of the flowers will be observed at the base of the *epergne*, as is now the fashion. Roses look well if carefully selected; the roses should become smaller in size and paler in tint as they approach the stem. China asters, subject to the same rule, are also very useful; and even variegated leaves, if well assorted and without the addition of any flowers whatever, are exceedingly effective. In fact, foliage of one kind or another, especially of plants of the fern tribe, is never more appropriately placed than at the base of an *epergne*. The points of the fern-leaves should be allowed to just touch the table-cloth.

Nothing is better adapted to give an appearance of lightness to the grouping of flowers than single blades of grass. Our fields are rich in treasures of the kind; the common "Quaker grass," is, perhaps, the most useful. Amongst the cultivated grasses, those which are grown in many gardens to conceal the unsightly corners of fences, etc., are invaluable; the tussock grass may be named as an example; if you have such a grass within reach, you will find it an admirable finish to the base of an *epergne*. You should take as many blades of the grass as will suffice to surround the stem. The blades should be cut of every length. Having placed the broadest ends into the wet sand, you should fasten the blades midway up the stem of the *epergne*, by tying with a piece of the same grass, leaving the tops to overhang in a palm-like manner.

The summit of an *epergne* is usually composed of a saucer-like receptacle for flowers, surmounted by a vase; around the edges of the former should be placed ferns or plants that are of a drooping nature. As sand is not admissible in the upper part of a glass *epergne*, the stalks of the pendant flowers must be kept in the desired position by being covered with small pebbles. Fuchias form an excellent illustration of the kind of flower to introduce round the edge of the upper tray or saucer of the *epergne*. All the pendant branches should be of the same length, and should be placed at regular distances apart. Sprigs of other kinds of foliage are best suited to fill up the intervening spaces.

The work of filling-in the top of the *epergne* may then be proceeded with, the bouquet-maker taking care that, as she approaches the summit, the choicest flowers, and those of the lightest nature should be used, for the last or crowning effect.

Flowers for drawing-room decoration cannot be too choice. As far as it is practicable, each flower should be seen in its full perfection, not ruthlessly stripped of its leaves and buds, as is too often the practice in making bouquets. For this

purpose the smaller the vases, and the greater the number of them, the better.

Some *epergnes* are now made of enameled metal and zinc, for table and dining-room purposes, in which the flowers may be literally grown. When filled with lycopodium these are very useful, and form the basis of an endless variety, according to the succession of bloom to be culled from the garden or conservatory. All the taste necessary to be exercised with the above foundation, is to assort the flowers in harmonizing tints—not to put pink and red, for instance, in contrast with blue and mauve. The flowers introduced in the lycopodium must be stripped of their leaves, to avoid unnecessary displacement of the lycopodium.

Before quitting the subject of hall and table decoration, we must not omit to mention the valuable addition berries and fruit afford. In the fall of the year, when flowers are scarce, and not to be had save from the conservatory, our hedges and woodlands are rich in suitable stores. With the exception, however, of the well-known red berry of the holly, little or no use is generally made of the beautiful berries which enliven our native foliage with jewel-like brilliancy. In November, for instance, when, except for these treasures, Nature's mantle would be of the saddest hue, the transparent red berries of the holly, the dark purple of the sloe, and the gorgeous scarlet bunches of the mountain-ash, sobered, if need be, by the purple-black berries of the common privet, are sufficient to create an embarrassment of choice perplexing to the most experienced bouquet-maker. The only objection to the more extensive use of berries for decorative purposes consists in a large number being of a poisonous nature. All are not so.

The arrangement of fruit, from the readiness with which the choice delicacies lend themselves to the work, is liable to be too hastily accomplished. Beautiful as grapes, apples, plums, peaches, and pines are, even as single specimens, their combination, with the aid of foliage, is capable of producing a tenfold amount of pleasure. Some accessory beyond the massive gorgeousness of the choicest kind of fruit is needful to heighten its intrinsic effect by mere force of contrast. Many kinds of foliage answer the purpose. Autumnal leaves, for example, may fitly be interspersed between shades of vivid green and bright scarlet; and russet apples, etc., and brown nuts on their branches, form a charming relief to most of the highly-colored fruits. The combination of flowers with fruit is rarely successful.

HORTICULTURAL.

GERANIUMS AND PELARGONIUMS—botanical distinctions of similar tribes—are raised from seed and propagated by cuttings. By the former new varieties are obtained; by the latter existing kinds are increased. To obtain plants from seed, only that from the best kinds should be employed.

Geranium-seed may be sown as soon as ripe, which is commonly at the end of the summer, or otherwise in the following spring. The soil used at first for the purpose should be very light—half loam, half sand, made moist before the sowing—and the pots well drained. When the young seedlings are large enough to deal with they should be pricked out, four or five in a pot, and grown on till of a sufficient size to be placed singly in three-inch pots. In winter these young plants should be kept comfortably warm and tolerably dry, and as the season advances potted on, till they come into bloom, which should commonly happen to spring-sown seedlings in the following year. The compost for the course ought to consist of one-half well-rotted loamy turves, one-fourth of cow manure rotted into mould, and one-fourth turfy peat. Sand should be added, if necessary, to preserve a free soil. Liberal drainage must be secured by small potsherds and knobs of charcoal, which should always form part of drainage material, from their antiseptic property. Cuttings are made from the branches of the

season's growth, taken after the plants have flowered. These should be cut smoothly below a joint, and always left a few hours for the wound to dry before being inserted. They should then be firmly placed in very sandy soil round the edges of pots, the bottom of each cutting touching the drainage or the sides of the pot. When the operation is completed, let the pots of cuttings be set in a cold frame or the green-house, shaded for a few days, moistened from time to time, gradually being treated more freely to air and light as the cuttings "callus." When thoroughly struck, they must be transferred to separate pots, and undergo similar progressive management to the young seedlings. Some cuttings may be struck at the end of summer in the open borders.

The process of dealing with the fuchsia is precisely similar to the above, both as to seeds and cuttings, but the earth may be of a more sandy character. Fuchsia cuttings will also strike readily in a close, warm atmosphere in saucers of moist sand; but trade propagators usually perform the operation of striking in a bed over heat, in which method three weeks or a month generally suffices to procure a free emission of roots; but the plants require growing on in a warm atmosphere, to be gradually reduced as they gain strength to the ordinary temperature of the green-house. They should be carefully hardened off, however, before being used for bedding or out-door purposes.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FRUITS IN SEASON.—While grapes, and other autumn fruits are in season, eat as many as you can, provided you eat the ripe fruit. Of course, you must not eat to repletion. Remember, too, the old adage, that "fruit, eaten in the morning, is gold; at noon, is silver; at night, is lead." Nature has wisely given us fruits adapted to each season, and given them to us because they are proper to eat at such seasons. Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious"—that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is "cooling;" and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood. Hence, the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads, in the early spring—these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonade, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is very easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruit and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even with sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is impossible to eat too many—to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. In the autumn, when "fall" fevers prevail, the autumn fruits are to be eaten. Remembering this, and eating with caution, you will save many a doctor's bill.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Roast Goose.—First of all, the seasoning to have ready. Peel four large onions, put them into boiling water, and let them simmer five minutes, or even longer, if you object to the strong raw flavor; also for a couple of minutes, let ten sage leaves lie in scalding water. Chop both onions and sage very small; add four ounces of bread-crumbs, one ounce of butter, part of the liver of the goose, slightly simmered and finely minced, salt and pepper at discretion, and then work all together with the yolk and white of an egg. Select

a goose with a clean white skin, plump breast, and yellow feet—red feet show an old bird. If the weather permits, a few days hanging greatly improves the flavor. Having feathered, singed, drawn, and well washed and wiped your goose, cut off the neck close to the back, leaving enough skin to turn over. Truss it; make a hole in the skin sufficiently large to admit the seasoning, put it into the body of the goose, giving it space wherein to swell, under the action of the fire, and secure it firmly at both ends, by passing the end of the rump through the hole made in the skin, and tying down the skin of the neck to the back, by this means you will not lose the seasoning in cooking. Roast it before a brisk fire from one half to two hours, according to its size, keeping it well basted. Remove the skewers, and serve with gravy, and apple sauce, taking care that the breast does not fall before appearing at table. Send in but little gravy on the dish, in order not to inconvenience the carver, and that little pour round, and not over the goose. There is also a sauce much recommended by scientific cooks and gastronomic amateurs:—a teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoonful of fine salt, a few grains of Cayenne, mixed with a glass of port-wine, and poured into the goose by means of a slit made in the apron. Some cooks beat the breast-bone flat with a rolling-pin, before proceeding to truss.

To Pot Veal.—Cold fillet makes the finest potted veal, or it may be done as follows: Season a large slice of the fillet before it is dressed with some mace, peppercorns, and two or three cloves; lay it close into a potting-pan that will just hold it; fill it up with water, and bake it three hours; then pound it quite small in a mortar, and salt to taste; put a little gravy that was baked to it in pounding, if to be eaten soon, otherwise, only a little butter, just melted; when done, cover it over with butter.

Chicken and Ham Potted.—Season some pieces of chicken with mace, cloves, and pepper, and bake them for about three hours in a close-covered pan, with some water; then pound them quite small, moistening either with melted butter, or the liquor they were baked in. Pound also some ham, and put this with the chicken, in alternate layers, in potting-pans; press them down tight, and cover them with butter.

Veal Cutlets, Stewed.—Cut part of the neck into cutlets; shorten them, and fry them of a nice brown color; then stew them in some good gravy, thickened with a little flour, until tender; then add some catchup, Cayenne, salt, a few truffles, and some pickled mushrooms. Force-meat-balls are a great improvement.

Rice Chicken-Pie.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a broiled chicken and nearly fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry-powder, which is better; then add boiled rice to fill up interstices, and to cover the top; bake for a half or three-quarters of an hour.

DESSERTS.

Macaroni-Pudding.—Simmer an ounce or two of the ripe macaroni in a pint of milk, and a bit of lemon and cinnamon, till tender; put it into a dish with milk, two or three eggs, but only one white, sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of peach-water, and half a glass of raisin-wine. Bake with a paste round the edges. A layer of orange marmalade or raspberry-jam in a macaroni-pudding, for change, is a great improvement; in which case omit the almond-water rassa, which you should otherwise flavor it with.

Candied Ginger.—Grate one ounce of ginger, and put it, with one pound of loaf-sugar, beaten fine, into a tossing-pan, with water to dissolve it. Stir well together over a slow fire till the sugar begins to boil; stir in another pound of sugar, beaten fine, and continue stirring it till it is thick. Then take it off the fire, drop it into cakes upon earthen dishes, set them in a warm place to dry; they will be hard and brittle, and look white.

Orange-Jelly.—Grate the rind of two Seville oranges and two lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each and strain, and add the juice of a quarter of a pound of lump-sugar and a quarter of a pint of water, and boil till it almost candles. Have ready a quart of isinglass-jelly made with two ounces; put to it the syrup and boil it once up; strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

Fruits in Jelly.—Put half a pint of clear calves'-feet jelly, when stiff, into a bowl; lay in three peaches and a bunch of grapes, with the stalks upward. Put vine-leaves over, and fill up the bowl with jelly. Let it stand till the next day, and then set it to the brim in hot water. When it gives way from the basin, lay your dish over it, turn your jelly carefully out, and serve it to table.

Orange-Butter.—Boil six eggs hard, beat them in a mortar with two ounces of fine sugar, three ounces of butter, and two ounces of blanched almonds, beaten to a paste. Moisten with orange-flower water, and when all is mixed, rub it through a colander on the dish, and serve sweet biscuits therewith.

Lemon-Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream and put it to the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and put the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Lemon-Honeycomb.—Sweeten the juice of a lemon to taste, and pour it into the dish you serve it in; mix the white of an egg that is beaten with a pint of rich cream and a little sugar; whisk it, and as the froth rises put it on the lemon-juice. Do it the day before you wish to use it.

Conserve of Lemons or Oranges.—Grate the rind of a lemon or an orange into a saucer, squeeze the juice of the fruit over, and mix it well together with a spoon; then boil some sugar very high, mix it in, and when of a due consistency, pour it into the moulds.

CAKES.

Scones.—A quarter of a pound of flour, one ounce and a half of butter, a level teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a very little salt mixed with sweet milk or buttermilk. Baked over a slow fire on a girdle. Or the following is a Scotch receipt for making soda scones: Take two pounds of flour, and rub into it four ounces of butter and a pinch of salt, then take a sufficient quantity of sour buttermilk (in a jug) to mix the flour into a paste, not too stiff. Mix with cold water in a teacup, until dissolved, a good-sized teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. When properly mixed, toss it into the buttermilk, which must be sour; stir it up quickly until it effervesces; mix the flour with the milk, in its effervescent state, roll the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, stamp it out in small, round cakes, and bake on a girdle over a nice clear fire. For flour scones, the flour is merely mixed with water, rolled out very thin, and slightly browned on the girdle. They should be quite limp, almost like leather, and sent to table in a folded napkin to keep them hot. **Girdle Cakes.**—Rub six ounces of sugar into two pounds of flour, add a little salt, and make the whole into a paste with a sufficient quantity of milk, roll it out, cut into round cakes, and bake on a girdle.

Delicious Brown Bread.—Take three pints of rye, and the same of corn-meal of the best quality, a few tablespoonfuls of mashed pumpkin, half a teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm water, and half a cup of yeast; mix all with warm water; make it as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with the hand; grease two earthen or iron pans, which are preferable, put the bread in them; have a bowl of cold water at hand, to smooth over the top, dipping your hand into the water; it rises faster than other bread, and, therefore, should not be made over night in summer, and in winter should stand in a cool place, until after the fire is in the oven. It requires a hot oven, and long baking—at least four hours.

Rolls.—Break an ounce of butter in very small pieces into a pound of the best flour, and add a little salt. Mix half an ounce of fresh German yeast, and a little pounded sugar in a teacupful of lukewarm, new milk; make a hollow in the center of the flour, and pour this in gradually, stirring in sufficient of the flour to make a thick batter; strew more flour on the top, cover the pan with a thick cloth, and let it stand in a warm kitchen to rise. In about an hour, if it has risen considerably, mix a lightly whisked egg with another teacupful of warm, new milk, and make the mass into a smooth dough. Cover it over as before, and in about half or three-quarters of an hour, turn it out on a pasteboard, and divide into twelve portions of equal size. Knead these as lightly as possible into small, round rolls, make a slight incision round them, and cut them once or twice across the top, placing them on slightly floured baking-sheets a few inches apart. Let them remain a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to rise, then wash the tops over with yolk of egg, mixed with a little milk, and bake them in a brisk oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Luncheon Cake.—Make a sponge of a pint of lukewarm water, into which stir as much flour as will make a thick batter. Add a little salt, and a cupful of homemade yeast. Have a pound of dried currants nicely washed, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, stoned. Flour the fruit, and add it to the sponge when light. Stir together half a pound of sugar with three ounces of butter; add this, with one pound of flour, to the other ingredients, and as much milk as will make a soft dough. Knead it well, put it in a pan, let it rise again, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Indian Loaf.—To one quart of skimmed, sweet milk, put one teacup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of new milk, a pint of corn-meal, a large handful of flour, and a little salt; this must be well beaten; then pour it into pans to bake, which requires five hours. Serve hot, and mixed just as baked.

Chokies.—Take one cup of butter, and four cups of flour, rub them well together; one cup of white sugar, two eggs, beat them to a froth; add half a teaspoonful of soda, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; mix together, roll thin, bake in a moderate oven.

Gillet Cake.—Take a cup and a half of sugar, two eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, raisins, nutmeg, flour.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF HEAVY BLACK SILK.—The skirt is not very long, and is trimmed with two rows of black velvet, each of which is placed between two rows of narrow velvet; the upper-skirt is gathered up at the sides and at the back by black velvet bows; the cape, which is also looped up in the back, is trimmed with velvet and gimpure lace; pagoda sleeves, also trimmed with lace. Black velvet bonnet, ornamented with lace and a large poppy.

FIG. II.—WEDDING-DRESS OF WHITE TARLETON, made over tarletan petticoats. The skirt is trimmed with one deep and full plaited flounce around the back; this flounce is deeper at the sides, and narrower again in front, where it forms a curve, and has a heading of narrow tarletan, which stands up, and a puffing of tarletan, with orange-blossoms and myrtle, mingled with the puffing. The heading to the flounce extends all around the skirt, but the flower ornament is only in front; a second flounce on the front, made in the same way, surmounts the lower one; a quilling of white ribbon extends from the waist to the lower ruching with flowers. Plain, high waist, made with points back and front, with *Louis XIV.* knots of ribbon. Long sleeves, with full plaited ruffles and ruching above them; very fine tarletan veil, and myrtle and orange-blossoms in the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt has one deep flounce gathered and headed by a rose quilling of

the silk. Black velvet mantle, almost tight-fitting, made with a *laesque*, which has spring enough to set easily over the large *tournure* at the back, and cut with long, square tabs in front. The sleeves are large and loose, with a zig-zag lace trimming. Black silk ball-fringe around the *laesque*. Black velvet bonnet, with blue field-flowers in front.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF CLARET-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is long and plain; the upper-skirt is plain also, and is bunched up in one large, soft puff. The black velvet *laesque* is quite short at the back, reaching only to the waist, with long, square tabs at the side, and shorter and rounder ones in front; the sleeves are wide, and the whole is trimmed with a band of sable fur. Black velvet bonnet, with a dark-rose in front.

FIG. V.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF DARK PEARL-COLORED CASHMERE.—The under-skirt has a band of maroon-colored silk about a quarter of a yard deep around the bottom, headed by a bias band of silk; the upper-skirt is looped up on the hips, buttoned down the front, and trimmed with a bias band of the silk; coat-sleeves with *mousquetaire* cuffs. Straw hat, trimmed with maroon-colored velvet and black plumes.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with five narrow plaited ruffles on the front, and three ruffles of the same kind at the back; a small space is left untrimmed on each side, and each ruffle is finished at the end by a bow of plaited silk. The upper-skirt is very short in front, is cut in two sharp points, and looped up in the back by a large bow; it is trimmed by a plaited ruffle. Small *laesque*, open at the back, and finished like the skirts.

FIG. VII.—HIGH BODICE, WITH POSTILLION *BASQUE*.—For description see the page on which is printed the diagram.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN POPLIN.—The lower-skirt with one wide plaited ruffle with a heading, and with two narrow trimmings of the same style as the heading, of a shade of poplin of a darker brown than the dress itself. The upper-skirt is of chestnut-brown, trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt; the upper-skirt is open at the sides, and confined by straps and bows of the darker poplin. High waist and close sleeves to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three scant ruffles of the cashmere, each of which is headed with three rows of maroon velvet. The upper-skirt is plain and not very wide, about three-quarters of a yard in depth in front, and a little over a yard in depth behind; it is trimmed with three rows of maroon velvet, and looped up in the back. Loose jacket, open on the sides and at the back, and trimmed with three rows of maroon velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As stated in our October number, cashmere is more popular than ever. It is less expensive than silk, falls softly and gracefully in the folds required for the present style of dress, and can be worn on almost any occasion. To make the costume more dressy, the petticoat can be of silk instead of cashmere, and if black, it can be trimmed with a good deal of *guipure* lace, fringe, or gimp of a wide kind, known as *passementerie*. Of course, with these expensive trimmings the cashmere suit would cost as much as a silk one. The colors are much less bright than those of former seasons; the old-fashioned plum and prune colors, (the former on a purplish cast, the latter on a blue,) dark, forest-green, olive-green, navy-blue, chestnut-brown, slate-grays, etc., etc., are all being revived; these are seen in poplins, merinoes, silks, etc., etc., but in an infinite variety of shades.

BRAIDING is being revived on dresses, mantles, etc., but a round braid is used in place of the flat braid formerly in vogue, and looks much more like embroidery. Braid of the color of the dress should always be used.

CURIOUS COMBINATIONS OF COLOR are now in use, such as maroon and light-blue, maroon and chestnut, maroon and gray, etc. Petticoats of black velvet are very popular, as

they can be worn with almost any costume. We have seen one with a flounce of embroidered foulard silk around the bottom, and worn with a foulard *casque*, looped up high on the hips. Black silk petticoats can also be worn with almost any costume. Over these can be worn the long *casque* of any color, which can be so gracefully looped up at the sides or the back, or the short, draped over-dress, with the loose or tight-fitting *casque*. There is a prophecy of fewer trimmings than formerly on the lower-skirt or petticoat, but we have seen no evidence of it as yet. *Basques* of all kinds will be worn, and either with or without belts, as may be desired, and with or without a large bow at the back. The costumes made from the gray or brown Scotch shawls are exceedingly nice and useful, only they should be draped by a tasteful hand if they are to look elegant.

FOR EVENING DRESSES, the most delicate colors are used; the waists are low in the neck, or cut out in a heart-shape in front, with rather wide hanging sleeves. The skirts are much or little trimmed, to suit the taste of the wearer; flounces pinked, or scalloped, and bound; *ruches* made of the silk raveled out; flounces of white embroidery on *modia*, are all used, with, in fact, any other mode of trimming that the fancy may dictate.

We give in our steel plate some of the newest style of *laesques*; they can be made of velvet, beaver-cloth, silk, plush, cashmere, or any other material that may be deemed best. Sleeves are either of the coat-shape or loose; if the latter, a tight-fitting dress sleeve should be worn underneath. The mantle called *Infante* is destined to be a great success. It consists of two capes, which are square in front. At the back it has a sort of long, flat plait, which descends midway, and is fastened to the waistband. The form is well suited to a tall, slight figure.

The *Infante* is made of black China *crepe*, ornamented with a very fine round braid that has all the effect of embroidery. It is edged with handsome black blond, which may be replaced either by a fringe with a netted heading or by *guipure*. The *Infante* mantle is also made of the same material as the dress. We have seen it completing a gray cashmere costume. The petticoat, which was extremely novel, was of gray silk, trimmed with cross-bands of cashmere to the waist. Each band was edged with a gray worsted Tom Thumb fringe. The cashmere tunic that opened in front, was bordered with a cross-band of gray silk, edged with the tiny ball-fringe. It was looped up at the back with a single *pouf*. The *Infante* mantle had no other trimming than a silk cross-band with worsted ball-fringe. The effect was charming.

BONNETS have decidedly altered in shape since last winter. All through the summer small alterations have crept in, and though there are various modifications of what is called the "Marie Antoinette Gipsy," all bonnets tend to the gipsy shape. These have suitable crowns, and caps, and strings tying under the chin. Satin will not be much worn: but velvet will take its place. Two or three shades of the same color will be worn in one bonnet, with tips of feathers shaded to correspond, and a large flower. Black velvet bonnets are trimmed with white plumes, white lace, or pipings of white satin.

AMONG THE MATERIALS that we can recommend are the Buffalo-brand Alpaca and the Sable-brand Brilliantine. We have, on a preceding occasion, spoken of the former. The latter, in its way, is equally desirable. They can be had, not only at all the best drygoods shops in our great cities, but also in all good country stores. They are particularly seasonable at this time of the year.

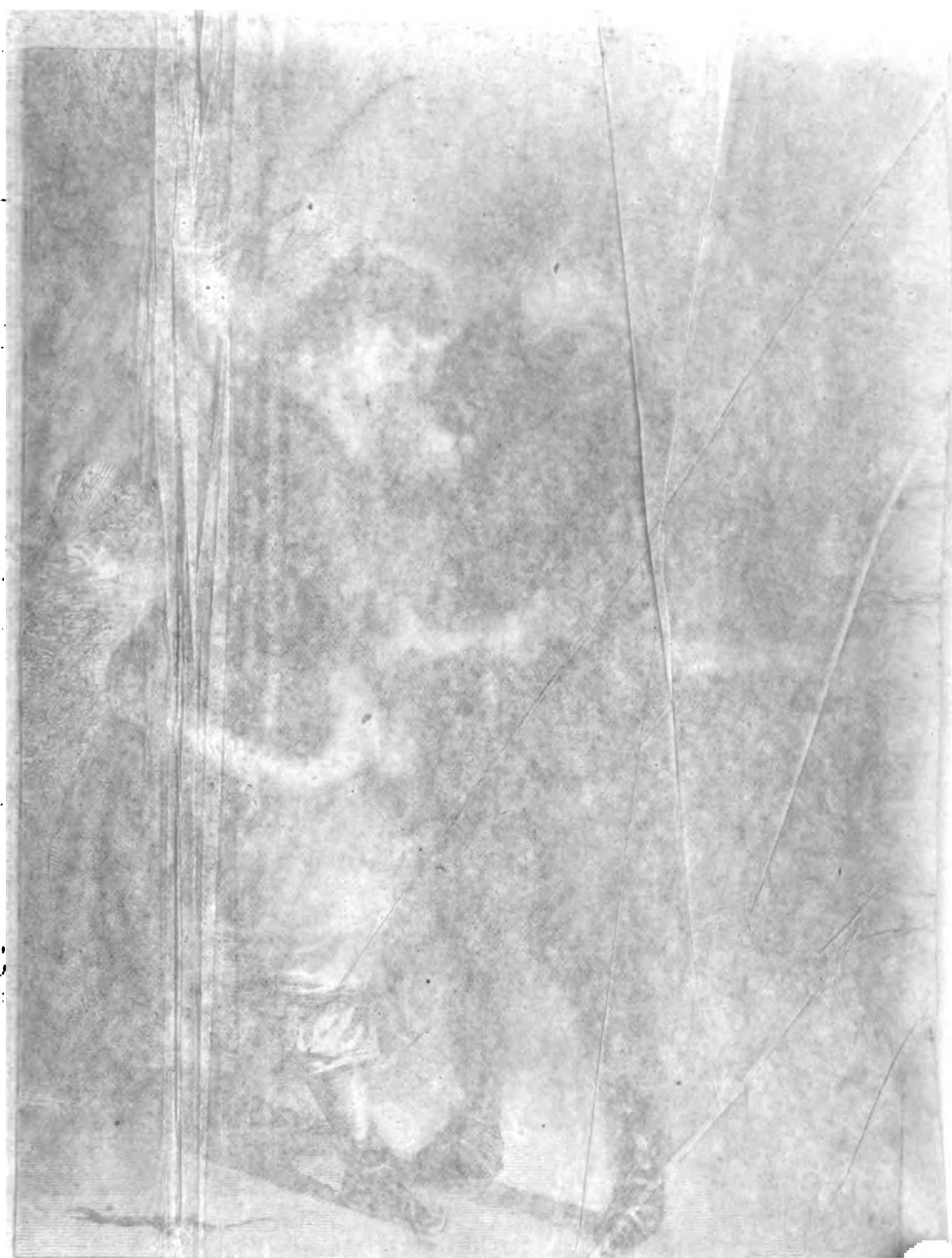
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FOR the engravings, see the front of the number. For the descriptions, and how to make the dresses, see the article, "Every-Day Dresses," etc., etc.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Illustrated by John Everett Millais.



THE FIRST SEATING

LITTLE RED RID HOOD.

Illustrated by W. H. D. W. H. D.



THE FIRST SKATING-LESSON.

[See the Story.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



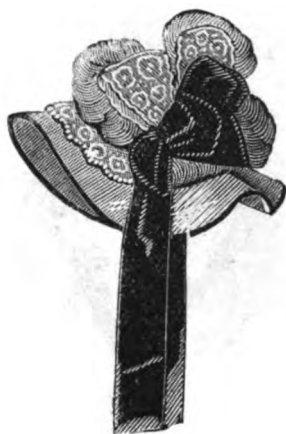
LOW-NECKED EVENING-DRESS. BONNETS.



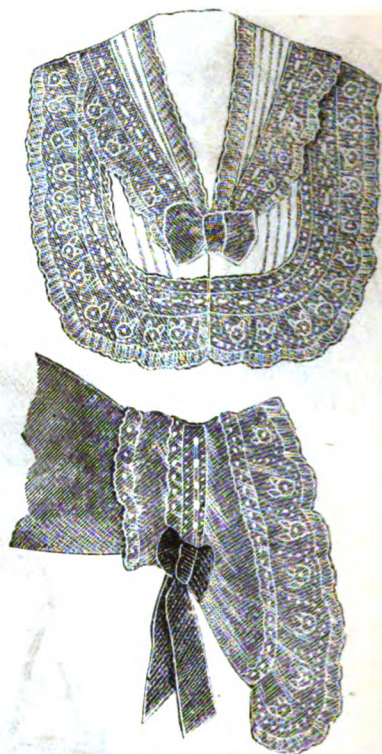
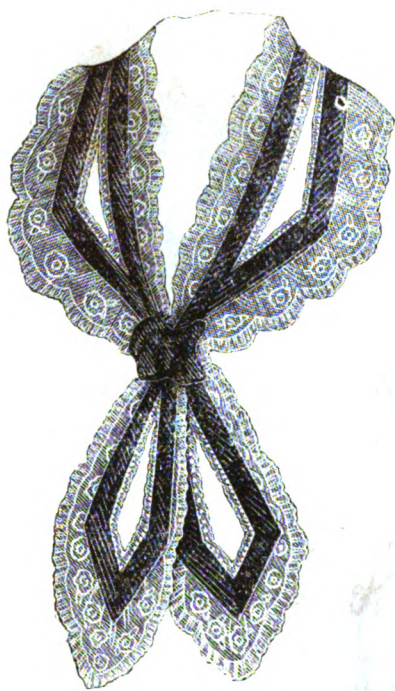
HIGH-NECKED EVENING-DRESS. BONNETS.



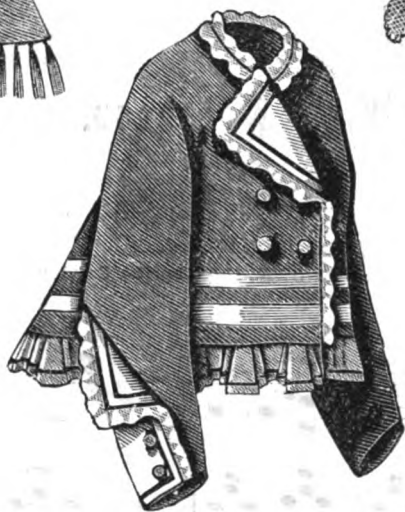
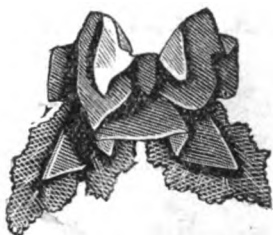
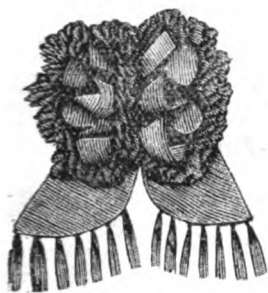
ETTRICK SHAWL COSTUME. BONNETS.



WATER-PROOF COSTUME. HAT. BONNET.



CAPE, COLLAR AND SLEEVE. BASQUE OF BLACK VELVET—FRONT AND BACK.



BOWS. SACQUE. BASQUE OF GRAY CLOTH—FRONT AND BACK.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By W. F. Wrighton.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My Home..... sweet Home! I've

fai - ry land I long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On Home..... sweet Home!

THE DEAREST SPOT.

Piu mosso.

There, how charm'd the sense of hear - ing! There, where love is so en - dear - ing!
There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed!

dim e rall.

a tempo.

All the world is not so cheer - ing As Home..... sweet Home! The
All the world be - sides I've slight-ed For Home..... sweet Home! The

dear-est spot of earth to me Is Home..... sweet Home! The fai - ry land I

ad lib.

long to see Is Home..... sweet Home!



PIQUE BOOTS FOR INFANTS. STYLES OF DRESSING YOUNG GIRLS' HAIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1870.

No. 6.

MAUDE'S CHRISTMAS-GIFT.

BY MISS L. DUDLEY.

SHE raised her brown eyes slowly to his face, and said,

"I do not understand you at all, Mr. Clinton; but, perhaps, you will explain after this waltz. I must go now; Mr. Bennett is coming for me."

Maude Howe had appeared in society, for the first time, that winter, and was under the chaperonage of her aunt, a leader of fashion.

To-night Maude was looking her best. She had on white of some airy material, which made one think of April clouds. She wore no ornaments, except white rose-buds, in her hair and at her throat. Her soft, brown hair was dressed in the severest Grecian style, a style eminently becoming to her face. Her head was exquisitely shaped; her eyebrows and lashes were perfect; and her skin was clear to transparency, showing the delicate tracery of the veins beneath.

I am afraid to tell how many men had offered to exchange hearts with her that winter; and yet, not one whom she had refused could say, with a certainty, that she had tried to make him love her. She always looked grieved, and seemed to struggle to keep back the tears, as she said, "I did not dream of such a thing as this; I have respected you more than all the men I know, and I thought you only cared for me as a friend." Perhaps Maude really was, unconsciously to herself, what one of her best friends called her, "the least bit of a flirt." Some girls are.

Mr. Clinton was the last upon the list. He had begun to flirt with her, as with numerous others. Maude had been very cordial and informal, just enough so to make him think her charmingly fresh and unsophisticated; the next time he saw her she was a perfect iceberg; and so he felt a little puzzled and slightly disconcerted. Of course, it was but a step to decide that she should like him. Maude seemed unconscious at first. Then she received his atten-

tions with provoking indifference, or answered his "soft nothings" with quiet sarcasm. He had known her now three months, and occasionally he fancied that her sarcasm was only assumed, and that she found more pleasure in his society than she cared to have him know.

To-night he had determined to see if he had any power whatever over her.

The waltz was at last ended. By the time Clinton reached Miss Howe, he found her talking earnestly to her late partner. She turned to him indifferently. He said, gravely,

"The next is my dance, is it not, Miss Maude?"

"Yes, I believe so," she answered, consulting her tablets; "these *do* look like your hieroglyphics, though all men invariably write alike when in a ball-room."

Mr. Bennett bowed himself away reluctantly.

"Miss Howe," said Mr. Clinton, "suppose we go to the music-room instead of dancing this quadrille?"

"Just as you please," she answered, coolly. "I hate quadrilles anyhow; they are so stupid."

The music-room was entirely vacant. Maude sat down to the piano and sang, "Down the Burn, Davy Love." She sang it as if she meant every word of it. When she had finished, she glanced up at her partner, saucily, and yet half shyly. It was such a look as he had never seen on the face of another woman. He was just beginning to realize how much he cared for her varying expressions. Perhaps, his eyes said this, for her lids dropped, and she began playing chords mechanically.

There was a moment of silence. Maude looked up suddenly, blushed a little when she met his glance, and said, "Do you remember Jean Ingelow's 'Song of Margaret'?" One of my school-mates set it to music. I think you will like it." And she sang again a sweet

minor melody, but with a proud ring in her voice, which only made the pathos greater.

Perhaps she knew of what Clinton was thinking as she sang the last verse, for she kept her eyes upon the keys, though she felt his glance, as if it had been mesmeric in its power.

He repeated the last verse half to himself as she finished the interlude.

"Matters not in deserts old,
What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Year by year its meaning told,
I am come, its deeps are learned.
Come, but there is naught to say,
Married eyes with mine have met,
Silence! Oh! I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret!"

"Maude," he said, passionately, "there never was a poem written with a refrain so full of tears and heart-break. Do not send me from you to learn the bitter lesson. Maude, dearest, I love you——"

They heard voices at the door. Maude, ever ready, struck the keys suddenly, and her voice rang out mockingly, in Longfellow's song.

"She had two eyes, so soft and brown—
Take care!
She gives a side glance, and looks down—
Beware, beware!
Trust her not! She is fooling thee!"

When she had finished, she looked up, and said coolly,

"That was done beautifully, Mr. Clinton, on your part; but you should have chosen a time and place less liable to interruption."

His face was almost set in its stern expression, but he said quietly enough, "I will see you to-morrow evening before you have gone out; you will not dare refuse me."

She rebelled against his tones, even while she acknowledged a certain power in them; but she said defiantly, "You may come, if you choose. I am not afraid to finish what I have begun. Ah!" as the door opened, "there is Mr. Wynne come for me: this is his dance, I believe."

And then they both went back to the ball-room, with faces that told no tales, not even avoiding each other, and she had never been so brilliant, nor he so self-possessed. But, oh! how the hours lagged for both,

At last the tedious farce was over, and Maude leaned back in the carriage, excusing her unusual silence to Mrs. Byrne, by saying that her head ached, and she was sleepy.

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Maude received a letter from home, stating that her mother was not very well, and would like her little daughter's comforting presence.

She showed the letter to her aunt. "I shall go home to-morrow," she said; "and, auntie, dear, I think I will stay away from the opera

to-night. I do not wish to take home with me a pair of tired eyes."

Her aunt passed her hand caressingly over the brown head, saying, "Do as you think best, May-blossom: but we shall miss you sadly."

The tears started to her eyes. "Auntie, dear," she said, "I thank you more than I can tell for all your goodness to me."

Once more alone in her room, she locked the door, threw herself beside the bed and wept bitterly and uncontrolled. Try as she would to forget it, the sudden rigidity which Mr. Clinton's face had worn, the night before, was ever with her. Finally, she rose, dashed the tears away proudly, and packed her trunk.

Evening came, and she went down to the parlor, looking so sweet and womanly in her gray traveling-dress, that Mr. Clinton could scarcely believe her the same, whose heartless words had wounded him so the night before.

He was not coward enough to delay coming to the point, but spoke at once, quietly and firmly, "Miss Howe, I want an explanation."

His manner drove away all idea of repentance or humility, and she answered haughtily, "You may have it. Did you think, Mr. Clinton, that I was an unsophisticated child for you to play with as you chose—a toy to amuse one or two of your leisure moments? If you did, you were in error."

"I give you credit for your consummate acting," he said, savagely.

"Thank you! Had you an idea that you held a monopoly of that power? When next you wish to flirt, be sure that you have measured well the power of your opponent."

He answered bitterly. "You are right, perhaps. I thank you for having told me the truth. But if I have been false, you have been none the less so. I will not detain you longer." He turned and was gone.

She did not even glance toward the door, but went to her room with a step firmer than ever.

She went home the next day, leaving her aunt to make her adieus, and inform her acquaintances of her mother's illness.

The next ten months were not particularly happy ones for Maude. She was too proud to admit, even to herself, that she loved a man who had intended trifling with her. You see she could not forget that; and she told herself daily that she despised him for it: and yet his words were with her continually. "If I have been false, you have been none the less so." She wondered, sometimes, what right she had to sit in judgment upon him, who, if erring, had certainly been no worse than herself.

Sometimes the necessity for sitting still, and keeping an unexpressive face, almost maddened her.

Poor child! She learned some bitter lessons during that wretched time: no one knew it, however.

In the first place, her mother had had a severe attack of typhoid-fever, and Maude had been with her every moment that was not given to the supervision of household affairs. She had, therefore, no time to fold her hands and sentimentalize, even if she had wished. And yet there were, alas! sleepless nights that could not be accounted for; nights when she would toss to and fro, powerless to exorcise the demon of unrest possessing her.

The autumn had come and gone. Winter had set in. Maude's mother had now entirely recovered. With no pressing duties to perform, no more anxiety for her parent on her mind, Maude began to suffer more and more. Self-companionship became almost unendurable.

It was Christmas-eve. It had been snowing all day, but toward night the sky had cleared, and the sun was now setting in a blaze of gold. Everything looked bright, and crisp, and joyous out-of-doors. Everything was so but Maude.

The church-bells were pealing musically, and Maude, more than ever depressed, threw on a hood and cloak, and stole out, to see if the sharp, bracing air would revive her. But neither the remembrance of the coming festival, nor the freshening breeze, nor the splendor

of the sunset, had power to affect her. She stopped, wearily, after a short walk, and leaning on a stone-fence, looked dreamily and sadly into the far distance.

Suddenly a quick step sounded near. What was there in it to make her heart beat? No! the thing was impossible! The step came nearer and nearer. She would have given worlds to look around, but she had not the courage. As she stood trembling and breathless, a voice at her side spoke.

"Maude, dearest," it said, with passionate eagerness. "This is Christmas-eve, when we forgive our enemies, even our worst. Can you forgive me?"

She looked around. Her eyes met those of Mr. Clinton. She burst into tears. The next moment she was clasped in the arms of her lover.

The church-bells rang joyously out as Maude turned to go into the house, leaning fondly on Mr. Clinton's arm. The church-bells rang out, and they seemed to say, again and again, with jubilant gladness: "Peace on earth, and good will to all."

I was Maude's bridesmaid. The night before the wedding, I asked her what had brought Mr. Clinton to her house, just at that particular time.

"He says it was fate," she replied, "or despair that led him to dare the worst." But I tell him," and here she blushed and shyly hid her face in my lap, "that it was God's goodness: he was my CHRISTMAS-GIFT!"

THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Yes! it is haunted; spirits of the past

Stalk through its empty corridors at eve;

Ghosts of dead friendships, all too bright to last,

Come with the twilight and the night, to grieve

And make their moan, while dusky silence falls

Within the dimness of these gray, old walls.

I hear them, see them, feel them round me throng,

Each spectre footfall thrills my heart-strings o'er,

Each touch reveals the fetters, stout and strong,

That bind me to the days that are no more.

I stand within the shadows of the past,

And feel the witchery about me cast.

Haunted by spectral forms of joys long fled,

By ghosts of loves that blessed me years ago;

By shadowy faces, numbered with the dead,

And by the olden memories which grow

Brighter and dearer as the years pass by,

And, one by one, earth's phantom-pleasures die.

I cannot pass this threshold but I feel

The thrilling presence of the loved and lost;

A crowd of spirit-forms about me steal,

And o'er my head bright angel-wings are crossed;

And through the silent dusk I seem to hear

A voice of angel-greeting, sweet and clear.

Nay! chide me not, my friend; I cannot stray,

Like you, with joyous tread, from room to room;

Each side I turn, a phantom leads the way,

With finger pointing to a tale of doom;

Each step I take is thick with memories strewn,

As are the woods, when Autumn winds have blown.

Pass on! my pensive way let me pursue,

Slowly and thoughtful, through the olden ways.

These silent walls can never speak to you;

This phantom-crowd can never meet your gaze;

Your ear may never catch the whispered tone—

The house is haunted—but to me alone.

THE FIRST SKATING-LESSON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was the prettiest winter scene possible, in the soft, gray light of the late afternoon. The lake was one broad sweep of mirror-like ice; a faint pink glow tinged the snow-covered hills beyond, and clumps of hemlocks and pine-trees stood up, dark and solemn, against the western sky.

Further down the lake, hidden by a rocky point, a merry skating-party were enjoying each other's disasters, or indulging in private triumphs; and their voices swelled up pleasantly to the spot where Fred Bond stood supporting his companion, and trying to persuade her out of the fears which her first elevation on the bright steel-runners had naturally caused.

Amy Forsyth almost always looked pretty, but never prettier than she did standing there in her coquettish short dress, with its loosely-fitting velvet jacket, ermine-edged, a jaunty hat, with a floating feather, and her beautiful hair allowed to fall in loose, heavy waves about her shoulders. The rose-tints in her cheeks were deeper, and her eyes brighter than usual, from excitement and the fear which was not too strong to be pleasurable, enough to make her hold fast to Fred's two hands, so that he was inclined to think the nervousness was much nicer than any Amazonian display of courage and skill.

Fred, in his stunning winter array, made a very charming cavalier. He was only twenty-two, bright, witty, and highly cultivated—in every respect an agreeable companion.

There was a large party gathered at old Mr. Forsyth's country-house to pass the Christmas season. It was a convenient distance from town, and every day gentlemen came and went. It had proved a charming week, but to-morrow the party was to break up. To-day was the first time Amy had ventured on skates, and she had chosen Fred to teach her, which was no more than fair, as she had done nothing but torment him during all those pleasant days.

She was accustomed to success and admiration in everything she attempted; and feeling morally certain that she should fall, or be terribly awkward, she insisted upon Fred taking her away from the rest of the company while she made her first essay. The buckling the skates, and persuading her to stand on her

feet, had been a work of time, but very pleasant work. When Fred lifted her up, and she clung to him with the strength of desperation, he thought the little cry she gave, half fear, half laughter, the most delicious sound he had ever heard in his life.

"I know I shall break my neck," Amy said.

"You will do nothing of the sort," returned he.

"See if I don't! If it's only to teach you not to contradict me! Oh! oh! I was almost down!"

"Nothing of the sort," persisted Fred. "You are getting to stand as firm as—as a pyramid! Now try to go ahead—move your left foot forward."

"You talk like my old dancing-master," laughed Amy. "I never can do it—never! What a little fool I am! I must learn to stand alone first! Dear me! What shall I do?"

She let Fred go and leaned one hand on his shoulder for support, tottering and shivering dolefully, but tolerably successful in her effort, notwithstanding. Fred uttered such ecstatic praise that she was stimulated to go a little further. She took her hand from his shoulder and stood at least a second unsupported, then some involuntary movement of her body sent one foot out, and she grasped his arm as tightly as if he had been a plank, and she an unfortunate mariner suddenly pitched into mid-ocean.

More strangled shrieks, more laughter, more encouragement; she clinging fast to Fred, and Fred feeling the wintry scene turn into so delightful a paradise that he wished things might go on like this forever.

"How tired you must be getting of my silliness," said the artful little witch.

"Tired!" he ejaculated, with a gasp. "It's the first time I've been happy in a week!"

"Oh, dear!" quoth she, "I'm sorry you haven't enjoyed yourself! I hope the rest of my guests haven't found it so stupid."

"You've scarcely spoken a good-natured word to me. You've made me——"

"Oh! oh!" squeaked Amy, tottering again; but this time the tremor and fright were only a mean pretence to check the torrent of his complaints, for she felt that if he began to grow earnest in her present predicament, he would have her at a decided disadvantage.

"I was very nearly down that time," she said.

"You can't fall," returned Fred, getting hold of both her hands; "you just make believe you're frightened to stop my tongue."

"I think, Mr. Bond, you had better help me on shore! If you suppose I am such a miserable little wretch as that, you must want to be rid of me."

Amy looked so very stately, and spoke so nippingly, that he was humbled at once.

"You know I couldn't have a greater happiness," he said.

"I thought, perhaps, you would like to join Miss Gore," Amy answered, demurely; "she skates beautifully."

Now Miss Gore was a red-haired old maid, to whom Amy had made him sacrifice himself for days past, and Fred felt that this taunt was more than mortal man could endure.

"I do think that is too bad!" he exclaimed, looking so handsome, with his injured expression, that Amy privately vowed she would hurt his feelings on every possible occasion. "After your scolding me into being attentive to her—"

"I only asked you—don't make me out a second Zantippe," she interrupted. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure—I'll never ask another favor of you as long as I live."

"There you go!" cried Fred, in a high state of exasperation.

"So I do," said she, and slid comfortably down on the ice, taking good care not to hurt herself, but frightening him dreadfully, all the same.

By the time she got on her feet again, she had startled Fred into a passing forgetfulness of his wrongs. To keep him from reverting to them, and bringing about a crisis, which had been imminent for a month past, she became wonderfully interested in the business on hand, and as eager to become a proficient in the skating art, without loss of time, as if she expected to gain a livelihood by it, and offer the red-haired girl, Miss Gore, long odds in a match.

Between her secret fears and the hard work she made of her efforts, in less than ten minutes she was so tired she had to stop and let Fred support her again; but she had actually made three steps alone—more in the air than on the ice—and Fred vowed he never saw anybody learn so rapidly; and the best of it was, he was quite unconscious what a tremendous fib he was telling.

"Miss Gore says she never had anybody teach her——"

"I should think not," interrupted Fred. "No sane man would, you know."

"And the first day she skated without trouble," Amy finished, on purpose to provoke him into further ill-natured remarks, at the expense of Miss Gore.

"She's an awful cheat," he pronounced; "she's always boasting about her exploits, or her money."

"She can shoot, too—she killed a mad cat."

"She ought to have been indicted for murder—killing one of her own relations."

"Now I thought you liked her," said Amy, meditatively, unable to resist the impulse of carrying the conversation back on dangerous ground.

"Like her!" shouted Fred.

"Why, you'll bring everybody here—they'll think we're drowning! I'm not old Mrs. Morris, that you need yell in my ear. I feel quite stunned," and Amy put one hand to her head in a beseeching way, that was as pretty as it was deceitful.

"I hate her," said Fred, with still greater energy, though in a more carefully modulated voice. "The way you have made me dance attendance on her, this last week, would drive a saint mad."

"And you're no saint," returned Amy; "though I'm not sure but you're a little mad, you look so fierce."

"I've good reason," said Fred, looking more sulky than injured this time.

"You must be the best judge of that," observed Amy, coldly, yawning a little to express weariness. "I shall tell mamma how the visit has bore you—I'm sure she will be exceedingly mortified! I promise never to expose you to similar suffering again."

"You mean you'll not invite me to the house any more?" he asked, full of wrath.

"I should only subject myself to the annoyance of a refusal. Of course, you wouldn't come, after being so bored this last week."

"I believe there's nothing in the world you like so much as teasing me," cried Fred, driven to despair.

"Go on," said she; "I'm getting at your real opinion of me—it's not complimentary, but it's well to be truthful."

"How can you bear to torture me so?" he demanded.

"Bless me! You talk as if I was an old Spanish inquisitor, in a skull-cap, sticking you full of pins and needles!"

"So you have been, all these days," he vowed.

"Well," said she, with beautiful innocence, "I have an old heart pin-cushion in my room, but I'd no idea it was yours—it's a dark, dirty, puffy old heart as ever I looked at. Upon my word, if I were you, I'd think twice before I claimed it."

"I wonder if you could be serious for a moment?" he asked, more fretfully than a hero in a novel would be guilty of doing.

"Serious? Here I am, expecting every minute to break my neck, and you ask me that! I never hope to get home alive; you must invent all sorts of nice last words for me! Tell mamma I'm sorry I called aunt Julia a cockatoo; and there's Harry Seabright, I promised him my photograph."

"You did?" cried Fred, and nearly let her fall; then had to apologize.

It was Harry Seabright with whom she had chosen to torment Fred for weeks past, pretending to flirt with him, and having him about like a tame dog. Indeed, many a time he had been near fulfilling the destiny of one by receiving a sound thrashing from master Fred, when that sorely tried young gentleman had been forced, by the idol of his heart, to endure cold looks, while Harry was petted and received into high favor.

"I think I had better give up any further trial to-day," Amy said, with a good deal of dignity. "You seem determined to quarrel with me, and I hate quarrels."

"Goodness knows I do," groaned Fred; "but the idea of your saying you had promised your photograph to that—"

"Friend of mine," interposed Amy. "And yet I am really offended at your supposing I spoke in earnest! Am I likely to give any man my picture? Perhaps you mistake me for Miss Gore: she's in every male objects album from Maine to Georgia."

"I knew you couldn't mean it," Fred said, contritely.

"Then I wonder at your going into such a rage," she replied, severely. "Anyway, nobody would have a right to interfere! You are an old friend, it is true, almost like a brother; but I wouldn't even let a brother dictate to me, I assure you."

"I had no thought of doing so," moaned Fred.

"Oh! you have done it a great deal lately," she went on, merciless, of course, the instant she found that he was penitent. "You have done nothing this winter but find fault with me, and I don't like it! I may be a silly, wrong-headed little thing, I dare say I am; but I don't want my friends to show that they think it."

"You know well enough what I think."

"Yes, indeed; you're at no pains to hide it!"

"I do believe you'll drive me out of my senses," Fred cried, in agony.

The little wretch turned her head away to hide the smile of triumph she could not keep back. She had been afraid that she had gone too far, during the past week in her tormenting of him, and it was pleasant to find that he could not support his half-angry airs when she made the least effort to subdue it.

"I hope I never shall drive anybody out of his senses," said she, primly; "I hope I have been too well brought up for that. I'm sure mamma would be shocked at the bare idea."

"If you would only be good to me," sighed Fred. "Now, see here—just promise—"

"There isn't time, and I should be sure to forget," Amy broke in. "Let's finish the skating-lesson first; I want to be able to boast as well as Miss Gore."

But Fred held her hands fast, and would not move.

"Do listen to me!" he pleaded.

"Yes. Which foot do I start on? I shall try the right! Now just let me go a little by myself. I never shall learn if I hang on you all the while."

"In a moment, Amy. Just wait."

"You oughtn't to call me by my Christian name," she said. "It did well enough when we were children; but it would sound so odd to people. I'm sure mamma wouldn't like it."

As Fred knew that "mamma" never dreamed of opposing or controlling the little witch, and was, besides, almost as fond of him as if he had been her own son, he was not to be taken in by any such shallow artifice.

"I'm sorry if I have offended you," he said, gravely. "But do listen to me."

"How can I listen, when first one foot slides, then the other, and I am expecting every second to fall on my nose and make it uglier than it is?"

"You can't fall—I am holding you steady."

"That's just what I don't want. I came here to learn to skate. I can't do that if I'm held."

"You are quite right," said Fred, coolly, all at once changing his entire tone. "Business first always."

She stared at him, but he paid no attention.

"Now then," he said, "lean one hand on my shoulder and try to skate with me. Don't be afraid, I'll not let you fall."

She obeyed him in silence, so much occupied in wondering what he meant by this new and unheard-of demeanor, that she entirely

forgot her fears, and succeeded very well in her first essay.

"You did that beautifully," said Fred, as he paused to give her a chance to rest. "I had no idea you would get on so well."

"Thank you! I suppose you thought I was too stupid to learn anything."

"I don't believe I thought that; but at first you seemed to have so much difficulty even in standing."

"Why you said, half an hour ago, you never saw anybody get on so fast."

"That was merely to encourage you."

"And you admit you were telling a fib?"

"Certainly," replied Fred, with the utmost coolness.

"Did one ever hear the like! Then I don't believe you now."

"One seldom is believed when one tells the truth," Fred answered, sententiously.

"How disagreeable you are!" she exclaimed, feeling vexed at his composure and incomprehensible change of manner. "I wish I had asked Harry Seabright to teach me instead of you."

"For your own sake I wish you had. He's so abominably awkward you would have had something to laugh at."

She took her hands off his shoulder and tried a few steps by herself, succeeding very well; and Fred was beside her in time to prevent her making a sudden and unpleasant *pirouette*. She was so much delighted with her success that she grew good-natured again, and for a few moments they chattered in the most amicable manner. She was so gentle and loveable that Fred soon forgot his resolution to be careless and composed, and rushed back to the impulse which had been in his mind for days—that of unburdening his heart the first opportunity which offered. He gave her no time to discover what he was at, but from discussing some trivial matter, he burst out suddenly,

"Why have you treated me so all this week? I never suffered such pain in my whole life! It was downright cruel, Amy, for you know how I love you; you know the future doesn't hold anything so dear as the hope of your affection."

It was very sweet to hear—she had known it all long before, she could not have helped knowing; but it was pleasant to have it put in words, and to see him look so handsome and agitated—it was all so delightfully different from the stupid attempts Harry Seabright had been making in the tender line during the past days.

"Amy, do answer me—just one word! Say

you do care for me. Give me a little happiness after all my worry and fear."

She wanted to do it—she did love him; but some demon of mischief prompted her to tease him still. She always had teased everything and everybody that loved her, from her pet kitten upward, and she could not relinquish the pleasant habit now.

"I don't think you ought to talk to me in this way," she said, with a sad dignity, that would not have been misplaced in a woman of thirty; and, indeed, a veteran coquette could not have done it half so well. "Please to stop, I don't want to hear any more."

He stared at her in mingled wrath and pain.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, as hoarsely as though the wintry air had suddenly given him an attack of acute bronchitis. "Just answer me—do you mean it?"

He took it so horribly in earnest, and it was so much like a scene out of a novel, that she could not resist prolonging his misery, though, with the odd inconsistency of a nature like hers, somehow his pain hurt her all the while.

"You know I mean it," she said. "I never was so much astonished in my life. I'm so sorry I came here to-day. I—I don't know what to answer—I'm frightened. Please, don't say another word."

"It can't be very difficult to answer," returned he, hotly. "If I have been making a fool of myself, it is easy enough to say so."

"Oh, well! if you call caring about me making a fool of yourself, I'm sure I'd better say nothing," she said.

If Fred had been older and more experienced in the wiles of womankind, he would have taken fresh courage from that speech; but a very young man is usually a world behind a girl of the same age in wisdom, where such matters are concerned.

"I suppose, after all, you mean to marry Seabright," he blurted out. "Well, he's richer than I am."

Now she was really angry, and turned on him like a pretty little fury.

"How dare you talk like that to me?" she exclaimed. "Help me ashore this instant. No, I'll not have your help—leave me alone."

Down she sat on the ice, and tugged at the skates till she got them off her feet. She could be angry now in more safety, and having scratched her thumb in her efforts, she was prepared to be so in downright earnest. After she refused his reiterated offers of assistance, Fred stood sulkily by.

"I am going to join the rest," said she.

"I've just one word to say to you, Fred Bond—I'll never forgive you, if I live to be a hundred, and grow as ugly as Miss Gore! You've insulted me—me, that have been like your sister since we were so high;" and in her excitement she elevated instead of depressing her hand, until the height she indicated would have applied very well to a pair of finely-grown giants in their early youth.

Fred remained obstinately silent, and that spurred her on to strewing new flowers of rhetoric upon his devoted head. "Marry for money, indeed, when I've more now than I know what to do with! Oh! aren't you ashamed of yourself, Fred Bond? I wonder how you'll ever venture to look in my face again."

She waited a little for Fred to defend himself, but Fred had reached a state of mind where he scorned to do that; so, having got her breath, Amy poured out a new tirade, ready at last to cry with vexation because he would not interrupt her with some sort of excuse.

Under the circumstances, it was scarcely possible for a boy of twenty-two, and a girl barely eighteen, to do anything but quarrel furiously, given the fact that they were fond of each other. So it was finally settled that they cared nothing for one another—never had. "He was suspicious, overbearing, impertinent," Amy said; and she, in Fred's opinion, was "the falsest and most intolerable coquette that had ever existed."

"You shall never have a chance again to talk to me like this!" Amy exclaimed.

"I shall never talk to you at all, as long as we both live," Fred answered. "We'll never meet again. I'll put the width of the world, at least, between us, and trust to heaven's mercy to keep us apart hereafter." He darted off on his skates as he ended this fine sentence.

Amy watched him go, at first with anger; but as he flew on like a winged creature, pain overcome her rage, and she suffered cruelly.

On—on—faster, never once looking back; then Amy heard an ominous creak in the distant ice, and in a second more Fred disappeared from her horrified eyes. He had skated, unconsciously, into an air-hole.

Amy was conscious of crying out, at first from agony, then from a mad under-thought that she must rouse the party further down the lake. She shrieked—she ran; the treacherous ice threw her down many times, but she felt no hurt; she was up, toiling on, exhausting her strength by the frenzied shrieks that rang shrill through the wintry air.

When the party reached the spot of the disaster, Amy Forsyth lay senseless on the ice, and Fred climbed out from his watery grave and lay near her, conscious, but too thoroughly exhausted to make any further effort.

They got the pair on shore. They wrapped Fred in shawls, and the two were driven as fast as possible up to the house. There Bond was put to bed, and a doctor sent for, who pronounced that the patient would be as well as ever by morning. Meantime poor Amy was sobbing in her room, but was somewhat comforted by that assurance. Of course, she was very miserable—Fred would never forgive her; but as he was in no danger, she must go down stairs and do her duty by her guests, who were to leave the next day.

Down she went, and it was rather a quiet, dismal evening to everybody; and they all appreciated how much their past pleasures had been owing to Fred's exertions. But it was worse for Amy than anybody else, because Harry Seabright caught her alone in the library for a moment and made his proposal. He had a bad time doing it. He was embarrassed to that extent that he could not tell where to begin or leave off, and mixed matters so dreadfully, it seemed doubtful whether he was offering himself or a pet Skye terrier for Amy's acceptance; and she was so angry that she forgot her good manners, and said nippingly,

"I thank you; I don't want a puppy of any sort."

"T—'tisn't the pup," stammered Harry, falling over his vowels as badly as if he had been tipsy; "'s myself, Miss Amy."

"Yes. Well, either one, it's all the same. No, thank you, sir."

"But—but—you can't mean it," quavered poor Harry, whose head, never very strong, had been sorely addled by the young witch's performances during the last week.

"Oh! can't I?" cried she. "But I do; and I wonder at you, Mr. Seabright, after all my kindness to you, to go and talk like this!"

He looked so wretched that her own misery made her pity him; so she added more gently,

"This is just a bit of nonsensical gallantry. You are to propose to Martha Gore, I insist upon it. Good-night now. Don't say another word. It's all a mistake—I shan't think of it again."

She hurried away, and left the poor fellow so confused that he could not think at all; and being much given to doing as he was ordered by any strong will he encountered, he began

to wonder if he really must offer himself and the terrier to Miss Gore, and thought, ruefully, how pretty Amy was, and how ferociously scarlet were the tresses of the amiable Martha.

The next morning, in spite of the doctor's assertions, Fred was very ill with cold and fever, and there was danger of delirium setting in. Mrs. Forsyth sent the young people back to town, and devoted herself to nursing him; while poor Amy endured these days and nights of suffering and suspense, which made her feel at least a hundred years old.

Fred raved about all sorts of things in his fever; but he did not upbraid her as heroes do in novels: she was always in his mind, but he was back among the scenes of their happy childhood, or in distress because some danger menaced her; or they had started on a journey together, and he had lost her. When Mrs. Forsyth saw what Amy suffered, she wisely permitted the girl to share her vigils by the sick man's bed, and it was a little relief to be close by him, to feel that she was doing something, though his piteous demands for her, his haste, his searches, his delirious troubles generally, almost broke her heart.

Fred struggled back to consciousness, and lay there very weak and childish, and saw

Amy sitting by his pillows, and asked wonderingly,

"What's the matter? Why, Amy, is it you?"

But he presently remembered everything that had happened, and before long Amy was on her knees by the bed, and there we leave them, making it up as they best could.

When Mrs. Forsyth returned to the room she was delighted to find Fred conscious; but in a moment she began to fear for his sanity, after all, for he called out, "Come and kiss me, mother!"

Mrs. Forsyth, instead, ran for the soothing mixture; but Fred presently convinced her that he knew what he was about, by reaching out his arm and throwing it over Amy's neck, as he said,

"Don't you see how it is? If you don't say you like it, I'll go crazy, and stay so."

Mrs. Forsyth pronounced them both rather mad; then she kissed them, and shed a few tears; then she told Amy to give him his medicine, and promised him something good to eat if he would stop talking and lie still; and as their troubles ended. Fate was satisfied with giving them a warning, instead of striking them down with one of the heavy blows, which she deals us who are older, and have deserved severer discipline than those two needed.

HILAH TO ALBERT.

BY ANNIE NUGENT.

"How do I love thee?" It were hard to tell—

A shadow ever lies between us two;
A voice comes to me like a mournful knell,
Rang over hopes that never can be true.
Nay! ask me not to love thee; it were vain
To pour out nectar on the desert sands;
To love where love can only bring me pain;
To bind a restless heart with flaming bands,
That would consume it slowly evermore,
In torture fiercer than Prometheus bore.

'Tis seldom we sit down to count the cost
Of love, or what return for love we'll get;
But I will think, before I'm wholly lost—
Ensnared by thee, like bird in Fowler's net.
If I loved thee, thy smile would be my sun;
Without it I must die! from thee, apart,
I could not live. Oh, cruel, cruel one!
Ask not the passion of my fiery heart,
For if to thee that passion once were given,
Henceforward thou must be my hell or Heaven!

And say I loved thee thus, I think that thou,
Ah! not my Heaven, but my hell wouldst be,
Thou wouldst grow tired of what thou cravest now,
And leave me low amidst mine agony.
I'd give to thee the rich wine of my soul,

And thou wouldst give me but the lees of thine;
Another drained the sweetness from the bowl,
And shall the bitterness alone be mine?
Upon another all the glow was spent,
I cannot with the ashes be content!

Sometimes I watch the shadows on thy face,
And long with all my soul to comfort thee;
Oh! give me in thy life this little place,
And share thy sorrows, dearest friend, with me!
My friend, I love thee! oh, I love thee thus!
Forgive me, that this truth I now foretell,
In all the years that yet may come to us,
No other one will love thee half as well.
As others say, "my own," I say, "my friend,"
I'll love thee to my life's most distant end.

Some flowers there are that only bloom at night,
That 'neath the sun lie folded leaf on leaf;
My friendship thus is hidden from the light,
But would unfold in any hour of grief.
If all forsake, yet will not I forsake;
For I will be thy rest, thy friend, indeed;
Through every change the coming years may make
I will love on, according to thy need.
As others say, "my own" with low, faint breath,
I say, "my friend," whom I will love till death.

KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN SIR LAUNCELOT."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 357.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHNNY was still sleeping when Kate re-entered the nursery, and as baby was fretting, she took the latter from aunt Dorcas and tried to pacify him.

She was still engaged in the somewhat trying occupation when Carl came in with the doctor, a jolly, good-humored, fatherly old gentleman, who was one of Barbara's special weaknesses.

Kate was conscious of an effort to look as if she was used to her position, but it was somewhat of a failure, despite her demurely up-raised, questioning eyes, as he took the little one hand in his.

"I hope it is nothing serious?" she asked, for his face had clouded, he being a doctor with an unprofessionally warm heart, and interested withal in sunny little Mrs. Armadale's olive-branches.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I hope not. There is another invalid, you say. I should like to see him."

His voice was so gravely doubtful that Kate felt startled, and by the time he turned to her again, after looking at Johnny, she was absolutely pale.

"Mrs. Armadale is away from home, Mr. Seymour tells me. How long will she be absent?"

"Two weeks," replied Kate. "But we are expecting a letter from her this evening."

There was not much to be gleaned from the gentleman's grave, "Ah!" and not much to be read in his face, as he wrote out his prescriptions and handed them to her.

"You have a seemingly experienced assistant," he said, glancing at aunt Dorcas. "For yourself, I should say this responsibility was a new one, but you must not allow yourself to be frightened," with a kindly smile.

"Then you think there is danger?" hesitatingly.

"Not at present. There may be. At any rate, it will be as well to send for Mrs. Armadale."

He spoke reassuringly, but in her quick, upward glance Kate saw he had not told her all he feared; and when he had gone to the

parlor to talk to Carl, she gave baby a tight, little clasp that said a great deal. She had learned to love pretty Barbara so, and she had learned to see so clearly how these children were the affectionate little creature's very heart-strings, that she could not bear the idea of her coming back to find them in danger, or, perhaps, (she thought it with a faint shiver,) worse. At any rate, she would try to take her place and be faithful, and she bent down and kissed the tiny face again.

She was very busy all the evening, but she was not too busy to watch anxiously for the postman's arrival, and when he came she listened eagerly to the announcement of the letters. There might be one from Mrs. Armadale, and if so, half her anxiety would be lifted off her mind.

"Mr. Armadale," said the man's voice. "Two for Mr. Seymour, two for Miss Davenant. That's all."

"Two for Miss Davenant!" she thought, wondering. "Where can the second be from?"

They were brought up to her soon after. One evidently from Barbara, the other a blue-enveloped epistle, with a commonplace business like look about it that dispelled her curiosity.

"Looks like a circular of some kind," she said, indifferently. "People forget I am 'nothing but a governess,'" and she laid it aside carelessly, and opened Barbara's envelope.

It was not a very long letter, and evidently written under pressure of some little mysterious excitement, but it was very affectionate and cheerful. Kate felt almost heart-sick when she saw how cheerful and free from doubt it was. Messages for Johnny and Clara, and kisses for the baby, love to Carl, and affectionate hopes that Kate would not find her position irksome.

That was all; and then came a sentence that made the poor girl actually grow pale with the renewed weight of her forebodings.

"I do not know where I shall be when you hear from me again. We leave Washington to-night, but have not decided on our route."

This was an unexpected blow. For, after

what the doctor had said, Carl had resolved to telegraph to Washington for his sister. But now Barbara would be gone before the telegram could reach her. Nor could any telegram find her till she got to New Orleans. She dropped the letter from her hands with something like terror in her expression.

"What shall I do?" she said. "Oh! what shall I do if the children become worse?"

It seemed as if she was to be fairly shaken, for the next moment Johnny stirred in his bed with a little moaning cry. She got up and went to him and touched his forehead.

"Are you awake, Johnny?" she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "Don't you want to see mamma's letter?"

He gave a sharp turn, tossing his hands upward, and staring blankly into her face with a look that made her feel faint and sick.

"It is something terrible, I am sure," she said to aunt Dorcas, who was just entering. "I think I had better go and speak to Mr. Seymour again."

There was no one else she could speak to. She felt that in her sudden sense of terror, and she forgot everything but Barbara and Barbara's children, as she went down stairs to find Carl.

He had been reading the letters he had received, and had tossed them upon the table. He was standing upon the hearth, and as she came in he turned round sharply with a startled look at her anxious face.

She went to him, and took Barbara's letter out of her pocket.

"The postman brought me this letter from Mrs. Armadale," she said. "She left Washington yesterday, and says she does not know where they make their next stoppage. Oh! what shall we do? I am afraid the children are in danger. Johnny has awakened and does not know me."

Even in his trouble he could not help but notice one little phrase she had used. What shall "we" do she had said; and when she said it, she spoke as any other girl would have spoken who had felt a sense of reliance upon his greater strength in the hour of trial.

He read the letter to the end, and then handed it back to her.

"It is too late even to telegraph now," he said. "Great heaven! if anything should happen—"

"I don't see that we can do anything but hope for the best," she interrupted. "Aunt Dorcas is very faithful, and—and I will try—" And there she broke off, because the excite-

ment had made her voice unsteady and she could not trust it.

The doctor had promised to call again late in the evening, and at eight o'clock he came and found Mrs. Armadale's "Juno" sitting by Johnny's bed, and bathing his small, hot hands with cologne.

What he thought of the matter may be gleaned from a remark he made to his wife on his return home.

"I like Junos, my dear," he said, "and I always liked this Juno in particular; but when I saw her watching that child with her handsome face, as tender as a pretty girl's, I wanted to kiss her. Mrs. Armadale's babies will be taken care of, I am sure of that."

After he had left the nursery bedroom he stopped, talking with Carl a short time in the hall; and when he had gone, Mr. Seymour sent a message up stairs, to the effect that he should like to see Miss Davenant for a few minutes.

He stopped his impatient walk across the floor when she came, and offered her a chair.

"I cannot stay," she said, gravely. "You wanted to see me about—"

It seemed as if he wished to see what effect the words he spoke would have upon her, for he came and stood behind the chair, and laid his hands on its back, and looked at her with his cold, haughty eyes.

"I thought it only right to inform you that Dr. Chaloner has told me what this sickness appears to be. It is scarlet-fever, Miss Davenant, and there is great danger in it. Of course, we cannot expect you to risk your life—"

She stopped him here, lifting her head proudly, and coloring to her forehead.

"Thank you for your caution," she said, with a faint sting of bitterness in her tone. "I dare say you mean to be kind, but with your permission I will run the risk. Mrs. Armadale left her children in my care, and I mean to be true to the trust. I don't know what you think of me, Mr. Seymour," turning suddenly, "but I am not wholly heartless, and I love the children; and because I love them I will try to take their mother's place." And she turned round and went out of the room, and left him standing alone.

It was not a very calm face, but still it was a sufficiently steady one that she presented to aunt Dorcas' criticisms when she went up stairs again.

"It is more serious than I thought," she said. "The children have scarlet-fever, aunty, and we must prepare for some hard work."

CHAPTER XV.

CLARA was sent down stairs to remain in her uncle's care, and be kept out of the way, for, as yet, she had complained of nothing serious, and they tried to hope that she would escape the infection.

Then Kate set about her tasks in prospectively quietly. She bathed her face and hands with cologne, brushed her hair back into a great knot, and changed her dress for a light, cool wrapper. There are some women who do everything gracefully and without losing their self-possession. Kate Davenant was one of them. It is astonishing what a woman can and will do when her heart is in her work. In after days, Kate looked back at the dreary hours of danger and suffering that followed with a shudder, wondering how she had lived through them. It was no light responsibility, and no light labor that fell into her unaccustomed hands then. Sometimes she sickened and grew faint under its burden, and needed all her strength of will and purpose to rouse herself to fitness for it.

For a week she never left the nursery bedroom, hardly daring to sleep in her anxiety. Johnny lay upon his bed scorched with fever and wildly delirious, moaning for water sometimes, and crying for his mother; baby wailed, and fretted, and slept by turps; and as a finishing stroke to all the evils, at the end of the week Clara dropped fainting on the parlor floor, and was brought up to the sick-room to be nursed with the rest. Here was an unique position for the Circle!

The day Clara was taken ill, Carl carried her up stairs in his arms and stayed with her all night. When he first entered, Kate was sitting by Johnny, with baby lying across her shoulder, as she leaned her head wearily against the chair-back: and a fierce throb shook his heart as he noted her white face and the purple shadows round her eyes. Short as they were, those seven days had absolutely changed her. When he had left Dorcas with Clara, he came back into the nursery, feeling as if some force controlled him.

"Kate," he said, for he forgot everything in his new pity for her, and spoke as he would have spoken to Barbara, "you must leave Johnny to me and go and sleep. Another week of such labor and watching will kill you."

Perhaps she had grown weak that his kindly tone touched her so; at any rate, she glanced up at him with a softened smile.

"I could not go to sleep if I lay down," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I don't like

to leave them for a moment. Look at Johnny's face," and she drew down the coverlid.

The poor little fellow's temples looked shrunken and hollow, a great scarlet spot blazed on each cheek, and his eyes were heavily closed.

"He has not spoken since yesterday." She did not care to control herself now, and the sudden tears choked her voice. "Oh! I wish Mrs. Armadale would come home!"

Carl looked down at the sweet, white face, thrilled to his very soul. There was something in it which he was beginning to understand, but which he had never understood before. Something of latent truth, something of what she had suffered, which now in her trouble was not hidden by any of the perfect acting. It was months since she had come to his house, and every day had been a slow step to the ending of the story. For months he had struggled with his fate, and now, as the soft eyes raised up to his and fell again, he felt that all the struggles, and bitterness, and contempt, were as nothing, and that he stood tonight just where he had stood when their eyes met in the little theatre at Newport, nearly four years ago. He had tried to hate her, and learned to love her because her sweet eyes were so tender; and as she stood there with Barbara's baby in her arms, she seemed to blot out some of the past, and her red lips drooped as little Kathleen's might have done in such a womanhood as this. When she had sung the pretty lullaby, his heart had wakened to passionate regret and yearning, the one moment in which her soft cheek had touched his breast had opened his eyes to the truth; and now, in spite of himself and his pride, he must needs speak a little of that truth in his remorse for the times when he could see he had been cruel, if he had been just.

"You must let me help you," he said. "You have taken too heavy a burden upon yourself."

She looked up quickly, and then turned her face away. She did not mean to repulse him, but there was a ring in his voice that seemed almost a mockery, it recalled so much to her. But, simple as the movement was, it stung him.

"Cannot we forget the old wrongs for awhile?" he said, bitterly. "Or are we to be enemies forever?"

For a moment she hardly cared to raise her face, the red had shot so sharply over its white. Like a man, he had misunderstood her, and, like a woman, she must hide her pain, so she answered him as bitterly as he had spoken.

"This is no time to remember wrongs," she

said. "I don't want to remember them. I think we had better forgive each other till the children get well, Mr. Seymour." But as she spoke, great, hot tears leaped into her eyes, and stood there, and he saw them.

Just the pebble in the pool, but the ripples were circling to the shore.

For the last week the girl had been suffering through her whole being in her battle with herself and her reawakened pain, but the stern necessity for self-control forced her to be strong where she might otherwise have been weak. She found no time to ask herself questions, and sometimes she was almost thankful for it.

From the evening that he brought Clara up stairs in his arms, Carl Seymour gave her no chance to forget his presence in the house. Every day he was in the sick-room, sometimes bringing fruit, sometimes a few flowers; but, whatever his errand, always leaving behind him something of comfort, or hope, or rest for the sick nurse. Every action was quietly, almost coldly done; but, after a day or so, Kate began to notice, and was not sorry for the evidence, that actual warfare was over. At any rate, she said to herself, it was sympathy, and just then sympathy, even from an enemy, would have been acceptable. Once, as he passed through the room, he laid a bunch of white flowers upon the table at her side. "They will refresh you," he said, coolly, and then went on; and she found herself gazing at them blankly, for they were just such flowers as she had thrust aside when John Crozier came to Newport. She went to smooth Clara's pillow with a half sob rising in her throat, and suffocating her.

"If Mrs. Armadale would come home," she would say to herself. "If Mrs. Armadale would only come!"

And at last she made up her mind that when the trouble was over, she would try her fortune at some far-away place, where there were at least no ghosts to haunt her.

But, in spite of everything, just what good had been hidden and smothered in her worldliness, showed itself in these days.

There was no time to act and diplomatize—no time to feel bitter. What nothing else on earth could have done the two weeks of unromantic labor did—made these two enemies forget the fierce smart of self-contempt and old regret. They were drawn together because they could not possibly have kept apart. Because she was compelled to rely upon him and trust to his assistance, Kate learned to shut her eyes calmly to everything that could have made the compulsory intercourse unpleasant.

Because she must rely upon him, and he upon her, and, perhaps, for other reasons, Carl forgot his wrongs. Still it was nearly two weeks before anything of the truth reached the surface.

It was late one evening, and as she sat by the fire, with baby on a pillow on her lap, Carl found himself watching her and wondering. He was trying to call to mind the Circe with the dangerous eyes and scarlet cheeks, who had laughed at Tom Griffith; the Circe who had coldly used her fascinations and her beauty because it pleased her to outdo other women. It was not easy to place the two side-by-side and call them by one name, they seemed so far apart.

Would she live the same life again if Fortune turned the chances toward her? Would she amuse herself with her human bagatelle-board, as she had done before, and forget everything else? Just now, as the firelight struck on the glitter of her bent head, and danced over the shadows of her black dress, it showed her dreaming eyes full of wistfulness, and the old cold, graceful scorn swept away. She did not know at first that he was looking at her, she was so full of thought, but in a few minutes some magnetic influence made her turn toward him quickly, and meeting his eyes, she colored, hardly knowing why. Just as swiftly as she had looked up she looked down again. She had grown afraid of herself lately, and did not care to trust her face to his scrutiny. Then there was a long silence, such a long silence that she thought its stillness would force her to speak.

He had come into the nursery to look at the children, and he was leaning his elbow upon the mantle, and gazing down at her. What was he thinking of? she asked herself, impatiently. What was he going to say? She felt as if she was waiting for something.

And so she was, unconsciously, it appeared, for suddenly he drew something from his pocket, and held it out to her without speaking a word. Her first glance at it made her start, and then the red deepened and glowed upon her skin until cheeks and forehead burned hot. It was a slender, gold chain. The firelight glittered on it as it was suspended from his hand, and a little onyx cross hung to it—a little Gothic cross, tipped with gold.

The ripples were very near the shore then.

She hardly knew what to say, and an exclamation broke forth almost unconsciously.

"You kept it?" she said.

He bent his head.

"It dropped from your neck and caught upon

my coat when you fell. I kept it because— Well, it was yours, and you wore it at Newport, Kate."

How near the ripples were.

She took it from his outstretched hand, her own trembling in spite of herself, and in spite of herself again, another question leaped out.

"Was it because I wore it at Newport that you kept it?"

"Yes," he said, with a faint echo of bitterness in his voice. "It is not so easy to forget, you see."

Proud man as he was, bitter, and cruel, and harsh as he had been, her tender eyes and tender voice touched his innermost soul, and shook its strength.

I said before that once conquered, this man was conquered wholly and forever. And if you, my reader, could have seen the pallor of his haughty face, you would have acknowledged that I spoke truly.

She held the chain for a moment, looking at it, and then she extended it to him again.

"I will not take it from you if you would like to keep it. We have both said hard words to each other, Mr. Seymour, but we have been friends for a week now, and I, for one, am not inclined to break the truce."

She smiled up into his eyes as she said it, and tried to speak carelessly; but it was a hard struggle that helped her to maintain her self-possession.

"Do you mean this?" he asked her.

She bent her head, still holding out the chain, with the Circe's smile.

"Why not?"

He took it and began to wind it round his fingers.

"You are a true woman," he said, "and so am I. I am a true man, and so not wise. Since you have been here, I have said things to you which had better have been left unsaid. Try to forget them." And he turned on his heel and went out of the room without another word.

If her position had seemed hard to her before, it seemed harder now. Woman-like, she would have gone along smoothly without a passing hint of the undercurrent; but he, with exasperating masculine pertinacity, must needs touch the half-healed wounds, perhaps feeling some aggrandizement in his own pain. Blame him, if you like—call him a weak fool; I have only one thing to say—he loved her. If you are a man, and have some time loved a woman, you will understand how he might act madly; if you are a woman, and have ever loved, you will forgive him for it.

Carl went to his room that night not to sleep, but to hold that glittering chain upon his finger, and look at it, to sneer at himself, and call himself hard names, and then to ponder over the pretty picture he had left behind him in the nursery.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was daylight before Kate left her seat at the fire, where she had sat dreaming. Toward morning Johnny fell asleep, and baby seemed better, and at aunt Dorcas' decisive command, Kate relinquished her post, and lay down. She passed the mirror as she went to the couch, and caught a glimpse of herself. She shrugged her shoulders a little at the white face and shadowy eyes. Her belt-ribbon had actually grown loose, and she fancied she saw faint lines round her mouth. What had brought them there? Anxiety, perhaps, and, perhaps, something else. Well, it could not last forever; and after this was all over, she could go away and make up her mind to settle down into a middle-aged woman.

"There are women who live such lives," she said. "Ah, me! I suppose I have done with the rest, but I can't quite reconcile it with the Circe. Whose fault is it, though?" She asked herself the question, sharply, and then as sharply turned away and went to the couch and lay down, burying her face in the cushions.

The doctor came again early in the morning, and after looking at his patients, announced a decided improvement.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, turning upon Kate. "If you were any one else, I should say you had been crying all night like a baby."

She shook her head with a faint smile.

"But I am not any one else," she said, "and I don't cry—often. I am only tired."

But, shall I tell you, reader, that there was a little hypocrisy in her quiet face, for if she had not cried like a baby, at least she had lain awake with an uncomfortable throb in her throat, and hot tears starting now and then to her eyes, because the little cross, glittering in the firelight, and the haughty, cynical face seemed to taunt her so.

"Try to forget them," he had said, and in saying it, had brought back to her everything of remembrance.

"If Mrs. Armadale would only come home," she said over to herself: and that day her wish was realized. She hardly knew why, but toward evening she began to feel somewhat more hopeful. The children seemed quieter, and,

for one thing, Mr. Seymour had kept his room, and she had regained her composure, and she found herself looking back over the three weeks as something which was almost a thing of the past. It was four o'clock, and she had just taken her place by Johnny, when one of the servants came to the door looking not a little hurried.

"If you please——" she began, and then stopped.

Kate looked up as she fed Johnny with a spoonful of jelly.

"What is the matter?" She was not easily frightened, and spoke quite composedly.

"There's a carriage coming up the drive, ma'am," said the girl, "and we think maybe it's Mrs. Armadale."

Kate laid her glass and spoon down; it must be confessed, with a sudden leap of the heart. What if they had not received any of the telegrams, or letters, and were coming home to meet the news as a shock.

"Lie down, Johnny," she said, and left the room, and went down stairs just in time to meet Carl coming out of the parlor.

"They are coming," he said, anxiously. "I wonder if they received our letters?"

"I shall meet them at the door," said Kate, decidedly. "If Mrs. Armadale does not know, I think I can best tell her myself."

But she was spared the task, for in three minutes the carriage had stopped, and poor little Mrs. Armadale almost burst from it, her pretty, young face perfectly deathly.

"Oh, Kate!" she said, in a little storm of self-reproaching sobs. "Oh, Kate! we never knew till Wednesday, on our way back from New Orleans, when we had an old telegram at Augusta, and—and tell me the worst."

"It is not so very bad," said Kate, following her, for she was actually on her way to the nursery before she had finished speaking. "They had the fever only in a mild form, and baby was very much weakened. I don't think there is any danger now."

But Barbara had rushed into the sick-room, and was bending over the cradle, trying in vain to choke back her sobs as she lifted her little one in her arms.

"I—I can't help it," she said to Kate. "Oh! my poor little babies!" And then she was kissing Johnny and crying softly over him, and patting Clara's pillow and petting her, and talking to Kate all at once. "What should I have done without you?" she said. "How can I thank you? And, oh! my best, patient dear, look at your pale cheeks!"

After her excitement was quieted somewhat, she insisted on wrapping Kate in a soft shawl, and making her lie down on the sofa to rest.

To tell the truth, now that the burden of responsibility was taken from her, this before unconquered Kate began to feel tired, and when she was fairly ensconced on the sofa, fell asleep, and slept with most unheroic soundness.

It was late when she awakened, and by the light of the fire she saw Barbara sitting by her in the rocking-chair rocking to and fro, and evidently waiting impatiently for her awakening.

"I am glad you have finished your sleep," she said, "I am so impatient to talk everything over. Kate, what *did* you think when you got Alf's letter? I always told him it would turn out so. It is like a romance, only there was so little mystery about it. They say Mr. Davenant was killed on the spot. He had always been a fast man, you know——"

Miss Davenant sat up in her lounge with a little extra color on her cheeks, and not a little extra beating at her heart. What did all this mean?

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Armadale," she said; "but I don't understand. I never received any letter from Mr. Armadale. I never——"

Barbara broke in upon her.

"You don't understand?" she echoed. "You never received a letter? Alf wrote to you the day we left Washington."

Just then, and not till then, did something of remembrance flash across Kate's mind. What about the envelope she had laid aside and forgotten in her anxiety? She got up and went to the mantle-piece. Yes, there it was, just as she had left it, without breaking the seal. She did not sit down, she stood up just where she was, and tore it open and glanced at the signature, "Alfred Armadale;" and then she read the letter through. When she had finished, she looked up at Barbara, blood in her cheeks rising redly, a great flash of something in her eyes. At last! at last! Fortune had turned the tables once more. Her father's brother, who had never even seen her, had died from a fall from his horse; died without children and without a will; and she was his heir. Oddly enough, the thought that rose highest in the tumult of her mind was the most commonplace of thoughts. She was not to be a middle-aged governess, after all; she was not to grow old, and bitter, and faded, over music-lessons and French grammar.

Mercenary this, of course, but permit me to say it was very natural. If she wished now she might go away from this terrible galling and humiliation, and, perhaps, forget it all.

"I never read this letter before," she said to Barbara. "I was so anxious that I laid it down and forgot it. I don't know what to say. I can hardly believe it is true. My uncle was so angry with pa for wronging ma that he would never even see me."

Barbara got up quietly and went to her, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I hope it will make you happy, my dear," she said. "I must congratulate you, but I cannot congratulate myself. I shall lose my friend and my governess."

Twice in four years had Fate flung a golden grape into Kate Davenant's hands. The first time it had only added fresh bitterness to her lot; this second time it brought her relief, not happiness.

Mr. Davenant was dead—killed by a fall from a wild, unmanageable horse; and whether she deserved it, or not, Miss Davenant was an heiress, again representing substantially twenty thousand a year and two establishments.

There was no excitement in her manner as she sat by Mr. Armadale, at the table in the library that night, and entered into the particulars of her business. Her face was quite calm and business-like, and while she listened to his statements and replied to his inquiries, she was playing with a pen-holder, and smiling now and then faintly. Mr. Armadale had heard all the points of the case, and only some few legal formalities must be gone through before she could take possession.

It was ten o'clock before their work was finished, and then the gentleman congratulated her warmly.

Seymour had been sitting with them reading, and as his brother-in-law spoke, he glanced up quickly and looked at Miss Davenant.

She was standing by the table, resting one hand upon it, and toying with the pen-holder, her downcast eyes a little thoughtful. The bright lamplight was concentrated upon her, and showed the white-browed patrician face and Clytie head poised half haughtily, half carelessly. Her long, black dress made her look white and slender with its sombre heaviness; the great waves of burnished hair were twisted in a massive knot on the slim, shapely neck, and there was a deep scarlet spot on either cheek. She was a beautiful woman, as much the Circe as ever; she was a beautiful

picture, and the touching tenderness of her smile made her dazzling.

"Does money make people happy?" she asked, lifting her soft eyes. "If it does, you know I shall be happy, for I can buy twenty thousand dollars worth of happiness every year. But then if it *don't*, I might only be a rich heiress, after all, in spite of your kind wish—and the thousands."

She only spoke half seriously; but when she ended, her voice shook a little in the face of her smiles, and there was a touch of truth in the almost imperceptible tremor of her red lower-lip, that filled the man with a mad longing to go to her and wind his arm around her waist, and quench the pride in her proud face with kisses that should force her heart to speak truly. But men don't do these things, you know, and he could only look at her a little longer, wondering if her sweet eyes had made a madman of him.

She came to the fire when she had done with Mr. Armadale, and stood upon the hearth, resting her arched foot on the fender in her favorite fashion, and smiling upon him with the Circe's witchery. She was free now, you see, no longer a dependant or menial; perhaps, after a month's time, they might never meet again—and, besides, she could afford it. Her thousands had bought her that right, at least.

"Won't you congratulate me, Mr. Seymour?" she asked. "Or do you think I am a better nurse than heiress? I want to hear you say you are glad for my sake."

"Which must I congratulate you upon first?" he said. "Your happiness, or your riches, or both at once?"

"For both at once. The riches are to buy the happiness, you know. How much shall I get for twenty thousand dollars, I wonder?"

"A great deal, I hope," he answered her. "I congratulate you with all my heart, Miss Davenant."

She went out of the room directly afterward, and the last glimpse he caught of her face, as she closed the door, showed him the faint smile lying round her lips still; but when she stood in the hall alone it faded, and the lights of the swinging lamp swam a little through the mist over her eyes, and when she went slowly up the broad stair-case it was gone altogether, and there was nothing but a faint curve upon the red mouth.

It seemed as if Barbara's presence acted upon her children like a spell, for, from the time she kissed and cried over them, they recovered gradually.

"But how can I ever thank Kate?" said Barbara, to her husband and Mr. Seymour. "Dorcas says she never left them for an hour; and Dr. Chaloner told me that she saved baby just with her never-tiring care. It is so odd how naturally a woman loves children: but then Kate is so good."

And even during the recovery Kate's goodness did not diminish. She would stay with Mrs. Armadale until everything was arranged, she said; and then, when the invalids were better, they must come and help her to take possession of her own country-seat.

"You must get married," said Alf. "You ought to be married, Miss Davenant."

She laughed at him with brilliant cheeks, and lifted her arched, brown brows.

"Ought! Why, Mr. Armadale? Do I need somebody to manage me, or somebody to manage?"

"You need both," laughed Alf. "You have relied upon yourself too long, and you want a master!"

Mr. Seymour did not say very much; but, speaking truly, this young lady who "needed a master," was not comfortable in his presence. Her delicate skin had a trick of flaming suddenly and hotly under his glance; and her eyelids were too apt to lower and droop when he spoke; so, whenever it was possible, she kept out of his way. Toward him she was brilliant, and dazzling, and fascinating; just as she had been at Newport, only now holding her heart in a leash with something of shame. He loved her, she knew; he had not forgiven her, she thought; he could not respect her, she was sure: accordingly, she must sneer herself down, and so she tried hard to do it—with just such success as might be expected.

CHAPTER XVII.

One day she actually went into her room and lighted a wax-taper, so that she might burn the souvenirs in her desk. And when she had taken them out and looked at them, (she did not attempt to read them,)—guess what she did?

She bent over them with flaming cheeks, almost unconsciously, lower, lower, until her soft lips touched a card with Carl's name written upon it, and then she started back and pushed them aside angrily and crushed them together, and locked them in the drawer again, and after blowing out the taper, left the room. She *dare* not do it! She had found her master, and now, after conquering and scorning others,

had come to the bitter sense of scorning herself.

It was a month before the business was fairly settled, and by that time Kate said she was tired of it.

Davenant Place was ready for her reception, wrote the late owner's steward, and many things required her presence there. Did she want the green-houses kept up? What was to be done with the horses?

"I suppose I had better go," said the young lady, twisting the note in her fingers, and shrugging her graceful shoulders; and accordingly she began to make her preparations. Was she sorry? She said so to Mrs. Armadale, when that lady talked to her about her prospects; she said so to Mr. Armadale; she said so to the children, who were now convalescent. She did not say so to Carl. She told him she was going, and laughed a little, triumphant laugh, as if she enjoyed the idea of her power in perspective. She was sitting in the parlor, leaning back in the very chair she had sat in the first evening of her arrival, and her fair hands were crossed idly on her lap, when they talked about it first.

"I am glad," she said. "I wanted the money, and I have got it. I love Mrs. Armadale, and I love the children; but I did not want to be a governess all my life. Was that wrong?" she asked, with a sudden bright lifting of her face to his, which was just such an audacious piece of acting as no other woman would have dared, for all the while she was faint and sick at heart.

No, he thought not. How could it be wrong? And then he looked at her, and her cheeks grew hot, and she was fain to turn her head away.

She was not going to be a belle, she told Mrs. Armadale, she was going to be Lady Bountiful, and nurse the sick, and make flannel night-caps for rheumatic pensioners; so her preparations need not be extensive, and besides, she wanted to make the most of her time. So, when her trunks were packed, she nursed baby and talked nonsense to him, and told Johnny stories, and sung little songs for Clara, generally ending with a faint mist over her eyes. And Carl, sitting in his studio, heard her sweet voice in the nursery, and the rustle of her robes in the passages, and having heard, flung his brush aside, and hid his face upon his folded arms with a bitter pang.

"It might have been!" he said. "Ah, Kathleen! Mavourneen! Mavourneen!"

How they would miss her! They all found it out, and talked about it, and, listening to

them, he wakened to the stern truth that he loved her still, and should miss her, too; and when she was gone the whole house would seem lonely to him.

As for her, she was almost glad that the time had come when the ghosts might be exorcised. She grew feverish and impatient, and sometimes wakened at night, startled and nervous, and lay sleepless, wondering wearily how long her life would be, and if there would come no change in it, and if she would live and grow old, a rich, lonely woman to the end. She would try to be kind, she thought vaguely, and Barbara, and Barbara's children, should come and stay with her, and she would help them to enjoy their innocent lives with her grand, lonely house, and her riches.

And then she supposed she would get old and faded, and there would be an end of life at last. But in some way, generally, at this conclusion (being twenty-three, and a woman) she forgot her philosophy, and felt impatient, even while she did not allow herself to ask what the impatience meant.

About three nights before their expected separation, Mrs. Armadale's governess came into the nursery for a final chat. Every one had retired, and after undressing to go to bed, Miss Davenant came into the room. A large, soft-looking scarlet shawl was wrapped round her, which was by no means brighter-colored than her soft cheeks; and she had loosened her hair, and was going to fasten it up for the night.

"I wanted to talk a little," she said, with a sigh; so she seated herself on a low chair by the fire. "I—I don't know quite how it is, but I feel rather egotistical to-night. I want to talk about myself."

"Then talk, please," said Mrs. Armadale. "I am sure I shall be glad to hear. What is it?"

There was a short silence, in which Miss Davenant twisted a great shining roll of hair round her fingers, and looked into the fire meditatively.

"I don't know," she said, at last, with a soft little laugh, that sounded like a soft little sob. "I wonder if you could tell me, Mrs. Armadale?"

Barbara's eyes were raised slowly and fixed with a keen inquiry upon the fair face.

"Kate, my dear," she said, in her affectionate voice, "I think you can tell best yourself."

Kate glanced up quickly.

"You remember what I told you once before," she said. "I mentioned no names, for I could not betray others. Well, it is the same story

over again. I am tired of myself. I don't know what to do with myself."

Barbara laid her hand upon the girl's arm.

"You told me something else," she said, softly. "You told me that you had done a great wrong in doing what you did; you said that you had loved the man you wronged better than any one else. Is it quite out of your power to repair the wrong you did?"

She did not answer at first. Her heart beat fast and impatiently.

"I never can repair it!" she said, lacing the heavy scarlet fringe of her shawl through her fingers. "A woman may not speak as a man may. Because I am a woman, I must keep my penitence to myself. I am unhappy, and I must profess to be happy. What a life we women lead!"

"You said your romance ended four years ago," began Barbara again, after a pause.

"Yes," in a low voice; "four years ago."

"When—when you were at Newport?"

"Yes."

Both pairs of eyes raised softly and met with a flash; then one pair drooped, and Kate turned her head away.

It was some minutes before they spoke again, and then the conversation seemed to flag a little.

Barbara's heart was full to the brim. Just the one quick, upward glance had told her all, and there seemed nothing more to be said. Still the clock struck twelve before they separated. As the last chime rung out upon the stillness, Miss Davenant rose from her seat and wound the scarlet shawl round her white-robed form. Then she stopped before Mrs. Armadale, a trifle hesitatingly.

"I want to say something to you before I go away," she said, in a low voice. "I want to thank you for something. Mrs. Armadale, when I came here first I was bitter, and worldly, and disappointed. I had met with nothing but selfishness and scheming—and I was selfish and scheming myself. I don't think I had seen the fair side of life. I did not expect to be happy, I only expected to earn my salary like a servant, and hold my own, because my pride helped me. I had no mother to take care of me," her voice faltered a little, "and so I was obliged to take care of myself. But when I came here it seemed as if my eyes were opened: You were happy, and your husband was happy, and so were your children; and yet, when you married Mr. Armadale, you had forgotten everything but that you loved him. I am twenty-three years old, Mrs. Armadale,"

her voice dropped, and broke down into a tremor of passionate sobs. "I am twenty-three years old, and you are the first woman who has loved me, and kissed me, because I was a girl and lonely. I shall never forget it—I never can forget. You have shown me how happy a good woman may be. I want to thank you for being kind to me."

Both Barbara's arms were folded round her, and Barbara's soft cheek was pressed against hers. It seemed as if the loving little creature's heart was full almost to breaking.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, between her kindly kisses, "if I have ever made you feel less lonely, how happy I am! I loved you always from the first, and I tried to think of you as if you had been my own little Clara grown into a woman. I hope you will be happy, and I think you will. In the end, perhaps, I shall see you some good man's wife, loving your husband, and loving your children, and thanking God. I hope I shall, my dear, I hope I shall!" And she held the fair face a little from her, and kissed it again and again.

The next day passed quietly, one might say dully, and, at last, when evening came, Mr. Armadale and his wife, and Carl and Kate were in the parlor, talking by the firelight.

"Don't let us have any other light," said Miss Davenant. "Darkness suits my mood this evening."

She was restless and excited. Barbara had never seen her so brilliant before, and looked at her scarlet cheeks uneasily.

She sat in the red glow of the fire, talking to them just as she only could talk, flinging out flashes of graceful nonsense and wit that were almost dazzling. There was a vein of sarcasm through it all which was bewitching, in spite of its being sarcasm; and she looked so like the Circe, with her delicate flushes and great, purple eyes, her soft voice, and her wonderful smile, that Carl found himself startled, and listening to her with something like a pang. She sneered a little, half as though she was in jest, at her experience; and she was not afraid to laugh, as she acknowledged how the world had cheated her.

It was late when they all retired, at least all, to speak correctly, but Carl, who, left to himself, drew his chair nearer the fire and bent over it, pondering in the dead silence. She was going away to-morrow, and then all would be over. The pictured face up stairs had smiled upon him from its frame as he went out of the door, and there was a fancy in his mind now that he would hide the pictures out of sight, and leave

his home to Barbara and her children, and go away to try and fill his life with travel and hard work. The sight of Kate's sweet face had tortured him, but the loss of it would drive him mad.

He had been sitting alone half an hour with these thoughts making themselves half distinct to his mind, when he heard some one coming down stairs softly, and then the door swung open, and Miss Davenant entered, evidently thinking the room unoccupied. She had come down on an unexpected errand, it appeared. The scarlet had left her cheeks, and in contrast with the heavy sombreness of her dark, sweeping purple, she looked wonderfully like the marble Clytie in her whiteness.

She came to the table, and after some searching took up a little volume, and then it was that she caught sight of Carl, and turned round.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a slight start. "I did not expect to find any one here. I came for a book I left."

She approached the hearth as she spoke, evidently with something of effort to retain her self-possession, and as the red light struck upon her, he saw there were faint shadows round her eyes, and a heaviness as of tears upon the lashes.

"The book is an old favorite of mine," she said; "and as I was locking my trunks I missed it. I leave to-morrow, you know."

"So soon?" he asked; and then, as if unconsciously, extended his hand for the book.

It was a pretty edition of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and he had read extracts from this same volume to her at Newport. One day he remembered—for how could he forget?—they had walked to the Spouting Rock together, and talked, as a man and woman will talk, of the heroine's fidelity; and now he thought he could almost see her face again, as she smiled and told him that none but a woman could have been so true. He hardly knew why, but he began to turn over the leaves slowly, with a half-defined wish to find the extract he had read.

There was a moment of silence after he had said, "So soon;" but at last it was broken by a restless movement on Kate's part, and he looked up at her. She was haughty, and, perhaps, a thought cold; but if she could have undone the past, she would have undone it; and now, as they must part, it might be forever, she wanted to make him what reparation she could. She had defied him before, and tried to humiliate him, and her worldly expe-

rience taught her that a man's worst grief is his humiliation, and so she tried to make his somewhat less bitter and complete. If she had been only Mrs. Armadale's governess, the words would never have been spoken; but now she was free to dare to say them, and he could not see more in them than a proud woman humbled a little through her very pride's intensity.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, "I am going away to-morrow. We have not been very good friends while we have been together, Mr. Seymour, but I don't want to leave an enemy behind me. I did you a great wrong four years ago, and—and I deserve any bitter thought you may have of me. I wanted to say this to you before I go away, because—because—because—"

Her voice faltered—shook—stopped. Carl had turned over the leaves of the book as he listened to her, and just at the end something had slipped from its pages and fallen upon the carpet. A scrap of sea-weed it was, dry and brown, and tied with a bit of silver cord in a lover's-knot. So insignificant it looked, so worthless, but it broke down the barriers of years.

He had picked it up from the sands that day at the Spouting Rock, and laid it in the book to mark the passage. She had laughed, and broken the cord from her glove, and tied it in the quaint, old-fashioned knot, jestingly saying she would keep it as a souvenir, and showing it to him years after, would prove she had been a faithful—friend.

"Friend," she had said, but the swift down droop of her eyes had said more, and he had kissed her gloved hand as answer.

Ah, me! how fiercely the two hearts beat as it came to light again, with its freight of memory, and the faint scent of the salt sea about it! One moment she flushed, the next she paled, and then she stood still and waited to see what would come of it, every throb of her heart seeming like a great wrench.

He stooped down, white to the lips, picked it up, and then looked at her a moment in silence.

"You kept it?" he said, at last.

The very words she had used to him, but his voice was fairly hoarse.

It seemed as if she had staked all for nothing. She had acted her part for months, and now a little, brown sea-weed had shown that it was acting, and humbled her pride to the dust. It was no use now. She might as well tell the truth.

"Yes," she answered him. "I kept it, Mr. Seymour," and then she turned her face away.

He got up from his seat, and went to her just as he had done that last day at Newport.

"Why?" he said.

The power lay in his hands now, and their places had changed.

She did not answer, she only looked up at him with her beautiful eyes.

"Tell me," he said, again. "Tell me why?"

Then her pride, and resentment, and humiliation, broke forth.

"It was yours," she said, passionately, bitterly. "You gave it me at Newport when we were both better than we are now. I have not forgotten, either. That is why. Now let me go!" And she tried to wrench her hands away from his grasp.

But he held them fast—fast and hard, in a sort of fierce despair.

"Are we never to forgive each other?" he cried. "Can we never forgive each other? There is a picture up stairs with a childish, innocent face. I loved you when you were that child, Kate; I loved you when you grew to be a woman; I have loved you all my life, and—and you will either save my soul or ruin it. Let us try to forget the wrong we have done. Let us try to make the future more unselfish than the past has been. Be my wife, and so help me to regain what I have lost of heaven. Lift your sweet face to me—I want to see it! Oh! if the past has been only a dream, Kathleen! Mavourneen! Mavourneen!"

He clasped her in his arms as if she had been a child; he drew her head upon his breast; he pushed the heavy hair back, and kissed eyes, and cheeks, and lips, as none but a man who had lost and found a love could have done.

And she—this Circe, who for the first time in her twenty-three years of life had found her true place—flung all aside, and spoke as a woman will speak when her heart conquers her and forces her to be generous. They had suffered and been wrong, but her kisses bridged the old gulf, and made the suffering a thing forever dead.

"Forgive!" she echoed. "It was he who must forgive! It was he who must forget! Could it ever be? Could he trust her again?" Between her sobs she said it, between his kisses and tender words: and fresh kisses were his answer.

And then he sat down again, still with his arms clasped around her, and she knelt upon the hearth with her beautiful face hidden upon his breast, and drooping.

"Fourteen years!" she said, at last, "nearly fourteen years! If we could bring them back again and make them better! If we could bring back what we have lost!"

When a man loves a woman truly, there is but one thing in his life—that one thing is his love, all bears upon it, he has only one answer to all her words—that answer is, "I love you." So it was with Carl Seymour.

"Lost!" he echoed. "Never lost! Sad as those years have been they have brought you to me, *mavourneen!* My darling! Mine!"

It was a long time before she told him John Crozier's story: but it was told at last.

"I was ill for a long time after you left Newport," she said. "They thought I was dying, and I hoped I was. But I got better, and I was so wretched that even my aunt, at last, advised me to break the engagement. Let us never speak of it again. Love me, and try to trust me; but let us never, never look back upon that, the thought of it would make you love me less. Promise me," and she lifted her face.

And then he promised, and put love's ancient seal upon the pledge, a little reverently, and with such tenderness, that she knew that at last she was loved as a woman must be loved, as every woman should be loved, with a true heart and a great strength, and a faith as pure and perfect as a child.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARBARA bent over baby's cradle, and went on singing softly, looking up at Kate.

Kate had been late this morning, and when she came into the sunshiny room, there was a soft rose-red on her cheeks, and the look of happy tears in her purple eyes.

Barbara knew what was coming. Barbara was a woman, and did not say much at first, she only sang over baby, and rocked the cradle with her pretty foot, and waited.

Kate loitered over the flower-stand for awhile and tried to talk, but at last she came into the deep, sunny window to Barbara, and stood there trifling with a late flower, the crimson fluttering softly on her face, and her lips a little parted.

"Did you find the 'Evangeline?'" asked Barbara, innocently, at last.

Miss Davenant's eyes lifted, and flashed through their veil of tears—she was so happy.

"Yes," she said. "And I found something else!"

Barbara's nonsense melted into an April shower.

"I know all about it," she said, softly. "Carl has told me. It makes me very happy. God has been good to you, my darling;" and she kissed her again. Just then the little one stirred in the cradle, and cooed, and caught at the sunbeams streaming through the window, just as children of a larger growth grasp at life's glitter; and Kate Davenant turned her face to the sunshine, too, with the tremor of last night's kisses upon her lips.

"God has been very good to me," she cried. "I think he has made me a child again, little Kathleen, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' once more!"

A THISTLEDOWN.

BY CHARLOTTE L. M'INDOE.

Even so high, in the bright, blue sky,
A silken thistledown floated;
And the fleecy clouds that were drifting by,
Passed it all unnoted.
And caring not for its future lot,
In idle, innocent pleasure
It drifted on, like a careless thought,
High in the boundless azure.
But earth had need of the little seed,
As earth has need of thought,
To ripen to good or evil deed,
With grief or gladness fraught.
A rosy mist, that the wind had kissed,
And beckoned it to follow,
Slowly rose from its woodland trust
With the maples in the hollow.
Fleecy and fair it rose on the air,
Its vaporous pinions lifting,

With little thought, and as little care,
For a thistle idly drifting.
With no more heed of the tiny seed
Than if it had never been,
Moisture it gave to the hot day's need—
And the thistle drank it in.

Up through the clear, blue atmosphere
The veil of mist ascended;
And with the clouds from far and near
Its fleecy form was blended.
But the thistle shrank from the vapor dank,
With a sigh at the changing weather;
Wet, and helpless, and limp it sank
Down through the empty ether.
And on the spot where fell its lot,
There sprang an evil weed,
As from many an idle, careless thought,
Has risen a dreadful deed.

RUNNING AWAY FROM FATE.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"It is perfect," I cried, as I looked at the lovely statuette I had bespoken of my friend, Rinaldo Donati, one of the great modern sculptors of Rome. "What do you mean to call her?"

"She has been named already, and in rather a rapturous fashion," he answered. "Last week there came a party of Americans, and among them, *Per Bacco!* such a vision. *La Diva* herself! What eyes! What a skin! She was attended by a big, fussy man, and by an elderly lady she called 'aunt.' When I showed her this, she wished to buy it; but I told her it was already sold. 'What exquisite taste he must have,' she said. 'I am in love with that man.' 'Ethel,' cried her aunt, 'how can you talk so!' She gave the grim aunt an uplifting of the eyebrows: to me a blush and a smile, and asked if I had named the statuette. 'I had not,' I answered. 'Then call it *La Bella Jardiniera*,' she replied. Ah! I shall not forget her face—never!"

"Nonsense," I cried, skeptically. "I'll bet she wasn't half as beautiful as a girl I saw last week. The heat in the Sistine chapel made her faint, and I handed to a lady, who was with her, a bottle of smelling-salts. Yet I don't rave of her."

Donati shrugged his shoulders. "You are not susceptible, I see."

"Perhaps not," I replied, laughing. "At any rate, I ran away from America to escape a woman. There was a troublesome law-suit and a pretty widow—they were too much for me—for my relations wanted me to marry the widow."

"Was she wealthy?" asked Donati.

"Yes, and no," said I, unable to help laughing at his view of the case. "I'll tell you the story. Some years ago, just previous to the death of my father, an eccentric old uncle of mine died, and left me his large fortune. Knowing this, my father altered his will, and bequeathed most of his property to my three sisters, leaving me a legacy of a thousand or two a year. I was perfectly satisfied at the arrangement of his property, for my uncle's estate was worth eighty thousand a year. Some months after my father's death, I received a letter from a legal firm in Baltimore, however, stating that a codicil had recently

been found to my uncle's will, in which he changed the entire disposition of his fortune, and left it to a niece of his wife's. I consulted my lawyer. He said that the codicil bore evidence of being genuine, but might not be. The chief point in my favor was that I had had possession of the estate, undisturbed, for years. There is an old servant mixed up in it—but the story is long enough without going into that part of it.

"Finally, I decided to throw the case into court, not being disposed to give up my fortune to an unknown personage, who, moreover, had a comfortable property left her by her own husband, and had no earthly business to be hankering after mine. The case dragged on, with one delay and another, for eighteen months. Then my eldest sister, Mrs. Stevens, became possessed of the idea that she had discovered a way to settle it."

"How so?" asked Donati.

I laughed. "Well," I answered, "Cora proposed that I should lay siege to the warlike and avaricious widow, with an ultimate view of marrying her!"

"And why not, *caro*?" said Donati, surprised.

"That's enough," retorted I, irritably. "You Italians pretend to die for love, and yet always marry for money. But I, at least, won't barter my liberty for a fortune. To do you justice, however," said I, cooling down, "Cora took the same view of it as you do. She said that Mrs. Martindale—that's the widow, you know—was just the woman who needed a protector. In fine, she wound up by telling me that she had invited my antagonist to pay her a visit, so that the match might be made up, with all due regard to appearances, etc., etc. I was in a towering rage, the more so when I found that my other sisters—and one of them an unmarried one—sided with Cora. The upshot was, that, the very week the widow was expected, I was steaming out of New York harbor, on my way to Europe."

"And how about the law-suit?"

"Oh! that's still dragging on. By last accounts, our side was looking up. But, whether I win, or lose, the widow may wear the willow, as far as I am concerned."

"Your sisters are of the wisest," was the dry reply of Donati. Then he turned the conversation, by saying, "Will you come for a walk on the Campagna? The day is fine, truly."

It was now carnival time. The second day of the races, I had left my carriage to join a friend, and was standing among the dense crowd on the Corso, when a very clear, soft voice behind me said, quietly,

"Pray, sir, are you an American gentleman?"

I looked around. There stood a lady beautifully dressed. But I only noticed, at first, the laughing blue eyes.

I raised my hat and responded quickly,

"An American, certainly. What can I do for you, madam?"

"I have been separated from my party in the crowd, as they were going to our carriage, and—and I thought you looked like a countryman. Any one but an American gentleman," the slightest possible emphasis on the last word, "might mistake the freedom. Will you do me the very great kindness, sir, to keep me from being crushed by the crowd, until I can find my friends again?"

Of course, I offered my arm to the stranger, and politely assured her that I was at her command. I looked vainly around for the missing party, whom she endeavored to describe to me, but the crowd only grew denser in front of us, and she began to grow embarrassed in spite of herself.

"My aunt will be terribly alarmed about me," said she, at last. "I am very sorry to have put you to inconvenience; your friend has left you."

"That's of no consequence:" here a bright thought struck me; "but if you will allow me to offer you my carriage, which is close at hand, it can take you wherever you wish to go."

She hesitated for half a second.

"I think I shall be obliged to impose upon your kindness," she replied, at last, "for I see no other way of extricating myself from this dilemma."

I assisted her in, and she gave me the address of her hotel. Then, with my hand on the door, I said, "If you will allow me, I think I had better escort you home. It will hardly be pleasant for a lady to ride through the streets alone to-day." As I raised my eyes, for the first time, and looked her full in the face, I recognized, to my great delight, the beautiful stranger to whom I had sent my bottle of salts in the Sistine chapel. Very possibly some of my surprise was reflected in

my face, for she blushed very charmingly, as she thanked me for the offer, and accepted it.

After a few moments the temporary embarrassment wore off, and I found myself chatting gayly. She seemed perfectly familiar with the English society of Rome, and I was half inclined to think her an Englishwoman, when she explained by saying that this was her second visit to Europe.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness to a stranger," she said, when the carriage stopped; "but I hope you will call, or let my uncle call on you to express his obligations. Fortunately, I have his card with me. Pray, waive ceremony and come soon, for we leave Rome by the end of next week." A courteous bend of the graceful, swan-like neck, a last, half-roguish glance of the blue eyes, and we parted.

I hardly expect to be believed, but I had fallen in love, as it were, "at first sight." I, Franklin Kearney, then and there, had lost my heart. I was no boy, either, but a man of six-and-thirty, and it was the first time I had ever been seriously in love.

As I drove back to the Corso, I looked at the card she had given me. It bore the name of the "Reverend Nathaniel Marston" in severely clerical type. That evening, at the Marchese di Lunardi's ball, and the next morning, at the club and elsewhere, I asked my English friends if they knew the gentleman, but to no purpose. So, soon after dinner, I found my way to the hotel, and sent up my card to the Reverend Nathaniel. Following it rather quickly, I caught a glimpse of the parlor, and heard a word or two from its inmates before they were aware of my being on the threshold. "Such a piece of deceit, Ethel," said a prim voice, on a high key. "But I will have it so, aunt," I heard the young lady reply. "Don't you see how very awkward it would be for him?" and then, catching sight of me behind her, she colored brilliantly. But instantly recovering her self-possession, she gave me her hand very frankly and kindly.

"My aunt, Mrs. Marston, Mr. Kearney. I am so sorry that my uncle has gone out, but he intends calling upon you. They were quite frightened about me yesterday. Confess that you've been thinking me a very forward personage?"

"By no means," said I, having made my reverence to Mrs. Marston, whose appearance, certainly, did not belie her voice. Of the stiffest and starchiest pattern, with an expression that reminded me of "prunes and prisms,"

that good lady looked as if she might belong to an entirely different sphere from the radiant creature who seated herself on the sofa beside me. "I hope that your party had returned when you arrived, Miss Marston?"

I hesitated just a second before the last word. She had evidently forgotten to mention her own name, and I put this out as a "feeler." An odd, intensely amused smile shot over her animated face; but she did not correct me, so I congratulated myself upon my clever guess, and said over to myself, "Ethel Marston, Ethel Kearney," half a dozen times.

Meanwhile she chatted on very agreeably about many topics, occasionally interrupted by a nod or two from the sphinx-like aunt in the easy-chair.

"Are you much interested in modern sculpture, Mr. Kearney?" said the niece. "I have so enjoyed my visits to the studios here and in Florence. And the other day I had such a disappointment. I saw the most exquisite statuette imaginable, and offered the artist his own price for it, but, alas! it had been bought by somebody—didn't he say a 'compatriot,' aunt?—and I could not have it."

Donati's story flashed across my recollection, and involuntarily I broke into a laugh. Then his "Diva," who declared herself "in love with that man," the owner of the marble, was Miss Marston.

"You don't know how much damage you did that day," said I. "Poor Donati! You left him with the impression that America is the Paradise of—pardon me—lovely faces. The statuette that you were kind enough to christen is my property."

"Yours?" Again the blue eyes looked archly wicked. "Then I envy you. Is Signore Donati a friend of yours?"

"His acquaintance and mine," I answered, "began eight years ago, during my second visit to Rome. 'I was going on with a description of some other of his designs, when the servant announced 'Lord Derwent.'"

I rose as the tall, blonde Guardsman entered. He was an old acquaintance of mine, but one that I liked little; and it gave me a thrill of pain to see him bend over Miss Marston's hand in that *debonnaire* way of his.

"Good-evening, my fair antagonist," was his greeting to Ethel. "Ah, Kearney!" turning to me, "I wasn't aware that you knew——"

"Me!" interrupted the lady. "What a sad loss that knowledge must be to your lordship! I have something to say to you about that marble, Lord Cosmo; but it must be under the

rose, as I don't mean aunt shall know it. Mr. Kearney, pray excuse me for an instant. I'm going on the balcony."

I bowed assent, but I was not particularly pleased, as I watched the pair outside, and heard presently a gush of merry laughter from Ethel, that seemed to tell of great intimacy with Derwent. But I chid myself for a jealous fool when they returned, and Ethel's clear eyes met mine. Still, the call was not as pleasant after that, and I soon rose to take my leave, promising, as she said, "to come soon again;" and with another kind, frank pressure of her hand, she gave me my dismissal.

The Marstons were only a week longer in Rome; but, during that time, my acquaintance with Ethel progressed very rapidly. I contrived to keep myself informed of their movements, and made my plans suit theirs, for I resolved to alter my route and follow them back to Paris. One thing alone gave me serious uneasiness, and that was Derwent's persistent attentions. I knew him to be fond of high play, and I had a secret distrust of him, notwithstanding his silky politeness. The morning before the Marstons were to leave Rome, I went over to see Donati, and found him, as usual, working in his studio.

"*Per Bacco!* you have forgotten me," was his salutation; "and I hear of you such tales. Did I not see you at the Coliseum yesterday, with *La Diva*, about whom you pretended such indifference?"

"Upon my honor, Donati," said I, "I did not know her then. What have you heard? My acquaintance with Miss Marston has been very short."

"Truly; but the tongue flies fast. Don't play surprise, *caro*, but rather tell me by what process you obtained information that my studio was to be honored by *La Diva* this morning?"

"You are my informant. I came to say good-by."

"Off for Paris, eh? Then you don't know that the big, fussy man brought Milor Derwent here to take opinion upon my Aurora? And they are coming to give a final order, *coco!*" and the enthusiastic Italian gave one of his expressive gestures toward the door.

Mrs. Marston entered first with Derwent, and a moment after the Reverend Nathaniel and Ethel saw me standing in the window. She was a little, a very little startled by my unexpected proximity, for she blushed beautifully as we shook hands. I did not quite dare to trust myself near her; so, when she turned

away to see the Aurora, I devoted myself to Mrs. Marston. The grim aunt had really begun to thaw a shade toward me, and I endeavored to impress her by some very learned sounding opinions of marbles in general. At length the Reverend Nathaniel appealed to his wife, and we were drawn into the other circle, where I found myself standing by Ethel.

"Mr. Kearney," said she, in rather an undertone, turning away from the others under pretext of examining my statuette, "I wonder if I may presume on our short acquaintance; and ask you to execute a commission in Rome for me after I leave?"

"I shall be glad to be of any use," said I, sincerely enough.

"It is only about some scarfs; I will give you the address, and they can be forwarded. I wonder when I shall have an opportunity to thank you?"

She said the last words with a little falling of her voice that made my heart bound. She was playing with a bouquet of heliotrope and roses, as she spoke, and a little spray of the purple flower dropped from her fingers on the floor. I ventured to stoop and pick it up.

"I don't mean to give you an opportunity to 'thank' me," said I; "but before this heliotrope fades you will see me in Paris. If I dared——"

"Dare nothing," said she, hurriedly. Then, in a gayer tone, "We go to the Grande Hotel, and I shall hold you to your poetic promise. By-the-way, if you are leaving so soon, why cannot you join our party as Lord Derwent has done?"

"Thank you," I returned, coldly. "It will not be possible for me to join you, or Lord Cosmo."

She looked at me with a sudden lighting of her eyes, that added a new charm to her beauty; but whatever words of rebuke for my presumptuous speech she may have had on her lips, she was prevented from uttering by the appearance of Lord Cosmo himself at my elbow.

"Can I do anything for you in Paris, Kearney?" said he, with that careless grace and ease that so well covered a hidden insolence. "I'm at your command."

"Thank you; I've no commissions for Paris. I shall be there myself on Friday night."

He bit his lips with a slight frown.

"Good news," said he, recovering himself. "Then I hope that you'll dine with me on Saturday. I expect a party of eight; among them your friend Hobart, and Carrolyn, of the Guards, whom you knew in London."

After a second's deliberation, I accepted the invitation; a refusal would have been unnecessary discourtesy. And then we all left the studio, and I bade Ethel good-by. A slight, very slight lingering of her hand in mine, and a low-voiced, "Remember!" was all her farewell, but it was enough to set me dreaming, and to keep me in high spirits all my journey.

That journey was not especially eventful, and it was with unbounded satisfaction that I found myself again in Paris. After a bath, and making my toilet, I sent Ethel's scarfs to her room, with my card, and a line upon it asking when I might call. The reply came back as I sat at dinner.

"I am going to a ball in the Faubourg St. Germaine, and to-morrow to a *fete champetre*; but I hope to see you in our box at the *Italiens* to-morrow evening."

The very first thing I did next day was to order a bouquet of heliotrope and white violets for Ethel; and then I contrived to pass away the morning by visits among my friends in Paris.

It was a very elegant and *recherche* dinner to which I sat down at seven o'clock. Besides Carrolyn, there was Sir Arthur Bayne, and Howard Gray, both of whom I knew in London, several *attachés* of the English and American Legations, with Hobart and myself, made up Lord Cosmo's party. The dinner passed off charmingly, and I was in better humor with my host than I had been for many a day. Gray and I were talking over our last London seasons, when I accidentally caught the last half of a remark from Derwent addressed to Carrolyn, "Jealous as the devil—see what he'll say to it." There seemed to be a remonstrance of some sort from Carrolyn; but the other was obstinately bent on his attack, for a second after he leaned forward, and said, "A glass of wine with you, Kearney. Here's to my *future*, the lovely and graciously-disposed Ethel."

I raised the glass to my lips without touching the contents.

"Am I to conclude that you expect our congratulations, my lord?" said I, calmly.

"Conclude what you like," said he, with an insolent smile; "the fair one waits my pleasure. She's been dropping at my feet this three weeks, and, by Jove! if she wasn't so deuced handsome, I'm afraid I'd leave her there for her pains."

"So you are quite sure of your reception? American women, my lord, sometimes look twice (like your noble self) even at a title."

He turned absolutely livid. My chance shot had told. But he answered insolently, "You think you're in her confidence now, eh? Her secrets belong to half a hundred other men. Don't think I'd make her my lady."

The words had not fairly time to leave his lips before I had flung my brimming glass of chambertin full in his face; and I heard both Gray and Carolyn shout out, "Cosmo! for shame's sake, hold your tongue."

"Gentlemen," said I, rising before Derwent could speak, "I must ask your pardon for thus breaking the harmony of our dinner; but you have seen the provocation, though I do not wish a lady's name publicly brought into this affair. Lord Cosmo knows where I am to be found, and Hobart will act as my friend on this occasion."

Hobart followed me as I walked out of the room, and burst into a hot oath as the door closed.

"There was nothing else to be done," I said. "The insult was premeditated. Arrange matters for me. I suppose it will be the Bois to-morrow, and fix it as early as you can. And now I'm off for the opera—will you come?"

"If you keep as cool as you are now to-morrow, you'll wing Cosmo, certainly. No, I'll not go with you; take care, Frank, don't lose your wits at the opera."

It was all very well for me to appear calm, and to nod good-naturedly at Hobart as I left him; but I was dizzy with excitement and rage as I called a *faerie*, and rolled away to the *Italiens*. Ethel, my queen, defamed by that brute; no doubt in revenge for her having refused him—I could not contain myself as I remembered his sneer. And then a cold shiver ran over me, as I thought that, perhaps, after to-night I might never look upon her lovely face again.

Once inside the house, I soon discovered the Marstons' box, and made my way to it. Ethel was sitting a little in the background, her eyes fixed on the stage, where Patti was entrancing the audience with her bird-like notes, my violets in her hand, and heliotrope on her bosom and in her hair. I laid my hand on the back of her chair before she saw me.

"Most punctual and poetic of knights, welcome to Paris! I did not think you would leave your dinner so early."

"I have but just left Lord Cosmo's. And you—how have you been since we parted?"

"Much as usual. You gave me generous return for a spray of heliotrope."

"But I have mine yet," said I, softly. "I

am come to say good-by, Miss Marston. I may be off to-morrow."

Her fingers clasped the flowers convulsively, as her eyes met mine. I glanced behind me; the Reverend Nathaniel was reading the *libretto*, Mrs. Marston looking over the house.

"Whatever you may hear of me," I whispered, hurriedly, "think of me as kindly as you can. I am not presumptuous enough to believe that, in so short a time, I have grown more to you than, perhaps, a pleasant friend; but, Ethel, to me you are all the world. Give me your hand once more, and say good-by."

Her look was such that a dazzling hope dawned upon me, but only to be crushed into darkness the next moment, for I remembered that I dared not explain myself further.

"Must you go?" broke from her lips, as she gave me her hand.

I clasped it close in mine, gave one passionate look into her eyes, and then turned away for a few polite words to the uncle and aunt, and left the house in fifteen minutes after I entered it.

How lovely the Bois looked in that early Sunday morning sunshine, as Hobart and I drove to the sequestered place of meeting. My heart sank like lead in my bosom, as I thought of the laws of God and man, which we, presumptuous mortals, were about to violate; but these reflections of my better self took flight before the demon that lurked in Derwent's eye and smile as we faced each other. A brief five minutes while our seconds paced off the ground; then Hobart thrust a pistol in my hand, "Are you ready?"

I raised the weapon deliberately. "One! two! three!" rang out on the still air. A sharp report, a stinging pain in my left arm, and then, as I saw Derwent fall, I sank on the soft turf, and knew no more.

There follows a long interval of pain and delirium, in which I was pursuing Lord Cosmo and Ethel through dark caves—always just before me, never quite within my reach.

When I finally opened my eyes to consciousness, Hobart was sitting beside me.

"We've pulled you through, Frank," said he, with much emotion.

"Derwent?" said I, faintly.

"Is doing better than you were, though he'll carry his punishment for slandering a woman all the days of his life. You hit him in the right leg, Kearney; spoiled his dancing—the beast! Do you know that you are a regular *hero de Roman* in Paris? Carolyn let the story leak out, (not the lady's name, however, he's

too clever for that,) and your door is besieged with anxious inquiries for you."

"And Ethel—Miss Marston?"

Hobart shook his head.

"I haven't had the pleasure of seeing your Helen; but a courier, whom I have been creditably informed is hers, knocks every day at your door to inquire for 'monsieur.' Until this morning, when, in crossing the court-yard, I saw among the departing travelers, Miss Marston and suite."

I was too weak to conceal the bitterness of my disappointment; and I don't doubt that I looked ghostly enough just then.

"Don't take it to heart," said Hobart, kindly. "Just before you came to yourself those flowers arrived for you. I don't want to pry into secrets, but I saw a bit of faded heliotrope in your coat the day you were shot, and I have a suspicion that these may be near relatives of those you wot of."

"So they are," said I, taking the violets and heliotrope in my hand, and laying them against my hot face. "Get me well as fast as you can, Hobart—these are my messengers of hope."

All that day, and the next, and the next, I sat in my chair, or lay on the sofa, drawing good omens from Ethel's flowers, and chafing bitterly at my slow progress. On the fourth day I insisted upon having my letters. Hobart hesitated about giving me the rather formidable package, but I vowed I would have them; so he left me for a walk.

Life looked a good deal darker to me when I finished those letters; and I glanced at myself in the mirror, and started to see what a ghastly wretch I had grown since that morning on the Bois. And in hot, desperate haste, I began to make preparations for a speedy departure for America.

Hobart, on his return, stared at me in amazement, when I told him of my determination.

"I think you are a little mad," said he, laughing. "I wonder what would become of your voyage, if I told you that the fair Helen had returned to Paris?"

I reeled backward, and fell into in a chair.

"For God's sake, don't tempt a desperate man! Hobart, if I were to tell you all——" I gasped for breath.

"Take it coolly; what are you doing high tragedy for? Nonsense, Frank; she is in her parlor on the next flight, alone, and did me the honor to send for me, to ask how you are. By Jove! you should have seen her blushes. You're not the man I take you for, if you let such a woman's blushes pass unrewarded."

It might have been Hobart's words, perhaps it was only my aching desire to look at her dear face once more, that overcame my resolution. Be the impulse whatever you please, I rose, suddenly.

"You are right. What little I have to offer shall be hers; a man doesn't go down to death's door for a woman, and then leave her with it all unsaid. I'll go and say it now, old fellow."

I was very feeble, and my fictitious strength almost deserted me as I tapped at the door of her parlor. Ethel's own voice said, "*Entrez*;" another moment and I was across the threshold.

She never waited for one word. God bless her own true heart! She sprang forward, and put both hands in mine.

"Oh, Frank, Frank! Why did you risk your precious life for my sake? I loved you so dearly all the time," she cried.

And for answer I drew her close to my heart, and shed a few bright tears on her hair, for I knew now that the treasure I coveted was mine.

"You don't know what you are doing, Ethel," said I, at last, "for I haven't anything but myself to offer you, instead of eighty thousand a year. I had made up my mind to run away from you. This morning I found letters from my lawyers, telling me that the great suit of Martindale against Kearney has gone in favor of the plaintiff; and that widow—confound the woman! will enjoy the fortune that was mine, and which I hoped to make yours. But I offer you a love that—— What's the matter, dear?"

A cold shiver ran over me as Ethel slowly drew herself out of my arms. The crimson color mounted higher, and her shell-like ears were pink.

"Frank!" she cried, passionately, standing erect before me, "is that hateful, hateful fortune to stand between us always? I did not mean to deliberately deceive you. I knew that you would fly away from me again if you knew my story in Rome; and yet, that horrid little lie of mine cost you a duel. I am not a mercenary wretch; I'm only a woman, who loves you with all her heart. Take me! Ah, Frank! won't you take me just as I am? Tear up those dreadful law-papers, and uncle M'Henry's codicil with them; and then, please—please forget that I am any one but your own Ethel—that I ever was the abhorred Mrs. Martindale!"

I sprang to my feet, in the astounding surprise of the moment; then caught her in my arms, and covered her face with kisses.

"How did you dare to play such tricks upon a defenceless man? You need not have feared, Ethel; I should have surrendered all the same

had I known who you were in Rome. I shall punish you by getting rid of that terrible Mrs. Martindale, as soon as I can persuade her to become Mrs. Kearney."

How she cried! She hid her bright face in her hands, and sobbed, refusing to be comforted, until I assured her, over and over, that I did not suspect her of being cognizant of my sister's machinations.

"I'll own it all to you now," said she, "for I never shall have the courage again. When I came to New York, I was *en route* for Europe, and intended to stay but a week at your sister's. When my aunt accidentally let out the secret of your flight, I was more indignant than I ever have been in my life; and I told your sister so as plainly as I imagine you did. That day, when you called on me in Rome, you remember, I did not know who you were until I saw your card. I thought that I would punish you, for I felt a little revengeful, Frank; no woman likes to be avoided as if she were an ogress. You, very naturally, called me 'Miss Murston,' and I did not correct you. Lord Cosmo was the only mutual acquaintance we had, and when I took him aside that night, it was to divulge my little plot, and to ask him not to mention my name before you. He presumed upon that foolish act, and after persecuting me all the rest of my visit in Rome, I refused him the day you came to Paris. I could not have kept up the deception here, where we have so many friends; and that night at the opera, when you confessed that you loved me, I was overwhelmed with terror, lest, when

you knew who I was, you should fancy I had plotted for your fortune; for I loved you, even before then, Frank, and I thought my heart would break when I heard that you had met Lord Cosmo, and been desperately wounded. I knew that the quarrel must have been about me, and I presumed he had told you my secret. That idea grew so intolerable to me, that when I heard you were actually out of danger, I, in my turn, ran away. But I only stayed three days, I was so miserable; and when I came back I sent for Mr. Hobart, and told him who I was. Why, Frank, I supposed he told you?"

"Not he. Thank heaven! he was wise enough to leave it to you!"

"And you will forgive me?"

"But you promise not to run away from me again?"

I don't feel called upon to give my answer in full; neither shall I tell you of Hobart's delight, or the wedding that came off at the chapel of the United States Legation that spring. But I must mention that I received letters from all my sisters, and one of ten pages from Cora, in which she expressed her satisfaction at my "following the advice of my family, before it was too late."

"*La Belle Jardinière*," stands in my drawing-room, in Madison Avenue, and at the present day I believe that there is not a more harmless piece of paper in existence than uncle M'Henry's codicil.

I have only one word left to say from a happy heart. Never try to fight against FATE.

TO A SISTER.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh! the hand of Death is on thee,
Damp and cold;
And the silent grave has won thee,
To its mold.

Where the Autumn winds are sighing
Sad refrain,
And the yellow leaves are lying,
Thou art lain.

Songs of birds are gushing ever,
All around;
But thine ear will open never
To the sound.

Flowers of richest dye unfolding,
In their bloom;
But the eye knows no beholding
In the tomb.

Autumn sunbeams sleep without thee,
Calm and bright,

But the darkness wraps about thee,
Black as night.

What to me is song-bird's warble—
Flowers' perfume,
When thy brow is cold as marble,
In the tomb?

What is all of Autumn's glory,
Round me spread,
When it breathes one solemn story—
"Thou art dead!"

Still, oh, still! thy anguished beating,
Broken heart;
Hope has whispered of our meeting,
Ne'er to part.

Where no farewell word is spoken
On that shore;
And affection's tie is broken,
Never more.

NOT ACCORDING TO PROGRAMME.

BY MRS. E. B. RIPLEY.

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Walsingham, "this is your last chance. We are risking everything. If we fail here, Lucille will have to look for music-scholars in the spring; and you, Edith, must turn your skill to what account you can in dress-making."

The speaker had come to New York for the winter, with her daughters. A mortgage had been put on the fine old Walsingham Place; and with the sum thus raised, the campaign was to be carried on.

"I wonder what your poor papa would have thought," she continued, "of his wife and daughters, in a second-rate boarding-house, in the very city where he used to have such a splendid establishment. If your cousin Anne had but shown a particle of family feeling, she would have asked you girls, at least, to her house, for a few months. Well, we must make her as useful as we can. She must certainly invite us to dinner once in awhile, and she will be glad to have you for her evening-parties. You will meet a good class of people at her house. The rest you must do for yourselves."

Edith, the oldest of the girls, was the beauty; a fair-haired Saxon, as became her name. It was impossible to have whiter hands, a shapelier throat, a sweeter smile. She possessed, however, no special accomplishments, except her admirable tact at dress-making—a gift which was kept carefully out of sight. Lucille was shorter, darker, far less pretty, but had a good figure, fine eyes, and a most melodious voice.

Several old friends called, and seemed disposed to be sufficiently polite. Cousin Anne asked them to a quiet dinner, and Mr. Lloyd, her husband, was favorably impressed. He said to his wife that they must see more of these young relatives of hers; perhaps she might be of service to them. Cousin Anne was not inclined to overdo the matter, still she did not entirely neglect the suggestion. Occasionally, of an opera-night, her carriage rolled to the boarding-house door, and rejoiced the eyes of its inmates with glimpses of the powerful steeds, and the lordly coachman upon his box. Sometimes the girls were asked to spend the day with her; rather formal visits, but still acceptable, as giving them familiarity with a

more luxurious life, and affording the chance of eligible acquaintances. Other people showed them attention, invited them to their houses, and took them for airings in the Park. Edith's beauty was everywhere admired, and Lucille's music proved sufficiently good to attract notice even among so many competitors.

But Mrs. Walsingham had occasional misgivings. It sometimes appeared to her as if the girls lost sight of the great object of all this outlay in the mere enjoyment of the hour. Another circumstance, too, gave her a little uneasiness; they did not ignore their fellow-boarders, as completely as she would have liked. In the rather dull house, the arrival of two such girls was an exciting event, especially to the gentlemen. But, in Mrs. Walsingham's estimation, the gentlemen were nobody. One or two clerks in wholesale houses, well enough in their own place, no doubt; Mr. Heberden, a quiet man, verging toward middle-age, of whom even the hostess seemed to know nothing, except that he had an office somewhere down town; a young lawyer, Mr. Lesley, a rather interesting person, of whom it was whispered that he was "literary," and who sat opposite Edith at table, and so had every facility for surveying her beauty. The rest were married, and, of course, of no account. Mrs. Walsingham would not like the colonel or Mr. Lenox, she said to herself, to suppose their acquaintances were of this grade.

Col. Alden and Mr. Lenox were the two parties to whom her thoughts were just now particularly directed. The colonel, a fine, tall, military-looking man, had been rather particularly attentive to Edith. In appearance they were a splendid couple; and as he had some private means, the match was not inadmissible. And Mr. Lenox had seemed a good deal attracted by Lucille's singing. He was, at least, twenty years older than she, of very plain and insignificant exterior, but of unexceptionable fortune.

The holidays arrived, and with them pretty gifts from Mr. Lloyd and cousin Anne; and there was a wilderness of flowers, offerings from admirers who could not venture to ask acceptance of anything more substantial. New Year morning was especially rich in these floral

treasures. Among the bouquets was one, unaccompanied by card or message; it had been simply left at the door for "Miss Lucille."

"It is the very prettiest of all," said Edith. "Rather small, but every flower is choice, and so sweet. Who can have sent it?"

"There is no clue here," replied Lucille, examining it again.

"It is Mr. Lenox, no doubt," suggested the mother. "I imagine him just the person to enjoy offering an attention in that delicate, unobtrusive way."

"Perhaps," said Edith. "But what business have you, Lucille, who are only the younger, with anything of that sort? Here is my bouquet, large and showy, like its donor; quite a dashing, military air, hasn't it? And this basket, too; both openly tickled with the names of the givers. Your little, mysterious posy is worth a dozen such. There is a sentiment in offerings of that kind which I particularly approve; and such being the case, it should belong to me."

Lucille smiled and colored. She had her own tolerably confident suspicions on the subject of the nosegay, and these did not point to Mr. Lenox.

"I wonder if he will call to-day?" continued Edith.

"Who? The colonel?" said Mrs. Walsingham, rousing from a reverie. "Of course, he will."

"No, no, mamma; I mean Lucille's admirer. I shall keep a bright look-out upon you," she added, to her sister. "If there are any expressive glances I shall be certain to surprise them."

"Don't jest in that way, Edith," said her mother. "Lucille isn't the girl to be looking so at anybody."

"But some one might look so at her," returned Edith. "I don't see how she could prevent that. But come, my dear, it is time you were preparing for the reception of this mysterious hero. Cousin Anne was to send the carriage early." For the girls were to receive calls at Mrs. Lloyd's.

It was late when they returned; but Mrs. Walsingham was not too sleepy to listen with interest to the narrative of their experiences. The whole city had called, Edith averred.

"Then Col. Alden was there, of course?"

"Oh, certainly?" said Lucille. "The colonel was there in full panoply, looking tall and splendid enough to be commander-in-chief."

"And Mr. Lenox?"

"Yes, Mr. Lenox, too," said Edith. "I should

like to compliment Lucille on her admirer, but the truth is, mamma, that he was not a dazzling figure. And, oh! who do you think was there? I was so surprised—Mr. Lesley."

"How could he take such a liberty?" said Mrs. Walsingham, in high displeasure. "Presuming on so slight an acquaintance! What must your cousin Anne have thought?"

"That the visit was meant for herself, I believe," replied Edith; "as it very probably was. She had met him once or twice; and you know a New-Year's call doesn't imply great intimacy."

This information soothed the mother's alarm, and the various incidents of the day having been thoroughly discussed, the conclave broke up. Just as she was falling asleep, a sudden thought made Edith raise her head from the pillow.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to watch for your bouquet, after all."

"Quite as well," responded Lucille, with pretended drowsiness. "You would not have seen anything." But she herself had not forgotten to watch, and if her suspicions had needed confirmation, Mr. Lesley's swift glance from the flowers in her hand to her blushing cheek, would have afforded it.

Three or four weeks went by. Some of the quiet evenings spent in the parlor of the boarding-house were dearer to the two girls than the brightest scenes abroad. Lucille sang, and Mr. Lesley turned the pages of her music, or sometimes joined in a duet. Edith, perhaps, talked with Mr. Heberden in a friendly, unobtrusive manner. Mrs. Walsingham rather liked Mr. Heberden. Quiet as he was in general, his manner was very pleasant when you chanced to talk with him for half an hour; and he gave you such an impression of a really good heart. She was willing enough to let the girls accept some little courtesies from him, since, coming from such a person, there could be no misapprehension, either way.

As the winter progressed, cousin Anne became more friendly; invited them all oftener to her house, and was more open and cordial in manner. This was gratifying, of course, but no new eligibles appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Walsingham began to think it time to secure the game already marked.

"Lucille," she said, "I think you should be a little more—what shall I call it?—earnest in your manner to Mr. Lenox. This gay, girlish good-humor is all very charming, but a man of his stamp needs to see something more serious in you—something that implies that you have

given his feelings consideration, and that they are not unwelcome."

Lucille colored; she was about to speak, but checked herself. Mrs. Walsingham saw the blush and augured well of it. Perhaps her interpretation was not quite correct.

It seemed that Lucille's lack of earnestness had not disheartened her admirer. Not many days after this, he requested the mother's permission to address her daughter. Beaming with delight and consequence, Mrs. Walsingham imparted the joyous news. Lucille turned red, then pale. "Really," thought the mother, "I did not suppose her heart was so much involved."

"I am sorry," faltered Lucille, "extremely sorry. I hardly believed he meant anything serious."

"Sorry!" cried Mrs. Walsingham, amazed. "Not think he meant anything! I should be glad to know what *you* mean, Lucille!"

"He is so much older," she ventured—then paused.

"Older! Have you lost your senses? How long since you have objected to his age? Older, indeed! And if he is? I should think, where you are to receive everything else, you would be glad to have one advantage on *your* side. Preposterous!"

Lucille burst into tears and hurried from the room. Mrs. Walsingham turned distractedly to Edith. "What is the meaning of all this!" she exclaimed. "Tell me, if you know, for I am astonished past belief."

"Doesn't it look as if there might be some one else?" suggested Edith, cautiously.

"But who can it be? There is no one especially attentive to her—unless— You don't mean young Mr. Maxwell?"

"I should look nearer home," said Edith; "under this roof."

"You don't think any of these people would presume so far?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham.

It was Edith's turn to color. "I don't know that we should have a right to call it presuming," she said. "Mr. Lesley is a gentleman."

"Mr. Lesley!" she almost shrieked. "You cannot think she cares anything about him!"

"Indeed, mother, it looks to me as if they both cared for each other. I have thought so for some time."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham, pacing to and fro in her distraction. "Can such a calamity have befallen us? My only fear was that Mr. Lenox meant nothing serious. It never once entered my mind that Lucille could do anything but accept him, that

she could wish to do anything else! Selfish, ungrateful girl! After all my sacrifices, all the pains I have taken!"

"But, mother, if she likes some one else better," Edith ventured to interpose.

"Why should she like him better? Such folly! To throw away opportunities that any girl might be proud of—and for a whim like that! I warned her before she left home. I told you both that I was not bringing you here, exhausting all my resources, just for your own pleasure." If Edith felt some twinges of conscience, she did not consider herself bound to acknowledge them. "And such a choice!" continued Mrs. Walsingham. "A young lawyer, with his way to make; and, as if that weren't bad enough, literary besides. What madness! Do you think they have come to an understanding?" she asked, pausing suddenly.

"Oh, no, mother! Lucille would not have kept it from us."

"Very well, then! I shall soon put an end to the folly. Lucille shall not destroy her future. She shall accept Mr. Lenox, if I have any influence; and two years from now she will thank me for taking better care of her than she knew how to take of herself."

Poor Mrs. Walsingham had attempted more than she could carry out. In vain did she place before the insensate daughter the circumstances of the case; in vain reproach, entreat, and argue. A kind parent hitherto, she felt that to yield now would be weakness. She was even satirical upon the devotion that rejected an eligible offer for the sake of one who had not even declared any attachment. Lucille was firm. It was no question of anybody else, she said. If there were not another man in the world, she would not marry Mr. Lenox.

"And what do you propose to do, then?" asked the irate mother. "Go back to Walsingham, and starve upon a music-class?"

"No!" said Lucille, grasping eagerly at a diversion from the hated topic. "I would try for scholars here. And, from all I learn, I think there would be no difficulty in getting an engagement in a choir, and that would be a great assistance."

Mrs. Walsingham lifted her hands and eyes in amazement. "You would do that—you have so little pride! Actually come down into the working-classes, when you might have an establishment equal to your cousin Anne's!"

Lucille would not relent, and her refusal was conveyed to Mr. Lenox. Mrs. Walsingham

felt that she had, indeed, schemed and sacrificed in vain. Every good gift of fortune had been placed within the reach of that infatuated child, and she had spurned them all. It seemed as if Fate could have no more sorrows in store.

Yet she was doomed to acknowledge that things are never so bad with us that no additional calamity is possible. Col. Alden left town for an absence of months, without a word to Edith.

It was marvelous to the mother that the poor girl should bear up so well. No doubt she was hoping for a letter; that it was which sustained her, kept her so cheerful, in spite of the disappointment. Mrs. Walsingham, herself, had little hopes, but she could not distress Edith by saying so. Her sad forebodings were verified—no letter came.

Something else happened, however. Mr. Heberden requested an audience, and desired Mrs. Walsingham's sanction to address her eldest daughter.

The poor lady was half-wild; but she answered bravely. She was sorry, she said, for Mr. Heberden's disappointment; she always liked him herself. While she was trying to express her sympathy, she was astounded to learn that Edith had encouraged the suit, already made to her in person. So this was

the meaning of those quiet evening talks, and lending of Reviews, and visits to picture-galleries. What an end to all her ambitions! What destinies for her girls!

When the smoke of conflict cleared away, however, the result proved less terrible than she had anticipated. Mr. Heberden's office, it appeared, was a broker's office, and yielded a very handsome income. Edith had done better, so far as money went, than if the colonel had fulfilled his duty. Even Lucille's engagement, which took place soon after her sister's, was not so utterly disastrous. There has been nothing of that sordid poverty which the mother feared. The young couple, if not affluent, have always possessed every comfort; even the dreaded "literary" tendencies of Mr. Lesley have not yet impaired either their repulse or prospects.

Mr. Heberden cleared off the incumbrances on the old Walsingham property, refitted the house, and took it for a country residence. The family meet there every summer, and Mrs. Walsingham, with children and grandchildren around her, has long ceased to lament the turns of fortune, or to consider those last precious thousands as thrown away. The venture was successful, she owns, though not exactly

ACCORDING TO PROGRAMME.

THE TENDERNESS OF YEARS.

BY ABBIE WHEELER.

The golden head is wreathed
With snow-drops, pure and white;
The tiny, pulseless hands are clasped—
Clasped, oh! so tight!

Beneath the dark-fringed lids
The blue eyes have lost sight;
And never more on earth they'll see—
See God's sunlight!

Beautiful marble block
Of sculptured loveliness!
The soul that warmed thee into life,
Lost tenderness.

Against the window-panes
The restless rain beats low;
We watched the sea at ebb of tide
Recede so slow.

And as the tide went out,
With bated breath we sighed;
For all the tenderness of years
With Daisy died.

They laid my bride to rest
Within a darkened room;
I could not sleep for thinking how
She slept in gloom!

I crept at dead of night
To see my buried love;
And twined the flowers in her hair,
Like stars above.

The sounds along the shore
Came through the dusk and gloom.
I heard the sighing of the pines,
As from the tomb.

The waves against the rocks
Chafed, fretted, and bemoaned;
The wind swept o'er the barren beach—
Æolian toned!

Nor sound, nor waves, nor wind,
Could wake her dreamless sleep,
And though I pleaded for one word,
The Echo's deep

Repeated but the prayer
"I breathed, alas! in vain;
For all the tenderness of years
Lives not again."

The golden head is laid,
Far from my mortal sight;
The tenderness of long, long years,
Died out that night.

THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Mrs. Ann. S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 381.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ADELA, will you answer me one thing?"

"Anything—that is, almost anything, you know."

"What took you to the house of Count Mirabeau on the thirteenth of last month?"

Adela looked at him surprised; then a slow, earnest expression came over her face, and she answered calmly,

"That is one of the things I must tell no one."

"You confess to having secrets, then."

"Yes, I confess it; just one or two, which I am to tell no one."

"Not Count Mirabeau?"

"There is no need to tell him—he knows it himself."

"Adela."

The girl started. That voice had never spoken her name so sharply before.

"Monsieur, are you angry with me?"

"Will you tell me what this secret is?"

"Why do you ask, monsieur?"

"Why, girl, because I love you myself wildly, like a fool and madman."

"Love me, me—Adela Rochet! Oh, my God! can this be true?"

"I love you, child, and have, since the day we first met."

"Ah! that was when my poor father was killed, that left me with nothing but you in the world."

"I thought—I hoped that you might love me with a feeling beyond the gratitude, which I had not earned, by a simple act of humanity."

"You hoped this—you doubted?"

"How could I help doubting, when, with my own eyes, I saw you enter that man's dwelling?"

"Yes, I went in. I saw him."

"And you will not tell me why you went?"

Adela shook her head with a faint smile.

"That would be impossible."

"Why impossible? You can have no interests in common with that unprincipled man?"

"Unprincipled!"

"A man stained with every social crime."

Adela's eyes opened wide. A look of profound astonishment swept over her features.

"I did not know this—how should I? The people adore this man."

"The people? What do they care for those qualities which make a good man?"

"But the people are great. The people are France, and France is everything."

"You have learned his language."

"No; I learned it from you. That is why it sounds so sweet to me."

"Adela, child, tell me what this secret is. You thrill me with delight, and kindle suspicion at the same moment. Trust me."

"Monsieur, I can trust no one."

Adela shrunk back from him, and held out both hands, with the palms outward, as if to protect herself from severe questioning.

He seized her hands and held them firmly.

"One thing—one word, Adela Rochet. Do you love this man, Count Mirabeau?"

"Love him? No! no—a hundred times, no!"

"Has he ever spoken of love to you?"

"To me, never!"

"But you visit him?"

"Yes."

"With the consent of Dame Dondel?"

"She knows nothing of it."

"And this is all you will tell me?"

"Yes, it is all. Monsieur, a moment ago you said, 'Trust me.' I now say, trust me."

"I will—I do!" exclaimed the young man, pressing her hands to his lips; "only say to me one word that my heart is thirsting to hear, that one word, 'I love you!'"

Adela laid her hands together, and holding them toward him, said, with that seriousness which springs from exquisite truth,

"I love you!"

This scene had been passing in that grand amphitheatre, amid the dying music and the tread of departing feet. Still it was a solitude, for no one, so far as they could see, was near the seats they occupied, and the whole world was a blank to them.

So completely were these two persons absorbed in each other, that they did not observe

a group of gayly-dressed women, with bright ribbons streaming from their garments, who came laughing and dancing into the arena, chasing each other up the steps of the abandoned altar, and whirling off into the open space, while snatches of patriotic songs broke from their lips, now in chorus, and again full of riotous discord.

Scenes like this had been too frequent that day for any especial interest to be granted them, and the lovers scarcely heeded it in the ecstasy of their newly-born happiness. As Adela held out her hands in childlike earnestness, the young man seized them, and covered them with kisses.

Then, for the first time, these young people knew that they were observed. One of the dancers had separated from the rest, and leaping from one turf seat to another, came softly down behind them, laughing quietly, and with a finger to her lips, as a sign that her companions should keep up their revel, and leave her to the mischief in hand.

The young man, feeling her shadow upon him, looked up suddenly. A frown crept over his face, and he motioned the woman away with his hand. But Louison Brisot was not a person who could be intimidated by a staring look or an imperious gesture. She gave a leap, and set down at the feet of Adela, laughing insolently.

Adela recognized her face, and uttering a cry of dread, clung to the young man, trembling violently.

There was a touch of malice in Louison's laugh now, for she hated the poor girl, whom her voice alone had the power to terrify.

"Ho! ho! citizen St. Just. Are you here with this white-faced aristocrat? What if I tell of this at the Jacobins to-night?"

"Tell it where and how you please," answered the young man, rising to his feet, and half lifting the frightened girl from the turf. "I answer to no man or woman for the way in which I spend my time."

"Do you know how she spends her time, and where? Ask Count Mirabeau. Watch his door in the Chaussee d'Antin, and see who creeps in and out like a cat."

Adela cast a wild, piteous look at St. Just—now that she knew him by name her terror was complete. What would he think of her? How could she have dared to love a man who was the stern and declared foe to royalty—who hated the august personages she almost adored?

"Ask her if she, born of the people, is not an aristocrat at heart; a traitress, a——"

"Hush!" commanded St. Just; and his beau-

tiful face become fierce and stormy with indignation. "With those foul lips dare you revile the angels? Come away, Adela, the atmosphere is poisoned around us."

Louison Brisot started up pale and fierce with the sting of his words. She cast a withering glance, first upon St. Just, then upon the trembling young creature by his side. The laugh was gone from her face, bitter envy made her look fierce and old. She turned from them in silence, more threatening than her most boisterous words, and slipping cautiously from seat to seat, left them.

St. Just turned to the young girl, who saw her enemy disappear with strained eyes and an aching heart.

"Adela, Adela!" he cried, greatly disturbed, "how is this? Surely, you are not afraid of that brazen amazon?"

"Afraid? No, no, it is not that," faltered the girl. "It is her words that still tremble in my heart."

"Her words! They were only insolent bravados. What harm can they do you or me?"

"She called you by a name?"

"Yes. What then? It is an honorable name, and one I shall not tarnish."

"Ah, monsieur! you are a member of the Assembly?"

"Yes, the youngest man in that august body."

"The friend of Robespierre?"

"Robespierre is an honest man, frugal, moral, a true patriot."

"And of Marat?"

"No. I am not the friend of that brutal man; but he is useful to France, and I endure him."

"Let me go home," pleaded the girl; "my heart aches, I am faint."

"Adela, my poor child, do not look so miserably pale. Has that accursed woman driven the smile from your face forever?"

"Forever! Oh, my God! this is hard!"

"Adela, you drive me wild. What does this mean? I have said with my whole heart that I love you. I now say, will you be my wife—now, before this day of rejoicing closes?"

"A wife, with a secret in my heart? No, no!"

"Foolish child, you have no secret. I have guessed it all. You love the queen?"

"With all my life—all my soul!"

"And the king?"

"The king also; but you, monsieur, are the enemy of both."

"This is not all your secret. Count Mirabeau has sold himself to the court."

Adela was silent.

"He has held communication with the queen, and a little girl that I know of was his messenger."

"Who has dared say this?"

"I will tell you. Dame Doudel is my friend."

"Ah, yes! she kept your secret so well."

"Dame Tillery is her sister. Think you she could visit St. Cloud and not tell all the particulars?"

Adela almost smiled.

"Besides, this woman Brisot was a spy upon you, and brought her news to Robespierre, who told it to his frienda. She denied it all afterward, but that did not change our belief."

Adela looked bewildered. St. Just smiled.

"Now where is the secret which was to keep my bride from me?" he said.

"But you are still a Jacobin—still an enemy to the royal family."

"What is the meaning of all you have seen here to-day? Have not the people and their king taken an oath of amity before God and the nation? Even now you can hear the thunder of the cannon scattering this good news to the four winds of heaven."

Adela's face brightened.

"Ah! it is so; in my terror I forgot that. The people and the king are one. I have not committed the sin of loving her enemy."

Her little hand crept into his, the soft love-light came into her eyes again.

"Dame Doudel has gone home. I promised to bring you safely to her. Everything is arranged. In a few hours you will be my wife. Oh! that is pleasant. I thought you would never smile again."

He clasped her hand a little tighter, and went on,

"Dame Tillery has gone back to her dairy. She was not to be trusted with this little event, which is to be secret to all but those that love us. Come, darling, are you ready?"

She lifted her eyes to his and answered, "Yes, I am ready!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT night there was a wild, riotous ball at the site of the Bastille. The *Cour de Gouvernement* had been cleared and garnished by a thousand busy hands. Temporary draw-bridges, arched with lighted garlands, were thrown over the half-drained ditch, dimly reflected in its sluggish waters. Around the *Cour de Gouvernement* nine pyramids of light represented the nine awful towers, which had frowned on Paris more than four hundred

years. These pyramids shed their radiance on a circle of tricolored tints, each surmounted by a streaming banner, all chained together by great garlands of flowers, gorgeous flags, and lights that kindled them like stars. On each side the draw-bridge two noble pyramids rose forty feet from the ground, from which thousands of colored lamps ran downward in rivers of light, quivering, glowing, and flinging more than the radiance of noonday on the gorgeous arena, and kindling up the broken ruins beyond, till their shadows grew darker than midnight. Between these noble pillars rose an arch, on which eighty-three flags of the departments of France fluttered to the night wind, and from the centre fell a mat of flowers, on which was written, in characters of glowing fire, "Here we dance!"

The tents were full; groups stood on the draw-bridges, looking upon the brilliant scene, with the ruins of the old prison lying blackly behind them. The arena was thronged with merry dancers; men and women of all grades, and every possible costume mingled in that strange scene. From a great central tent came bursts of music, wild, riotous, and revolutionary as the people who danced to it. Rude, half-clothed men, crowned with laurel and oak-leaves, reeled through the dancers; women, whose very presence there was odious, crowned each other with laurel, and wheeled in bacchanalian groups around the blazing pillars of fire.

Late at night, when the revel was at its highest, an old man came through that radiant arch of flowers and flame, and stood for a moment dazzled by the scene that eddied around him. The crowd outside had seized him in its current, and breaking at the entrance, left him stranded there, with the light pouring down upon his broad forehead and silvery beard with the force of an August sun.

Some women, who were chanting the *Marseillaise* in the nearest tent, flocked out at the sight of this august head, shouting, "The prisoner! The Prisoner of the Bastille!" surrounded him in tripple rows, and hedged him in with a wall of wreathing arms.

"Bring us flowers! Bring us wine, laurel, and oak-leaves! Let us crown the martyr of the Bastille, and pour a libation to liberty!"

They forced this old man into the center of the arena, arresting the dancers with their shouts, and crowding them back with remorseless enthusiasm. Some leaped up and tore flowers from the swinging festoons; others snatched laurel from the bacchanalian crowns of their companions. Almost instantaneously

a garland was fastened on the old man's head, and a goblet of wine was held to his lips, while the crowd whirled like a maelstrom around him, shouting, singing, and tossing their arms upward in a tempest of insane delight.

The prisoner stood a moment bewildered. Then he put aside the wine-cup, which one of the women held to his lips, but so unsteadily that it reddened the old man's beard, and taking the laurel wreath from his head, flung it from him.

"Let me go," he said, with gentle impatience; "I do not like this."

They would have kept him by force, but some among the crowd saw that he was feeble and grew deadly pale; so they forced a passage for him out of that ring of unsexed women, who only filled him with terror, and allowed the old man to make his own way through the crowd, across one of the draw-bridges, and into the black ruins beyond. After the first impulse no one cared to follow him, and, thinking himself quite unobserved, he crept down into the darkness of his cell, and called in a soft, broken voice for his little companion, to which he began whispering something in rapturous haste, as if he really thought the tiny creature could understand him. Notwithstanding the old man thought himself alone, there was something hidden there among the shadows far more crafty and keen of wit than the poor little mouse, faithful as it had been.

Close down by the cell, hidden behind a fragment of rock, crouched Zamara, the dwarf. Hour after hour he had followed the old man with the vigilance of a hound and the cunning of a fox. At last he had tracked him to his lair, and heard the low, pathetic words with which he told his happiness to the little companion, whose sympathy always seemed ready for him.

"Ah, my little friend! I have such news to tell you; that is right, creep close into my bosom. It is a warm heart, you will sleep against it to-night. Did I tell you, little one, a great work has been done since morning? Feel the ring on my finger; do not be afraid, it will not hurt you. To you and me it is a blessing always. Years and years ago it was taken from me and put on the hand of a beautiful, good woman, born to great misfortunes without deserving them. But for this, they could not have kept me here till the old towers were torn down over our heads; but for this *her* bitter, enemies would never have prevailed against her. But I have it once more, and am

strong again—young and strong. See, now, my hand trembles no longer. You can sit firmly upon it and look into my face. Is it not that of a powerful man? Tell me if the blood does not mount into my cheek? I think so—I think so, for it feels like wine about my heart. 'To-morrow, sweetheart, we will set about the great work. It is for us to save the daughter of my dear old mistress, how I cannot yet see; but my strength lies here: with this on my finger, I feel it in me to heave mountains from their base. What, restless, sweetheart? Do you hear some one? Be at rest, none of those rude people will come here—with all their floods of light they cannot find us out. What, again? It may be that our angel is coming—but then how could she get through the revel out yonder? Hush now; do not attempt to get away. Surely, you are not afraid of *her*, so sad, so white, so meek in her misery? We must find all this out to-morrow. Now that God has given us back a great power, our pretty friend must not be unhappy. We shall make sure of that!'"

The old man paused here and seemed to listen; then he spoke again, but with soft sleepiness, as if the great fatigue of the day were settling gently down upon his faculties.

"It was nothing. She could not have come to-night, the crowd is so great. That is well; creep into my bosom—happiness makes me sleepy."

There was a faint, hushing whisper after this, followed by the soft, regular breathing of a man in his first sleep.

Full half an hour Zamara sat in the shadows, waiting for a certainty that the slumber of that old man was profound. Then he arose to his hands and knees, paused, listened, and crept forward stealthily, like a fox upon its prey.

The old man was lying upon his back, with one hand folded over his bosom, the other lay supinely upon the stone floor, just where a gleam of moonlight cut across it, revealing the golden serpent coiled around one finger. Zamara touched the ring. It circled the delicate finger loosely—age and suffering had shrunk that hand almost to a shadow. The fingers were bent downward: another touch and the ring slipped to the floor, with a faint click that took away the dwarf's breath, and, for an instant, disturbed the sleeper, who moved a little, leaving the ring entirely exposed. Softly as a cat stretches out its claw, Zamara's fingers crept toward his prize and fastened upon it. Then he groveled backward out of the cell, drew a sharp breath, leaped to his feet, and fled across the ruins.

A woman sat in one of the tents drinking wine from a horn cup, which one of the *sans culottes* had just filled for her from a cask which stood on one end in front of the tent. A hole had been torn in the top, through which he thrust the cup, and drew it forth dripping. Three times he had filled the cup, yet the woman was thirsty, and held it out for more, with a rollicking laugh, which Zamara recognized and hated. But the tent was near the entrance, and he was obliged to pass her. In his confusion he ran against Mirabeau, whose policy it was to show himself at such popular gatherings, where he usually made great capital by his familiarity with the lower classes. He was talking to a group of workmen, who gathered around him, with some earnestness, though his face bore an expression of intense fatigue, when Zamara was hustled violently against him by the crowd.

Impatient and suffering from the absolute pain of a disease, which was making rapid inroads on him, he seized the dwarf with one hand, lifted him up, pitched him into the crowd, and, turning his back, went on with what he had been saying.

It happened that the dwarf fell just within the tent where Louison Brisot sat, and his sudden advent shook the cup in her hand, spilling the wine upon her; the rest she dashed over him with a rude laugh. The dwarf struggled to his feet, livid with rage. A word, bitter with coarse insult, broke from him, and clenching his tiny fist, he shook it viciously.

"He has not had enough," cried Louison, addressing the *sans culottes*. "Do you know who he is, *citoyen*? Well, you have heard of Madame Du Barry and her *famillier*? This is her imp."

The man thus appealed to seized Zamara, without a word, dashed his foot against the head of the wine-cask, and plunged the dwarf in, roaring with laughter as the red liquid surged over the edges, and crimsoned his own legs and feet.

A storm of coarse merriment followed this act. The cask was not large enough to drown the poor wretch, but he was drawn out frenzied with rage, and dripping from head to foot with the wine some in the crowd coveted. Louison went up to him, laughing till she could hardly speak.

"Go back to your mistress," she said, "and tell her that the next time her imp is let loose among the patriots of France, he will be found the next morning hung up at some lantern, like a spider caught in its own web."

Zamara only answered by a look that checked her laughter on the instant.

"The venomous snake," she muttered, "and I have trodden on him."

Yes, she had trodden on him, and so had the proud man whose ambition it was to rule France.

Zamara left the site of the Bastille burning with rage. Every step he took deepened the bitter humiliation that had been forced upon him. Keenly sensitive about his diminutive form, he felt the cruel sarcasm this woman had put upon him with double force. To half-drown him in a cask, scarcely large enough to hold a child, was a stinging insult, for which he would, some day, have vengeance—vengeance on her, and on the man who had found out his fraud, and made it of no avail. But he still held the ring, and the thought of the gold it would purchase was some consolation.

Zamara went to his own room when he reached the residence of his mistress. His wine-stained garments were soon changed, and he sat down to examine the mysterious prize that had wrought such fatal consequences, at least to one life. It was an Egyptian scarabee, curiously carved, and of a dull green, around which a tiny serpent coiled itself, fold upon fold, shooting its head clear through the beetle, where it had been perforated for the string, upon which these antique gems were often gathered in a necklace for the monarch whose tomb they enriched. This serpent, Zamara truly guessed, had been attached to the scarabee after it was drawn from the tomb, after a sleep of some thousands of years. The head of the serpent was large in proportion to the body, and flattened, like the head of an adder before it springs.

Zamara examined this. He began to comprehend that this ring might be made terrible without magic. He searched the scarabee cautiously with his finger, and at the extremity found a tiny spring, scarcely larger than a grain of mustard-seed. In breathless trepidation he touched this spring, when the head of the serpent curved downward, the jaws opened, and through them shot a ruby tongue, slender and sharp as the finest needles. One dart of this subtle tongue, and the head writhed itself back into its place.

The fire that shot over the dusky face of the dwarf was lurid. He understood the meaning of this delicate mechanism, and the sweetness of certain revenge was already in his bad heart. He went to a little cabinet, and took from a secret apartment a tiny earthenware

jar, which contained a morsel of some apparently resinous substance. This he examined carefully, gloating over it with eager satisfaction. Opening a small knife, he was about to take some on its point, but a selfish after-thought seized upon him.

"Not yet," he said; "there must be no danger to *her*, for she alone stands between me and such brutes as nearly murdered me to-night. No, the ring shall first win me gold, and then, oh! such sweet revenge. That fierce count has twice laid his great, strong hands upon Zamara—thrice heaped insult on him. Bulk makes him brave; but wit is stronger than weight, and revenge sharper than either."

With these words, Zamara looked up the scarabee ring with the little jar, and crept into bed, muttering to himself, and lay in thoughtful wakefulness until the day dawned. Then he arose, and once more examined the ring, to make sure that no secret of its mechanism had escaped him.

As early as it was possible to see his mistress, the dwarf went to her room, a richly frescoed boudoir, crowded with the gorgeous, but tarnished furniture that had been saved out of her royal degradation. She lay upon a stiff-backed, gilded couch, in a loose, morning robe of soiled brocade. She turned her head indolently as the dwarf came in.

"Mistress, I have brought you the ring. You will believe now that Zamara speaks the truth."

Du Barry started up, fully aroused now.

"Let me look at it. No, no, no! I will not touch it. That strange man said it was fatal to every one but himself. The poor queen has found it so. Give it back to the old man. He shall not be despoiled a second time."

The Countess Du Barry spoke hastily, and with shuddering emphasis. She had a nervous terror of the ring, which was, indeed, a proof of her own great crime.

"Take it back! Take it back! I have no wish for it!"

"But, madame would not believe me when I said the queen had given it up. She promised gold if I would give her a sight of it. Has madame forgotten?"

"No, no! I never forget! But take the thing away! There is the money—count it for yourself. My heart is lighter, now that I am sure that thing can no longer harm the queen. Take your money there!"

Madame flung her purse, heavy with clinking gold, at the dwarf's feet, and turning upon her couch, hid her face among its silken cushions,

almost as much afraid as if a real serpent had been threatening her; for, with all her reckless audacity, the woman was a miserable coward at heart; and in this case superstition made her abject.

Zamara went out from her presence, weighing the purse of gold in his palm, and gloating over it.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered. "The ring frightens her. It is enough that this poor, harmless beetle has slept so long in a tomb; to her it is saturated with death, but I know how to make it harmless as a dove, or venomous as an asp. It shall be one to my friends, the other to my foes. After that the old prisoner may get it, if he can."

Again the dwarf opened his cabinet and took the earthen jar from its hiding-place. This time he opened the jaws of that serpentering, and filled them with the soft, resinous paste, which he took from the jar with the sharp point of a penknife. Having thus charged the serpent with venom, he laid it carefully away in one of the most secret drawers of his cabinet.

"We must wait," he said, muttering to himself, as was his habit. "They will not let me approach near enough until last night is forgotten. My looks frightened her, I could see that. It needs time and infinite craft—but that is nothing. 'Revenge is a dish that can be eaten cold.' It is locked up there, and I can wait."

That morning the prisoner of the Bastille awoke and felt for the ring, which was like a promise of immortality to him. It was gone. He started up in wild amaze, refusing to believe the evidence of his own senses. He shook his garments, removed them, one by one, examining every fold. He threaded the thick silver of his beard with both trembling hands, and interrogated the keen-eyed mouse, which stood looking at him with almost human intelligence from a corner of the cell, where it had retreated on being ejected from the bosom of its old friend.

As the dread that his treasure was gone grew stronger and stronger, the old man went wild in his passionate despair, and rushed out among the bleak ruins, calling on God to take vengeance on the wretch who had despoiled him.

His cries brought no echo of sympathy from any human voice; for even then the ruins of the Bastille were like the heaped-up lava of a burnt district. Across the moat a few workmen were busy striking the tents, and taking down the blackened lamps which had been

stars of flame the night before; but they only paused long enough to laugh at the old man's wild gestures, and went off to another part of the grounds.

Then the old man, half demented by his loss, began the most patient search that ever absorbed a human life. Day after day, hour after hour, he wandered over those ruins, peering behind the stones, fathoming crevices, searching the clefts of each broken well, and questioning every person he met, if anything strange had been seen, but in all cases, refusing with meek cunning, to disclose the thing he searched for.

Thus for weeks and months this old man spent half his time in the ruins searching, searching, searching for the ring, which never came back to him. And so this old man grew weaker and weaker as the hope died out in him, sometimes setting whole days in the solitude of his cell, but always with his eyes roving over the floor and walls, as if he still expected them to give up his treasure.

Sometimes that fair, young creature, who had pitied him in his imprisonment, would come to his cell with a basket on her arm, and fed him with bread soaked in wine, or give him delicate meats cooked by her own hand; for she saw that the old prisoner did not care for himself, and shrunk more and more into his hiding-place, as if he longed to evade everything but his little dungeon-companion.

One day, when she came upon her gentle mission, the old man looked earnestly in her face a long time, then he shook his head with a sad, wavering movement, and dropped his eyes.

"Change, change—everywhere change," he murmured. "The same face, yet not the same. What is it that fills the eyes of a child with such holy light. Tell me, little one, what it means?"

"It means," answered Adela, with the rich quietness of supreme content, "that I am beloved—that I love."

"Beloved? Love? Ah! I heard of such things once. Then, I think, some one loved me; but that was a long, long time ago."

"But you are still loved," said Adela, laying her hand on his.

"I should be, if I could find *that*!" answered the old man; but it is too late, I am feeble, and cannot search further—very, very feeble!"

"Take more of the wine," pleaded the pretty matron. "If you would only go home with me, for I have a home of my own now, and a pretty room, with white curtains, which shall be yours."

"A home of your own?" questioned the old man. "How is that?"

"I must not tell—it is a sweet, sweet secret, which you shall know some day; but I never sell flowers now."

"Has Dame Doudel grown rich, that you give up work, little one?"

Adela laughed, and kissed the shadowy hand clasped in hers.

"No, it is I that have grown rich—so wonderfully rich. Come and see, for you can be trusted. It is the old place, but I have more rooms, more happiness, more of everything. Come, now, and share it with us. I cannot bear to see you sleeping on these damp stones while I have a bed. Come, old friend, and you shall know once more what love is."

"Not now. I like the stones; a bed makes me ache in all my limbs. Besides, I have a friend here, and you come to us sometimes."

"And you will not come to us?" said Adela, reproachfully.

"Oh, yes! when I am stronger."

The old man's face drooped on his breast after this, and he seemed to sleep.

Adela arose to go.

"Adieu," she said. "You are weary, and I keep you from rest."

"From rest? No one can do that," said the old man, gently. "Adieu!"

The old man lifted his hands and blessed her as she bent before him.

Adela went home in great sadness; there was something about that old man that depressed her. The next morning she went again to the ruins, carrying fruit and wine.

The old prisoner was lying on the floor of his ruined cell, sleeping so tranquilly that the angels of heaven alone could awake him.

CHAPTER XX.

Months went by, and for a little time the wheels of the Revolution revolved with a slow but steady force. The influence of Mirabeau had made itself felt; his powerful genius held the populace in check. Chosen president of the Assembly, he had inspired that body with some of his own conservative ideas. The queen began to trust him fully. The king saw in him a safe counsellor. For a time the fearful storm that afterward swept France like a simoon, seemed to have passed away. The nation took time to breathe. Mirabeau had triumphed over all his enemies but one, that one found him at the zenith of his power.

On the twenty-seventh of March, 1791, Mira-

beau spoke three times in the Assembly. Never had he been more eloquent, never had his genius exhibited itself with greater effect. With words of living eloquence on his lips he stepped down from the tribune, passed between double ranks of admiring friends and defeated enemies, and was seen by the people of France no more. The next day it was known at the clubs, and heralded in the streets, that the great statesman of France was ill.

All Paris sympathized with the sufferings of this strong and most gifted man. His house in the Chaussee d'Antin was besieged by people, who blocked up the street that no carriage might disturb the rest of their idol. The Jacobin club sent its president at the head of a deputation, to express the profound sympathy of that body. Robespierre, who always went with the current, was found in the sick-room. The king sent every day to inquire after his health.

The great man was ill, but fully conscious of all the homage that surrounded him. He yet believed himself invincible, and gloried in all these evidences of popularity. He was accused of giving stage effect to his sick bed. It may be that he did, for no man knew better how to appeal to the senses of an audience—and he did not believe himself to be dying.

One day, when the street was choked up with anxious inquirers, a swarthy dwarf was seen among the crowd, striving to escape observation, but making constant progress toward the door of Mirabeau's dwelling. He reached it at last, and finding a servant on the threshold patiently answering the anxious questions put to him regarding the state of his master, waited quietly till the man should recognize him.

"Is it possible to see Mirabeau?"

"What, you?"

"Is he ill—very ill? I come from one who wishes to know the truth."

"I know; your mistress is his friend. There can be no harm in saying to her that he is ill, but not so hopeless as his worshipers think. Their terrors but increase his popularity. She will understand."

The dwarf did understand that his enemy was in no immediate danger, and might, probably would, recover. This only made him the more resolute to gain access to the great man.

"I have a message," he said; "not from the lady you think of, but from one so high that I dare not speak her name."

"A message? But so many messages is come, that I cannot even listen to them. Such adulation would drive a healthy man mad. I can take no message."

Zamara motioned for the man to stoop, and whispered,

"Not if it were from her majesty, the queen?"

The man looked cautiously around. There was danger in the queen's name, which he could appreciate.

"Step in, step in! I will speak to you when the crowd grows less. Sit down and wait. From the Tuileries—did you say that? Speak low, there is danger in it."

The dwarf nodded his head, put a finger to his lip, and sat down in the entrance-hall, close by the house-statue, which he resembled so well. The man had seen Zamara frequently at the house before, and had no hesitation in speaking freely to him,

"The truth is," he said, confidentially, "our count has overworked himself. Spoke five times in one day. Think of it! And this is a good time to learn how warmly the people regard him. Do not expect him to get well all at once—he is not fool enough for that; but, after a little, his enemies will find him thundering at them from his place again. We do not intend to die just yet; his friends comprehend it all. As for the rest of them, why, of course, for them he is dying."

"Then he is well enough to be told that I have a message for him from the queen—I have brought such things before."

"I will take the message."

"No, I must give it into his own hands. Such were my orders. Ask if he will admit a messenger from her majesty—that is all I desire."

"I will go; but listen how they are swarming against the door again. Was ever a man so beloved?"

Zamara saw the servant depart with a quiet countenance; but the moment he was gone, an evil expression broke into his eyes, and a smile crept across his lips.

"So he would make fresh popularity for himself out of this. Well, he shall. This illness, which is half feigned, shall make him immortal."

The servant came back, and motioned the dwarf to follow him. They mounted a broad stair-case, up which heavy balustrades of carved oak wound to the roof, and, opening a door at the first landing, led the way through an ante-room, in which several persons were waiting, into a state-chamber, hung with crimson silk, with a thick Persian carpet on the center of a polished oak floor. On this carpet a great, high-pested bedstead stood, curtained with red, like the windows, on which Mirabeau

lay, as it were, bathed in the twilight of a warm sunset.

A pile of snow-white pillows were under the sick man's head, lifting him to a half-sitting posture. The linen that covered his bosom fell apart at the neck, leaving his throat free, and lending a picturesque effect to his chest and shoulders.

Some loose papers lay upon the counterpane near his hand, as if he had been reading, and just laid them down.

"What, is it you, manikin?" said the sick man, with a good-natured smile. "I thought wise people had done trusting you long ago. What is it—about the person who sent you? There must be some mistake, I think. Come close to the bed, and speak low."

The dwarf came up smiling, and with a strange glimmer in his eyes.

"The queen, through the young person you know of, sent for me this morning, gave me this ring from her own finger, bade me bring it to you, and say that, for her sake, she insisted you would wear it, and for the sake of France you must hasten to be well."

"Are these her very words?" demanded Mirabeau.

"Her very words," answered the dwarf, enjoying malicious pleasure in the sick man's excitement.

"And nothing more?"

"She said you would recognize the ring!"

"Give it me! Give it me!"

That dusky hand trembled a little as it reached forth the ring. Mirabeau took it eagerly and examined the design.

"Yes, my lips touched it once. I recognize it," he said, with the exaltation of a man whose brain is already surcharged.

"The design was emblematical, she said. A serpent, strong and wise, enfolding this emblem of royalty, the green beetle, was buried with some monarch thousands of years ago," said the dwarf.

Mirabeau laid the ring on the bed and closed his eyes. The excitement had been too much for him.

Zamara drew back and waited. Until that ring was upon Mirabeau's hand his errand was but half done.

After an interval of some minutes, Mirabeau turned a little on the pillows and opened his eyes.

"Ah, I remember!" he said. "You brought me a ring, and were telling me something about it. I am a little weary now, but in time her words will all come back to me, like old wine,

and give me strength. Tell her this, and say that I only crave life that it may be devoted to her and hers. Ha! I have been wandering—this is no message to send. You have but to give her highness my thanks—understand that, Mirabeau's thanks, and nothing more."

"Her majesty bade me bring her word that I had seen the ring on your finger, Count Mirabeau. Shall I say that you were too weak and had no strength to put it on?"

"What, I so far gone that I cannot thrust a ring on my finger. Where is the serpent? Oh, here!"

Even the little finger of that large, white hand was too full for the ring, and he forced it over the joint with violence. The keen eyes of the dwarf were upon him. He saw the head crest itself, a single flash of the ruby tongue, and then the ring was twisted to its place: but just above the joint was a scarcely perceptible speck of blue.

"It is small and pains me a little," said Mirabeau; "take it off! To-morrow I will try it on the other hand. "Take it off, I say!"

The dwarf took the hand in his, grasped the beetle by its sides, and drew away the ring with a slow, cautious movement. His hand did not tremble, but the locked firmness of his features betrayed the force he put upon his nerves.

"Lay it in that casket on the console," said the sick man, faintly, "and call my doctor from the next room."

As he spoke, the sick man's head fell back upon the pillow, his arms settled down, all feeling fled from his limbs, and his breathing became heavy and quick, as if the heart were struggling in mortal agony. A cry of real terror broke from the dwarf. Half a dozen persons, who waited in the ante-room, rushed into the chamber, but it was only to see a dead man lying under those crimson shadows.

The woorara leaves no signs, Zamara knew that, and remained quiet, while the physician stood horror-stricken over all that remained of his patient. When the tumult subsided a little, he stole out with the ring grasped cautiously in his hand.

"How did you find him?" questioned a woman, standing by the door, in a low voice, as the dwarf went out. "How is Mirabeau? The man told me you had been admitted. Is he better? Will he live?"

The woman's face was pale and locked; her voice shook with fear as she asked these questions. A flash of dusky red shot athwart the Indian's face, her anguish was sweet to his

ear. He opened his hand and displayed the ring.

"He sent you this, and bade you wear it for his sake. Mirabeau is dead!"

That wretched woman snatched at the ring, thrust it on her finger, and covered it with passionate kisses, as she cried out in wild anguish,

"Mirabeau is dead! Mirabeau is dead!"

He waited to see her fall; but the poison had exhausted itself on one life, or she had failed to touch the spring.

"Fool that I was," he muttered, gliding out of the crowd, while the sad cry rose from lip to lip,

"Mirabeau is dead!"

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mirabeau died, constitutional monarchy in France lost its strongest support. Slowly, but with steady persistence, Robespierre assumed the place which he could only fill with the iron pertinacity of a fixed purpose. From the hour that his voice became potent in the National Assembly, commenced the fearful rush with which the nation hurled itself into anarchy, assassination, atheism, and such other fearful crimes as history shrinks from recording. Then legislation itself became anarchy, constitutions were made, rent to atoms, trampled under foot, and made over again in solemn mockery, while the nation plunged on, dragging the king from his palace to a prison, and from thence to the scaffold, sweeping the prisons of human life, and deluging the streets with blood, till it plunged, like a wild beast, maddened with the blood of its own kind, into the Reign of Terror, of which Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, were the high priests.

Fearful was the work which three years had done. The king and half his court had been swept into untimely graves; the horrors of the guillotine, which thrilled the community at first, had degenerated into a popular amusement, at which the women held high carnival, and gossiped, joked, brought their knitting, and worked that no time might be lost while the axe was sharpening. If there was a moment's silence, when some ghastly head fell into the basket, it was instantly atoned for by imprecations, or coarse laughter; the headsmen had no longer power to keep their attention. He did not give them variety enough; to them murder had lost its awful fascination. The nobility had perished, or fled, and plebeian

executions had become grossly common. In their gross depravity they demanded new excitements. Robespierre, whose genius was sombre and cruel, sought to appease them with another royal head; this might sharpen the palled appetite of the crowd. The sight of a beautiful woman on the scaffold—a queen, and the daughter of an empress, awoke something of the old blood-thirsty enthusiasm. Robespierre's waning popularity kindled up again; so he offered another noble princess to the populace, the angelic Elzabeth. These two beautiful women went to the scaffold in a cart, with cords girding their white wrists, each with her beautiful hair shorn close by the hangman's scissors.

But even this was not terrible enough—the people demanded something new. The clamor found Robespierre helpless. He had talked wildly of liberty till there was nothing more to be said. His ingenuity had exhausted itself in giving new horrors to death: and all he could offer was a repetition of the old atrocities, which had ceased even to interest the crowd. Always frugal and austere in his habits, this man had no small vices, and looked with scorn upon those who had. In his weird patriotism the man was sincere, but the people began to look upon his austerity as a rebuke.

Now, sweeping across his bloody path, came the Herbertists, so fearfully depraved, that the Jacobins shrunk away from them, appalled by the mingled blasphemy and jest with which they excited the people to new excesses. These men laid their ensanguined hands upon the very altar of God, upheaving it from their midst; and gave a zest to crime by adding sacrilege to murder. Under this party the cross fell from the summits of the churches, crucifixes and chalices were melted into coin. Relics, hitherto held sacred, were trampled under foot in contempt, burnt, destroyed, and despised. Church bells no longer called the people to worship, but fed the musketry of the soldiers, and the cannon turned against the enemies of France. Holy crosses were taken down from the cemeteries, and statues of sleep, in the form of voluptuous women, rested in their place. Elegance, and even decency, were banished. Guillotines became an object of fashion and of jest; children played with them as toys, women wore them in their ears and on their bosoms. Atheism, coarseness, and immorality, were liberty and equality. This reign of reason was even more revolting than the reign of terror. It turned religion and death itself into a burlesque. The church of Notre Dame

was now called The Temple of Reason, and stripped of its sacred character. On its holy altar was enthroned the Goddess of Reason, a living, shameless woman, clad in the scant robes of ancient Greece, with the red cap on her head. From the very altar of Christ this living goddess was carried by four men into the Assembly, surrounded by a band of white-robed dancing girls, crowned with roses; and, seated by the president, Louison Brisot received the homage of a goddess. Bishops, vicars, and cures, laid crosses and rings at her feet, and, with the red cap on their heads, joined in a hymn chanted to the honor of the new divinity.

During this ceremony a few stood aloof, filled with abhorrence and contempt. Among these were Robespierre, and the youthful St. Just, men whose very faults lifted them infinitely above any participation in a scene so degrading. They could be cruel; but with one, at least, it was under the honest conviction that by cruelty alone the country could be saved. To these men, relentless in their patriotism, but pure in their lives, sacrilege and blasphemy had no charm. They turned from it with a firm resolution of redeeming the nation from the utter degradation that had fallen upon it.

The hour of contest came, and the worshipers of reason triumphed. Louison Brisot, the embodiment of a sacrilegious idea, found herself more powerful than Robespierre. Herbert was her slave. She had but to lift her hand to set the guillotine at work—a glance of her eye was enough to select the victim. Among the first was Madame Du Barry, whose cries of distress reached her room as the tumbrel bore her to the place of execution. The poor woman had concealed herself; but one day Zamara was seen to whisper to the Goddess of Reason in the gallery of the Assembly. The next day came those cries of distress from the street, where a woman was going to execution, among the laughter and jeers of the people.

In vain Robespierre and his party stemmed the tide of atheism, which the nation received with avidity. In vain he had brought the queen to the scaffold; the gloom of his reign had been complete—not even a royal execution could interest them now. In vain he got up a counter-festival, dedicated to the Supreme Being. The grounds of the Tuileries were crowded to hear his oration, the symphony and the ode; but none of these things were new to the people of France, and they turned with greater zest to the orgies, the songs, and

dancing handmaidens, which gave eclat and novelty to the Goddess of Reason.

At last came a fearful struggle, where the two parties fought like gladiators, hand to hand, each for its life, and Robespierre fell. That night he was put under arrest, the next day the man so feared, so hated, lay wounded and helpless in the hands of his enemies, almost dead, and yet condemned to die.

With him were twenty-two others who had been identified with his cruel policy, and had partaken of his power, all arraigned before the tribunal, and certain of their doom.

Among these was a man scarcely yet beyond his first youth, whom even his enemies looked upon almost with compassion, for the strange, sad beauty of his face, the calm dignity of his manner, impressed even those murderous men with a wish to save him. They knew that intense love of country, a sublime thirst for liberty as it can never exist on this earth, had possessed this man, till he deemed no act too cruel, no sacrifice too great for the freedom of his fellow-men. But they knew also that the death he had been so ready to inflict he was prepared to endure. Those features, perfect as the inspirations of Grecian sculpture, scarcely changed from their grave, almost feminine expression, when sentence of death was passed upon him. His large, gray eyes gazed calmly out from the shadow of their long lashes, and around the perfect mouth came an expression of firm endurance; but with all this, it seemed impossible to believe that a man of such gentle presence would die with more courage than Danton or Robespierre was capable of feeling. When asked if he had anything to say, a faint smile quivered around the young man's mouth, and he answered,

"Nothing! Why should he protest against an inevitable fate, or check the swift vengeance of his enemies? They were about to give him that for which he had striven so long in vain—true liberty!"

With these words St. Just retired among those already condemned, and waited patiently for his doom. But all at once his firmness was sorely shaken; for a fair, young woman entered the tribunal, pale as death, and searching the faces around her with looks of wild, pathetic entreaty. The condemned prisoners stood in a group in one corner of the room. She saw St. Just among them, and uttering a faint cry, made her way toward him; but the young man put out both hands to warn her away, and turned his face aside, that no one might see the anguish that convulsed it.

Adela stood still in the midst of her husband's enemies, struck dumb in the cries of her anguish by this denial of her.

"What is this? Who is the woman who dares to intrude on our deliberations," cried the president, rising fiercely from his seat.

Adela opened her white lips to speak. The words, "I am his wife," trembled upon them unuttered; for a voice she had never disobeyed reached her in a firm, low undertone,

"Keep silence! I am condemned!"

She was silent, and stood there in the midst of the tribunal, white and cold as a statue.

All at once there was a commotion in the gallery, where a female, in a light, Grecian dress, with the blood-red cap of liberty on her head, started up, and leaning over, that all the tribunal might see her, called out,

"*Citoyen!* Behold the messenger who carried letters from the arch traitor, Mirabeau, to the widow Capet. I charge her with it. She is a Royalist, an enemy to the nation!"

The speaker was Louison Briquet, the Goddess of Reason, and exhibited herself every day at the tribunal, or in the convention.

"If you ask proof, it is here. Patriot Zamara has already given one base aristocrat to this tribunal. It was he who pointed out the hiding-place of Du Barry. Now, his evidence will confound another. Let her go among the condemned. You have no woman in the batch to-day, which is an insult to the sex. Let her die with the rest."

Adela's wild, white face was uplifted to the woman while she was hurling those cruel words at the tribunal. All at once she comprehended that her husband was condemned to die, that her terrible enemy was demanding that she should go with him to the scaffold. A bright illumination swept over her face, the power of speech came back to her lips. She took a step or two forward, drawing nearer the tribunal.

"It is true," she said. "I did carry letters from Count Mirabeau to the queen. They both trusted me, and I was faithful. It needs no witnesses—I confess it."

"She confesses! She confesses! Put her with the condemned!"

Adela walked firmly across the room, and placed herself by the side of St. Just, who turned his eyes upon her in mournful reproach, but did not speak. Perhaps there was some gleam of comfort in the idea that she would go with him into eternity.

Condemnation and death followed each other closely in those days. Less than twenty-four hours after the Jacobins were sent from the

revolutionary tribunal, they were crowded into carts, surrounded by a triple guard, and dragged through multitudes that lined the streets from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. In this crowded tumbrel Robespierre was the most conspicuous and the most hated. Shouts and curses were hurled upon him by men, women, and even little children. Under this storm of detestation for one man the others passed on almost unnoticed.

In that crowded cart was one woman, seated next to St. Just. She leaned upon him for the support which his shackled hands had no power to give, and, with her soft eyes lifted to his, encouraged him with faint, wan smiles, inexpressibly pathetic.

"We shall be together, my beloved. It is only a minute, and you will claim me again," she whispered, as the roar of the multitude passed over them unheeded.

He strained at the cords that bound him with a wild desire to clasp her to his heart, and fight for her young life.

"Be patient," she said, grieved by the smothered fire in his eyes. "Is it for me you rebel? Ah! if you only knew how much worse life would be without you, this little minute of pain would be nothing."

"Oh, my God! I was prepared for everything but this, my poor lamb! That I should, myself, bring you to the slaughter!"

"But for that I should have been a coward. Ah! the cart stops! Let me go first. I can bear anything but the—the widowhood of a moment."

"Yes, my beloved, you shall go first. I will follow you, and find an angel waiting. Hush! No more! Your words unman me!"

"Hark! What is that?" she whispered, shuddering.

"Do not look up; lean closer to me."

His words were drowned by a fierce howl of mingled delight and execration, that went thundering from the Place de la Revolution down the streets of Paris. The head of Robespierre had fallen.

A fair, young creature, robed in white, came next upon the scaffold, and disappeared amid the dead silence of the multitude. Those who looked upon St. Just, after she was lifted from the cart, saw that his head drooped low upon his breast, and that a shiver of terrible anguish shook his frame: then a sublime courage took possession of him, he mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and died with unswerving faith in the opinions that had brought him there.

THE END.

"GOD WILL PROVIDE."

BY KATHARINE STANLEY.

"Don't cry, Nellie," said a piping little voice. "You know what mamma told us the night she died. 'God will provide,' she said. I ain't a bit hungry: indeed, indeed I ain't."

It was Saturday night—a wild, bitter winter night. The wind rattled at the loose casement, and roared down the fireless chimney. The two orphans had eaten nothing all day, and there was not a cent in the house. From earliest dawn, the eldest had been sewing at a bit of piece-work for a clothing-store, in hopes to complete it before night; but now, when dusk had come, and the task was still unfinished, her brave heart had given way, and letting the waistcoat fall into her lap, she had burst into despairing tears.

Nellie Thorndike and her little, six-year-old sister, Anne, were the children of a clergyman, who had worn himself out in the service of his Master, in an obscure country district. His wife had soon followed him to the grave, broken-hearted, leaving their orphan offspring alone and friendless, in the great city to which she had come, in hopes to earn a living by giving lessons in music. For awhile Nellie had fought bravely to keep the wolf from the door. But as her needle was her only resource, the battle had gone steadily against her. First, one comfort had to be given up, and then another; no fire had been kept, though winter had come; very often the sisters had gone supperless to bed. To-day they had eaten nothing. The last crust, the last penny were gone. No wonder Nellie had broken down! Even at seventeen, when hope is still high, there can be such a thing as despair.

But she rallied at her little sister's words. Hastily brushing the tears from her eyes, she took the child in her arms, and kissed her vehemently.

"I know! I know!" she said. "I have been weak and wicked. Yes, darling! God will provide."

"And don't you remember," said Annie, nestling to her sister's heart, "that verse in the Bible, about never seeing the righteous forsaken, or their seed begging bread? Mother used to give it to me to learn by heart."

She was interrupted by a loud, imperative knocking at the door.

"Hark! What was that?" she cried, in a frightened whisper.

Nellie started to her feet, but still held the child. She was pale, and trembled, and had a wild look, as of one hunted to death.

"It is the landlady," she said. "I promised to pay the rent to-night: and I had forgot. But I haven't a penny. What shall we do? She will turn us out into the streets."

"Oh! not to-night, not to-night!" cried Anne, convulsively clutching her sister. "Just listen to the storm."

The danger roused Nellie, as danger always rouses the brave. Her eyes kindled. Her frail form seemed to grow taller.

"She won't dare to do it. She cannot be so cruel," she said. Yet she hardly believed her own words. "But I must go and open the door."

She put Anne down as she spoke. The child followed, clinging to her skirts.

The knocking, by this time, had become almost furious. Nellie unbolted the door, and stood there, with a fast-beating heart, but outwardly calm. Brave, noble girl!

It was, as she had expected, the landlady. But, to her surprise, no angry countenance met Nellie's gaze. The new comer was in a flurry of apparently pleasurable excitement.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, raising her hands, as if in admiration, "such a carriage as is at the door—with a footman as well, Miss." She spoke in short, gasping sentences, evidently out of breath with her haste. "They are asking for you, Miss. Miss Nellie Thorndike and her sister! There's such a grand old lady in the carriage. With such beautiful white hair. Such a dress!" And the hands went up again. "They're coming up stairs themselves to see you. I've just run ahead——"

At this point, the landlady's exclamations were cut short by a tall footman, who unceremoniously pushed her aside, making way for the most wonderful vision, in the shape of an old lady, that Nellie had ever conceived of, much less beheld. So stately and grand, and yet so sweet-looking withal, and dressed so magnificently! If she had been a fairy god-mother she could not have overpowered poor Nellie more!

"It is! It is!" cried this apparition, as soon as she saw Nellie. "You have my dear brother's eyes, and your mother's sweet mouth. Oh! my darlings! that you should have come to this!"

As she spoke, she looked around the bare, wintry room, and then clasping the orphans in her arms, sobbed aloud.

"I am your aunt, my dears," she resumed, directly. "Your father's only sister. Have you never heard him talk of sister Anne? One of you is named after me. It is you, is it, you darling?" and she kissed first Anne, and then Nellie, holding them, by turns, at arm's length, and passionately regarding them. "A widow, a childless widow now, living these many years away off in China, till I lost my dear husband,

when I came home to find all trace of you gone. We have searched everywhere for you. But it was not till to-day that I came on your track. Thank God!—I have found you at last! You must come and live with me, to take the place of those I have lost. The carriage is at the door. What a happy, happy day!"

That night, as Anne nestled to her sister's arms, after the orphans had gone to bed, in the grand mansion to which their aunt carried them, she whispered, "Wasn't I right, Nellie, dear? Didn't mother tell the truth? Yes! God will provide."

And Nellie murmured, amid happy, thankful tears, clasping Anne closer to her heart, "Yes, darling, GOD WILL PROVIDE."

A MEMORY.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Oh! little feet, whose patter sweet
Grew hushed one bleak December;
Oh! little hands, and shining bands
Of sunlight caught from Eden lands—
Ours ever to remember!
Oh! winsome face, that added grace
To its bright, golden framing,
Within the door, ah! nevermore,
The sun shall glint her tresses o'er—
She's past our heart's reclaiming.

One Wintry day, our little May
Closed her blue eyes in slumber,
When scarce six years of smiles and tears—
To us so fraught with hopes and fears—
Her tender life did number;
And ne'er again to joy or pain
Our darling doth awaken;
The fairest of all earthly flowers,
The little opening bud of ours,
The loving sod hath taken.

No hand shall guide her to my side
Till I walk through Death's portal;
But she will be a star to me,
To guide me o'er life's treacherous sea
To where joy is immortal.
This hope is near to bless and cheer,
When sorrow doth oppress me;
It gives new zest unto my breast,
And such a peaceful sense of rest—
God's love doth surely bless me.

Oh, joyful day! when baby May,
Grown woodrose fair and saintly,
Shall clasp my hand in Eden land,
Beside my own her feet shall stand.
Ah, me! it is but faintly
My pen can speak—its touch is weak
To paint the radiant vision;
God loves me so, soon I shall go
From out this dreary world of woe,
To her in lands Elysian.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY RICHARD BRINLEY.

Cool and dark the shadows glimmered
In the gloomy, grim old wood,
Where with careless, lingering footsteps,
Wandered fair Red Riding-Hood.

Dark the shadows grew and dimmer,
While the gray wolf by her side
Promised—low and treacherous pleading—
That no harm should her betide.

Beat her pulses swift and strangely,
Fluttered fast her trusting heart;
Yet she told him all her errand
Ere at last they turned to part.

Well we know the tragic ending
Of the simple, and old tale;
How, for once, in fairy stories
Evil projects did not fail.

Not all wolves are dead and buried,
Nor all maidens wiser grown;
Many hearts still flutter strangely
At a specious pleading tone.

Therefore, linger not to listen
When your path by wolves is crost;
Be you deaf unto the pleading—
She who hesitates is lost.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our first engraving shows two costumes exactly of the same make, but of different material, seen one at the back, and one at the front. The first has the round skirt, waist, and sleeves, made of light gray mohair or cashmere, only the front gored, the rest of the skirt plain, and not more than three yards and a half in width; this is trimmed with a Scotch plaid poplin or serge above the hem, to which is added a twisted worsted, or knotted fringe. The bodice, with square basque, slit open behind, is trimmed with a narrower plaid border; the same trimming simulates a low, square-cut bodice, with

the fringe to match. The coat-sleeves have bands without fringe. The mantle is quite original. It is a sort of double scarf, forming points behind, falling very low at the back, and is fastened on one side to the left shoulder, on the other to the right hip, with bows and long streaming ends. This is made entirely of the Scotch plaid, trimmed with fringe to match: five yards of the gray cashmere, or six of mohair will be required. The cashmere can be bought from eighty-seven and a half cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard: very good at one dollar, or one dollar and ten

cents per yard. Of the plaid, about five yards of double fold, or eight yards of single width:



can be had at any price from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents the yard. The second



costume, same model, is of light-brown cashmere, with mantle and trimmings of two shades darker brown cashmere. This model has drop

buttons, but as they are very expensive, the worsted fringe is cheaper and better.

We give this month, first, a comfortable morning-dress for the winter, which for every-day wear may be readily remodeled from an old ungored merino. The first engraving gives the front view, and the skirt is straight and full without gores, laid in deep plaits, which are fastened (all the length from the waist to the bottom) upon a lining of muslin. The waist is cut like a basque in front with one



dart, and the skirt of the basque is plaited into the waist, as seen in the second engraving. A coat-sleeve, with a deep plaited ruffle, completes the dress. It may be finished at the throat with a collar turned back, as seen in No. 1, or be entirely closed. For winter the latter is preferable. This dress, made of plaid sack flannel, at seventy-five cents per yard, would be both warm and pretty: about twelve yards would be required. It would also look

well in black alpaca, such as can be bought for fifty cents the yard.

For those who wear dark calico dresses about household duties, we give a very pretty and simple design. It is cut all together from the neck down, as much as possible like a sack night-dress, only a little fuller in the skirt. A six-inch ruffle, slightly full, put on the bottom of the skirt, headed by three rows of alpaca braid, or narrow strips of calico stitched on. Add the braid or calico strips around the armholes at the wrists, and arrange them perpendicularly around the throat, as seen in the figure. The dress is to be belted in at the waist, and the bow and ends may be added at pleasure. To make the dress warmer for winter, we suggest lining it all through with a cheaper calico, or colored Silesia.

Next is a winter toilet for a little girl from seven to ten years old. Plaid or plain serges are to be very much used this coming winter for children and Misses. The plaid ones are



very gay, and make charming toilets for children, and can be bought from fifty cents up to two dollars per yard: quite a good quality at seventy-five cents a yard. Also changeable green and blues. A new green, called "Scarabee," is very stylish. Our design is of this latter color, and simply made with two skirts, only gored in front, and the upper-skirt almost as long as the under one: one row of black velvet ribbon. Waist plain, with coat-sleeves. Over this is worn a short cape, with a hood.

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The cape crosses in front, and the long tabs tie behind, being drawn through the middle of the cape, which is left open from the bottom of the hood to the bottom of the cape, being trimmed down the middle. At the bottom it is fastened with a button and button-hole; striped or plaid woolen stockings are to be worn with this dress, and it will be found to be very warm and comfortable for winter wear.

We give, now, an out-of-door frock for a boy from two to four years old. It may be made of merino, plaid cloth, serge, or poplin, for

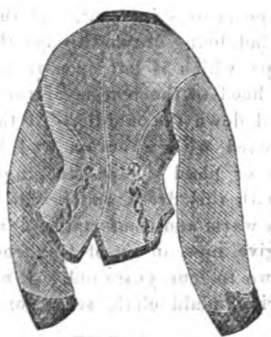


any of these materials are suitable for a boy of that age. Large black and white plaid flannel, or serge, makes a very stylish suit, trimmed with black velvet, silk, or cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain, full, and box-plaited on at the waist, which is also plain, but double-breasted. A leather belt and buckle at the waist is more stylish than one of the material. Trim the frock after the design, either with the velvet, ribbon, alpaca braid, or bands of black cloth, which bands may be pinked out or stitched on with the machine with white silk. The latter trimming would be both pretty and very inexpensive.

We conclude with a loose jacket for ladies,



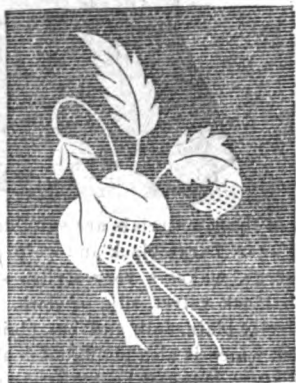
giving both a front and back view. No out-of-door garment is more useful at this season



than a warm jacket, which may be made of cloth, velveteen, velvet, or of the material of which the walking-suit is made. Of cloth, the two lengths and enough for the sleeves is all the material required, with some pieces of black velvet for the rolling-collar, cuffs, and pockets. Most ladies have such pieces of velvet, which can thus be brought into use. If the velvet is creased or marked, by steaming it over a hot iron all the marks will disappear. Any basque pattern will do to cut out this jacket by, only observing to allow the fronts at least three inches wider, as it is double-breasted.

SPRAYS IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

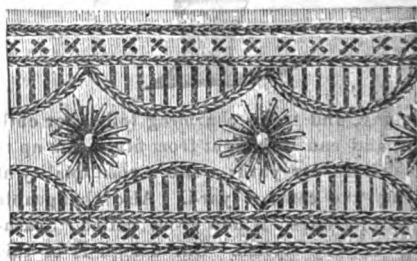
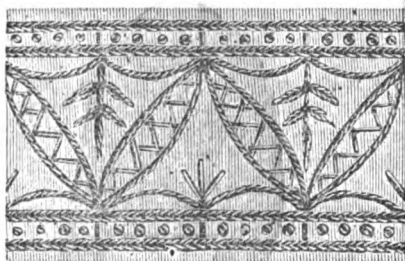


THESE Sprays are worked in point de poste and satin stitch. They are either appliqued upon ribbon for cravat-ends, or worked upon muslin for the same purpose. As many sprays

are worked as are found required to cover about three inches of the cravat-ends. If the sprays are placed upon ribbon, the ends of the ribbon must be fringed out.

BORDERS EMBROIDERED IN POINT RUSSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

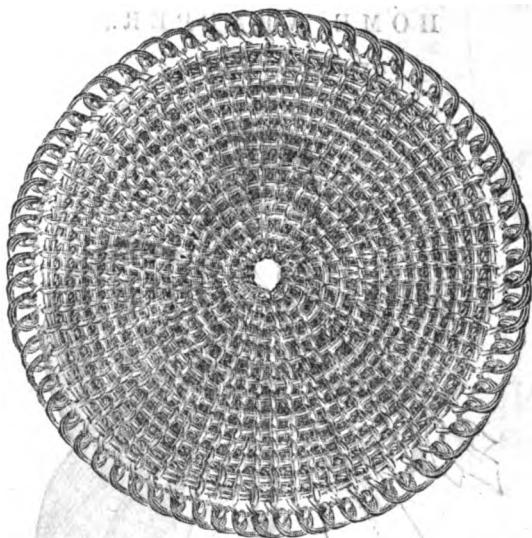


THESE Borders are suitable for ornamenting bodices, jackets, capes, children's clothes, aprons, etc. They are worked on white or colored cashmere, or any other woollen material, with purse-silk and moss wool of the same

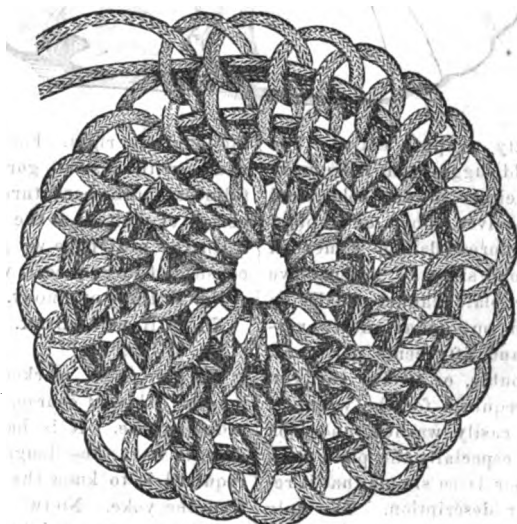
or any other contrasting color, partly in point Russe, partly in knotted stitch. They can also be worked on pique or cambric; the embroidery is then worked with black silk or red cotton.

MAT FOR GLASSES, ETC., IN KNOTTED WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Mat, which is smaller than full size in No. 1, is worked with white cotton cord in the manner seen in No. 2. Take a piece of cord one yard and twenty-four inches long, make a loop in the middle part of it. Work with one end of the cord twelve button-hole stitch loops into the middle loop, draw the loop tight together, leaving it of the size seen in No. 2. Then continue to work one button-hole stitch loop into every loop of the preceding round, working at the same time over the second end of the cord; work in this round four times at



regular intervals two button-hole stitch loops into one loop of the preceding round. These increasings are repeated in the following rounds, which are worked like the second round. When the piece of cord is used, sew on a new piece as neat as possible. When the mat is sufficiently large, work with the same piece of cord a round of scallops from illustration No. 1. Similar mats can be worked with thicker cord, or with twine for hearth-rugs.

HOME WRAPPER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give this pretty wrapper entire. For winter wear, we would suggest that it be made of colored flannel: either of one color, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon, or of plaid flannel. The one-colored flannel comes in single width, at from sixty to seventy-five cents per yard: the plaid flannel usually in double width, at from one dollar and twenty-five to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. Six yards of the double, or twelve yards of the single will be required for the wrapper. These flannels are easily washed, and look well until worn out, especially the plaid ones.

This Home Wrapper is so simple that it requires no particular description. The only essential thing is that the yoke should fit, and

the length be right. For the fronts, one single width, with a small gore, will make enough fullness; for the back, three full widths, slightly gored (or plaited) at the side-seams.

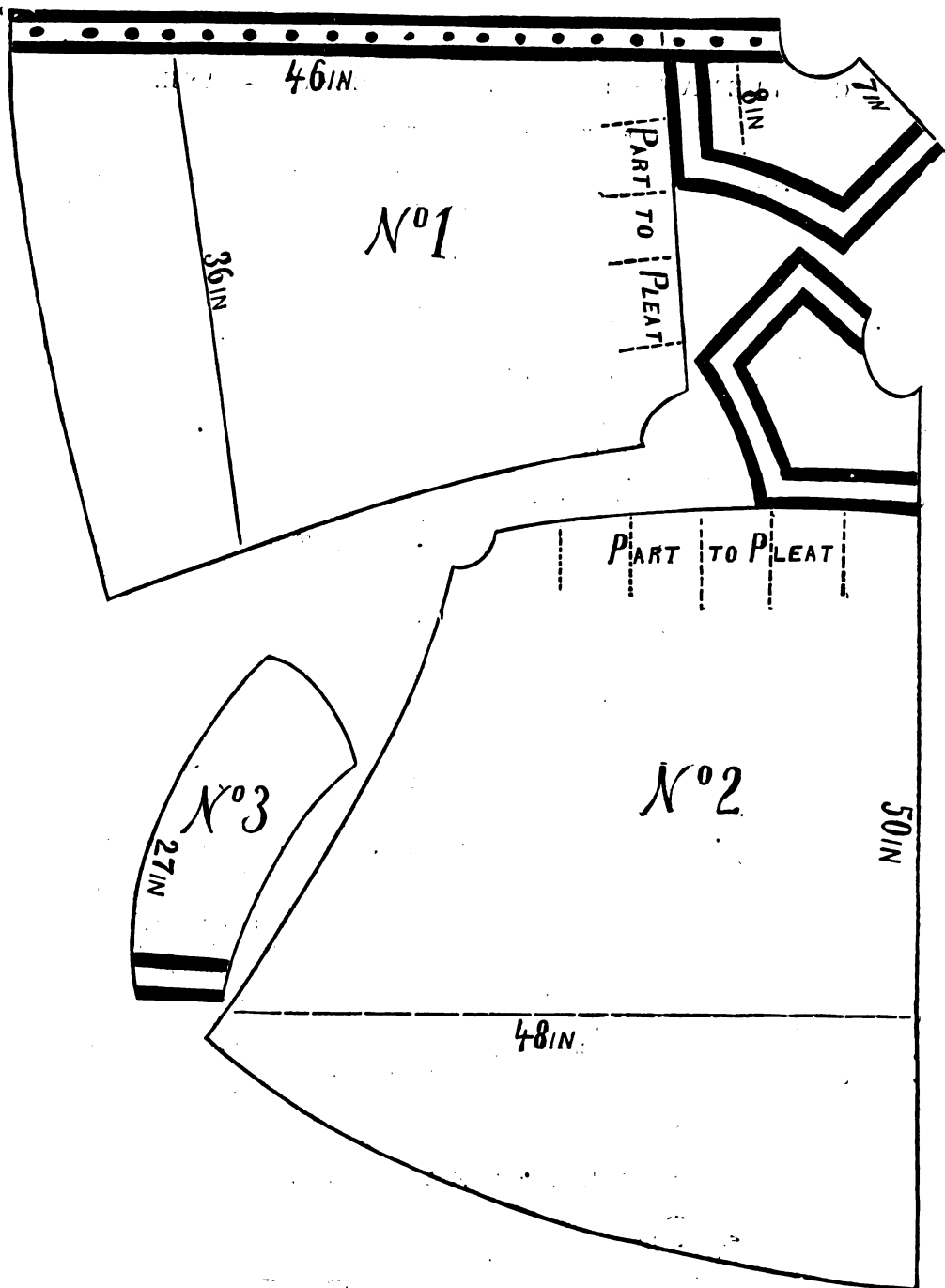
On the next page we give the diagram. It consists of three pieces, viz:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

We give, also, marked on each piece, the length. This, of course, is for a woman of the ordinary size. It is hardly necessary, however, to have these lengths. All that is really required is to know the length of the person from the yoke. No two women, indeed, are of exactly the same height. We need only add,



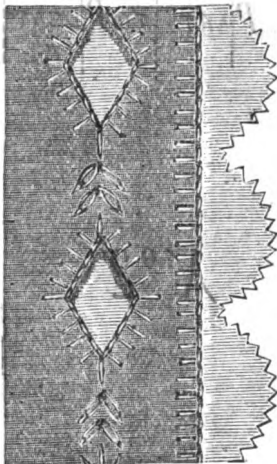
that, before cutting into your stuff, you had better make your patterns, by enlarging these diagrams, using old newspapers, or any other paper that can be put to no other purpose. Fit these patterns carefully on the person, and when they are exactly right, then cut your stuff by the pattern. In this way you will avoid all mistakes.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

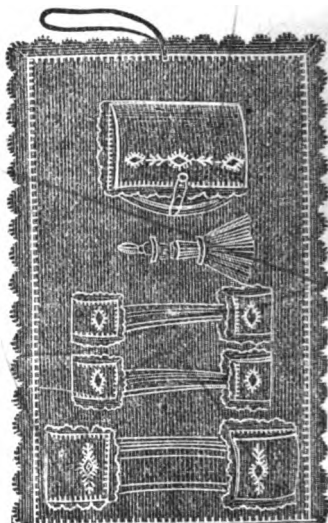


This Dressing-Case will be found very useful for travelers. It consists of a piece of gray cloth, taken double, ten inches long, eight inches and four-fifths wide. In the upper part of the case make regular openings from No. 3; then fasten a strip of red cloth one inch and



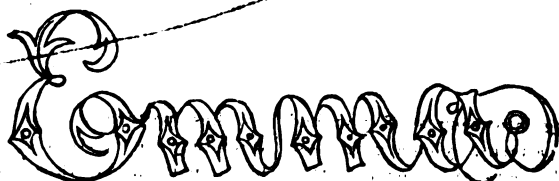
three-fifths wide, which is pinked out and scalloped on one side underneath the edge of the cloth, in such a manner that the scalloped side of the cloth comes about two-fifths of an inch

beyond. The latter is ornamented from No. 2 with point Russe stitches of red purse-silk, and at the openings with button-hole stitches of similar silk, which fasten at the same time the strip of cloth. On the other part of the case fasten from No. 3 different pockets of cloth,



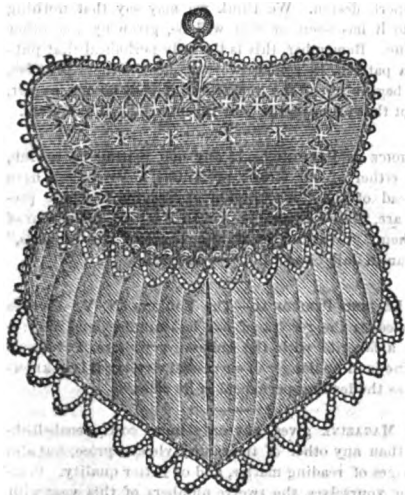
which are likewise ornamented with strips of red cloth and point Russe embroidery. Some of these pockets are fastened down on three sides and plaited double; others are plain, and only sewn down on one side; they are, moreover, fastened at the upper edge by a piece of elastic, sewn to the case, as can be seen in illustration. Both parts of the case are joined together at the edges; the case is fastened by a loop of elastic.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY WATCH-POCKET OF BLUE SILK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Watch-Pocket is made of blue silk, plaited for the front part, and ornamented at the back with point Russe embroidery of black and white silk.

Cut two pieces of cardboard, cover each part with white gauze; then the front part with a cross-piece of blue silk, plaited in the manner seen in illustration; bind it with blue silk braid, and line it on the wrong side with calico.

The back part of the pocket is covered with silk, which has been ornamented beforehand with point Russe embroidery, and line it on the wrong side with calico. Then sew on the bead trimming from illustration, and fasten a brass ring, covered with blue silk, by means of which the pocket is hung on the bed. Another hook fastened from illustration is for the watch.

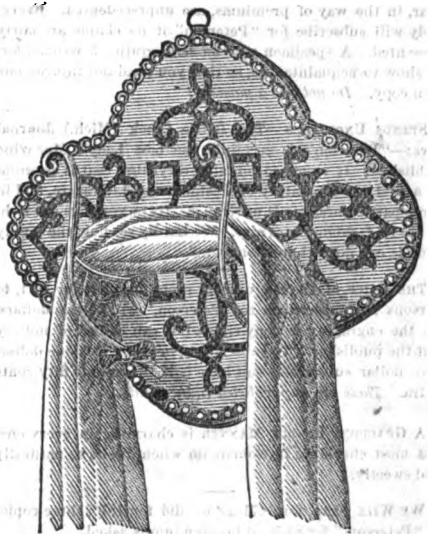
TOWEL-RACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS Towel-Rack is made of cloth of two shades of brown.

To make the rack, cut first two pieces of cardboard, then two pieces of light-brown cloth. One of these parts is ornamented with the dark-brown shade by cutting out the pattern with a sharp knife, and pasting it on the light cloth. Then paste the cloth on one of the two pieces of cardboard, and fasten two pieces of bamboo, which form the stand. Each branch consists of a large and small piece of bamboo, tacked together, and tacked on to the cardboard. Then paste the second piece of cardboard on to the stand, covering it on the wrong side with light-brown cloth. The stand is bound all round with brown ribbon one inch wide. The binding is fastened with large black beads.

Lastly, sew on some bows of ribbon, and a brass ring, by means of which the rack is hung on the wall.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" for 1871.—We call attention to the Prospectus to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" gives more, for the money, than any other lady's book, and is, therefore, the Magazine, above all others, for the times. Other periodicals, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted, by all, conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. Our fashions, by special arrangement, come to us, in advance of all other magazines. Others of the lady's books continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful. We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress with taste, yet economically, is what ladies learn from "Peterson." Our monthly articles, "Every-Day Dresses," etc., are invaluable in this respect. No other magazine gives these articles.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1871, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been conceded to be, for years, superior to those to be found in other lady's magazines. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. We pay more for literary matter than all the rest of the lady's magazines together. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a specialty of "Peterson." No other magazine gives these, in every number, as we do. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, crochet, knitting, etc., etc., are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "Peterson," and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table.

Now is the time to get up clubs. The inducements for next year, in the way of premiums, are unprecedented. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. Do not lose a moment!

STANDS UNRIVALED.—The Battle Creek (Mich.) Journal says:—"Peterson's is certainly the best Lady's Magazine published. It seems to contain everything that is essential to a first class monthly of Fashion and Literature, and in these particulars stands unrivalled. Its engravings are rich, as are its fashion-plates also. We hardly see how the family fireplace can do without Peterson."

THE PRICE of the magnificent premium plate for 1871, to persons not subscribers to "Peterson," will be two dollars. As the engraving is copy-righted, it can be had of nobody but the publisher. To subscribers, in clubs, it is one dollar. Two dollar subscribers can have it if they remit fifty cents extra. These are unparalleled inducements.

A GRACIOUS, KINDLY MANNER is charming in every one, but most charming in woman, on whom it sits so naturally and sweetly.

WE WILL SEND, for 1871, as we did for 1870, three copies of "Peterson," for \$4.50, if no premium is asked.

THE SPLENDID COLORED PATTERN, in this number, is a very rich and beautiful design for a Chair-Seat, Ottoman-Seat, etc., etc. It is worked in zephyrs on canvas. The fine, cross-lines represent threads of the canvas: and by following the pattern, and observing these, any lady can work this superb design. We think we may say that nothing equal to it has been, or ever will be, given by any other magazine. Remember, this is the only periodical that publishes a pattern, in colors, every month. Others promise, at the beginning of the year, to do it; but no one, as yet, has kept that promise, the year through, except ourselves.

A CHOICE OF PREMIUMS.—If any one, getting up a club, prefers either of our former premiums, he or she can have it instead of the "Washington at Trenton." These premiums are, "Our Father Who Art In Heaven," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Taking Leave of His General," "Bunyan in Jail," and "Bunyan on Trial."

THE LEADING PERIODICAL.—The Yonkers (N. Y.) Gazette acknowledges the receipt of our last number, and says:—"Long a favorite with the ladies everywhere, Peterson's Magazine is in no danger of successful rivalry; it is acknowledged as the leading periodical of its class."

THIS MAGAZINE gives, not only more costly embellishments than any other of the same style and price, but also more pages of reading matter, and of better quality. Compare, for yourselves, the twelve numbers of this year with the twelve numbers of any other!

TWO PAIRS OF STRINGS are seen on most of the latest French bonnets, one pair to tie for use, the other to be loosely tied low down on the chest, or else left hanging. Velvet ribbon is much used for strings.

MORE MONEY IS SPENT on embellishments, in this Magazine, than for any other in the world. In the last twelve years we have spent a million of dollars in this way.

FLOWERS ARE being used, this winter, in conjunction with feathers, a cluster being placed at the base of two feather tips.

SUBSCRIBERS in the same club will be sent to different post-offices, if desired. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.

THE CULTIVATION OF ROSES is a subject in which every lady is interested. Next year, among other novelties, we shall give a series of articles on this subject.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson." You get here, for two dollars, what you pay three, or four dollars for, elsewhere.

THE CHEAPEST.—The Hopkinsville (Ky.) Conservative says:—"Peterson's Magazine is the cheapest fashion-book published anywhere."

ARE YOU DISCONTENTED, then think of those worse off than yourself, and thank a merciful heaven for its kindness.

THIRT BOOTS OR SHOES, worn by either sex, it is said, cause weak eyes.

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—Our premium engraving for 1871 will be something unprecedented in the magazine world. Not only has it been engraved expressly for us, but it has been engraved from an original picture, painted by the well-known artist, Edward L. Henry, for the publisher of this Magazine. The subject is "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." The point of time chosen is when the attack began. Few incidents of American history have been illustrated with so much spirit. All the accessories and details are accurate. It is the gray of the morning, the sleet is falling, the wind walls through the bare trees. The Hessians, taken by surprise, are rushing from the houses, and while some unlimber the guns, others try to make a stand with muskets. But the brave Continentals are too quick for them. They are seen, almost at a run, following close after the American artillery, while Washington points forward and gives the word of command. History tells the rest. The Hessians fired one piece, tried to form, broke, ran—and the victory was won. Every family, in the United States, ought to have this engraving. *A copy can be secured gratis by getting up a club for "Peterson."* You need not hesitate to assure your friends that nowhere else will they get as much for their money. Everybody should take "Peterson," no matter what other magazine they take.

IN REMITTING for "Peterson's Magazine," a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of Charles J. Peterson, is preferable to bank-notes, since, should the post-office order or draft be stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. When neither a post-office order nor draft can be procured, send "greenbacks," at our risk. But in this case, if possible, register your letter.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December, and will be the most splendid number ever seen. Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of the superb engravings in that number.

GIVE US CREDIT.—Every month the stories of "Peterson" are copied, more or less, by the newspapers. We do not wonder at this, nor do we object to it, provided the proper credit is given. Otherwise it is hardly fair.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Marguerite Kent. By Marion W. Wayne. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is by a new writer, who will become quite popular as an author, if she chooses seriously to pursue the literary profession. It is a love-story, written with taste and truth, a very rare combination of qualities, as our readers know. The story, too, is full of local color. Marguerite, the heroine, is skillfully drawn, and is, moreover, a character to win esteem and love. The descriptive powers of the author are unusually great. Mrs. Wayne writes excellent English, and not the slipshod stuff which, in so many cases, other lady novelists employ. We have a suspicion that the name on the title-page is an assumed one. Are we right?

Michael Rudolph. By Miss Elisa A. Dupuy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—There is a tradition that Marshal Ney's real name was Michael Rudolph, and that he fought in the American War of Independence, long before he became known to France as "the bravest of the brave." On this agreeable fiction, if it is a fiction, Miss Dupuy has founded her present novel, which, we assure the reader, is well worth perusal.

A Dangerous Guest. By the author of "Gilbert Ruggs," etc. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a very charming novel. There are few characters, in fiction, as lovely as that of the heroine of this tale.

Willson's Intermediate French Reader. By Marcus Willson. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very excellent work, intended for school and family. It teaches, in a condensed form, the principles of rhetoric, criticism, eloquence, and oratory, as applied to both prose and poetry: and the whole is adapted to elocutionary instruction. Not only the instructions, but the examples, are excellent. The volume is also handsomely illustrated.

A School History of the United States, from the Discovery of America to the Year 1870. By David B. Scott. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A concise, yet well-written history, arranged in chapters and paragraphs, and with appropriate questions for the scholar to answer. The volume is illustrated.

Mental Arithmetic. By John H. French, LL. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very excellent little work, combining, as the title-page well says, a complete system of rapid computations with correct logic of the solution of problems, and the analyses of processes.

Chris and Otto. By the author of "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Those who were interested in "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter," will be glad to see this book, not only because it is a sequel to the former, but because it has even more merit.

Springdale Stories. 6 vol., 16 mo. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A capital series for children. The titles of the stories are, "Nettie's Trial," "Adela," "Herbert," "Erie," "Eunisfellen," and "Johnstone's Farm." Each volume is prettily bound in red cloth.

Margaret. By Sylvester Judd. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A new edition of, perhaps, the most remarkable novels ever written by an American. It is one of the very few that have survived for twenty years. A very neat volume.

Light at Eventide. By the author of "Echoes from Home," etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A compilation of choice religious hymns and poems, embracing the writings of eminent Christians of all denominations. The volume is printed very elegantly.

The Hair Expectant. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap edition of one of the latest and best of the English novels. The story is very effective.

Estelle Russell. By the author of "The Private Life of Galileo." 1 vol., 8 vo. Harper & Brothers.—A novel by a new writer, that we can most heartily recommend. It has some powerful writing. A cheap edition.

Monsieur Sylvestre. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Another of the novels of this great artist. The translation is by Francis George Shaw. The type and paper of this edition are unexceptionable.

Lighthouses and Lightships. By W. H. Davenport Adams. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.—Another of that valuable series, the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." The text and engravings are both excellent.

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very neat edition, in double-column octavo, illustrated, of a very popular book. It is bound in paper covers.

The Scapegoat. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This would be a good novel, if it was not written in such a slangy style. The story is one of London fashionable life. A handsome volume.

Little Folks Astray. By Sylvia May. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A nice volume for a Christmas or New-Year's gift for a child.

Ginger-Snaps. By Fanny Fern. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A collection of short, fugitive essays, very convenient for reading in steamboat, or car.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—As many persons will see this trumber, who have never taken "Peterson," we think it may not be out of place to let them know what is thought of the Magazine. For this purpose we quote a few notices of the press. The New Paltz (N. J.) Times, for example, says:—"Peterson's Magazine is universally conceded by the Ladies to be the best fashion and literary publication in the world." The Friend of Temperance says:—"It is the best and cheapest of the lady's books. The colored fashion-plates are superb." The Corinth News says:—"It is running over with original stories and poetry, to say nothing of engravings, fashion-plates, patterns in embroidery, etc., etc. Everything, in a word, is first-rate." The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Press says:—"Long a favorite with the ladies everywhere, Peterson's is in no danger of successful rivalry; it is acknowledged as the leading periodical of its class." The Bellevue (O.) Gazette says:—"It gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other lady's book. Every lady ought to take it." The Weston (Mo.) Landmark says:—"The ladies all agree that this Magazine has no superior. It is always fresh, sparkling, and brilliant, replete with matters of interest and usefulness, and an indispensable visitor at every fireside. Its corps of contributors comprise the most talented magazine-writers in the country." We might quote hundreds of similar unbiased notices, but these, with a few we give elsewhere, are quite enough to prove that this Magazine is all that we claim it is. Try it for one year and judge for yourself.

"STEARING FROM OLD NEPTUNE."—The patent method by which Carraogen or Irish Moss is converted into Sea-Moss Fatine, is a very laborious and complicated one. The raw material is first deprived of its bitterness by repeated washings. It is then carefully picked over by hand and desiccated—in other words, deprived of all moisture—after which it is passed through a series of mills and other apparatus, by which it is cleansed from every impurity, and pulverized and concentrated, without being robbed of its refreshing ocean flavor. Having been thus manipulated and put up in convenient packages, it is ready for conversion into such Blanc Mange, Puddings, Creams, Gruels, Cream Pies, Soups, Sauces, etc., as are not producible with any other material, however expensive.

A DESERVED SUCCESS.—We believe it is now conceded that the best reed-organs made are those of Mason & Hamlin. This firm has just done a very generous deed. They have given to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, twenty of their best Cabinet Organs, for missionary uses. The value of this donation is between \$4000.00 and \$5000.00. We take particular pleasure in recording this munificent gift. Men like Mason & Hamlin deserve the success they have achieved.

TO THE LADIES.—Mrs. Annie Tyndale, of Middleburgh, Neb., says:—"It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of many others, as to the superiority of my Wheeler & Wilson Machine over all others with which I am acquainted. During the twelve years I have had it, it has traveled many thousands of miles, accomplished a great deal of sewing, from the finest linen cambric to heavy broadcloth, and has never once been out of order."

WHAT HUSBANDS AND FATHERS SHOULD DO.—The People's Press says:—"Peterson's Magazine for November is ahead of everybody this month, and is running over with original stories and poetry, to say nothing of the engravings, fashion-plates, patterns in embroidery, etc. It is full of matter interesting to the ladies, and at such a low price that every indulgent father and good husband would be guilty of gross neglect should he fail to send for it."

BOOKS FOR JUVENILES.—Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish a great number of excellent books for the young. Among them are "The Little Maid of Oxbow," by May Manning, "Charley and Eva Roberts' Home in the West," "The Boys of Grand Pre School," by the author of "The Dodge Club," and "The Pinks and the Blues," by Rosa Abbott. They also issue the second series of "The Proverb Stories," in three volumes, each volume giving a story complete. The titles of these tales are, "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed," "One Good Turn Deserves Another," and "Actions Speak Louder than Words." All of these books are illustrated.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—This is a book of *Elegant Poems*. By John W. Watson. Price \$1.25. It will be sent free of postage. The New York Times says:—"These Poems possess more than ephemeral interest. They display a lively and pleasant fancy, many of the qualities of true pathos and genuine, hearty sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humankind." TURNER & Co., Publishers, 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FREEMAN & BURR, Nos. 138 and 140 Fulton Street, New York, undertake to fill a want long felt by persons residing in the country. They make and forward clothing for gentlemen or lads, guaranteeing a fit, if their directions for measuring are followed. Their prices, too, are reasonable. If you want stylish garments, try them.

BOUQUET MAKING.

ALL BOUQUETS designed to be carried in the hand should, as far as possible, accord with the color of the dress worn by the fair owner! Regarded simply as a finish to a well-assorted toilet, a bouquet lends, in every sense of the word, a most pleasing effect. Well-intentioned persons, however, who send to a florist to provide a bouquet for presentation, without having previously ascertained the shades of the costume likely to be worn by the recipient, are unwittingly liable to commit an extremely embarrassing act of politeness. Admitting that flowers are always beautiful, their beauty is never a whit diminished by being selected with a view to harmonious blending of color; and if this principle is disregarded, much of their intrinsic charm is necessarily lost. Year by year the judicious assortment of flowers is increasingly engaging the attention of first-rate gardeners. Well-arranged flower-beds are no longer the *melange* of all sorts of colors it was formerly considered no violation of good taste to permit them to be. Under the improved system, every flower is planted in juxtapositions likely to enhance the floral effect of the whole parterre viewed at a glance, and not in detail. And this is just what it is desirable should be observed in the act of putting together flowers to be carried in the hand. Inseparable from the toilet as such additions become, they should be constructed in harmony with the whole attire.

Except, however, in the case of bridal bouquets, the above consideration is usually overlooked. It is generally understood that perfect whiteness is indispensable in all flowers used for bridal purposes, rendering jasmine, orange blossom, gardenias, white carnations, *Deutzia gracilis*, and white azaleas, amongst the flowers in most general use. The same strictness of rule is not absolutely necessary on occasions when a widow marries a second time. Although white should doubtless then predominate, in the wedding bouquet a few flowers of delicate tint may be sparingly used. Amongst exotics the orchid class of plants, those tinted with pale mauve and blush rose, are most useful for such bouquets. Again, the style of flowers composing the bouquet should have some analogy to the age of the bride. Thus a bouquet composed of nothing but the orange flower in bud is the most appropriate for a young bride in her teens, whilst full-blown flowers are equally well fitted for a wearer of more mature age.

Birthday bouquets are always welcome offerings, and are capable of conveying good wishes and symbolical meanings that could be but ill-expressed by words. The most suitable flowers for bouquets of the latter kind are those which are suggestive of Spring. Provided the season of the year admits of the idea being carried out, our native fields may be pressed into the service with good effect for similar gifts to young persons. Violets, primroses, daisies, the purple-eyed veronica, interspersed with the early buds of the monthly rose are amongst the flowers that may be most usefully employed in conjunction with others of choicer growth.

Nor must other occasions be passed over when the presentation of flowers is a tender remembrance. The house of mourning, when all else suggestive of happiness produces discord, receives hopeful light through the gifts of friends who know how to weave consoling thoughts with nature's emblems. Funeral gifts of flowers are in accordance with the best feelings of the heart, and the revival of the custom of offering flowers on these occasions is, happily, considerably on the increase. Such gifts, whether in the form of bouquets or devices, as crosses or wreaths, should be symbolical—for the young of Innocence, and for the mature of years of Hope. In the former case, all the flowers used for bridal bouquets are appropriate; in the latter an admixture of such flowers as the heart's-ease or pansy, the violet and passion-flower, are best adapted. The introduction of cypress, bay, and yew, should be reserved for outward and permanent funeral decorations. The same rule should apply to the *immortelle* flowers, so intimately associated with cemetery ornaments.

With the exception of the occasions above specified, bouquets are not generally required to convey any particular meaning, and may, therefore, be made up according to the taste of the donor. At the same time let me assure my readers that the pleasure of similar gifts is greatly increased if good taste and skill be brought to bear upon the work. In order to effect this very desirable end, some resolution is needed to refuse the use of flowers which, although beautiful and on the spot, are not likely to blend well with the rest. Whatever the color of the leading flowers may be should decide the question as to what others are to be introduced in the same bouquet. Roses, calceolarias, carnations, picotees, geraniums, and others of manifold tints and kinds, may be safely used by themselves without the introduction of other flowers. The only relief such flowers need, to be in accordance with present fashion, is the free use of well-assorted foliage. The now almost numberless-tinted leaves of the coleus and the geranium afford a grand resource, with very little assistance from brilliant-colored flowers.

The greater the number of flowers introduced in a bouquet, the more skill is necessary to secure a pleasing effect. Herein amateurs generally fail. They put in too many colors, without having sufficient knowledge of the effect the random use of the materials is likely to produce. Flowers are apt to be selected simply for their odor, or their sentiment and form, without reference to the suitability of their shades in connection with the surrounding colors.

The first thing to do when about to make up a bouquet is to decide what flowers shall be used; and this decision should be arrived at after having rehearsed the effect—tried, so to speak, one shade against another—just as a lady asorts the colors of her apparel. Those flowers which are not in harmony should be rejected.

As a general rule, flowers with a twig-like stem, are the best adapted for forming into bouquets, because they are less perishable, and bear the necessary use of wire without fading in an untimely manner. Soft-stemmed plants are more perishable; left without water, they fade quickly, and shrink up if exposed to the heated atmosphere of a crowded room. The azaleas and other shrub-like kinds of plants are of the sort best suited to our purpose. Flowers of the above description seldom or never have long stems

and in order to make use of them as separate flowers they must be fastened on wires, which wires must be likewise fastened to some stalks of the required length. Geranium stalks are very useful for this purpose. In the absence of such help, a common new birch broom will supply plenty of the supple kind of stuff that is needed. Having passed wire through every part of the flower that is likely to fall to pieces, the flowers should be attached to additional stems of the required lengths, and the work of bouquet-making commenced. The flowers which are to form the top of the bouquet may be left on straight wired stems, but those which are to form the outside tiers must be bent out by the aid of the wire to the required shape. This cannot be easily done unless the flowers are fastened together in groups before the final act of putting them together. Those flowers which it is decided shall appear in close proximity should be previously fastened together, each flower having been first wired and fastened on a separate stem.

Whenever foliage is introduced, all the leaves that are not intended to be seen should be stripped off. Any gaps that may be apparent between the flowers are best filled in with such growths as maidenhair-fair, ferns, points of myrtle-stems, and the like. As a finish, long blades of field grasses in seed may be slipped in after the bouquet is complete. A slender stick or small bundle of several stalks should be in the center of the bouquet, to wind the thread upon which fastens the flowers. Each flower, or group of flowers, should be wound on the stick separately. Amateurs mostly wind the flowers too near the top, leaving little room to expand the grouping of flowers, and producing consequently a crushed appearance of the bloom. If the flowers are fastened separately to their wires, there is no need to wind them higher on the center stick than one-third of its full length, measured from the bottom of the stalks.

Of all the tempting flowers to collect in a bouquet, roses are the most inviting, and at the same time the most difficult of management. I have had the pleasure lately, however, of observing how artistically the difficulties may be overcome. The bouquet in question was of immense size, and the roses comparatively few; but each was a specimen flower, and care had been taken not only to show the bloom, but the bud and foliage belonging to the rose. Every part of the rose was wired, and where the leaves and buds did not grow conveniently they had been made to appear to grow by being fastened on wire. The spread of the bouquet was unusually great, and the wide gaps between the flowers had been filled in with ferns of minute foliage, each branch of which had been spread by the use of pliers and wire to fill the spaces. Altogether, for a massive bouquet, the studied lightness of effect was a triumph of art.

Puffings of lace, tulle, or blond, are quite out of place round a bouquet. The best thing is drooping grasses or ferns. Ribbon grasses have been in great favor this season for the purpose.

There are some very good paper backings made now for concealing the stalks of the bouquet. These are made in a dome-like shape, and need no folding to make them circular. A handle, like that of an ordinary bouquet-holder, is made of the same material, and does away with the necessity of any other covering.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

SEVERAL WAYS OF PLAYING PROVERBS.—As winter approaches, and the long evenings set in, fireside games for the young people will become popular. There are many of these which are not only humorous, but really, in an indirect way, beneficial. "All work and no play," says the old proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." Judicious merriment improves the health, as well as makes home happier. Among the best of these fireside games, is the game of Proverbs.

The original game is: first send one of the party out of the

room; you must select a proverb, letting each of the players take one of the words that compose it in rotation, which word they must introduce into their reply to the questions put to them by the absentee on his return; and from these replies he must guess the proverb chosen. The newer version of this is what is called *Shouting Proverbs*; it is managed in exactly the same way, except that, instead of bringing in the word allotted to each player in reply to questions asked them, they all shout their words simultaneously, producing, certainly, a most discordant noise, and making it, moreover, very difficult for the person on whom the duty falls to find out what the proverb is, unless he happens by good luck to catch a leading word of one which is quite familiar to him. If not, his only chance is to fix his attention on one of the speakers and try to catch the word spoken by him; should he, however, fail to make the proverb out after it has been shouted three times, he must pay any forfeit the rest of the company may suggest. Near akin to this is the *Family Scree*, where each player takes a syllable such as hish, heeh, hoeh, hash, screaming them at the top of their voices all together, the result being as loud and deafening, yet withal as natural a scree as possible.

Another way of playing Proverbs—or instead of a proverb you may in this game substitute a well-known verse of poetry—is for the proverb or verse to be spelt out, each player taking a letter as it comes, instead of a word, and every sentence must begin with the letter which the speaker has appropriated. In this game it is not necessary for the player on whom the duty of guessing the verse or proverb devolves to ask questions at all, although he may do so if he thinks it will help him, in which case the person addressed must commence his reply with the letter that has been allotted to him, otherwise this letter must be brought in in general conversation as soon as he who has to guess the verse or proverb makes his appearance.

HORTICULTURAL.

WINDOW-GARDENING.—Nothing adds more to the beauty or attraction of a room, than the presence of flowers in the windows, whether in bouquets or growing in pots. We have seen plain little sitting-rooms made absolutely beautiful by means of a few choice flowers in pots in the windows.

A few hints is all that is essential to enable any person to rear the most beautiful flowers. Inexperienced persons should begin with a few plants of easy culture, such as hyacinths, roses, petunias, geraniums, fuchsias, and the "segar-plant,"—*Cuphea platycentra*. The latter is a lovely little plant, about six inches in height. The flowers are white, scarlet, and purplish-black, and the foliage is small and neat. This exquisite little plant often blooms when not more than an inch in height, looking like blossoms stuck in the soil.

The calla-lily (*Richardia Aethiopica*), and Chinese Primrose, (*Primula prenitens*), are also plants of easy culture in the house, the former needing no care beyond sufficient moisture with tepid water. The latter is especially adapted for window-gardening, blooming freely from December to May. The colors are red, white, crimson, and their combination of shades.

Any good garden-soil will do well for potting in: but it is better enriched with a little cow-stable manure. Set pots in a warm, sunny window, on the south side of the house, if any there be in your cottage, and apply water sparingly or freely, as the species of plant requires, remembering that some plants need a great deal of water to sustain them, while others but very little.

Plants should not be kept too warm during this cold, hard, froeading month, as is often the case with inexperienced florists. Keep the room in as regular a degree of heat as possible, and you will be compensated by a grand addition of domestic beauty and comfort.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Chicken-Soup.—Wash a fine, large chicken, put it in a pot and cover it with water with a little salt. Pick and wash two tablespoonfuls of rice, a bunch of sweet herbs, washed, and tied with a thread, two onions, and a little celery cut fine. Add these to the chicken as soon as it begins to boil. When the chicken is tender, add a small bunch of parsley, finely minced; let it boil a few minutes, and then serve it. Season with pepper and salt to the taste. Serve the chicken with drawn butter. Some like allspice in this soup. If you should like it, add a teaspoonful of the whole grain. Noodles or dumplings may be substituted in place of the rice. The dumplings are made with a teaspoonful of butter, two of flour, and water enough to form a soft dough. Take a teaspoonful of the dough and drop into the boiling soup. Let them boil a few minutes. Pearl barley may be used instead of rice.

Lamb-Soup.—Take a neck and breast of lamb, wash it, and to each pound of meat add a quart of water, and a teaspoonful of salt. Pare and slice two onions, two carrots, four turnips, two or three potatoes, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Add all these to the meat after it has boiled one hour. If in the proper season, add three or four tomatoes, or half a dozen ochras. When the vegetables are done, take out the meat, and add some flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Noodles or dumplings may be added, as for beef-soup. Some thicken lamb-soup with a little rice put in the pot with the lamb.

To Make Noodles for Soup.—Beat up an egg, and to it add as much flour as will make a very stiff dough. Roll it out in a thin sheet, flour it, and roll it up closely, as you would do a sheet of paper. Then, with a sharp knife, cut it in shavings about like cabbage for slaw; flour these cuttings to prevent them from adhering to each other, and add them to your soup whilst it is boiling. Let them boil ten minutes.

OYSTERS.

Oyster-Fritters.—Drain the oysters and wipe them dry; season them with salt, if they are not salt enough; make a batter in the proportion of a pint of milk to three eggs, and flour to thicken it; beat the yolks till they are very thick, stir in the milk and as much flour as will make a batter, but not a very thick one; add a pinch of salt; beat the whole very hard; whisk the whites to a stiff, dry froth, and stir them in gently at the last. Put a small spoonful of the batter in a pan of boiling lard, then lay an oyster on the top, and over this put a little more batter; when they are brown on both sides, put them on a dish, and send them to the table hot.

Scalloped-Oysters.—Drain your oysters, and season them with salt and Cayenne pepper; crumb some stale bread, and season it with salt and pepper. To each gill of the bread-crumbs add one hard-boiled egg, finely chopped; butter a deep dish, strew in a layer of egg and crumbs, then a layer of the oysters, with some lumps of butter on them, then more crumbs, and so on till all are in. Put a cover of crumbs on the top. Bake this in a tolerably quick oven, and serve it hot.

Oyster-Omelet.—Beat four eggs very light. Cut the hard part out of eight or a dozen oysters, according to their size, wipe them dry, and cut them up in small pieces, stir them into the beaten egg and fry them in hot butter. When the under side is brown, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top, and fold one-half over the other. Never turn an omelet, as it makes it heavy.

MEATS.

Veal Pot-Pie.—Cut up some veal, the best part of the neck is preferable to any other, wash and season it with pepper

and salt; line the sides of your pot with paste, put in the veal, with some pieces of paste rolled out and cut in squares; cut up some pieces of butter rolled in flour, and add to it; pour in as much water as will cover it, and lay a sheet of paste on the top, leaving an opening in the center; put the lid on the pot and put it over a moderate fire, let it cook slowly till the meat is done; place the soft crust on a dish, then put the meat over it, and on the top lay the hard crust, with the brown side up. Serve the gravy in a boat. To have the crust of a pot-pie brown, set the pot on a few coals before the fire, and turn it frequently.

French Stew.—Cut up one pound of beef in small pieces about an inch square; pare and slice six onions; put a layer of the meat and a layer of the onions in a stew-pan, with salt and pepper, and a little flour alternately till all is in, and add half a teacupful of water; cover it closely and set it on a slow fire to stew; when about half done, if the gravy seems too thin, add one ounce of butter rolled in flour; but if it should be thick enough, add the butter without the flour. When tomatoes are in season, two tomatoes may be cut in small pieces and stewed with the meat. Cold beef may be cooked in the same manner.

Smothered Steak.—Take one dozen large onions, boil them in very little water until they are tender. Pound and wash a beef-steak, season it with pepper and salt, put it in a pan with some hot beef-dripping, and fry it till it is done. Take it out, put it on a dish, where it will keep hot. Then, when the onions are soft, drain and mash them in the pan with the steak-gravy, and add pepper and salt to taste. Put it on the fire, and as soon as it is hot, pour it over the steak and serve it.

Beef Stewed with Onions.—Cut some tender beef in small pieces, and season it with pepper and salt; slice some onions and add to it, with water enough in the stew-pan to make a gravy; let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly done, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be done in the same way, only the onions must be stewed first and the meat added. If the water should stew away too much, put in a little more.

Lamb Stewed with Onions.—This is a French dish. Peel some onions, cut them in slices, and put them in a stew-pan; cut off the ends of the chops, pound them, and lay them in with the onions and some pepper and salt. Put in as much water as will cook them; let them stew slowly till they are tender, then add a piece of butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy.

Mutton Dressed Like Venison.—Hang a leg of mutton and let it freeze. Then cut from it slices about a quarter of an inch thick; cook them at the table in a chafing dish with butter and currant-jelly, and salt and pepper to the taste.

DESSERTS.

Furmer's Apple-Pudding.—Stew some tender apples; if the apples are juicy they will require very little water to cook them; add to one pound of the mashed apple, whilst it is hot, a quarter of a pound of butter, and sugar to taste. Beat four eggs and stir in when the apple is cold. Butter the bottom and sides of a deep pudding-dish, strew it very thickly with bread-crumbs, put in the mixture, and strew bread-crumbs plentifully over the top. Set it in a tolerably hot oven, and when baked, sift sugar over. This is good with a glass of rich milk.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF FINE BLACK VELVET.—The lower-skirt is perfectly plain; the upper-skirt is trimmed with a row of large buttons down the back, and a narrow band of mink fur; this skirt is looped up high on the hips. Tight waist, with wide flowing sleeves with fur.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF MAUVE SILK.—An apron front of fine white muslin is trimmed with a box-plated ruffle

of the same; another ruffle passes down the sides and around the long train of mauve silk. Low waist, pointed back and front, with a cape of plaited muslin, which is trimmed with a large mauve panny on the right side, and a knot of ribbon in front; the cape comes down behind in a small basque. Small pannies in the hair.

FIG. III.—BALL-DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed down the front and at the sides with white lace; around the bottom of the skirt is a puffing of organdy, with a narrow standing-up heading. The dress is caught at the sides with great branches of white roses; a similar ornament is at the back. Low waist with a berthe formed of white lace. Long, white ostrich plume, and a white aigrette and white rose in the hair. If a veil was worn in the place of the plume and aigrette, this would answer for a wedding-dress.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED CASHMERE.—The short under-skirt is trimmed with a festooned flounce scalloped and bound with black silk; a piping of black silk, passing through rings of black silk piping, is put on a little below the upper edge of the flounce. The upper-skirt, waist, and sleeves, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN.—The petticoat is of dark-green silk, with a deep, full-plaited flounce; the deep casaque is of dark-green cloth, trimmed with a band of black Astracan and a row of black velvet buttons. The waist and sleeves are tight, and trimmed with Astracan. Astracan muff. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with small black ostrich plumes falling toward the front, and a quilling of green ribbon.

FIG. VI.—SUIT OF PLUM-COLORED KERSEYMERE FOR A BOY.—The trousers are gathered in at the knee, and the blouse fastened at the waist with a leather belt. The sleeves and front of the blouse have revers of black velvet.

FIG. VII.—LOW-NECKED EVENING-DRESS, MADE OF MAIZE-COLORED GAUZE, worn over a slip of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, which pass all the way round, and by seven other flounces at the back, the front of the dress being made quite plain, and trimmed with five rows of narrow, black lace, separated by rows of black velvet; this trimming terminates in rosettes at the sides. Waist trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. VIII.—HIGH-NECKED EVENING-DRESS, MADE OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce of open embroidery, put on over a flounce of blue silk; a quilling of blue ribbon heads this embroidery. The tunic, sleeves, and waist, correspond with the lower-skirt in trimming, except that the ribbon is festooned above the flounce on the upper-skirt instead of quilled. A large bow at the waist, and double bows and ends at the bottom and back of the tunic, complete this beautiful costume.

FIG. IX.—THE ETRIECK SHAWL COSTUME.—This is a costume made of the now fashionable woolen shawls. These shawls are manufactured of all shades of gray, and are trimmed with a border of either a lighter or darker shade of the same color, and with fringe to match the border. The costume consists of a skirt, tunic, and short paletot. This conversion of shawls into dress-suits is quite a new idea, but it is becoming very popular. It will take two shawls to make the complete suit, consisting of under-skirt, tunic, and paletot. One shawl will make the tunic and paletot, and most ladies will wear the costume in this way, using an old skirt beneath, which makes the dress a very economical one. The shawls can be bought from six dollars up to twelve, or even fifteen dollars, according to style and quality. Plaid shawls, which some use for these dresses, can be bought for ten dollars and upward.

FIG. X.—WATER-PROOF COSTUME, made of water-proof tweed, the very thing for stormy weather. This tweed can be bought in several shades and colors: the border that ornaments the costume is woven in the tweed. Gray, however, is the principal color. One side is fringed at front of this material. This suit, like the former, consists of a

skirt, tunic, and short paletot. The material can be bought from two dollars and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents a yard. But it is very wide, so that it will take only eight yards to make this costume complete. Or five will make the tunic and paletot.

WE ALSO GIVE ENGRAVINGS of a large variety of bonnets, hats, sacques, basques, bows, capes, collars, etc., etc. The basque of gray cloth, of which we have engraved both the front and back, is particularly stylish; it is trimmed with black velvet, and very effective in consequence. We also call attention to the basque of black velvet, of which we give front and back views; it is in an entirely different style from the gray-cloth basque, but will be liked better by many ladies. We give no less than eight winter hats and bonnets, so that our fair readers may have an almost unlimited choice.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nothing decidedly new has appeared, in the way of fashions, since we last described them in our November number. But the stores are full of pretty dresses, and the milliners' shops of lovely bonnets and hats.

IN COLORS, the new, dark, almost invisible greens, blues, browns, and plum-colors, are very popular; they are serviceable, and a change from the black so long worn. The newest color is a rich red, which is called Prussian crimson.

UNDER-SKIRTS for short dresses touch the floor, except just in front, a pretty but untidy fashion, really less cleanly than a longer skirt, where the facing (which can be renewed) takes the soil. These under-skirts are between three yards and a half and three yards and three-quarters wide; the front width is but slightly gored, the side width much gored, and the two back widths not gored at all, but gathered as full as possible. The trimming of these skirts may, of course, suit the taste of the wearer.

THE UPPER-SKIRT is usually puffed up on the hips, and at the back, and falls low on the under-skirt behind. But the modes of looping a skirt are as various as the styles of trimming or of making the waist. All styles that are becoming are fashionable, and a lady may appear with or without crinoline, with a long, tight-fitting or half-fitting basque, or a loose, short jacket, with trimmings of flounces, or ruffles, or lace, or fringe; with a body with basques or without basques; in short, so the general form of the costume is preserved, the details may be what one pleases.

THE BASQUE is so much newer than the sash and belt so long worn, that it is very popular; the basque may be either long or short, open at the sides, or the back, or not open at all. Some of the newest of Worth's dresses have points in front, with a bow of the dress material at the back; others have a long, soft point at the back, with a belt going from the seams under the arms, and fastened with a bow in front.

FRINGES is very much used, especially an upper-skirt; for cashmere this is very pretty and suitable, giving a richness to the dress, which makes it rival a silk costume. We must state, however, that handsome silk fringe is expensive.

PALETOES, CASQUES, etc., follow the style of the skirts. They must be cut with a good deal of spring to fall easily over the large puffed skirts now worn; but there is otherwise no artistic rule, any one may follow her own fancy as to wearing her paletot tight or half-loose, having it much or plainly trimmed, with tight or loose sleeves, etc.

BONNETS have decidedly changed since last spring, the gipsy (as we have before stated) being now the newest and most popular shape. These bonnets have decided fronts, which are not becoming to all faces, and they require that the front hair should be rolled up from the face, or a good deal frizzed, in order to fill up the space between the forehead and top of the bonnet. Some persons, who do not like their hair in either of these styles, fill up the open space with a quilling of blond lace.

APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY, done by hand, will be much worn. This elegant trimming may be used for many purposes. Jackets of black cloth, or cashmere, embroidered in many

colors, are both elegant and useful. This embroidery has a charming effect on opera-cloaks, morning-dresses, and aprons.

SOME original and beautiful muffs and collars have recently been introduced; they are made of feathers from the blackcock, pheasant, peacock, and various fancy birds. These muffs are light and warm.

THE NEWEST THINGS, in the way of fancy articles, are called "floral jewels." They consist of brooches, ear-rings, and other trinkets, in endless varieties of shape and color. The floral designs are original and very graceful. It is the thing to wear these novel ornaments to match in color with the costume worn with them.

SASHES are very much reduced in size; the new Grecian cestus promises to supersede them for evening wear. This newly-invented cestus is a richly-gilt ribbon, adapted to the figure with faultless accuracy, which, by means of an entirely novel fastening, enables the wearer to regulate the size to the greatest nicety.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COSTUME OF GRAY KERSEYMERE.—The short trousers and the jacket are trimmed with wide, black silk braid. Gray felt hat, with black velvet band.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt has a full-plaited sounce at the bottom, with three scant flounces above, with a tab trimming of velvet ribbon of the color of the dress put on each flounce; the waist is half-high at the back and low in front over a plaited chemise, and is trimmed, with the basque, like the flounces. Short poplin sleeves, with white muslin long sleeves. White felt hat, turned up at the side with an ostrich plume and a bow of poppy-colored velvet; band of the velvet around the hat.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT OF VIOLET-COLORED CASHMERE.—The skirt very fully plaited, and has a plain space in front, trimmed with black military cord; a band of the same passes around the waist; the body has revers, which open over a shirt front, and with the sleeves, is trimmed with the military braid.

FIG. IV.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with bands of the cashmere, headed by upright platings of the same; the body has a coat-basque at the back, a sailor collar, and rather wide sleeves, all trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Gray felt hat and plume.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA FOR A SMALL CHILD.—The skirt is trimmed with two bands of blue silk; sash and bow of blue silk around the waist; short sleeves, with a blue silk quilling edged with lace at the bottom.

We also give, on the same page with the above, engravings of a little girl's dress, (front and back,) which is both new and pretty. Also, on another page, five different styles of dressing the hair for young girls. Also, on the same page with these, two engravings of pique boots for infants. These boots are made of white pique, and are ornamented with button-hole festoons worked with French embroidery cotton or with white braid. They fasten in front with cotton buttons. These pretty things can be made at home, in a few hours, and at a very inconsiderable cost.

We also give, in "Our Every-Day Dresses," some further engravings of children's costumes, with descriptions how to make them, besides hints on materials, etc., etc.

NOTICE.

The January number will contain a list of paper patterns for women's and children's dresses, cloaks, etc., etc.; in short, of everything needed in that way, and the prices for which we will furnish them, post-paid. These prices will be so low that they will come within the reach of everybody.

